Psalm 62.

Nonne Deo?

My soul truly waiteth still upon God: for of him cometh my salvation.

2 He verily is my strength and my salvation: he is my defence, so that I shall not greatly fall.

3 How long will ye imagine mischief against every man: ye shall be slain all the sort of you; yea, as a tottering wall shall ye be, and like a broken hedge.

4 Their device is only how to put him out whom God will exalt: their delight is in lies; they give good words with their mouth, but curse with their heart.

5 Nevertheless, my soul, wait thou still upon God: for my hope is in him.

6 He truly is my strength and my salvation: he is my defence, so that I shall not fall.

7 In God is my health, and my glory: the rock of my might, and in God is my trust.

8 O put your trust in him alway, ye people: pour out your hearts before him, for God is our hope.

9 As for the children of men, they are but vanity: the children of men are deceitful upon the weights, they are altogether lighter than vanity itself.

10 O trust not in wrong and robbery, give not yourselves unto vanity: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

11 God spake once, and twice I have also heard the same: that power belongeth unto God;

12 And that thou, Lord, art merciful: for thou rewardest every man according to his work.

Psalm 63.

Deus, Deus meus

O God, thou art my God: early will I seek thee.
2 My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee: in a barren and dry land where no water is.

3 Thus have I looked for thee in holiness: that I might behold thy power and glory.

4 For thy loving-kindness is better than the life itself: my lips shall praise thee.

5 As long as I live will I magnify thee on this manner: and lift up my hands in thy Name.

6 My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatness: when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips.

7 Have I not remembered thee in my bed: and thought upon thee when I was waking?

8 Because thou hast been my helper: therefore under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

9 My soul hangeth upon thee: thy right hand hath upholden me.

10 These also that seek the hurt of my soul: they shall go under the earth.

11 Let them fall upon the edge of the sword: that they may be a portion for foxes.

12 But the King shall rejoice in God; all they also that swear by him shall be commended: for the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Psalm 64.

Exaudi, Deus

Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer: preserve my life from fear of the enemy.

2 Hide me from the gathering together of the froward: and from the insurrection of wicked doers;

3 Who have whet their tongue like a sword: and shoot out their arrows, even bitter words;

4 That they may privily shoot at him that is perfect: suddenly do they hit him, and fear not.

5 They encourage themselves in mischief: and commune among themselves how they may lay snares, and say that no man shall see them.

6 They imagine wickedness, and practise it: that they keep secret among themselves, every man in the deep of his heart.

7 But God shall suddenly shoot at them with a swift arrow: that they shall be wounded.

8 Yea, their own tongues shall make them fall: insomuch that whoso seeth them shall laugh them to scorn.

9 And all men that see it shall say, This hath God done: for they shall perceive that it is his work.
10 The righteous shall rejoice in the Lord, and put his trust in him: and all they that are true of heart shall be glad.

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