The Psalms of David

Day 29. Evening Prayer

Psalm 142.

Voce mea ad Dominum

1 I cried unto the Lord with my voice: yea, even unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaints before him: and shewed him of my trouble.

3 When my spirit was in heaviness thou knewest my path: in the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked also upon my right hand: and saw there was no man that would know me.

5 I had no place to flee unto: and no man cared for my soul.

6 I cried unto thee, O Lord, and said: Thou art my hope, and my portion in the land of the living.

7 Consider my complaint: for I am brought very low.

8 O deliver me from my persecutors: for they are too strong for me.

9 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks unto thy Name: which thing if thou wilt grant me, then shall the righteous resort unto my company.

Psalm 143.

Domine, exaudi

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and consider my desire: hearken unto me for thy truth and righteousness' sake.

2 And enter not into judgement with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

3 For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground: he hath laid me in the darkness, as the men that have been long dead.

4 Therefore is my spirit vexed within me: and my heart within me is desolate.
Yet do I remember the time past; I muse upon all thy works: yea, I exercise myself in the works of thy hands.

I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul gaspeth unto thee as a thirsty land.

Hear me, O Lord, and that soon, for my spirit waxeth faint: hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit.

O let me hear thy loving-kindness betimes in the morning, for in thee is my trust: shew thou me the way that I should walk in, for I lift up my soul unto thee.

Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies: for I flee unto thee to hide me.

Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee, for thou art my God: let thy loving Spirit lead me forth into the land of righteousness.

Quicken me, O Lord, for thy Name's sake: and for thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble.

And of thy goodness slay mine enemies: and destroy all them that vex my soul; for I am thy servant.

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