1 I will exalt you, O Lord, because you have raised me up and have not let my foes triumph over me.

2 O Lord my God, I cried out to you and you have healed me.

3 You brought me up, O Lord, from the dead; you restored me to life from among those that go down to the Pit.

4 Sing to the Lord, you servants of his; give thanks to his holy name.

5 For his wrath endures but the twinkling of an eye, his favour for a lifetime. Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning.

6 In my prosperity I said, 'I shall never be moved.' You, Lord, of your goodness, have made my hill so strong.

7 Then you hid your face from me and I was utterly dismayed.

8 To you, O Lord, I cried; to the Lord I made my supplication:
What profit is there in my blood,
if I go down to the Pit?

Will the dust praise you or declare your faithfulness?

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me;
O Lord, be my helper.

You have turned my mourning into dancing;
you have put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness;

Therefore my heart sings to you without ceasing;
O Lord my God, I will give you thanks for ever.

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