1 O Lord, hear my prayer
and let my crying come before you.

2 Hide not your face from me
in the day of my distress.

3 Incline your ear to me;
when I call, make haste to answer me,

4 For my days are consumed in smoke
and my bones burn away as in a furnace.

5 My heart is smitten down and withered like grass
so that I forget to eat my bread.

6 From the sound of my groaning
my bones cleave fast to my skin.

7 I am become like a vulture in the wilderness
like an owl that haunts the ruins.

8 I keep watch and am become like a sparrow
solitary upon the housetop.

9 My enemies revile me all the day long
and those who rage at me have sworn together against me.

10 I have eaten ashes for bread
and mingled my drink with weeping,

11 Because of your indignation and wrath
for you have taken me up and cast me down.

12 My days fade away like a shadow, and I am withered like grass.

13 But you, O Lord, shall endure for ever and your name through all generations.

14 You will arise and have pity on Zion; it is time to have mercy upon her;

15 For your servants love her very stones and feel compassion for her dust.

16 Then shall the nations fear your name, O Lord, and all the kings of the earth your glory,

17 When the Lord has built up Zion and shown himself in glory;

18 When he has turned to the prayer of the destitute and has not despised their plea.

19 This shall be written for those that come after, and a people yet unborn shall praise the Lord.

20 For he has looked down from his holy height; from the heavens he beheld the earth,

21 That he might hear the sighings of the prisoner and set free those condemned to die;
22 That the name of the Lord may be proclaimed in Zion
and his praises in Jerusalem,

23 When peoples are gathered together
and kingdoms also, to serve the Lord.

24 He has brought down my strength in my journey
and has shortened my days.

25 I pray, O my God, do not take me in the midst of my days;
your years endure throughout all generations.

26 In the beginning you laid the foundations of the earth,
and the heavens are the work of your hands;

27 They shall perish, but you will endure;
but you are the same, and your years will not fail.

28 You change them like clothing, and they shall be changed;
but you are the same, and your years will not fail.

29 The children of your servants shall continue,
and their descendants shall be established in your sight.

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