

Psalm 19 (St. Helena Psalter)

The heavens declare your glory, O God, *
and the firmament shows your handiwork.

One day tells its tale to another, *
and one night imparts knowledge to another.

Although they have no words or language, *
and their voices are not heard,

Their sound has gone out into all lands, *
and their message to the ends of the world.

In the deep you have set a pavilion for the sun; *
it comes forth like a bridegroom out of his chamber;
it rejoices like a champion to run its course.

It goes forth from the uttermost edge of the heavens
and runs about to the end of it again; *
nothing is hidden from its burning heat.

Your law, O God, is perfect and revives the soul; *
your testimony is sure and gives wisdom to the innocent.

Your statutes are just and rejoice the heart; *
your commandment is clear and gives light to the eyes.

The fear of you is clean and endures for ever; *
your judgments are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, more than much fine gold, *
sweeter far than honey, than honey in the comb.

By them also is your servant enlightened, *
and in keeping them there is great reward.

Who can discern unwitting sins? *
Cleanse me from my secret faults.

Above all, keep your servant from presumptuous sins;
let them not get dominion over me; *
then shall I be whole and sound,
and innocent of a great offense.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart
be acceptable in your sight, *
O God, my strength and my redeemer.