Psalms for Morning Prayer July 7 to July 11

Monday, July 7

1 Beatus vir qui non abiit

1 Happy are they who have not walked in the counsel of the wicked, * nor lingered in the way of sinners, nor sat in the seats of the scornful!

2 Their delight is in the law of the Lord, * and they meditate on his law day and night.

3 They are like trees planted by streams of water, bearing fruit in due season, with leaves that do not wither; * everything they do shall prosper.

4 It is not so with the wicked; * they are like chaff which the wind blows away.

5 Therefore the wicked shall not stand upright when judgment comes, * nor the sinner in the council of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knows the way of the righteous, * but the way of the wicked is doomed.

2 Quare fremuerunt gentes?

1 Why are the nations in an uproar? * Why do the peoples mutter empty threats?

2 Why do the kings of the earth rise up in revolt, and the princes plot together, * against the Lord and against his Anointed?

3 "Let us break their yoke," they say; *
"let us cast off their bonds from us."

4 He whose throne is in heaven is laughing; * the Lord has them in derision.

5 Then he speaks to them in his wrath, * and his rage fills them with terror.

6 "I myself have set my king * upon my holy hill of Zion."

7 Let me announce the decree of the Lord: * he said to me, "You are my Son; this day have I begotten you.

8 Ask of me, and I will give you the nations for your inheritance * and the ends of the earth for your possession.

9 You shall crush them with an iron rod * and shatter them like a piece of pottery."

10 And now, you kings, be wise; * be warned, you rulers of the earth.

11 Submit to the Lord with fear, * and with trembling bow before him;

12 Lest he be angry and you perish; * for his wrath is quickly kindled.
13 Happy are they all * who take refuge in him!

3 Domine, quid multiplicati

1 Lord, how many adversaries I have! * how many there are who rise up against me!

2 How many there are who say of me, *
"There is no help for him in his God."

3 But you, O Lord, are a shield about me; * you are my glory, the one who lifts up my head.

4 I call aloud upon the Lord, * and he answers me from his holy hill;

5 I lie down and go to sleep; *
I wake again, because the Lord sustains me.

6 I do not fear the multitudes of people * who set themselves against me all around.

7 Rise up, O Lord; set me free, O my God; * surely, you will strike all my enemies across the face, you will break the teeth of the wicked.

8 Deliverance belongs to the Lord. * Your blessing be upon your people!

Tuesday, July 8

5 Verba mea auribus

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord; * consider my meditation.

2 Hearken to my cry for help, my King and my God, * for I make my prayer to you.

3 In the morning, Lord, you hear my voice; * early in the morning I make my appeal and watch for you.

4 For you are not a God who takes pleasure in wickedness, * and evil cannot dwell with you.

5 Braggarts cannot stand in your sight; * you hate all those who work wickedness.

6 You destroy those who speak lies; * the bloodthirsty and deceitful, O Lord, you abhor.

7 But as for me, through the greatness of your mercy I will go into your house; * I will bow down toward your holy temple in awe of you.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in your righteousness, because of those who lie in wait for me; * make your way straight before me.

9 For there is no truth in their mouth; * there is destruction in their heart;

10 Their throat is an open grave; * they flatter with their tongue.

11 Declare them guilty, O God; * let them fall, because of their schemes.

12 Because of their many transgressions cast them out, * for they have rebelled against you.

13 But all who take refuge in you will be glad; * they will sing out their joy for ever.

14 You will shelter them, * so that those who love your Name may exult in you.

15 For you, O Lord, will bless the righteous; * you will defend them with your favor as with a shield.

6 Domine, ne in furore

1 Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger; * do not punish me in your wrath.

2 Have pity on me, Lord, for I am weak; * heal me, Lord, for my bones are racked.

3 My spirit shakes with terror; * how long, O Lord, how long?

4 Turn, O Lord, and deliver me; * save me for your mercy's sake.

5 For in death no one remembers you; * and who will give you thanks in the grave?

6 I grow weary because of my groaning; * every night I drench my bed and flood my couch with tears.

7 My eyes are wasted with grief * and worn away because of all my enemies.

8 Depart from me, all evildoers, * for the Lord has heard the sound of my weeping.

9 The Lord has heard my supplication; * the Lord accepts my prayer.

10 All my enemies shall be confounded and quake with fear; * they shall turn back and suddenly be put to shame.

Wednesday, July 9

119

Aleph Beati immaculati

1 Happy are they whose way is blameless, * who walk in the law of the Lord!

2 Happy are they who observe his decrees * and seek him with all their hearts!

3 Who never do any wrong, * but always walk in his ways.

4 You laid down your commandments, * that we should fully keep them.

5 Oh, that my ways were made so direct * that I might keep your statutes!

6 Then I should not be put to shame, * when I regard all your commandments.

7 I will thank you with an unfeigned heart, * when I have learned your righteous judgments.

8 I will keep your statutes; * do not utterly forsake me.

Beth In quo corrigit?

9 How shall a young man cleanse his way? * By keeping to your words.

10 With my whole heart I seek you; * let me not stray from your commandments.

11 I treasure your promise in my heart, * that I may not sin against you.

12 Blessed are you, O Lord; * instruct me in your statutes.

13 With my lips will I recite * all the judgments of your mouth.

14 I have taken greater delight in the way of your decrees * than in all manner of riches.

15 I will meditate on your commandments * and give attention to your ways.

16 My delight is in your statutes; * I will not forget your word.

Gimel Retribue servo tuo

17 Deal bountifully with your servant, * that I may live and keep your word.

18 Open my eyes, that I may see * the wonders of your law.

19 I am a stranger here on earth; * do not hide your commandments from me.

20 My soul is consumed at all times * with longing for your judgments.

21 You have rebuked the insolent; * cursed are they who stray from your commandments!

22 Turn from me shame and rebuke, * for I have kept your decrees.

23 Even though rulers sit and plot against me, * I will meditate on your statutes.

24 For your decrees are my delight, * and they are my counselors.

Thursday, July 10

18

Part I Diligam te, Domine.

1 I love you, O Lord my strength, *
O Lord my stronghold, my crag, and my haven.

2 My God, my rock in whom I put my trust, * my shield, the horn of my salvation, and my refuge; you are worthy of praise.

3 I will call upon the Lord, * and so shall I be saved from my enemies.

4 The breakers of death rolled over me, * and the torrents of oblivion made me afraid.

5 The cords of hell entangled me, * and the snares of death were set for me.

6 I called upon the Lord in my distress * and cried out to my God for help.

7 He heard my voice from his heavenly dwelling; * my cry of anguish came to his ears.

8 The earth reeled and rocked; * the roots of the mountains shook; they reeled because of his anger.

9 Smoke rose from his nostrils and a consuming fire out of his mouth; * hot burning coals blazed forth from him.

10 He parted the heavens and came down * with a storm cloud under his feet.

11 He mounted on cherubim and flew; * he swooped on the wings of the wind.

12 He wrapped darkness about him; * he made dark waters and thick clouds his pavilion.

13 From the brightness of his presence, through the clouds, * burst hailstones and coals of fire.

14 The Lord thundered out of heaven; * the Most High uttered his voice.

15 He loosed his arrows and scattered them; * he hurled thunderbolts and routed them.

16 The beds of the seas were uncovered, and the foundations of the world laid bare, * at your battle cry, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of your nostrils.

17 He reached down from on high and grasped me; * he drew me out of great waters.

18 He delivered me from my strong enemies and from those who hated me; * for they were too mighty for me.

19 They confronted me in the day of my disaster; * but the Lord was my support.

20 He brought me out into an open place; * he rescued me because he delighted in me.

Friday, July 11

16 Conserva me, Domine

1 Protect me, O God, for I take refuge in you; * I have said to the Lord, "You are my Lord, my good above all other."

2 All my delight is upon the godly that are in the land, * upon those who are noble among the people.

3 But those who run after other gods * shall have their troubles multiplied.

4 Their libations of blood I will not offer, * nor take the names of their gods upon my lips.

5 O Lord, you are my portion and my cup; * it is you who uphold my lot.

6 My boundaries enclose a pleasant land; * indeed, I have a goodly heritage.

7 I will bless the Lord who gives me counsel; * my heart teaches me, night after night.

8 I have set the Lord always before me; * because he is at my right hand I shall not fall.

9 My heart, therefore, is glad, and my spirit rejoices; * my body also shall rest in hope.

10 For you will not abandon me to the grave, * nor let your holy one see the Pit.

11 You will show me the path of life; * in your presence there is fullness of joy, and in your right hand are pleasures for evermore.

17 Exaudi, Domine

1 Hear my plea of innocence, O Lord; give heed to my cry; * listen to my prayer, which does not come from lying lips.

2 Let my vindication come forth from your presence; * let your eyes be fixed on justice.

3 Weigh my heart, summon me by night, * melt me down; you will find no impurity in me.

4 I give no offense with my mouth as others do; * I have heeded the words of your lips.

5 My footsteps hold fast to the ways of your law; * in your paths my feet shall not stumble.

6 I call upon you, O God, for you will answer me; * incline your ear to me and hear my words.

7 Show me your marvelous loving-kindness, *
O Savior of those who take refuge at your right hand from those who rise up against them.

8 Keep me as the apple of your eye; * hide me under the shadow of your wings,

9 From the wicked who assault me, * from my deadly enemies who surround me.

10 They have closed their heart to pity, * and their mouth speaks proud things.

11 They press me hard, now they surround me, * watching how they may cast me to the ground,

12 Like a lion, greedy for its prey, * and like a young lion lurking in secret places.

13 Arise, O Lord; confront them and bring them down; * deliver me from the wicked by your sword.

14 Deliver me, O Lord, by your hand * from those whose portion in life is this world;

15 Whose bellies you fill with your treasure, * who are well supplied with children and leave their wealth to their little ones.

16 But at my vindication I shall see your face; * when I awake, I shall be satisfied, beholding your likeness.