

Psalms for Morning Prayer

November 3 to November 7

Monday, November 3

56 *Miserere mei, Deus*

1 Have mercy on me, O God,
for my enemies are hounding me; *
all day long they assault and oppress me.

2 They hound me all the day long; *
truly there are many who fight against me, O Most High.

3 Whenever I am afraid, *
I will put my trust in you.

4 In God, whose word I praise,
In God I trust and will not be afraid, *
for what can flesh do to me?

5 All day long they damage my cause; *
their only thought is to do me evil.

6 They band together; they lie in wait; *
they spy upon my footsteps;
because they seek my life.

7 Shall they escape despite their wickedness? *
O God, in your anger, cast down the peoples.

8 You have noted my lamentation;
put my tears into your bottle; *
are they not recorded in your book?

9 Whenever I call upon you, my enemies will be put to flight; *
this I know, for God is on my side.

10 In God the Lord, whose word I praise,
in God I trust and will not be afraid, *
for what can mortals do to me?

11 I am bound by the vow I made to you, O God; *
I will present to you thank-offerings;

12 For you have rescued my soul from death and my feet from stumbling, *
that I may walk before God in the light of the living.

57 *Miserere mei, Deus*

1 Be merciful to me, O God, be merciful,
for I have taken refuge in you; *
in the shadow of your wings will I take refuge
until this time of trouble has gone by.

2 I will call upon the Most High God, *
the God who maintains my cause.

3 He will send from heaven and save me;
he will confound those who trample upon me; *
God will send forth his love and his faithfulness.

4 I lie in the midst of lions that devour the people; *
their teeth are spears and arrows,
their tongue a sharp sword.

5 They have laid a net for my feet,
and I am bowed low; *
they have dug a pit before me,
but have fallen into it themselves.

6 Exalt yourself above the heavens, O God, *
and your glory over all the earth.

7 My heart is firmly fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; *
I will sing and make melody.

8 Wake up, my spirit;
awake, lute and harp; *
I myself will waken the dawn.

9 I will confess you among the peoples, O Lord; *
I will sing praise to you among the nations.

10 For your loving-kindness is greater than the heavens, *
and your faithfulness reaches to the clouds.

11 Exalt yourself above the heavens, O God, *
and your glory over all the earth.

58 *Si vere utique*

1 Do you indeed decree righteousness, you rulers? *
do you judge the peoples with equity?

2 No; you devise evil in your hearts, *
and your hands deal out violence in the land.

3 The wicked are perverse from the womb; *
liars go astray from their birth.

4 They are as venomous as a serpent, *
they are like the deaf adder which stops its ears,

5 Which does not heed the voice of the charmer, *
no matter how skillful his charming.

6 O God, break their teeth in their mouths; *
pull the fangs of the young lions, O Lord.

7 Let them vanish like water that runs off; *
let them wither like trodden grass.

8 Let them be like the snail that melts away, *
like a stillborn child that never sees the sun.

9 Before they bear fruit, let them be cut down like a brier; *
like thorns and thistles let them be swept away.

10 The righteous will be glad when they see the vengeance; *
they will bathe their feet in the blood of the wicked.

11 And they will say,
"Surely, there is a reward for the righteous; *
surely, there is a God who rules in the earth."

Tuesday, November 4

61 *Exaudi, Deus*

1 Hear my cry, O God, *
and listen to my prayer.

2 I call upon you from the ends of the earth
with heaviness in my heart; *
set me upon the rock that is higher than I.

3 For you have been my refuge, *
a strong tower against the enemy.

4 I will dwell in your house for ever; *
I will take refuge under the cover of your wings.

5 For you, O God, have heard my vows; *
you have granted me the heritage of those who fear your Name.

6 Add length of days to the king's life; *
let his years extend over many generations.

7 Let him sit enthroned before God for ever; *
bid love and faithfulness watch over him.

8 So will I always sing the praise of your Name, *
and day by day I will fulfill my vows.

62 *Nonne Deo?*

1 For God alone my soul in silence waits; *
from him comes my salvation.

2 He alone is my rock and my salvation, *
my stronghold, so that I shall not be greatly shaken.

3 How long will you assail me to crush me,
all of you together, *
as if you were a leaning fence, a toppling wall?

4 They seek only to bring me down from my place of honor; *
lies are their chief delight.

5 They bless with their lips, *
but in their hearts they curse.

6 For God alone my soul in silence waits; *
truly, my hope is in him.

7 He alone is my rock and my salvation, *
my stronghold, so that I shall not be shaken.

8 In God is my safety and my honor; *
God is my strong rock and my refuge.

9 Put your trust in him always, O people, *
pour out your hearts before him, for God is our refuge.

10 Those of high degree are but a fleeting breath, *
even those of low estate cannot be trusted.

11 On the scales they are lighter than a breath, *
all of them together.

12 Put no trust in extortion;
in robbery take no empty pride; *
though wealth increase, set not your heart upon it.

13 God has spoken once, twice have I heard it, *
that power belongs to God.

14 Steadfast love is yours, O Lord, *
for you repay everyone according to his deeds.

Wednesday, November 5

72 *Deus, judicium*

1 Give the King your justice, O God, *
and your righteousness to the King's Son;

2 That he may rule your people righteously *
and the poor with justice.

3 That the mountains may bring prosperity to the people, *
and the little hills bring righteousness.

4 He shall defend the needy among the people; *
he shall rescue the poor and crush the oppressor.

5 He shall live as long as the sun and moon endure, *
from one generation to another.

6 He shall come down like rain upon the mown field, *
like showers that water the earth.

7 In his time shall the righteous flourish; *
there shall be abundance of peace till the moon shall be no more.

8 He shall rule from sea to sea, *
and from the River to the ends of the earth.

9 His foes shall bow down before him, *
and his enemies lick the dust.

10 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall pay tribute, *
and the kings of Arabia and Saba offer gifts.

11 All kings shall bow down before him, *
and all the nations do him service.

12 For he shall deliver the poor who cries out in distress, *
and the oppressed who has no helper.

13 He shall have pity on the lowly and poor; *
he shall preserve the lives of the needy.

14 He shall redeem their lives from oppression and violence, *
and dear shall their blood be in his sight.

15 Long may he live!
and may there be given to him gold from Arabia; *
may prayer be made for him always,
and may they bless him all the day long.

16 May there be abundance of grain on the earth,
growing thick even on the hilltops; *
may its fruit flourish like Lebanon,
and its grain like grass upon the earth.

17 May his Name remain for ever
and be established as long as the sun endures; *
may all the nations bless themselves in him and call him blessed.

18 Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, *
who alone does wondrous deeds!

19 And blessed be his glorious Name for ever! *
and may all the earth be filled with his glory.
Amen. Amen.

Thursday, November 6

70 *Deus, in adjutorium*

1 Be pleased, O God, to deliver me; *
O Lord, make haste to help me.

2 Let those who seek my life be ashamed
and altogether dismayed; *
let those who take pleasure in my misfortune
draw back and be disgraced.

3 Let those who say to me "Aha!" and gloat over me turn back, *
because they are ashamed.

4 Let all who seek you rejoice and be glad in you; *
let those who love your salvation say for ever,
"Great is the Lord!"

5 But as for me, I am poor and needy; *
come to me speedily, O God.

6 You are my helper and my deliverer; *
O Lord, do not tarry.

71 *In te, Domine, speravi*

1 In you, O Lord, have I taken refuge; *
let me never be ashamed.

2 In your righteousness, deliver me and set me free; *
incline your ear to me and save me.

3 Be my strong rock, a castle to keep me safe; *
you are my crag and my stronghold.

4 Deliver me, my God, from the hand of the wicked, *
from the clutches of the evildoer and the oppressor.

5 For you are my hope, O Lord God, *
my confidence since I was young.

6 I have been sustained by you ever since I was born;
from my mother's womb you have been my strength; *
my praise shall be always of you.

7 I have become a portent to many; *
but you are my refuge and my strength.

8 Let my mouth be full of your praise *
and your glory all the day long.

9 Do not cast me off in my old age; *
forsake me not when my strength fails.

10 For my enemies are talking against me, *
and those who lie in wait for my life take counsel together.

11 They say, "God has forsaken him;
go after him and seize him; *
because there is none who will save."

12 O God, be not far from me; *
come quickly to help me, O my God.

13 Let those who set themselves against me be put to shame and be disgraced; *
let those who seek to do me evil be covered with scorn and reproach.

14 But I shall always wait in patience, *
and shall praise you more and more.

15 My mouth shall recount your mighty acts
and saving deeds all day long; *
though I cannot know the number of them.

16 I will begin with the mighty works of the Lord God; *
I will recall your righteousness, yours alone.

17 O God, you have taught me since I was young, *
and to this day I tell of your wonderful works.

18 And now that I am old and gray-headed, O God, do not forsake me, *
till I make known your strength to this generation
and your power to all who are to come.

19 Your righteousness, O God, reaches to the heavens; *
you have done great things;
who is like you, O God?

20 You have showed me great troubles and adversities, *
but you will restore my life
and bring me up again from the deep places of the earth.

21 You strengthen me more and more; *
you enfold and comfort me,

22 Therefore I will praise you upon the lyre for your
faithfulness, O my God; *
I will sing to you with the harp, O Holy One of Israel.

23 My lips will sing with joy when I play to you, *
and so will my soul, which you have redeemed.

24 My tongue will proclaim your righteousness all day long, *
for they are ashamed and disgraced who sought to do me harm.

Friday, November 7

69 *Salvum me fac*

1 Save me, O God, *
for the waters have risen up to my neck.

2 I am sinking in deep mire, *
and there is no firm ground for my feet.

3 I have come into deep waters, *
and the torrent washes over me.

4 I have grown weary with my crying;
my throat is inflamed; *
my eyes have failed from looking for my God.

5 Those who hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head;
my lying foes who would destroy me are mighty. *
Must I then give back what I never stole?

6 O God, you know my foolishness, *
and my faults are not hidden from you.

7 Let not those who hope in you be put to shame through me,
Lord God of hosts; *
let not those who seek you be disgraced because of me,
O God of Israel.

8 Surely, for your sake have I suffered reproach, *
and shame has covered my face.

9 I have become a stranger to my own kindred, *
an alien to my mother's children.

10 Zeal for your house has eaten me up; *
the scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.

11 I humbled myself with fasting, *
but that was turned to my reproach.

12 I put on sack-cloth also, *
and became a byword among them.

13 Those who sit at the gate murmur against me, *
and the drunkards make songs about me.

14 But as for me, this is my prayer to you, *
at the time you have set, O Lord:

15 "In your great mercy, O God, *
answer me with your unfailing help.

16 Save me from the mire; do not let me sink; *
let me be rescued from those who hate me
and out of the deep waters.

17 Let not the torrent of waters wash over me,
neither let the deep swallow me up; *
do not let the Pit shut its mouth upon me.

18 Answer me, O Lord, for your love is kind; *
in your great compassion, turn to me."

19 "Hide not your face from your servant; *
be swift and answer me, for I am in distress.

20 Draw near to me and redeem me; *
because of my enemies deliver me.

21 You know my reproach, my shame, and my dishonor; *
my adversaries are all in your sight."

22 Reproach has broken my heart, and it cannot be healed; *
I looked for sympathy, but there was none,
for comforters, but I could find no one.

23 They gave me gall to eat, *
and when I was thirsty, they gave me vinegar to drink.

(24 Let the table before them be a trap *
and their sacred feasts a snare.

25 Let their eyes be darkened, that they may not see, *
and give them continual trembling in their loins.

26 Pour out your indignation upon them, *
and let the fierceness of your anger overtake them.

27 Let their camp be desolate, *
and let there be none to dwell in their tents.

28 For they persecute him whom you have stricken *
and add to the pain of those whom you have pierced.

29 Lay to their charge guilt upon guilt, *
and let them not receive your vindication.

30 Let them be wiped out of the book of the living *
and not be written among the righteous.)

31 As for me, I am afflicted and in pain; *
your help, O God, will lift me up on high.

32 I will praise the Name of God in song; *
I will proclaim his greatness with thanksgiving.

33 This will please the Lord more than an offering of oxen, *
more than bullocks with horns and hoofs.

34 The afflicted shall see and be glad; *
you who seek God, your heart shall live.

35 For the Lord listens to the needy, *
and his prisoners he does not despise.

36 Let the heavens and the earth praise him, *
the seas and all that moves in them;

37 For God will save Zion and rebuild the cities of Judah; *
they shall live there and have it in possession.

38 The children of his servants will inherit it, *
and those who love his Name will dwell therein.