

Praised be the Lord ; for He hath shown me His wonderful kindness, as in a fortified city !  
 I said in my distress, " I am cut off before Thy eyes " ; But Thou didst hear the voice of my supplication, when I cried unto Thee.  
 O love the Lord, all ye His servants ; for the Lord preserveth the faithful, and requiteth the proud in full measure !  
 Be of good courage ; let your hearts be strong, all ye who trust in the Lord !

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*XXXIII. Hope in Sorrow.*

PSALMS 28 and 138.

- M.* To Thee do I cry, O Lord ! O my God, be not silent to me, lest if Thou answer me not, I become like those who go down to the grave.
- C.* Hear the voice of my supplication, when I cry unto Thee, when I lift up my heart in Thy holy sanctuary.
- Draw me not away with the impious and with the evildoers, who speak peace to their neighbors while mischief is in their hearts.
- For they regard not the doings of the Lord, nor the works of His hands.
- Praised be the Lord for He hath heard the voice of my supplications !
- The Lord is my strength and my shield, therefore doth my heart exalt, and in my song I will praise Him.
- The Lord is the strength of His people, He is the protecting shield of His anointed.
- Save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance, feed them also, and build them up forever !

I will praise Thee with my whole heart ; before  
the mighty ones will I sing to Thee.

I will worship toward Thy holy temple, and praise  
Thy name for Thy goodness and Thy Truth ;  
For Thy promise Thou hast magnified above all  
Thy name !

In the day when I called, Thou didst hear me ;  
Thou didst strengthen me, and encourage my  
soul.

All the kings of the earth shall praise Thee, O  
Lord ! when they hear the promises of Thy  
mouth !

Yea, they shall sing of the ways of the Lord ; for  
great is the glory of the Lord.

The Lord is high, yet he looketh upon the humble,  
and the proud doth he know from afar.

Though I walk through the midst of trouble, Thou  
wilt revive me ;

Thou wilt stretch forth Thy hand against the  
wrath of my enemies ; Thou wilt save me by  
Thy right hand !

The Lord will perform all things for me ; Thy  
goodness, O Lord ! endureth forever : forsake  
not the works of Thy hands !

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*XXXIV. Encouragement.*

PSALM 42.

- M.* As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so panteth  
my soul for Thee, O God !
- C.* My soul thirsteth for God, the living God : when  
shall I come and appear before God ?

My tears have been my food day and night, while they say to me continually, Where is thy God?

When I think of it, I pour out my soul in grief; how I once walked with the multitude to the house of God, amid sounds of joy.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, Him, my deliverer and my God!

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterfalls; all Thy waves and billows have gone over me!

Once the Lord commanded his kindness by day, and by night His praise was with me,—thanksgiving to the God of my life.

Now I say to God, my rock, why hast Thou forgotten me? why go I mourning on account of the oppression of the enemy?

Like the crushing of my bones are the reproaches of the enemy, while they say to me continually, Where is thy God?

Judge me, O God! and defend my cause; deliver me from unjust and deceitful men!

O send forth Thy light and Thy truth, let them guide me; let them lead me to Thy holy mountain, and to Thy dwelling-place!

Then will I go to the altar of God, to the God of my joy and exultation; yea, upon the harp will I praise Thee, O Lord, my God!

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art Thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, Him, my Deliverer and my God!

XXXV. *In Deep Distress.*

## PSALM 22.

- M.* My God, my God ! why hast Thou forsaken me ?  
Why so far from my aid, and from the words  
of my cry ?
- C.* O my God ! I cry during the day, but Thou hearest  
not ; in the night also, but I have no rest.  
And yet Thou art holy, dwelling amid the praises  
of Israel !  
Our fathers trusted in Thee ; they trusted, and Thou  
didst save them.  
They called upon Thee, and were delivered ; they  
trusted in Thee, and were not put to shame.  
Surely Thou art He that didst bring me into the  
world ; Thou didst make me lie secure upon  
my mother's breast !  
Upon Thee have I cast myself from my birth ; Thou  
hast been my God from my earliest breath !  
Oh, be not far from me, for trouble is near ; for  
there is none to help !  
I will proclaim Thy name to my brethren ; in the  
midst of the congregation will I praise Thee.  
Praise Him, ye worshipers of the Lord ! extol  
Him, all ye race of Jacob, and fear Him, all ye  
race of Israel !  
For He hath not despised nor abhorred the misery  
of the afflicted.  
Nor hath He hid His face from him ; but when he  
cried unto Him, He heard.  
My praise shall be of Thee in the great congrega-  
tion ; I will pay my vows before them that fear  
Him !

The afflicted shall eat, and be satisfied ; they that seek the Lord shall praise Him ; your hearts shall be glad for ever and ever !

All the ends of the earth shall remember, and turn to the Lord ; all the families of the nations shall worship before Thee !

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*XXXVI. In the Night of Sorrow.*

PSALM 88 and 55.

*M.* O Lord, God of my salvation ! to Thee do I cry by day, and by night is my prayer before Thee !

*C.* Let my supplications come before Thee ; incline Thy ear to my cry !

For my soul is full of misery, and my life draweth near to the underworld.

I am counted with those who are going down to the grave ; I am like one who hath no strength.

Thou hast placed me in a deep pit, in a dark and deep abyss.

Thy wrath presseth hard upon me, and Thou afflictest me with all Thy waves !

Thou hast put my acquaintances far from me, yea, Thou hast made me their abhorrence : I am shut up and can not go forth.

My eyes languish by reason of my affliction. I call upon thee daily, O Lord ! to Thee do I stretch out my hands !

Give ear to my prayer, O God ! hide not Thyself from my supplication !

Attend unto me, and hear me ! I wander about mourning and wailing.

My heart trembleth in my bosom, and the terrors  
of death have fallen upon me.

Fear and trembling have seized me, and horror  
hath overwhelmed me.

Then I say, O that I had wings like a dove! for  
then would I fly away and be at rest.

Behold, I would wander far away, and take up my  
abode in a wilderness.

I would hasten away to a shelter from the rushing  
wind and tempest.

As for me, I will call upon God, and the Lord will  
save me.

At evening, at morn, and at noon, I mourn and  
sigh, and He will hear my voice.

He will deliver me in peace from my conflict; for  
many have risen up against me.

God will hear me, He that hath been judge of old.  
Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sus-  
tain thee. He will never suffer the righteous to  
fall!

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*XXXVII. Meditation in the Night.*

PSALMS 77 and 142.

*M.* I call upon God; I cry aloud for help; I call upon  
God, that He would hear me!

*C.* In the day of my trouble I seek the Lord; in the  
night is my hand stretched forth continually;  
my soul refuseth to be comforted.

I remember God, and am disquieted; I think of  
Him, and my spirit is overwhelmed.

Thou keepest my eyelids from closing; I am dis-  
tressed, so that I cannot speak!