

12. Thou shalt bless the crown of the year of thy goodness : and thy hills shall be filled with plenty.

13 The beautiful places of the wilderness shall grow fat : and the hills shall be girded about with joy.

14 The rams of the flock are clothed, and the vales shall abound with corn : they shall shout, yea, they shall sing a hymn.

Grant them eternal rest, O Lord.

*Anth.* Hear my prayer, O Lord ; all flesh shall come to thee.

*Anth.* Thy right hand.

PSALM LXII. *Deus, Deus meus.*

1 O God, my God, to thee do I watch at break of day.

2 For thee my soul hath thirsted ; for thee my flesh, O how many ways !

3 In a desert land, and where there is no way, and no water ; so in the sanctuary have I come before thee, to see thy power and thy glory.

4 For thy mercy is better than lives ; thee my lips shall praise.

5 Thus will I bless thee all my life long : and in thy name I will lift up my hands.

6 Let my soul be filled as with marrow and fatness : and my mouth shall praise thee as with joyful lips.

7 If I have remembered thee upon my bed, I will meditate on thee in the morning : because thou hast been my helper.

8 And I will rejoice under the covert of thy wings ; my soul hath stuck close to thee : thy right hand hath received me.

9 But they have sought my soul in vain, they shall go into the lower parts of the earth ; they shall be delivered into the hands of the sword, they shall be the portions of foxes.

10. But the king shall rejoice in God ; all they shall be praised that swear by him : because the mouth is stopped of them that speak wicked things.

PSALM LXVI. *Deus misereatur nostri.*

1 May God have mercy on us, and bless us ; may he cause the light of his countenance to shine upon us, and may he have mercy on us.

2 That we may know thy way upon earth, thy salvation in all nations,

3 Let people confess to thee, O God ; let all people give praise to thee.

4 Let the nations be glad and rejoice ; for thou judgest the people with justice, and directest the nations upon earth.

5 Let the people, O God, confess to thee ; let all the people give praise to thee. The earth hath yielded her fruit.

6. May God, our own God bless us, may God bless us : and all the ends of the earth fear him.

Grant them eternal rest, &c.

*Anth.* Thy right hand, O Lord, has received me.

*Anth.* From the gate.

*The Song of Ezechias. ISAIAH XXXVIII.*

1 I said : in the midst of my days I shall go to the gates of hell :

2 I sought for the residue of my years : I said : I shall not see the Lord God in the land of the living.

3 I shall behold man no more nor the inhabitant of rest.

4 My generation is at an end, and it is rolled away from me as a shepherd's tent.

5 My life is cut off as by a weaver : whilst I was yet but beginning he cut me off : from morning even to night thou wilt make an end of me.

6 I hoped till morning ; as a lion so hath he broken all my bones.

7 From morning even to night thou wilt make an end of me. I will cry like a young swallow, I will meditate like a dove.

8 My eyes are weakened with looking upward :

9 Lord, I suffer violence, answer thou for me. What shall I say, or what shall he answer for me, whereas he himself hath done it ?

10 I will recount to thee all my years in the bitterness of my soul.

11 O Lord, if man's life be such, and the life of my spirit be in such things as these, thou shalt correct me, and make me to live. Behold in peace is my bitterness most bitter.

12 But thou hast delivered my soul,