

PSALM CL.

Domine, exaudi.

Hear, O Lord, my prayer: and let my cry come to thee.

Turn not away thy face from me: in the day when I am in trouble, incline thy ear to me.

In what day soever I shall call upon thee, hear me speedily.

For my days are vanished like smoke: and my bones are grown dry like fuel for the fire.

I am smitten as grass, and my heart is withered: because I forgot to eat my bread.

Through the voice of my groaning, my bone hath cleaved to my flesh.

I am become like to a pelican of the wilderness: I am like a night-raven in the house.

I have watched, and am become as a sparrow all alone on the house top.

All the day long my enemies reproached me: and they that praised me did swear against me.

For I did eat ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping.

Because of thy anger and indignation: for having lifted me up thou hast thrown me down.

My days have declined like a shadow, and I am withered like grass.

But thou, O Lord, endurest for ever: and thy memorial to all generations.

Thou shalt arise and have mercy on Sion: for it is time to have mercy on it, for the time is come.

For the stones thereof have pleased thy servants: and they shall have pity on the earth thereof.

And the Gentiles shall fear thy name, O Lord, and all the kings of the earth thy glory.

For the Lord hath built up Sion: and he shall be seen in his glory.

He hath had regard to the prayer of the humble: and he hath not despised their petition.

Let these things be written unto another generation: and the people that shall be created shall praise the Lord:

Because he hath looked forth from his high sanctuary: from heaven the Lord hath looked upon the earth.

That he might hear the groans of them that are in fetters: that he might release the children of the sinner:

That they may declare the name of the Lord in Sion: and his praise in Jerusalem.

When the people assemble together, and kings to serve the Lord.

He answered him in the way of his strength: Declare unto me the fewness of my days.

Call me not away in the midst of my days: thy years are unto generation and generation.

In the beginning, O Lord, thou foundedst the earth: and the heavens are the works of thy hands.

They shall perish but thou remainest: and all of them shall grow old like a garment.

And as a vesture thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed. But thou art always the self-same, and thy years shall not fail.

The children of thy servants shall continue and their seed shall be directed for ever.

After which, standing unmitred before the Cross, he says:

Let us pray.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who in order to supply for the Angel's fall, hast formed the human body out of the earth, who hast thyself assumed it for the redemption of man, who dost return it to the earth according to the lot of humanity, and wilt raise it up from the earth through its immortal destination, vouchsafe we beseech thee to consecrate this earth for the use of a cemetery, from the blessing of thy entombed body: and grant that those who have been buried with thee in Baptism, and who are to be buried here in the nature of the flesh, may rest in the mercy of the redemption under the hope of thy resurrection. Who art to come to judge the living and the dead, and the world by fire.—Amen.

He then incenses the Cross, fixes the candles as before, and returns mitred to the centre Cross, sprinkling the cemetery as he goes along, and reciting with his attendants the following Psalms:

PSALM CXXI.

De profundis.

Out of the depths I have cried to thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice.