

The Lord keepeth all their bones, not one of them shall be broken.

The death of the wicked is very evil : and they that hate the just shall be guilty.

The Lord will redeem the souls of his servants : and none of them that trust in him shall offend.

PSALM XLI.

*As the heart panteth after the fountains of waters ; so my soul panteth after thee, O Lord.*

*My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God ; when shall I come and appear before the face of God ?*

*My tears have been my bread day and night, whilst it is said to me daily : Where is thy God :*

*These things I remembered, and poured out my soul in me : for I shall go over into the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the house of God.*

*With the voice of joy and praise ; the noise of one feasting.*

Why art thou sad, O my soul ? and why dost thou trouble me ?

Hope in God for I will still give praise to him : the salvation of my countenance, and my God.

My soul is troubled within myself : therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan and Hermoniim, from the little hill.

Deep calleth on deep, at the noise of thy flood-gates.

All thy heights and thy billows have passed over me.

In the day time the Lord hath commanded his mercy ; and a canticle to him in the night.

With me is prayer to the God of my life, I will say to God : Thou art my support.

Why hast thou forgotten me ? and

why go I mourning, whilst my enemy afflicteth me ?

Whilst my bones are broken, my enemies who trouble me have reproached me.

Whilst they say to me day by day : Where is thy God ?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why dost thou disquiet me ?

Hope thou in God, for I will still give praise to him : the salvation of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM XLII.

Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation which is not holy, deliver me from the unjust and deceitful man.

For thou art God my strength : why hast thou cast me off ? and why do I go sorrowful whilst the enemy afflicteth me ?

*Send forth thy light and thy truth : they have conducted me and brought me unto thy holy hill, and into thy tabernacles.*

*And I will go into the altar of God : to God who giveth joy to my youth.*

To thee, O God my God, I will give praise upon the harp : why art thou sad, O my soul ? and why dost thou disquiet me ?

Hope in God, for I will still give praise to him : the salvation of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM XLVI.

O clap your hands, all ye nations ; shout unto God with the voice of joy.

For the Lord is high, terrible : a great king over all the earth.

He hath subdued the people under us ; and the nations under our feet.

He hath chosen for us his inherit-