

20. Let them be turned backward and be ashamed, that desire evils to me.

21. Let them immediately bear their confusion, that say to me, 'Tis well, 'tis well.

22. Let all that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: and let such as love thy salvation, say always, the Lord be magnified.

23. But I am a beggar and poor; the Lord is careful for me.

24. Thou art my helper and my protector; O my God, be not slack.

Grant them eternal rest, &c.

*Anth.* Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: look down, O Lord, to help me.

*Anth.* Heal my soul, O Lord.

PSALM XI. *Beatus qui intelligit.*

1. Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the evil day.

2 The Lord preserve him and give him life, and make him blessed upon the earth; and deliver him not up to the will of his enemies.

3 The Lord help him on his bed of sorrow; thou hast turned all his couch in his sickness.

4 I said: O Lord be thou merciful to me: heal my soul for I have sinned against thee.

5 My enemies have spoken evil against me: when shall he die, and his name perish.

6 And if he came in to see me, he spoke vain things: his heart gathered together iniquity to itself.

7 He went out and spoke to the same purpose.

8 All my enemies whispered together against me; they devised evils to me.

9 They determined against me an unjust word; shall he that sleepeth rise again no more?

10 For even the man of my peace whom I trusted, who eat my bread, hath greatly supplanted me.

11 But thou, O Lord, have mercy on me, and raise me up again: and I will requite them.

12 By this I know that thou hast had a good will for me: because my enemy shall not rejoice over me.

13 But thou hast upheld me by rea-

son of my innocence: and hast established me in thy sight for ever.

14 Blessed be the Lord the God of Israel from eternity to eternity. So be it. So be it.

*Anth.* Grant them eternal rest, &c

*Anth.* Heal my soul, O Lord, because I have sinned against thee.

*Anth.* My soul.

PSALM XII. *Quemadmodum desiderat.*

1 As the hart panteth after the fountains of waters: so my soul panteth after thee, O God.

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

3 My tears have been my bread day and night, whilst it is said to me daily, where is thy God?

4 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:

5 With the voice of joy and praise, the noise of one feasting.

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

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

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

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

10 All thy heights and thy billows have passed over me.

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

12 With me is prayer to the God of my life. I will say to God thou art my support.

13 Why hast thou forgotten me? and why go I mourning, whilst my enemy afflicteth me?

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

15 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?