

Psalms for Morning Prayer

August 22 to August 26

Monday, August 22

1 *Beatus vir qui non abiit*

1 Happy are they who have not walked in the counsel of the wicked, *
nor lingered in the way of sinners,
nor sat in the seats of the scornful!

2 Their delight is in the law of the Lord, *
and they meditate on his law day and night.

3 They are like trees planted by streams of water,
bearing fruit in due season, with leaves that do not wither; *
everything they do shall prosper.

4 It is not so with the wicked; *
they are like chaff which the wind blows away.

5 Therefore the wicked shall not stand upright when judgment comes, *
nor the sinner in the council of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knows the way of the righteous, *
but the way of the wicked is doomed.

2 *Quare fremuerunt gentes?*

1 Why are the nations in an uproar? *
Why do the peoples mutter empty threats?

2 Why do the kings of the earth rise up in revolt,
and the princes plot together, *
against the Lord and against his Anointed?

3 "Let us break their yoke," they say; *
"let us cast off their bonds from us."

4 He whose throne is in heaven is laughing; *
the Lord has them in derision.

5 Then he speaks to them in his wrath, *
and his rage fills them with terror.

6 "I myself have set my king *
upon my holy hill of Zion."

7 Let me announce the decree of the Lord: *
he said to me, "You are my Son;
this day have I begotten you.

8 Ask of me, and I will give you the nations for
your inheritance *
and the ends of the earth for your possession.

9 You shall crush them with an iron rod *
and shatter them like a piece of pottery."

10 And now, you kings, be wise; *
be warned, you rulers of the earth.

11 Submit to the Lord with fear, *
and with trembling bow before him;

12 Lest he be angry and you perish; *
for his wrath is quickly kindled.

13 Happy are they all *
who take refuge in him!

3 *Domine, quid multiplicati*

1 Lord, how many adversaries I have! *
how many there are who rise up against me!

2 How many there are who say of me, *
"There is no help for him in his God."

3 But you, O Lord, are a shield about me; *
you are my glory, the one who lifts up my head.

4 I call aloud upon the Lord, *
and he answers me from his holy hill;

5 I lie down and go to sleep; *
I wake again, because the Lord sustains me.

6 I do not fear the multitudes of people *
who set themselves against me all around.

7 Rise up, O Lord; set me free, O my God; *
surely, you will strike all my enemies across the face,
you will break the teeth of the wicked.

8 Deliverance belongs to the Lord. *
Your blessing be upon your people!

Tuesday, August 23

5 *Verba mea auribus*

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord; *
consider my meditation.

2 Harken to my cry for help, my King and my God, *
for I make my prayer to you.

3 In the morning, Lord, you hear my voice; *
early in the morning I make my appeal and watch for you.

4 For you are not a God who takes pleasure in wickedness, *
and evil cannot dwell with you.

5 Braggarts cannot stand in your sight; *
you hate all those who work wickedness.

6 You destroy those who speak lies; *
the bloodthirsty and deceitful, O Lord, you abhor.

7 But as for me, through the greatness of your mercy I will go into your house; *
I will bow down toward your holy temple in awe of you.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in your righteousness,
because of those who lie in wait for me; *
make your way straight before me.

9 For there is no truth in their mouth; *
there is destruction in their heart;

10 Their throat is an open grave; *
they flatter with their tongue.

11 Declare them guilty, O God; *
let them fall, because of their schemes.

12 Because of their many transgressions cast them out, *
for they have rebelled against you.

13 But all who take refuge in you will be glad; *
they will sing out their joy for ever.

14 You will shelter them, *
so that those who love your Name may exult in you.

15 For you, O Lord, will bless the righteous; *
you will defend them with your favor as with a shield.

6 *Domine, ne in furore*

1 Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger; *
do not punish me in your wrath.

2 Have pity on me, Lord, for I am weak; *
heal me, Lord, for my bones are racked.

3 My spirit shakes with terror; *
how long, O Lord, how long?

4 Turn, O Lord, and deliver me; *
save me for your mercy's sake.

5 For in death no one remembers you; *
and who will give you thanks in the grave?

6 I grow weary because of my groaning; *
every night I drench my bed
and flood my couch with tears.

7 My eyes are wasted with grief *
and worn away because of all my enemies.

8 Depart from me, all evildoers, *
for the Lord has heard the sound of my weeping.

9 The Lord has heard my supplication; *
the Lord accepts my prayer.

10 All my enemies shall be confounded and quake with fear; *
they shall turn back and suddenly be put to shame.

Wednesday, August 24 – St. Bartholomew

86 *Inclina, Domine*

1 Bow down your ear, O Lord, and answer me, *
for I am poor and in misery.

2 Keep watch over my life, for I am faithful; *
save your servant who puts his trust in you.

3 Be merciful to me, O Lord, for you are my God; *
I call upon you all the day long.

4 Gladden the soul of your servant, *
for to you, O Lord, I lift up my soul.

5 For you, O Lord, are good and forgiving, *
and great is your love toward all who call upon you.

6 Give ear, O Lord, to my prayer, *
and attend to the voice of my supplications.

7 In the time of my trouble I will call upon you, *
for you will answer me.

8 Among the gods there is none like you, O Lord, *
nor anything like your works.

9 All nations you have made will come and worship you, O Lord, *
and glorify your Name.

10 For you are great;
you do wondrous things; *
and you alone are God.

11 Teach me your way, O Lord,
and I will walk in your truth; *
knit my heart to you that I may fear your Name.

12 I will thank you, O Lord my God, with all my heart, *
and glorify your Name for evermore.

13 For great is your love toward me; *
you have delivered me from the nethermost Pit.

14 The arrogant rise up against me, O God,
and a band of violent men seeks my life; *
they have not set you before their eyes.

15 But you, O Lord, are gracious and full of compassion, *
slow to anger, and full of kindness and truth.

16 Turn to me and have mercy upon me; *
give your strength to your servant;
and save the child of your handmaid.

17 Show me a sign of your favor,
so that those who hate me may see it and be ashamed; *
because you, O Lord, have helped me and comforted me.

Thursday, August 25

18

Part I *Diligam te, Domine.*

1 I love you, O Lord my strength, *
O Lord my stronghold, my crag, and my haven.

2 My God, my rock in whom I put my trust, *
my shield, the horn of my salvation, and my refuge;
you are worthy of praise.

3 I will call upon the Lord, *
and so shall I be saved from my enemies.

4 The breakers of death rolled over me, *
and the torrents of oblivion made me afraid.

5 The cords of hell entangled me, *
and the snares of death were set for me.

6 I called upon the Lord in my distress *
and cried out to my God for help.

7 He heard my voice from his heavenly dwelling; *
my cry of anguish came to his ears.

8 The earth reeled and rocked; *
the roots of the mountains shook;
they reeled because of his anger.

9 Smoke rose from his nostrils
and a consuming fire out of his mouth; *
hot burning coals blazed forth from him.

10 He parted the heavens and came down *
with a storm cloud under his feet.

11 He mounted on cherubim and flew; *
he swooped on the wings of the wind.

12 He wrapped darkness about him; *
he made dark waters and thick clouds his pavilion.

13 From the brightness of his presence, through the clouds, *
burst hailstones and coals of fire.

14 The Lord thundered out of heaven; *
the Most High uttered his voice.

15 He loosed his arrows and scattered them; *
he hurled thunderbolts and routed them.

16 The beds of the seas were uncovered, and the foundations of the world laid bare, *
at your battle cry, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of your nostrils.

17 He reached down from on high and grasped me; *
he drew me out of great waters.

18 He delivered me from my strong enemies
and from those who hated me; *
for they were too mighty for me.

19 They confronted me in the day of my disaster; *
but the Lord was my support.

20 He brought me out into an open place; *
he rescued me because he delighted in me.

Friday, August 26

16 *Conserva me, Domine*

1 Protect me, O God, for I take refuge in you; *
I have said to the Lord, "You are my Lord,
my good above all other."

2 All my delight is upon the godly that are in the land, *
upon those who are noble among the people.

3 But those who run after other gods *
shall have their troubles multiplied.

4 Their libations of blood I will not offer, *
nor take the names of their gods upon my lips.

5 O Lord, you are my portion and my cup; *
it is you who uphold my lot.

6 My boundaries enclose a pleasant land; *
indeed, I have a goodly heritage.

7 I will bless the Lord who gives me counsel; *
my heart teaches me, night after night.

8 I have set the Lord always before me; *
because he is at my right hand I shall not fall.

9 My heart, therefore, is glad, and my spirit rejoices; *
my body also shall rest in hope.

10 For you will not abandon me to the grave, *
nor let your holy one see the Pit.

11 You will show me the path of life; *
in your presence there is fullness of joy,
and in your right hand are pleasures for evermore.

17 *Exaudi, Domine*

1 Hear my plea of innocence, O Lord;
give heed to my cry; *
listen to my prayer, which does not come from lying lips.

2 Let my vindication come forth from your presence; *
let your eyes be fixed on justice.

3 Weigh my heart, summon me by night, *
melt me down; you will find no impurity in me.

4 I give no offense with my mouth as others do; *
I have heeded the words of your lips.

5 My footsteps hold fast to the ways of your law; *
in your paths my feet shall not stumble.

6 I call upon you, O God, for you will answer me; *
incline your ear to me and hear my words.

7 Show me your marvelous loving-kindness, *
O Savior of those who take refuge at your right hand
from those who rise up against them.

8 Keep me as the apple of your eye; *
hide me under the shadow of your wings,

9 From the wicked who assault me, *
from my deadly enemies who surround me.

10 They have closed their heart to pity, *
and their mouth speaks proud things.

11 They press me hard,
now they surround me, *
watching how they may cast me to the ground,

12 Like a lion, greedy for its prey, *
and like a young lion lurking in secret places.

13 Arise, O Lord; confront them and bring them down; *
deliver me from the wicked by your sword.

14 Deliver me, O Lord, by your hand *
from those whose portion in life is this world;

15 Whose bellies you fill with your treasure, *
who are well supplied with children
and leave their wealth to their little ones.

16 But at my vindication I shall see your face; *
when I awake, I shall be satisfied, beholding
your likeness.