

Psalms for Evening Prayer

April 14 to April 18

Monday, April 14

69:1-23 *Salvum me fac*

1 Save me, O God, *
for the waters have risen up to my neck.

2 I am sinking in deep mire, *
and there is no firm ground for my feet.

3 I have come into deep waters, *
and the torrent washes over me.

4 I have grown weary with my crying;
my throat is inflamed; *
my eyes have failed from looking for my God.

5 Those who hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head;
my lying foes who would destroy me are mighty. *
Must I then give back what I never stole?

6 O God, you know my foolishness, *
and my faults are not hidden from you.

7 Let not those who hope in you be put to shame through me, Lord God of hosts; *
let not those who seek you be disgraced because of me, O God of Israel.

8 Surely, for your sake have I suffered reproach, *
and shame has covered my face.

9 I have become a stranger to my own kindred, *
an alien to my mother's children.

10 Zeal for your house has eaten me up; *
the scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.

11 I humbled myself with fasting, *
but that was turned to my reproach.

12 I put on sack-cloth also, *
and became a byword among them.

13 Those who sit at the gate murmur against me, *
and the drunkards make songs about me.

14 But as for me, this is my prayer to you, *
at the time you have set, O Lord:

15 "In your great mercy, O God, *
answer me with your unfailing help.

16 Save me from the mire; do not let me sink; *
let me be rescued from those who hate me
and out of the deep waters.

17 Let not the torrent of waters wash over me,
neither let the deep swallow me up; *
do not let the Pit shut its mouth upon me.

18 Answer me, O Lord, for your love is kind; *
in your great compassion, turn to me."

19 "Hide not your face from your servant; *
be swift and answer me, for I am in distress.

20 Draw near to me and redeem me; *
because of my enemies deliver me.

21 You know my reproach, my shame, and my dishonor; *
my adversaries are all in your sight."

22 Reproach has broken my heart, and it cannot be healed; *
I looked for sympathy, but there was none,
for comforters, but I could find no one.

23 They gave me gall to eat, *
and when I was thirsty, they gave me vinegar to drink.

Tuesday, April 15

94 *Deus ultionum*

1 O Lord God of vengeance, *
O God of vengeance, show yourself.

2 Rise up, O Judge of the world; *
give the arrogant their just deserts.

3 How long shall the wicked, O Lord, *
how long shall the wicked triumph?

4 They bluster in their insolence; *
all evildoers are full of boasting.

5 They crush your people, O Lord, *
and afflict your chosen nation.

6 They murder the widow and the stranger *
and put the orphans to death.

7 Yet they say, "The Lord does not see, *
the God of Jacob takes no notice."

8 Consider well, you dullards among the people; *
when will you fools understand?

9 He that planted the ear, does he not hear? *
he that formed the eye, does he not see?

10 He who admonishes the nations, will he not punish? *
he who teaches all the world, has he no knowledge?

11 The Lord knows our human thoughts; *
how like a puff of wind they are.

12 Happy are they whom you instruct, O Lord! *
whom you teach out of your law;

13 To give them rest in evil days, *
until a pit is dug for the wicked.

14 For the Lord will not abandon his people, *
nor will he forsake his own.

15 For judgment will again be just, *
and all the true of heart will follow it.

16 Who rose up for me against the wicked? *
who took my part against the evildoers?

17 If the Lord had not come to my help, *
I should soon have dwelt in the land of silence.

18 As often as I said, "My foot has slipped," *
your love, O Lord, upheld me.

19 When many cares fill my mind, *
your consolations cheer my soul.

20 Can a corrupt tribunal have any part with you, *
one which frames evil into law?

21 They conspire against the life of the just *
and condemn the innocent to death.

22 But the Lord has become my stronghold, *
and my God the rock of my trust.

23 He will turn their wickedness back upon them
and destroy them in their own malice; *
the Lord our God will destroy them.

Wednesday, April 16

74 *Ut quid, Deus?*

1 O God, why have you utterly cast us off? *
why is your wrath so hot against the sheep of your pasture?

2 Remember your congregation that you purchased long ago, *
the tribe you redeemed to be your inheritance,
and Mount Zion where you dwell.

3 Turn your steps toward the endless ruins; *
the enemy has laid waste everything in your sanctuary.

4 Your adversaries roared in your holy place; *
they set up their banners as tokens of victory.

5 They were like men coming up with axes to a grove of trees; *
they broke down all your carved work with hatchets
and hammers.

6 They set fire to your holy place; *
they defiled the dwelling-place of your Name
and razed it to the ground.

7 They said to themselves, "Let us destroy them altogether." *
They burned down all the meeting-places of God in the land.

8 There are no signs for us to see;
there is no prophet left; *
there is not one among us who knows how long.

9 How long, O God, will the adversary scoff? *
will the enemy blaspheme your Name for ever?

10 Why do you draw back your hand? *
why is your right hand hidden in your bosom?

11 Yet God is my King from ancient times, *
victorious in the midst of the earth.

12 You divided the sea by your might *
and shattered the heads of the dragons upon the waters;

13 You crushed the heads of Leviathan *
and gave him to the people of the desert for food.

14 You split open spring and torrent; *
you dried up ever-flowing rivers.

15 Yours is the day, yours also the night; *
you established the moon and the sun.

16 You fixed all the boundaries of the earth; *
you made both summer and winter.

17 Remember, O Lord, how the enemy scoffed, *
how a foolish people despised your Name.

18 Do not hand over the life of your dove to wild beasts; *
never forget the lives of your poor.

19 Look upon your covenant; *
the dark places of the earth are haunts of violence.

20 Let not the oppressed turn away ashamed; *
let the poor and needy praise your Name.

21 Arise, O God, maintain your cause; *
remember how fools revile you all day long.

22 Forget not the clamor of your adversaries, *
the unending tumult of those who rise up against you.

Thursday, April 17 – Maundy Thursday

142 *Voce mea ad Dominum*

1 I cry to the Lord with my voice; *
to the Lord I make loud supplication.

2 I pour out my complaint before him *
and tell him all my trouble.

3 When my spirit languishes within me, you know my path; *
in the way wherein I walk they have hidden a trap for me.

4 I look to my right hand and find no one who knows me; *
I have no place to flee to, and no one cares for me.

5 I cry out to you, O Lord; *
I say, "You are my refuge,
my portion in the land of the living."

6 Listen to my cry for help, for I have been brought very low; *
save me from those who pursue me,
for they are too strong for me.

7 Bring me out of prison, that I may give thanks to your Name; *
when you have dealt bountifully with me, the righteous will gather around me.

143 *Domine, exaudi*

1 Lord, hear my prayer,
and in your faithfulness heed my supplications; *
answer me in your righteousness.

2 Enter not into judgment with your servant, *
for in your sight shall no one living be justified.

3 For my enemy has sought my life;
he has crushed me to the ground; *
he has made me live in dark places like those who are long dead.

4 My spirit faints within me; *
my heart within me is desolate.

5 I remember the time past;
I muse upon all your deeds; *
I consider the works of your hands.

6 I spread out my hands to you; *
my soul gasps to you like a thirsty land.

7 O Lord, make haste to answer me; my spirit fails me; *
do not hide your face from me
or I shall be like those who go down to the Pit.

8 Let me hear of your loving-kindness in the morning,
for I put my trust in you; *
show me the road that I must walk,
for I lift up my soul to you.

9 Deliver me from my enemies, O Lord, *
for I flee to you for refuge.

10 Teach me to do what pleases you, for you are my God; *
let your good Spirit lead me on level ground.

11 Revive me, O Lord, for your Name's sake; *
for your righteousness' sake, bring me out of trouble.

(12 Of your goodness, destroy my enemies
and bring all my foes to naught, *
for truly I am your servant.)

Friday, April 18 – Good Friday

40 *Expectans, expectavi*

1 I waited patiently upon the Lord; *
he stooped to me and heard my cry.

2 He lifted me out of the desolate pit, out of the mire and clay; *
he set my feet upon a high cliff and made my footing sure.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
a song of praise to our God; *
many shall see, and stand in awe,
and put their trust in the Lord.

4 Happy are they who trust in the Lord! *
they do not resort to evil spirits or turn to false gods.

5 Great things are they that you have done, O Lord my God!
how great your wonders and your plans for us! *
there is none who can be compared with you.

6 Oh, that I could make them known and tell them! *
but they are more than I can count.

7 In sacrifice and offering you take no pleasure *
(you have given me ears to hear you);

8 Burnt-offering and sin-offering you have not required, *
and so I said, "Behold, I come.

9 In the roll of the book it is written concerning me: *
'I love to do your will, O my God;
your law is deep in my heart.'"

10 I proclaimed righteousness in the great congregation; *
behold, I did not restrain my lips;
and that, O Lord, you know.

11 Your righteousness have I not hidden in my heart;
I have spoken of your faithfulness and your deliverance; *
I have not concealed your love and faithfulness from the great congregation.

12 You are the Lord;
do not withhold your compassion from me; *
let your love and your faithfulness keep me safe for ever,

13 For innumerable troubles have crowded upon me;
my sins have overtaken me, and I cannot see; *
they are more in number than the hairs of my head,
and my heart fails me.

14 Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me; *
O Lord, make haste to help me.

15 Let them be ashamed and altogether dismayed
who seek after my life to destroy it; *
let them draw back and be disgraced who take pleasure in my misfortune.

16 Let those who say "Aha!" and gloat over me be confounded, *
because they are ashamed.

17 Let all who seek you rejoice in you and be glad; *
let those who love your salvation continually say,
"Great is the Lord!"

18 Though I am poor and afflicted, *
the Lord will have regard for me.

19 You are my helper and my deliverer; *
do not tarry, O my God.

54 *Deus, in nomine*

1 Save me, O God, by your Name; *
in your might, defend my cause.

2 Hear my prayer, O God; *
give ear to the words of my mouth.

3 For the arrogant have risen up against me,
and the ruthless have sought my life, *
those who have no regard for God.

4 Behold, God is my helper; *
it is the Lord who sustains my life.

5 Render evil to those who spy on me; *
in your faithfulness, destroy them.

6 I will offer you a freewill sacrifice *
and praise your Name, O Lord, for it is good.

7 For you have rescued me from every trouble, *
and my eye has seen the ruin of my foes.