

Psalms for Morning Prayer

April 14 to April 18

Monday, April 14

51 *Miserere mei, Deus*

1 Have mercy on me, O God, according to your loving-kindness; *
in your great compassion blot out my offenses.

2 Wash me through and through from my wickedness *
and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I know my transgressions, *
and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against you only have I sinned *
and done what is evil in your sight.

5 And so you are justified when you speak *
and upright in your judgment.

6 Indeed, I have been wicked from my birth, *
a sinner from my mother's womb.

7 For behold, you look for truth deep within me, *
and will make me understand wisdom secretly.

8 Purge me from my sin, and I shall be pure; *
wash me, and I shall be clean indeed.

9 Make me hear of joy and gladness, *
that the body you have broken may rejoice.

10 Hide your face from my sins *
and blot out all my iniquities.

11 Create in me a clean heart, O God, *
and renew a right spirit within me.

12 Cast me not away from your presence *
and take not your holy Spirit from me.

13 Give me the joy of your saving help again *
and sustain me with your bountiful Spirit.

14 I shall teach your ways to the wicked, *
and sinners shall return to you.

15 Deliver me from death, O God, *
and my tongue shall sing of your righteousness,
O God of my salvation.

16 Open my lips, O Lord, *
and my mouth shall proclaim your praise.

17 Had you desired it, I would have offered sacrifice, *
but you take no delight in burnt-offerings.

18 The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit; *
a broken and contrite heart, O God, you will not despise.

19 Be favorable and gracious to Zion, *
and rebuild the walls of Jerusalem.

20 Then you will be pleased with the appointed sacrifices,
with burnt-offerings and oblations; *
then shall they offer young bullocks upon your altar.

Tuesday, April 15

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.

12 *Salvum me fac*

1 Help me, Lord, for there is no godly one left; *
the faithful have vanished from among us.

2 Everyone speaks falsely with his neighbor; *
with a smooth tongue they speak from a double heart.

3 Oh, that the Lord would cut off all smooth tongues, *
and close the lips that utter proud boasts!

4 Those who say, "With our tongue will we prevail; *
our lips are our own; who is lord over us?"

5 "Because the needy are oppressed,
and the poor cry out in misery, "
I will rise up," says the Lord,
"and give them the help they long for."

6 The words of the Lord are pure words, *
like silver refined from ore
and purified seven times in the fire.

7 O Lord, watch over us *
and save us from this generation for ever.

8 The wicked prowl on every side, *
and that which is worthless is highly prized by everyone.

Wednesday, April 16

55 *Exaudi, Deus*

1 Hear my prayer, O God; *
do not hide yourself from my petition.

2 Listen to me and answer me; *
I have no peace, because of my cares.

3 I am shaken by the noise of the enemy *
and by the pressure of the wicked;

4 For they have cast an evil spell upon me *
and are set against me in fury.

5 My heart quakes within me, *
and the terrors of death have fallen upon me.

6 Fear and trembling have come over me, *
and horror overwhelms me.

7 And I said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove! *
I would fly away and be at rest.

8 I would flee to a far-off place *
and make my lodging in the wilderness.

9 I would hasten to escape *
from the stormy wind and tempest."

10 Swallow them up, O Lord;
confound their speech; *
for I have seen violence and strife in the city.

11 Day and night the watchmen make their rounds
upon her walls, *
but trouble and misery are in the midst of her.

12 There is corruption at her heart; *
her streets are never free of oppression and deceit.

13 For had it been an adversary who taunted me,
then I could have borne it; *
or had it been an enemy who vaunted himself against me,
then I could have hidden from him.

14 But it was you, a man after my own heart, *
my companion, my own familiar friend.

15 We took sweet counsel together, *
and walked with the throng in the house of God.

16 Let death come upon them suddenly;
let them go down alive into the grave; *
for wickedness is in their dwellings, in their very midst.

17 But I will call upon God, *
and the Lord will deliver me.

18 In the evening, in the morning, and at noonday,
I will complain and lament, *
and he will hear my voice.

19 He will bring me safely back from the battle waged against me; *
for there are many who fight me.

20 God, who is enthroned of old, will hear me and bring them down; *
they never change; they do not fear God.

21 My companion stretched forth his hand against his comrade; *
he has broken his covenant.

22 His speech is softer than butter, *
but war is in his heart.

23 His words are smoother than oil, *
but they are drawn swords.

24 Cast your burden upon the Lord,
and he will sustain you; *
he will never let the righteous stumble.

25 For you will bring the bloodthirsty and deceitful *
down to the pit of destruction, O God.

26 They shall not live out half their days, *
but I will put my trust in you.

Thursday, April 17 – Maundy Thursday

102 *Domine, exaudi*

1 Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry come before you; *
hide not your face from me in the day of my trouble.

2 Incline your ear to me; *
when I call, make haste to answer me,

3 For my days drift away like smoke, *
and my bones are hot as burning coals.

4 My heart is smitten like grass and withered, *
so that I forget to eat my bread.

5 Because of the voice of my groaning *
I am but skin and bones.

6 I have become like a vulture in the wilderness, *
like an owl among the ruins.

7 I lie awake and groan; *
I am like a sparrow, lonely on a house-top.

8 My enemies revile me all day long, *
and those who scoff at me have taken an oath against me.

9 For I have eaten ashes for bread *
and mingled my drink with weeping.

10 Because of your indignation and wrath *
you have lifted me up and thrown me away.

11 My days pass away like a shadow, *
and I wither like the grass.

12 But you, O Lord, endure for ever, *
and your Name from age to age.

13 You will arise and have compassion on Zion,
for it is time to have mercy upon her; *
indeed, the appointed time has come.

14 For your servants love her very rubble, *
and are moved to pity even for her dust.

15 The nations shall fear your Name, O Lord, *
and all the kings of the earth your glory.

16 For the Lord will build up Zion, *
and his glory will appear.

17 He will look with favor on the prayer of the homeless; *
he will not despise their plea.

18 Let this be written for a future generation, *
so that a people yet unborn may praise the Lord.

19 For the Lord looked down from his holy place on high; *
from the heavens he beheld the earth;

20 That he might hear the groan of the captive *
and set free those condemned to die;

21 That they may declare in Zion the Name of the Lord, *
and his praise in Jerusalem;

22 When the peoples are gathered together, *
and the kingdoms also, to serve the Lord.

23 He has brought down my strength before my time; *
he has shortened the number of my days;

24 And I said, "O my God,
do not take me away in the midst of my days; *
your years endure throughout all generations.

25 In the beginning, O Lord, you laid the foundations of the earth, *
and the heavens are the work of your hands;

26 They shall perish, but you will endure;
they all shall wear out like a garment; *
as clothing you will change them,
and they shall be changed;

27 But you are always the same, *
and your years will never end.

28 The children of your servants shall continue, *
and their offspring shall stand fast in your sight."

Friday, April 18 – Good Friday

95 *Venite, exultemus* (Invitatory Psalm)

1 Come, let us sing to the Lord; *
let us shout for joy to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving *
and raise a loud shout to him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, *
and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the caverns of the earth, *
and the heights of the hills are his also.

5 The sea is his, for he made it, *
and his hands have molded the dry land.

6 Come, let us bow down, and bend the knee, *
and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

7 For he is our God,
and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand. *
Oh, that today you would hearken to his voice!

8 Harden not your hearts,
as your forebears did in the wilderness, *
at Meribah, and on that day at Massah,
when they tempted me.

9 They put me to the test, *
though they had seen my works.

10 Forty years long I detested that generation and said, *
"This people are wayward in their hearts;
they do not know my ways."

11 So I swore in my wrath, *
"They shall not enter into my rest."

22 *Deus, Deus meus*

1 My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? *
and are so far from my cry
and from the words of my distress?

2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not answer; *
by night as well, but I find no rest.

3 Yet you are the Holy One, *
enthroned upon the praises of Israel.

4 Our forefathers put their trust in you; *
they trusted, and you delivered them.

5 They cried out to you and were delivered; *
they trusted in you and were not put to shame.

6 But as for me, I am a worm and no man, *
scorned by all and despised by the people.

7 All who see me laugh me to scorn; *
they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,

8 "He trusted in the Lord; let him deliver him; *
let him rescue him, if he delights in him."

9 Yet you are he who took me out of the womb, *
and kept me safe upon my mother's breast.

10 I have been entrusted to you ever since I was born; *
you were my God when I was still in my mother's womb.

11 Be not far from me, for trouble is near, *
and there is none to help.

12 Many young bulls encircle me; *
strong bulls of Bashan surround me.

13 They open wide their jaws at me, *
like a ravening and a roaring lion.

14 I am poured out like water;
all my bones are out of joint; *
my heart within my breast is melting wax.

15 My mouth is dried out like a pot-sherd;
my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth; *
and you have laid me in the dust of the grave.

16 Packs of dogs close me in,
and gangs of evildoers circle around me; *
they pierce my hands and my feet;
I can count all my bones.

17 They stare and gloat over me; *
they divide my garments among them;
they cast lots for my clothing.

18 Be not far away, O Lord; *
you are my strength; hasten to help me.

19 Save me from the sword, *
my life from the power of the dog.

20 Save me from the lion's mouth, *
my wretched body from the horns of wild bulls.

21 I will declare your Name to my brethren; *
in the midst of the congregation I will praise you.

22 Praise the Lord, you that fear him; *
stand in awe of him, O offspring of Israel;
all you of Jacob's line, give glory.

23 For he does not despise nor abhor the poor in their poverty;
neither does he hide his face from them; *
but when they cry to him he hears them.

24 My praise is of him in the great assembly; *
I will perform my vows in the presence of those who
worship him.

25 The poor shall eat and be satisfied,
and those who seek the Lord shall praise him: *
"May your heart live for ever!"

26 All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the Lord, *
and all the families of the nations shall bow before him.

27 For kingship belongs to the Lord; *
he rules over the nations.

28 To him alone all who sleep in the earth bow down in worship; *
all who go down to the dust fall before him.

29 My soul shall live for him;
my descendants shall serve him; *
they shall be known as the Lord's for ever.

30 They shall come and make known to a people yet unborn *
the saving deeds that he has done.