

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger,
neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

Have mercy upon me, o Lord;
for I am weak; o Lord, heal me;
for my bones are vexed.

My soul is also sore vexed:
but thou, o Lord, how long?

Return, o Lord, deliver my soul:
oh save me for thy mercies' sake.

For in death there is no remembrance of thee:
in the grave who shall give thee thanks?

I am weary with my groaning;
all the night make I my bed to swim;
I water my couch with my tears.

Mine eye is consumed because of grief;
it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity;
for the Lord hath heard the voice
of my weeping. The Lord hath heard
my supplication; the Lord will receive
my prayer. Let all mine enemies be
ashamed and sore vexed: let them
return and be ashamed suddenly.

