



I will extol thee,
O Lord; for thou hast **Psalm 30**
lifted me up, and hast not made
my foes to rejoice over me.
O Lord my God, I cried unto thee,
and thou hast healed me.
O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul
from the grave: thou hast kept me
alive, that I should not go down
to the pit. Sing unto the Lord,
O ye saints of his, and give thanks
at the remembrance of his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life:
weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.

Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain
to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face,
and I was troubled. I cried to thee, O Lord; and unto the Lord
I made supplication. What profit is there in my blood,
when I go down to the pit??

Shall the dust praise thee?

shall it declare thy truth?

Hear, O Lord, and have
mercy upon me: Lord,

be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned for me
my mourning into dancing:

thou hast put off
my sackcloth, and

girded me with gladness;

To the end that my glory
may sing praise to thee,

and not be silent. O Lord
my God, I will give thanks

unto thee for ever.

