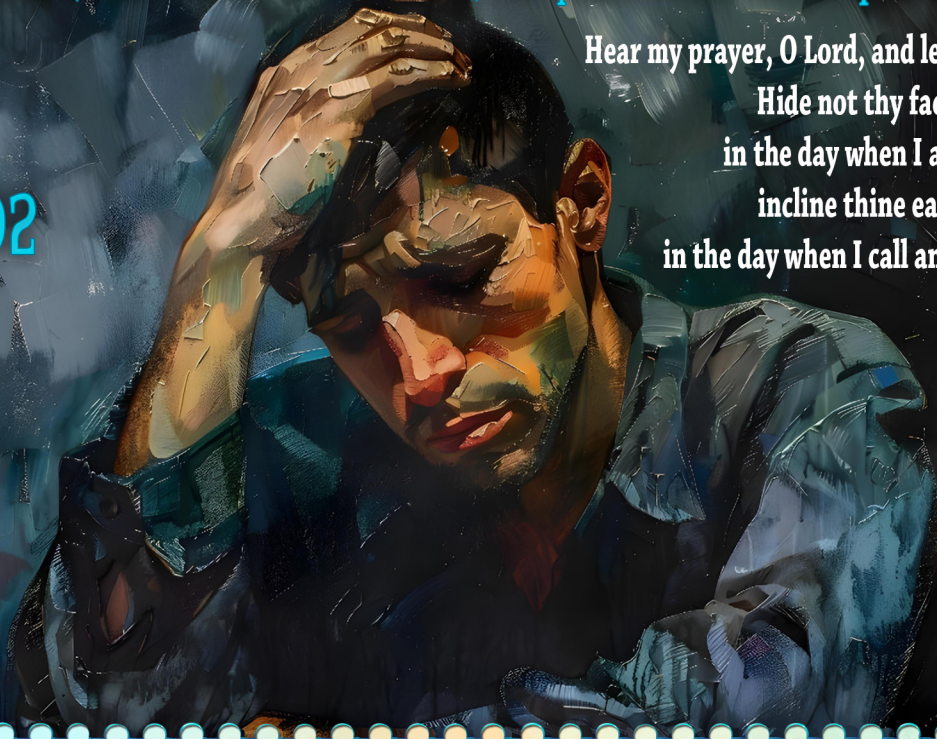


A Prayer of the afflicted, when he is overwhelmed, and poureth out his complaint before the Lord.

Psalm 102

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee.

Hide not thy face from me
in the day when I am in trouble;
incline thine ear unto me:
in the day when I call answer me speedily.



For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as an hearth.
My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread.
By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.
I am like a pelican of the wilderness: I am like an owl of the desert.
I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top. Mine enemies reproach me
all the day; and they that are mad against me are sworn against me.
For I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping,
Because of thine indignation and thy wrath: for thou hast lifted me up, and
cast me down. My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.



But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever; and thy remembrance
unto all generations. Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion:
for the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come.

For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.
So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord, and all the kings of the earth
thy glory. When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory.
He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people
which shall be created shall praise the Lord. For he hath looked down
from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the Lord
behold the earth; To hear the groaning of the prisoner;
to loose those that are appointed to death; To declare the name
of the Lord in Zion, and his praise in Jerusalem; When the people are
gathered together, and the kingdoms, to serve the Lord.



He weakened my strength in the way; he shortened my days.
I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days: thy years are throughout
all generations. Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work
of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old
like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:
But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. The children of thy servants shall
continue, and their seed shall be established before thee.

