

Calvary Church
The Book of Common Prayer
Thursday, March 19 2020

The Morning Psalms

Psalm: [83]

[¹ O God, do not keep silence; do not hold your peace or be still, O God!
² Even now your enemies are in tumult; those who hate you have raised their heads.
³ They lay crafty plans against your people; they consult together against those you protect.
⁴ They say, "Come, let us wipe them out as a nation; let the name of Israel be remembered no more."
⁵ They conspire with one accord; against you they make a covenant —
⁶ the tents of Edom and the Ishmaelites, Moab and the Hagrites,
⁷ Gebal and Ammon and Amalek, Philistia with the inhabitants of Tyre;
⁸ Assyria also has joined them; they are the strong arm of the children of Lot.
⁹ Do to them as you did to Midian, as to Sisera and Jabin at the Wadi Kishon,
¹⁰ who were destroyed at En-dor, who became dung for the ground.
¹¹ Make their nobles like Oreb and Zeeb, all their princes like Zebah and Zalmunna,
¹² who said, "Let us take the pastures of God for our own possession."
¹³ O my God, make them like whirling dust, like chaff before the wind.
¹⁴ As fire consumes the forest, as the flame sets the mountains ablaze,
¹⁵ so pursue them with your tempest and terrify them with your hurricane.
¹⁶ Fill their faces with shame, so that they may seek your name, O LORD.
¹⁷ Let them be put to shame and dismayed forever; let them perish in disgrace.
¹⁸ Let them know that you alone, whose name is the LORD, are the Most High over all the earth.]

Psalm: 42

¹ As a deer longs for flowing streams, so my soul longs for you, O God.
² My soul thirsts for God, for the living God. When shall I come and behold the face of God?
³ My tears have been my food day and night, while people say to me continually, "Where is your God?"
⁴ These things I remember, as I pour out my soul: how I went with the throng, and led them in procession to the house of God, with glad shouts and songs of thanksgiving, a multitude keeping festival.
⁵ Why are you cast down, O my soul, and why are you disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall again praise him, my help
⁶ and my God. My soul is cast down within me; therefore I remember you from the land of Jordan and of Hermon, from Mount Mizar.
⁷ Deep calls to deep at the thunder of your cataracts; all your waves and your billows have gone over me.
⁸ By day the LORD commands his steadfast love, and at night his song is with me, a prayer to the God of my life.

⁹ I say to God, my rock, "Why have you forgotten me? Why must I walk about mournfully because the enemy oppresses me?"

¹⁰ As with a deadly wound in my body, my adversaries taunt me, while they say to me continually, "Where is your God?"

¹¹ Why are you cast down, O my soul, and why are you disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall again praise him, my help and my God.

Psalm: 43

¹ Vindicate me, O God, and defend my cause against an ungodly people; from those who are deceitful and unjust deliver me!

² For you are the God in whom I take refuge; why have you cast me off? Why must I walk about mournfully because of the oppression of the enemy?

³ O send out your light and your truth; let them lead me; let them bring me to your holy hill and to your dwelling.

⁴ Then I will go to the altar of God, to God my exceeding joy; and I will praise you with the harp, O God, my God.

⁵ Why are you cast down, O my soul, and why are you disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall again praise him, my help and my God.