

Psalm 38

Domine, ne in furore

1 O Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger; *
do not punish me in your wrath.

2 For your arrows have already pierced me, *
and your hand presses hard upon me.

3 There is no health in my flesh, because of your indignation; *
there is no soundness in my body, because of my sin.

4 For my iniquities overwhelm me; *
like a heavy burden they are too much for me to bear.

5 My wounds stink and fester *
by reason of my foolishness.

6 I am utterly bowed down and prostrate; *
I go about in mourning all the day long.

7 My loins are filled with searing pain; *
there is no health in my body.

8 I am utterly numb and crushed; *
I wail, because of the groaning of my heart.

9 O Lord, you know all my desires, *
and my sighing is not hidden from you.

10 My heart is pounding, my strength has failed me, *
and the brightness of my eyes is gone from me.

11 My friends and companions draw back from my affliction; *
my neighbours stand afar off.

12 Those who seek after my life lay snares for me; *
those who strive to hurt me speak of my ruin
and plot treachery all the day long.

13 But I am like the deaf who do not hear, *
like those who are mute and do not open their mouth.

14 I have become like one who does not hear, *
and from whose mouth comes no defence.

15 For in you, O Lord, have I fixed my hope; *
you will answer me, O Lord my God.

16 For I said, “Do not let them rejoice at my expense, *
those who gloat over me when my foot slips.”

17 Truly, I am on the verge of falling, *
and my pain is always with me.

18 I will confess my iniquity *
and be sorry for my sin.

19 Those who are my enemies without cause are mighty, *
and many in number are those who wrongfully hate me.

20 Those who repay evil for good slander me, *
because I follow the course that is right.

21 O Lord, do not forsake me; *
be not far from me, O my God.

Morning Prayer – Tuesday August 25, 2026

22 Make haste to help me, *
O Lord of my salvation.

Glory to God, Source of all being, eternal Word, and Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be for ever. Amen.

Job 6:1-4, 8-15, 21

A reading from the book of Job.

Then Job answered: “O that my vexation were weighed, and all my calamity laid in the balances! For then it would be heavier than the sand of the sea; therefore my words have been rash. For the arrows of the Almighty are in me; my spirit drinks their poison; the terrors of God are arrayed against me.

“O that I might have my request, and that God would grant my desire; that it would please God to crush me, that he would let loose his hand and cut me off! This would be my consolation; I would even exult in unrelenting pain; for I have not denied the words of the Holy One. What is my strength, that I should wait? And what is my end, that I should be patient? Is my strength the strength of stones, or is my flesh bronze? In truth I have no help in me, and any resource is driven from me.

“Those who withhold kindness from a friend forsake the fear of the Almighty. My companions are treacherous like a torrent-bed, like freshets that pass away, Such you have now become to me; you see my calamity, and are afraid.

The word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.