Psalm 42

Quemadmodum

1 As the deer longs for the water-brooks, *
so longs my soul for you, O God.

2 My soul is athirst for God, athirst for the living God; *
when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

3 My tears have been my food day and night, *
while all day long they say to me, “Where now is your God?”

4 I pour out my soul when I think on these things: *
how I went with the multitude
and led them into the house of God,
with the voice of praise and thanksgiving, *
among those who keep holy-day.

5 Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul, *
and why are you so disquieted within me?
Put your trust in God; *
for I will yet give thanks to the Holy One
who is the help of my countenance and my God.

6 My soul is heavy within me; *
therefore I will remember you from the land of Jordan,
and from the peak of Mizar among the heights of Hermon.

7 One deep calls to another in the noise of your cataracts; *
all your rapids and floods have gone over me.

8 The Lord grants loving-kindness in the daytime; *
in the night season a song of God is with me,
a prayer to the God of my life.

9 I will say to the God of my strength, *
“Why have you forgotten me
and why do I go so heavily *
while the enemy oppresses me?”

10 While my bones are being broken, *
my enemies mock me to my face;
all day long they mock me and say to me, *
“Where now is your God?”

11 Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul, *
and why are you so disquieted within me?

12 Put your trust in God; *
for I will yet give thanks to the Holy One
who is the help of my countenance and my God.

Psalm 43

Judica me, Domine

1 Give judgement for me, O God,
and defend my cause against an ungodly people; *
deliver me from the deceitful and the wicked.

2 For you are the God of my strength; *
why have you put me from you?
And why do I go so heavily *
while the enemy oppresses me?

3 Send out your light and your truth,
that they may lead me, *
and bring me to your holy hill and to your dwelling;

4 that I may go to the altar of God,
to the God of my joy and gladness; *
and on the harp I will give thanks to you, O God my God.

5 Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul, *
and why are you so disquieted within me?

6 Put your trust in God; *
for I will yet give thanks to the Holy One,
who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

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.

Habbakuk 3:1-18

A reading from the prophet Habbakuk.

A prayer of the prophet Habakkuk according to Shigionoth.

O Lord, I have heard of your renown, and I stand in awe, O Lord, of your work. In our own time revive it; in our own time make it known; in wrath may you remember mercy. God came from Teman, the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. The brightness was like the sun; rays came forth from his hand, where his power lay hidden.

Before him went pestilence, and plague followed close behind. He stopped and shook the earth; he looked and made the nations tremble. The eternal mountains were shattered; along his ancient pathways the everlasting hills sank low. I saw the tents of Cushan under affliction; the tent curtains of the land of Midian trembled.

Was your wrath against the rivers, O Lord, or your anger against the rivers or your rage against the sea, when you drove your horses, your chariots to victory? You brandished your naked bow; sated were the arrows at your command. You split the earth with rivers. The mountains saw you and writhed; a torrent of water swept by; the deep gave forth its voice. The sun raised high its hands; the moon stood still in its exalted place, at the light of your arrows speeding by, at the gleam of your flashing spear. In fury you marched on the earth; in anger you trampled nations. You came forth to save your people, to save your anointed. You crushed the head of the wicked house, laying it bare from foundation to roof. You pierced with their own arrows the head of his warriors, who came like a whirlwind to scatter us, gloating as if ready to devour the poor who were in hiding. You trampled the sea with your horses, churning the mighty waters.

I hear, and I tremble within; my lips quiver at the sound. Rottenness enters into my bones, and my steps tremble beneath me. I wait quietly for the day of calamity to come upon the people who attack us.

Though the fig tree does not blossom and no fruit is on the vines; though the produce of the olive fails and the fields yield no food; though the flock is cut off from the fold and there is no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will exult in the God of my salvation.

The word of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.