

**Psalm 39. *Dixi, Custodiam.***

I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not in my tongue.

I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle, while the ungodly is in my sight,

I held my tongue, and spake nothing: I kept silence, yea, even from good words; but it was pain and grief to me.

My heart was hot within me: and while I was thus musing the fire kindled, and at the last I spake with my tongue:

Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days; that I may be certified how long I have to live.

Behold, thou hast made my days as It were a span long, and mine age Is even as nothing In respect of thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what is my hope? truly my hope is even in thee.

Deliver me from all mine of fences; and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

I became dumb, and opened not my mouth: for it was thy doing.

Take thy plague away from me: I am even consumed by the means of thy heavy hand.

When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment: every man therefore Is but vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling; hold not thy peace at my tears:

For I am a stranger with this, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen.