Psalm 119:81-88  

Defecit anima mea

tone VII3

MY SOUL hath longed for thy salvation: and I have a good hope because of thy word. 82. Mine eyes long sore for thy word: saying, O when wilt thou comfort me? 83. For I am become like a bottle in the smoke: yet do I not forget thy statutes. 84. How many are the days of thy servant: when wilt thou be avenged of them that persecute me? 85. The proud have digged pits for me: which are not after thy law. 86. All thy commandments are true: they persecute me falsely; O be thou my help. 87. They had almost made an end of me upon earth: but I forsook not thy commandments. 88. O quicken me after thy loving-kindness: and so shall I keep the testimonies of thy mouth. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen