

PSALM 119

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MY soul fainteth for thy salvation:
but I hope in thy word.

82 Mine eyes fail for thy word, saying,
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 execute
judgment on them that persecute me?

85 The proud have digged pits for me,
which *are* not after thy law.

86 All thy commandments *are* faithful:
they persecute me wrongfully; help thou
me.

87 They had almost consumed me upon
earth; but I forsook not thy precepts.

88 Quicken me after thy lovingkindness;
so shall I keep the testimony of thy
mouth.