

Francis 1

- 1 Thou tellest my flittings; put my tears into thy bottle * are not these things noted in thy book?
- 2 All mine enemies whisper together against me * even against me do they imagine this evil.
- 3 They that lay wait for my soul take their counsel together.
- 4 Thus have they rewarded me evil for good * and hatred for my good will.
- 5 For the love that I had unto them, lo, they take now my contrary part * but I give myself unto prayer.
- 6 O go not from me, for trouble is hard at hand * and there is none to help me.
- 7 Whensoever I call upon thee, then shall mine enemies be put to flight * this I know; for God is on my side.
- 8 My lovers and my neighbours did stand looking upon my trouble * and my kinsmen stood afar off.
- 9 Thou hast put away my acquaintance far from me; they have set me an abomination to them; I was delivered up and came not forth
- 10 Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me * and made me to be abhorred of them.
- 11 I am so fast in prison * that I cannot get forth.
- 12 But be not thou far from me, O Lord * thou art my succour, haste thee to help me.
- 13 Haste thee to help me * O Lord God of my salvation.