

4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

5. As soon as Thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass.

6. In the morning it is green and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

7. For we consume away in Thy displeasure: and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.

8. Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee: and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9. For when Thou art angry, all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told.

10. The days of our age are three-score years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to four-score years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away and we are gone.

11. But who regardeth the power of thy wrath: for even thereafter as a man feareth so is thy displeasure.

12. So teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13. Turn Thee again, O Lord at the last: and be gracious unto thy servants.

14. O satisfy us with thy mercy, and that soon: so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

15. Comfort us again now after the time that Thou hast plagued us: and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

16. Shew thy servants thy work: and their children thy glory.

17. And the glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us: prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us; O prosper Thou our handiwork.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

PSALM XXIII.—*Domineus regit me.*

1. The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.

2. He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

3. He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

5. Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: Thou hast anointed my head with oil and my cup shall be full.

6. But thy loving kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

*Then shall follow the lesson taken out of the fifteenth chapter of the former Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians.*

THE LESSON.—1 Cor., xv, 50–58.

50. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

51. Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

52. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

53. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

54. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

55. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

56. The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

57. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

58. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

*Then shall follow*

THE ANTHEM.

Happy and blest are they who have endured; for though the body dies, the soul shall live for ever.

*Then shall be sung:*

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord God, most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts: shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.