DELPHI CLASSICS

Catherine Parr

Complete Works

THE RENAISSANCE COLLECTION



The Complete Works of

CATHERINE PARR

(1512-1548)



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The Delphi Classics Catalogue

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Version 1

The Renaissance Collection

CATHERINE PARR



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Complete Works of Catherine Parr



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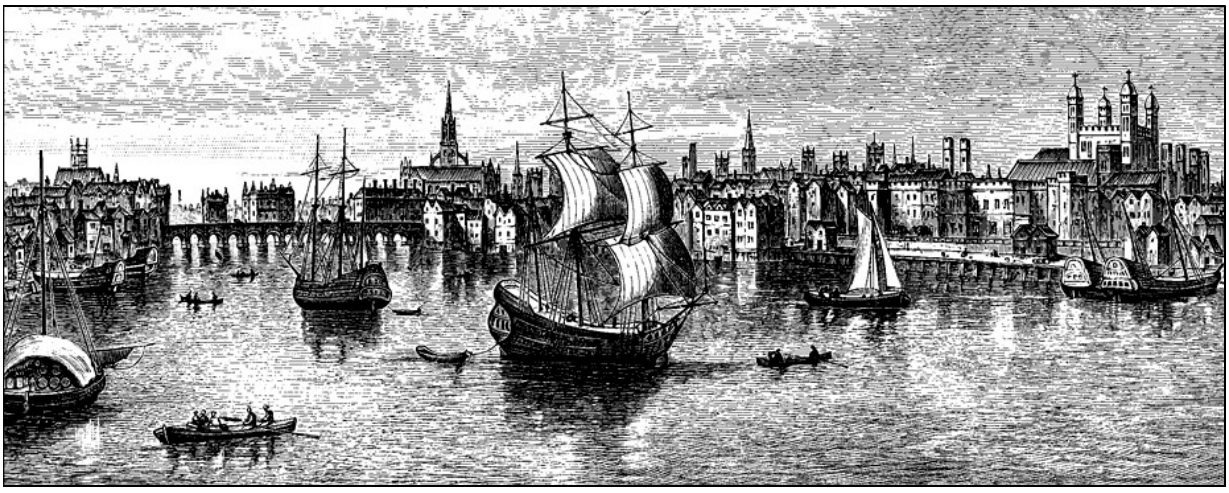
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DELPHI CLASSICS

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The Books



A view of the Thames, London, c. 1550 — Catherine Parr was born in her parents' townhouse in Blackfriars, London in 1512.



Blackfriars today

Psalms or Prayers (1544)



The first woman in England to publish in print an original work under her own name, Catherine Parr (c. 1512-1548) was Queen of England and Ireland. She was the last of the six wives of King Henry VIII from their marriage on 12 July 1543 until Henry's death in January 1547, though she only outlived him by a year and eight months. She enjoyed a close relationship with Henry's three children, Mary, Elizabeth and Edward and she was personally involved in the education of Elizabeth and Edward. Also, Parr was influential in Henry's passing of the Third Succession Act in 1543, which restored his daughters Mary and Elizabeth to the line of succession to the throne. By all accounts, Catherine Parr was an exceptionally well-educated, influential and politically astute woman, as well as a committed religious reformer.

On 25 April 1544, Catherine published her first book, *Psalms or Prayers*, a collection of vernacular devotional texts printed by the King's printer, Thomas Berthelet. Though initially published anonymously, the volume marked the beginning of Parr's trailblazing career as a published author. Far from a simple act of quiet piety, the book acts as an accomplished piece of wartime propaganda, carefully navigating the volatile religious and political landscape of Henry VIII's later reign.

Psalms or Prayers consists of English translations of the *Latin Psalmi seu Precationes*, a devotional work compiled in c. 1525 by Bishop John Fisher. Parr carefully curated and rearranged sections of the biblical Psalms, focusing heavily on themes of physical suffering, repentance and divine deliverance. Interestingly, the volume culminates with two innovative appendices: "A Prayer for the King" and "A Prayer for Men to Say Going into Battle". Scholars have noted that Parr subtly modifies these prayers from their Latin origins. Her translations deliberately enhance her husband's masculinity and military prowess, depicting Henry as a righteous, King David-like monarch that is both an obedient servant of God and a fiercely powerful ruler.

Parr's book appeared during a critical political juncture. In the summer of 1544, Henry was preparing to launch a massive, dual-front military campaign against Scotland and France. He trusted Parr's intellect and administrative competence so thoroughly that he appointed her Regent of England during his absence. Critics believe that *Psalms or Prayers* was largely utilised as royal propaganda. By publishing powerful prayers in the English vernacular, the crown sought to unify the realm and encourage religious and political loyalty. Moreover, translating the work of John Fisher — a strict Catholic bishop that the King had in fact executed for treason in 1535 — was a masterstroke of political co-optation. It enabled Parr to strip the text of its papist associations and reshape it to fit the evolving, independent Church of England.

Psalms or Prayers was successful and well received at court. Account records from May 1544 show that Parr ordered twenty lavish, hand-illuminated presentation copies bound in vellum and velvet to distribute as elite gifts. The King not only approved of the book, but collaborated on the text. One extant copy features a warm, poetic inscription from Henry to Catherine, urging the reader to pray for him. Recent discoveries of Henry's personal marginalia in another copy reveal that the ailing king heavily annotated passages regarding physical suffering and wisdom, demonstrating how deeply the text resonated with his personal anxieties.



Portrait of Catherine Parr, completed a year after the publication of her first book



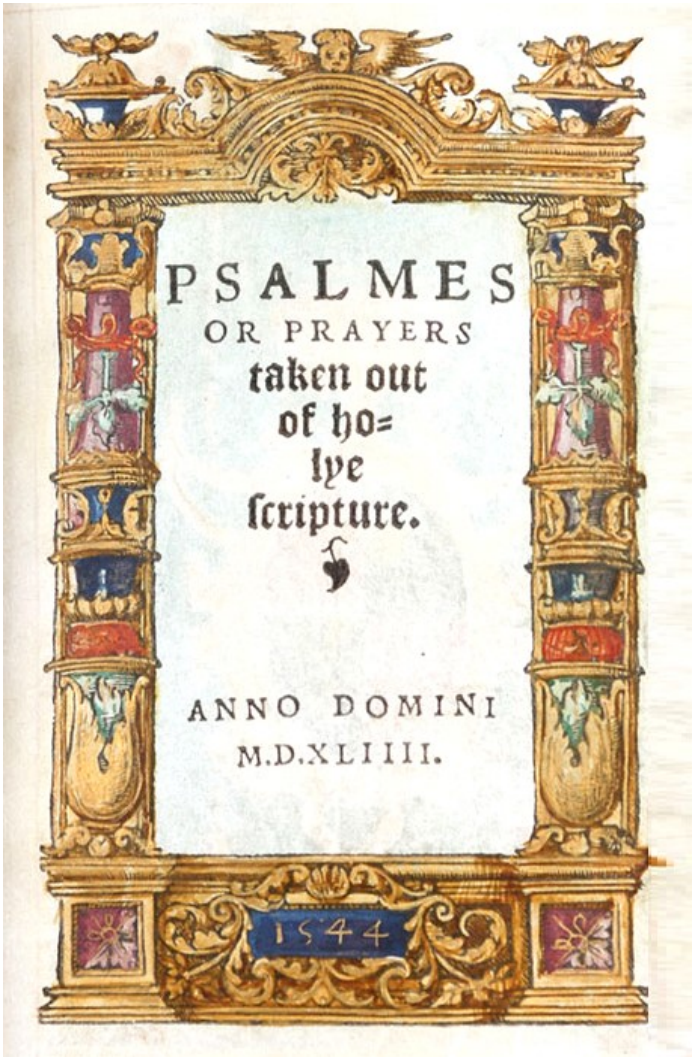
John Fisher (1469-1535) was a Catholic prelate, who served as Bishop of Rochester from 1504 to 1535 and as chancellor of the University of Cambridge. He is honoured as a martyr and saint by the Catholic Church. Fisher was executed by order of Henry VIII during the English Reformation for refusing to accept him as Supreme Head of the Church of England and for upholding the Catholic Church's doctrine of papal supremacy.



Portrait of Henry VIII by the workshop of Hans Holbein the Younger, c. 1540-1547

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The first edition's title page



Henry's inscription in 'Psalms or Prayers', taken out of holy scripture

PSALMS OR PRAYERS

taken out

of holy

Scripture

ANNO DOMINI

M.D.XLIIII

THE FIRST PSALM. FOR THE OBTAINING REMISSION OF SINS.



O LORD OF Lords, God almighty, great and dreadful, which by Thy word hast made heaven, earth, the sea, and all things contained in them:

Nothing is able to resist Thy power; Thy mercy is over all Thy works. All things be under Thy dominion and rule, both man and beast, and all living creatures.

Thou art merciful to whom Thou wilt, and hast compassion on whom it pleaseth Thee.

Thy counsel shall stand for ever, and whatsoever Thou wilt shall be done.

Power, dominion, and glory is Thine: which art above all things, and in all things, and in us all.

Thou art Father of mercies, and God of all grace, peace, and comfort: which wilt not the death of a sinner, nor delightest in the damnation of souls.

O Lord God, which art rich in mercy and of Thine especial love towards us, even when we were Thine enemies, by sin, didst send into the world Thine only begotten Son Jesus Christ: that whosoever believeth duly in Him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me, according to Thy great mercy. And according to the multitude of Thy mercies, put away mine offenses.

O God most holy, wash me from my wickedness, and make me clean from mine uncleanness.

For I acknowledge, O Lord, mine heinous sins, and accuse myself of mine unrighteous deeds.

I confess against myself the wickedness of my heart, which hath been ever unfaithful, and rebelling against Thy precepts.

I have been an untrue and a froward child to Thee, and have provoked Thee with my vanities.

O holy Father, I have offended Thy divine majesty, and am not worthy to be called Thy son.

Because I provoked Thee to anger through the multitude of my sins, and have not exercised myself in Thy rightful laws.

I have turned back from Thy ways, and done evil before Thee. I have done wickedly, and unjustly behaved myself, leaving Thy commandments, and murmuring against Thy correction.

I have turned myself away, and not kept my promise made unto Thee; I have walked in an evil way after mine own thoughts and fantasies, choosing the things that Thou wouldst not.

O Lord God almighty, I have not feared Thee nor showed due reverence unto Thee: but I have been disobedient and stubborn against Thee.

As a common harlot is without shame, even so am I without shame of my sins: for, behold, I speak unto Thee, and yet I sin more and more.

I have left that which is good, and gone back from Thee, and I have not put my trust and hope in Thee, my Maker, but have sought for help and safeguard otherwise.

I have plowed wickedness, and reaped iniquity, and eaten the fruit of lies, because I have trusted in mine owne way.

I have cast Thy laws behind my back, not regarding Thy commandments, nor leaving mine own lewd customs.

I have not given my heart to return to Thy paths, for I would not know Thee, but have fallen through mine iniquity.

I never unto this day turned truly unto Thee with all my heart; but as a woman that breaketh her fidelity and promise unto her husband, even so, O Lord God, I have broken my promise unto Thee.

For I have lived abominably, and have had no remorse nor repentance for my evil deeds, but have run from sin to sin, following the lewd desires of my heart.

Thou knowest all things, O Lord: how I have provoked Thee to displeasure by my lewd inventions, and none of all my sins be hid from Thee. I hated Thy discipline and correction, and regarded not Thy words and sayings.

I have not done penance for my malice, but have increased in much vanity.

My heart hath been void of truth, and my hands have wrought unrighteousness.

My tongue hath spoken sinfully, and I have labored with the imagination of my heart to find out lies and deceits, and no truth hath been in my ways.

I have accustomed my tongue to speake trifles and vanities, fulfilling my fleshly delights and thoughts; my purposes and inventions have been contrary to Thy will, whereby I have offended the eyes of Thy majesty.

Thou hast seen all these things, O Lord, and hast holden Thy peace; and yet they were evil in Thy sight, and displeased Thee.

In Thy anger Thou hast cast me away, and art divided from me now many days.

Thou hast given me up to the desires of my heart: to do the things which be not seeming.

Woe I am, that I have gone from Thee; great is my misery, that I have led my life in sin.

Woe is me, that I have forsaken Thee to do my devices, not after Thy mind: to accomplish my thoughts, which have not proceeded of Thy Spirit, but have heaped up sin upon sin.

Mine infamy and reproach is daily before mine eyes, and for shame I dare not show my face.

And now, O Lord God, why forgettest Thou me? why keepest Thou away so long Thy mercy from me?

Hear now my cause graciously although Thou hast been displeased with me a great while, for Thou art merciful; be not angry always, I beseech Thee.

Cast not away a contrite and a penitent person, a wretch and an abject, which humbly calleth upon Thy name.

Turn again a little toward me, O Lord God, and forgive me my mischievous deeds.

Order me not according to my sins, nor punish me as my wickedness deserveth.

Show not forth Thy power against a poor wretch; persecute him not so sore, which is without all strength.

Turn not Thy face away from my prayers, but according to Thy promises take me again unto Thy favor.

For I am Thine, O righteous Father, whom Thy only dear Son hath redeemed with His precious blood.

And now my soul abhorreth my old conversation; and of Thee, which art Judge of all men, I ask mercy.

I do submit myself under Thy mighty hand, for after Thine anger Thou showest mercy, and in the time of tribulation Thou dost forgive sins. I acknowledge that I am

a sinner, beseeching Thee, Lord God almighty, of Thy goodness, to do with me accordingly to Thy great mercy.

I am confounded and ashamed to lift up mine eyes unto Thee, for my sins are ascended up unto Thy sight.

Against Thee, O Father, against Thee I have sinned, and done evil before Thee; Thou seest that mine iniquity is great.

Truly I have been an offender against Thee, even from my cradle; and since I sucked my mother's breasts I have not ceased to do evil.

Behold, I was begotten in iniquity, and my mother brought me into this world defiled with sin.

For the corn of an evil seed is sowed in my heart, and how much wickedness hath sprung thereof unto this day, Thou knowest, O Lord.

I cannot shake off my sins and offenses, but I carry still with me the infamy of my youth.

Behold, Lord, I am sold under sin, and in my flesh I find not that which is good.

For the good that I would, that do I not, but the evil that I hate, that I do.

All the thoughts and imaginations of my heart have been set to do evil, ever since I was young.

O why do I die in my sins, Lord God, seeing Thy will is not that a sinner die, but return from his sin and live?

For Thou art good and merciful, and according to Thy great mercy, savest them that be unworthy.

For albeit no man is able to bear the punishment which Thou dost threaten against sinners, yet the mercy which Thou hast promised is great and unsearchable.

Thou hast showed mercy a thousand times heretofore, to make Thy name glorious as it is even yet still.

The old fathers in their necessities cried unto Thee, and Thou didst deliver them; they put their trust in Thee, and they were not confounded. When they were at their wits' end and wist not what to do, this was their only refuge: to lift up their eyes to Thee.

Thou didst save them for Thy name's sake, to show in them Thy might and strength.

Many a time they provoked Thee through their iniquities, and stirred Thy goodness to displeasure.

Yet when Thou sawest their tribulation, and their lowly submission unto Thee, Thou didst remember Thy promise, and by and by hadst pity and compassion upon them according to the multitude of Thy mercies.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord God omnipotent, have mercy upon me, for I am a miserable and a wretched creature. Make me whole, I beseech Thee, whom Thou hast stricken for my sin and iniquity.

My soul is troubled greatly; and how long, O Lord, wilt Thou not look towards me?

How long wilt Thou reject my prayer, thus crying out unto Thee? Wilt Thou hear me at no time? How long wilt Thou turn away Thy face from me?

Where be Thy old mercies, O Lord, whom Thou hast stablished in Thy truth?

Wilt Thou now, O Lord God, cease to show mercy? or wilt Thou withdraw Thy goodness for displeasure?

Hast Thou cast me away forever, that Thou wilt never hereafter be pleased with me?

Thy hand is not weakened, but it may help; and Thy ears be not stopped, that they refuse to hear.

How long shall my mind be troubled with painful and heavy thoughts? How long shall sorrow torment my heart?

How long shall mine enemy have the overhand of me? Look towards me, Lord God, and hear my prayer.

Give light to my eyes, for I have slept too long in death, and my sins have prevailed against me.

Turn again, O Lord, turn again, and deliver my soul; and save me for Thy great mercy's sake.

Lo, now is the accepted time; now be the days of health and grace. In death who shall remember Thee? or in hell who shall laud or praise Thee?

He that liveth, he that liveth, shall praise Thee, and shall make Thy mercy known.

Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger, nor punish me in Thy great displeasure. Cast not Thy darts at me, nor lay not Thy heavy hand upon me. For I have borne Thine anger a long while, and of the cup of Thy high displeasure I have drunk very deep.

There is no health in my flesh for fear of Thy displeasure; I have no peace nor rest when I behold my sins.

My iniquities be gone over my head, and like an heavy burden they daily press me down.

The wounds in my soul do fester and stink, even through mine own folly.

I am a wretch cast away from Thy favor and presence, and go mourning all the day long.

My soul is full of filthiness, and no part of me is whole and sound.

Wherefore my enemies do persecute me the more; the greatness of my pain maketh me to roar and cry.

My heart fainteth and trembleth within me, and my strength is gone away. O Lord, Thou knowest my desire, and Thou seest my necessity.

Forgive me all my sins, O Lord God almighty, for Thy own sake, and put out of Thy sight my heinous offenses; for according to Thy goodness Thou hast promised forgiveness of sins ofttimes to them that do penance.

Have mercy on me, Lord, for the glory and honor of Thy name, and be no longer displeased with me; and then Thou shalt surely be known to be just and true in Thy words, and shalt overcome when Thou art judged.

For by this, Thy great grace shall be known: that Thou takest mercy on them which have not whereof they may glory in Thy sight.

And all the dwellers on the earth shall learn and know Thy goodness, when Thou shalt confer and give Thy benefits to us for Thy great names sake, and not after our evil ways and wicked deeds.

Verily, Lord God, except Thou show unto us Thy manifold mercies, the world shall not have life, nor they that dwell therein.

And if Thou help us not with Thy goodness, how may they which have offended be raised up from their sins?

Have mercy on me, O good Father, have mercy on me, and for Thy glorious name, be no longer angry with me.

Take me, sinner, unto Thy mercy, for the name of Thy holy Son Jesu, whom Thou hast sent to be the obtainer of mercy for our sins through faith in his blood.

Behold, holy Father, behold Thy child, whom Thou hast chosen; behold Thy well beloved Son, in whom Thy soul delighteth, upon whom Thou hast put Thy Holy

Spirit, and sent Him to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal them which for their sins be sorrowful and contrite, to preach pardon to the prisoners, and sight to the blind.

Behold Thy little one, which was born for us; behold Thy Son, which is given to us, whom Thou hast not spared, but given to death for us all, to be a sweet offering and a sacrifice to Thee.

Verily He took upon Him in His body our infirmities, and He bare our pains; He was made weak for our sins, and He was wounded for our offenses.

The correction for our peace was laid upon Him; and by the strokes that He suffered, our wounds were healed.

All we went astray like sheep, every one followed his own way; and Thou, O Lord, puttest on Him our iniquities, striking Him for the offenses of Thy people.

He gave His body to be beaten, and His cheeks to be stricken; He turned not away His face from them that scorned Him, and spat upon Him.

Through His love and mercy, He hath redeemed them that were lost; and by His blood shed on the cross, He hath pacified all the things in heaven and earth.

He gave Himself to death, and made his prayers for them which were offenders.

Look, O merciful Father, and consider who it is that thus did suffer; and remember, I beseech Thee, for whom He hath suffered.

For this is that innocent, whom Thou gavest to death for us, even then when we were sinners; and shall we not, being now justified by His blood, much rather be saved from wrath through Him?

If we, when we were yet enemies, were reconciled to Thee by the death of Thy Son, shall we not, being reconciled, much rather be saved by His life?

Behold that pure and immaculate Lamb, which taketh away the sins of the world, by whose precious blood we are redeemed from our iniquities.

Look upon that most meek innocent, which like a lamb was led to His death, and being most cruelly entreated, once opened not His mouth.

Behold Thine only Son, whom, although Thou begatst of Thy almighty power, substance, and nature, yet Thou wouldst He should be partaker of my infirmity: Which, being God in nature, thought it no ravin to be equal with God, but made Himself low, taking upon Him the shape of a servant; and coming in the similitude of sinful flesh, condemned sin in the flesh, submitting Himself unto Thee, O Father, even to the death of the cross; and there put out the handwriting that was against us contained in the law written, and taking it out of the way, fastened it to His cross, on the which He spoiled potestates and powers, and made a show of them openly, and triumphed over them in His own person.

Turn the eyes of Thy majesty, O Lord God, and look upon the work of Thy ineffable goodness.

Behold Thine own sweet Son, how all His body was drawn and stretched forth on the cross.

Look upon all the parts of His body, from the crown of the head unto the sole of the foot; and no pain shall be found like unto His pain.

Behold, O loving Father, the blessed head of Thy dear Son, crowned with sharp thorns, and the blood running down upon His godly visage. Behold His tender body, how it is scourged. His naked breast is stricken and beaten; His bloody side is thrasted through. His heart panteth; His sinews be stretched forth. His goodly eyes dazzle and lose their sight; His princely face is wan and pale. His pleasant tongue is inflamed for pain; His inward parts wax dry and stark. His arms both, blue and wan, be stiff. His bones be plucked one from another. His beautiful legs be feeble and weak; and the streams of blood issuing out of His body rim down apace upon His feet.

Look, O my Maker, upon the humanity and gentleness of Thy dear Son, and pity the infirmity of Thy weak handiwork.

Behold, O glorious Father, the body of Thy dear Son, all to-rent and torn; and remember, I beseech Thee, of how small substance I am.

Look upon the pain of Him that is both God and man, and release the misery of man, whom Thou hast made.

Behold the grievous suffering of the Redeemer, and forgive the sin of him that is redeemed.

Keep me from all evil ways, and teach me by Thy holy Spirit to choose the way of truth.

I beseech Thee, O Thou King of holiness, by Him that is most holy, by this my Redeemer, Christ, that Thou bring me again into the right way: that I may be united and made one with Him in spirit, which abhorred not to be united with me in flesh.

Make me to go perfectly in Thy paths, and to hate all wicked ways. Wash my heart from malice, and cleanse me from my secret sins.

Cleanse me, O holy Father, with the blood of the new testament of Thy well-beloved Son: which hath loved us, and washed us with His blood from our sins, and hath redeemed us from all iniquity.

Purify my heart by the sanctification of Thy Spirit, and the sprinkling of the blood of Thy Son from all filthiness of sin, and evil conscience.

O God almighty, be merciful unto me, sinner, for Thy glorious name sake, and remember my sins no longer.

For Thou art God, gracious and merciful, and patiently dost suffer us, and wouldest that no man should perish, but that all men should return to penance.

Make me, O Lord God, to return from my evil ways and wicked thoughts. Remember not the sins and abominations of my youth; according to Thy mercy, be mindful of me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Look not upon me with a grievous countenance, for there is no man that dare speak for me.

Enter not into judgment with Thy servant; for if Thou accuse me, I shall never be quit.

For if Thou, O Lord, mark my sins and iniquity, who shall not fall before Thee?

This is certain and sure, that in Thy sight no man living shall be justified, seeing Thou hast found iniquity even in Thy angels.

How much rather in man, which is abomination and filthiness, and dwelleth in the earthly house of this body, and drinketh iniquity as it were water?

Who is clean from filthiness, when all be corrupted? Truly not one: no, though he have lived but one day on the earth, and though his months may be easily numbered.

Of a truth there is no mortal man which hath not done wickedly; nor there is any righteous on earth, which doeth good and sinneth not.

Yet because mercy is in Thy hand, O Lord, although Thou be dreadful, my hope is in Thee, in whom my soul trusteth.

My soul looketh for Thee, because mercy and plentiful redemption is with Thee.

For this I know assuredly, that Thou wilt not cast me away forever: but although Thou cast me away for my sins a while, yet Thou wilt have mercy upon me again according to the multitude of Thy mercies.

For Thou, O Lord, art full of pity and mercy, and wilt not turn Thy face away from us, if we will return to Thee.

Thou art our God, full of sweetness, verity, and patience, and disposest all things by mercy.

The fountains of Thy goodness be ever full and flow over; Thy grace never decayeth.

All Thy ways be mercy and truth to them that seek out Thy covenant and testimonies.

Flow gentle and loving the father is to his children, so gentle and loving art Thou, O Lord, to them that fear Thee; and for the abundance of Thy mercy Thou dost pardon our infirmities.

Thou knowest Thine own handiwork; Thou rememberest what we are; Thou seest that we are flesh, and of no strength.

Thou hast not forgotten that this world is full of unrighteousness and wickedness, and that it is wholly set and bent on evil.

Yet nevertheless Thou art merciful, and full of grace: and like a merciful Lord forbearest to punish sinners, when they repent themself, and return from their sins.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord God my Saviour, for the glory of Thy name, and deliver me, and forgive me my sins for Thy names sake.

O righteous Father, look not straitly upon the multitude of my sins; but look on the face of Jesu, Thy holy Son, which being without sin, bare our sins in His body on the tree of the cross.

Turn away Thy face from my sins, and put out all my iniquities.

Make a clean heart in me, O God, and renew me with a right spirit.

Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy holy Spirit from me.

Give me again the comfort of Thy help, and stablish me with Thy mighty Spirit.

Mollify my heart, O Lord God, that I may return to Thy paths, for I have wandered overlong in the way of error.

Turn me to Thee, and I shall be turned; for Thou art my Maker: and I am the clay and work of Thy hands.

Turn not Thy face away from me, nor go not from Thy servant in Thine anger.

Be my Helper, and forsake me not; despise me not, O Lord, which art my God, and my health. Amen.

THE SECOND PSALM, FOR REMISSION OF SINS.



O MOST MIGHTY God of angels and of men, whose judgments be unsearchable, and whose wisdom is profound and deep:

Hear the prayers of Thy servant, and cast not away the humble suits of Thy poor creature and handiwork.

For as long as I shall live, I will speak unto Thee; and I will not hold my peace so long as the breath is in my body.

I do turn my soul unto Thee, and I set mine eyes directly upon Thee. Let Thine anger be turned away from me, I beseech Thee; and grant that I may find grace and favor in Thy sight.

According to the greatness of Thy mercy, forgive me all my sins. Pluck me away from mine heinous offenses, and heal my soul, which hath offended Thee. Make me free from the guilt of my transgression, for I acknowledge my iniquity, and am sorry for my sins.

I have forsaken Thy way; and I, knowing Thy commandments, have done all things contrary to them.

I have broken the covenant that I made with Thee, and have despised to keep Thy law.

Verily I have sinned against Thee, O Lord God, and the blemish of my sin abideth still with me, even unto this day.

I have forsaken Thee, O God my Maker, and gone away from Thee, my Saviour, and have rebelled against Thee like the ox that winceth and striveth when he should be yoked.

I have hardened my heart against Thee, and I have lifted up my neck proudly after my sin.

I have trusted in lies, and through deceit would not knowledge Thee, but I have followed the lewdness of my heart.

My pride and arrogancy have beguiled me, and the foolish boldness of my heart hath brought me into desolate ways.

Mine own counsels and advices have wrought me these things; such is the malice and rebellion that possesseth the hearts of men.

My soul is put from quietness and rest, and I cannot think of any good thing. The yoke of my sins is waxed very heavy; it is lifted up and fastened about my neck.

Thou hast spoken to me, but I would not hear; Thou hast called me, but I would not answer. I believed not Thy words, nor would abide Thy counsel. I regarded not Thy holy Word, and I gave not my mind to Thy sayings.

Thou hast stricken me, but I would not know the cause thereof; Thou hast corrected me, but I would not take Thy discipline.

I did not consider in my heart, that Thou wouldest not forget my sin and malice.

With my mouth and my lips I glorified Thee, but my heart was far from Thee.

I hid my sin as Adam did: to the intent to have mine iniquity unknown.

I asked not counsel of Thy mouth, and I would not follow Thy law. I have sinned before Thine eyes, and therefore my soul is made unstable.

I forsook Thee, which art the fountain of continual springing waters, to the intent to dig to myself muddy pits which have no water.

In all these things, I am not returned to Thee, nor I have not prayed unto Thee, that I might leave my wicked ways.

See, Lord, and behold how vile I am made: all the beauty of my soul is perished and gone, insomuch that now I dare not in any wise behold and look upon Thee.

And there was no cause why I should forsake Thee, and vainly follow vain things.

Lord, have mercy upon me, and hear my prayers; for Thou art my God, and there is no Saviour besides Thee.

Turn away from me Thy heavy displeasure, and destroy me not for the sins of my youth.

I humbly beseech Thee, O Lord: forgive me, forgive me for Thy exceding mercy. O Lord God of hosts, if Thou be determined to save, who can let or resist? If Thou stretch out Thy hand, who shall turn Thee away?

Thou mayest do to me as the potter doth to his pot: for, behold, I am in Thy hand, as the clay is in his.

Amend me, O Lord, but in mercy, not in Thine anger, lest Thou utterly consume me; make me to understand and know how hurtful and deadly a thing it is to forsake Thee, my Lord God, and to cast away from me the fear of Thee.

There is no man that can heal me nor cure my plague; no man can deliver me but Thou, O Lord, which woundest and makest whole, which strikest and healest again.

My destruction cometh of myself; my help and salvation standeth only in Thee."

For none is like unto Thee; Thou art mighty, and great is the name of Thy strength.

Turn me to Thee, O Lord, and I shall be turned; take away from me this sinful heart, that Thy law may bring forth fruit in me.

Remember me, Lord, for Thy goodness' sake, and for the great love that Thou bearest towards me.

O Lord God, behold: Thou hast made both heaven and earth by Thy great might, and nothing is hard to Thee.

Thou art that puissant and mighty, whose name is the Lord of hosts; great and marvelous in Thy counsel.

As soon as Thou hast spoken the word, all things be done; as soon as Thou hast commanded, things be; and Thy word returneth not to Thee void, and without effect.

Thou, O Lord God, showest mercy unto all: for Thou canst do all, and Thou makest as though Thou sawest not the sins of men, because they should do penance, and amend their lives.

For Thou lovest all things that be, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made; for nothing Thou madest or hast ordained of any hatred.

Thou sparest and tenderest all men: for all things be Thine, and Thou lovest the souls of men.

Thou dost minister mercy, equity, and justice in the earth, and therefore in these virtues Thou greatly delightest.

Truly, O Lord, Thou art righteous and gracious, notwithstanding I have offended Thee, transgressing Thy covenant, and trespassing against Thee.

O Lord, Thou hast seen all my abominations: look on my cause, and consider how vile and wretched I am; see and behold my great confusion.

In the time of reconciliation hear me, and in the day of salvation have mercy on me.

Be merciful unto me, and have mercy on me, which have none other help but Thee: whose will nothing can resist, whensoever Thou dost purpose to save.

Hear me, which am a wretch making supplication unto Thee: make me to trust in Thy name, and deliver me by Thy power.

Have regard to me from heaven, O Lord; and look down from Thy holy habitation, and from the throne of Thy glory.

Destroy me not because of my iniquity, but remember the sorrow and pain that I suffer.

Be not still angry with me, O Lord: forget all my sins, and remember them no longer.

Let my prayer ascend up unto Thee. Say unto my soul, Behold I am come to thee, Thy health and Thy salvation. Amen.



End of Sample