

Psalm 32

Happy the man whose offence is forgiven whose sin is remitted. O happy the man to whom the Lord imputes no guilt in whose spirit is no guile. I kept it secret and my frame was wasted. I groaned all day long. For night and day your hand was heavy upon me. Indeed, my strength was dried up as by the summer's heat.

But now I have acknowledged my sins; my guilt I did not hide. I said: "I will confess my offence to the Lord." And you Lord have forgiven the guilt of my sin. So let every good man pray to you in the time of need. The flood of water may reach high but him they shall not reach. You are my hiding place, O Lord; you save me from distress. You surround me with cries of deliverance.

I will instruct you and teach you the way you should go: I will give you counsel with my eye upon you. Be not like horse and mule, unintelligent, needing bridle and bit, else they will not approach you. Many sorrows has the wicked; but he who trust in the Lord, loving mercy surrounds him.

Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord, exult, you just! O come, ring out your joy, all you upright of heart.