⠼⠒ ⠼⠒⠁ i am the man that hath seen
affliction by the rod of his
2 wrath. 2 he hath led me, and
brought me into darkness, but not
3 into light. 3 surely against me
is he turned; he turneth his hand
4 against me all the day. 4 my
flesh and my skin hath he made
old; he hath broken my bones.
5 5 he hath builded against me, and
compassed me with gall and
6 travail. 6 he hath set me in dark
places, as they that be dead of
7 old. 7 he hath hedged me about,
that i cannot get out: he hath
8 made my chain heavy. 8 also when
i cry and shout, he shutteth out
9 my prayer. 9 he hath inclosed my
ways with hewn stone, he hath made
10 my paths crooked. 10 he was unto
me as a bear lying in wait, and as
11 a lion in secret places. 11 he
hath turned aside my ways, and
pulled me in pieces: he hath made
12 me desolate. 12 he hath bent his

bow, and set me as a mark for the
13 arrow. 13 he hath caused the
arrows of his quiver to enter into
14 my reins. 14 i was a derision to
all my people; and their song all
15 the day. 15 he hath filled me
with bitterness, he hath made me
16 drunken with wormwood. 16 he hath
also broken my teeth with gravel
stones, he hath covered me with
17 ashes. 17 and thou hast removed
my soul far off from peace: i
18 forgat prosperity. 18 and i said,
my strength and my hope is
perished from the lord:
19 19 remembering mine affliction
and my misery, the wormwood and
20 the gall. 20 my soul hath them
still in remembrance, and is
21 humbled in me. 21 this i recall
to my mind, therefore have i hope.
22 22 it is of the lord's mercies
that we are not consumed, because
23 his compassions fail not. 23 they
are new every morning: great is

⠃⠙ ⠞⠓⠽ ⠋⠁⠊⠞⠓⠋⠥⠇⠝⠑⠎⠎⠲ ⠼⠃⠙ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠇⠕⠗⠙ ⠊⠎
⠍⠽ ⠏⠕⠗⠞⠊⠕⠝⠂ ⠎⠁⠊⠞⠓ ⠍⠽ ⠎⠕⠥⠇⠆
⠞⠓⠑⠗⠑⠋⠕⠗⠑ ⠺⠊⠇⠇ ⠊ ⠓⠕⠏⠑ ⠊⠝ ⠓⠊⠍⠲
⠃⠑ ⠼⠃⠑ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠇⠕⠗⠙ ⠊⠎ ⠛⠕⠕⠙ ⠥⠝⠞⠕ ⠞⠓⠑⠍
⠞⠓⠁⠞ ⠺⠁⠊⠞ ⠋⠕⠗ ⠓⠊⠍⠂ ⠞⠕ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠎⠕⠥⠇
⠃⠋ ⠞⠓⠁⠞ ⠎⠑⠑⠅⠑⠞⠓ ⠓⠊⠍⠲ ⠼⠃⠋ ⠊⠞ ⠊⠎ ⠛⠕⠕⠙
⠞⠓⠁⠞ ⠁ ⠍⠁⠝ ⠎⠓⠕⠥⠇⠙ ⠃⠕⠞⠓ ⠓⠕⠏⠑ ⠁⠝⠙
⠟⠥⠊⠑⠞⠇⠽ ⠺⠁⠊⠞ ⠋⠕⠗ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠎⠁⠇⠧⠁⠞⠊⠕⠝ ⠕⠋
⠃⠛ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠇⠕⠗⠙⠲ ⠼⠃⠛ ⠊⠞ ⠊⠎ ⠛⠕⠕⠙ ⠋⠕⠗ ⠁ ⠍⠁⠝
⠞⠓⠁⠞ ⠓⠑ ⠃⠑⠁⠗ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠽⠕⠅⠑ ⠊⠝ ⠓⠊⠎
⠃⠓ ⠽⠕⠥⠞⠓⠲ ⠼⠃⠓ ⠓⠑ ⠎⠊⠞⠞⠑⠞⠓ ⠁⠇⠕⠝⠑ ⠁⠝⠙
⠅⠑⠑⠏⠑⠞⠓ ⠎⠊⠇⠑⠝⠉⠑⠂ ⠃⠑⠉⠁⠥⠎⠑ ⠓⠑ ⠓⠁⠞⠓
⠃⠊ ⠃⠕⠗⠝⠑ ⠊⠞ ⠥⠏⠕⠝ ⠓⠊⠍⠲ ⠼⠃⠊ ⠓⠑ ⠏⠥⠞⠞⠑⠞⠓
⠓⠊⠎ ⠍⠕⠥⠞⠓ ⠊⠝ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠙⠥⠎⠞⠆ ⠊⠋ ⠎⠕ ⠃⠑
⠉⠚ ⠞⠓⠑⠗⠑ ⠍⠁⠽ ⠃⠑ ⠓⠕⠏⠑⠲ ⠼⠉⠚ ⠓⠑ ⠛⠊⠧⠑⠞⠓
⠓⠊⠎ ⠉⠓⠑⠑⠅ ⠞⠕ ⠓⠊⠍ ⠞⠓⠁⠞ ⠎⠍⠊⠞⠑⠞⠓ ⠓⠊⠍⠒
⠓⠑ ⠊⠎ ⠋⠊⠇⠇⠑⠙ ⠋⠥⠇⠇ ⠺⠊⠞⠓ ⠗⠑⠏⠗⠕⠁⠉⠓⠲
⠉⠁ ⠼⠉⠁ ⠋⠕⠗ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠇⠕⠗⠙ ⠺⠊⠇⠇ ⠝⠕⠞ ⠉⠁⠎⠞ ⠕⠋⠋
⠉⠃ ⠋⠕⠗ ⠑⠧⠑⠗⠒ ⠼⠉⠃ ⠃⠥⠞ ⠞⠓⠕⠥⠛⠓ ⠓⠑ ⠉⠁⠥⠎⠑
⠛⠗⠊⠑⠋⠂ ⠽⠑⠞ ⠺⠊⠇⠇ ⠓⠑ ⠓⠁⠧⠑ ⠉⠕⠍⠏⠁⠎⠎⠊⠕⠝
⠁⠉⠉⠕⠗⠙⠊⠝⠛ ⠞⠕ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠍⠥⠇⠞⠊⠞⠥⠙⠑ ⠕⠋ ⠓⠊⠎
⠉⠉ ⠍⠑⠗⠉⠊⠑⠎⠲ ⠼⠉⠉ ⠋⠕⠗ ⠓⠑ ⠙⠕⠞⠓ ⠝⠕⠞
⠁⠋⠋⠇⠊⠉⠞ ⠺⠊⠇⠇⠊⠝⠛⠇⠽ ⠝⠕⠗ ⠛⠗⠊⠑⠧⠑ ⠞⠓⠑
⠉⠙ ⠉⠓⠊⠇⠙⠗⠑⠝ ⠕⠋ ⠍⠑⠝⠲ ⠼⠉⠙ ⠞⠕ ⠉⠗⠥⠎⠓
⠥⠝⠙⠑⠗ ⠓⠊⠎ ⠋⠑⠑⠞ ⠁⠇⠇ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠏⠗⠊⠎⠕⠝⠑⠗⠎

⠉⠑ ⠕⠋ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠑⠁⠗⠞⠓⠂ ⠼⠉⠑ ⠞⠕ ⠞⠥⠗⠝ ⠁⠎⠊⠙⠑
⠞⠓⠑ ⠗⠊⠛⠓⠞ ⠕⠋ ⠁ ⠍⠁⠝ ⠃⠑⠋⠕⠗⠑ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠋⠁⠉⠑
⠉⠋ ⠕⠋ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠍⠕⠎⠞ ⠓⠊⠛⠓⠂ ⠼⠉⠋ ⠞⠕ ⠎⠥⠃⠧⠑⠗⠞ ⠁
⠍⠁⠝ ⠊⠝ ⠓⠊⠎ ⠉⠁⠥⠎⠑⠂ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠇⠕⠗⠙
⠉⠛ ⠁⠏⠏⠗⠕⠧⠑⠞⠓ ⠝⠕⠞⠲ ⠼⠉⠛ ⠺⠓⠕ ⠊⠎ ⠓⠑ ⠞⠓⠁⠞
⠎⠁⠊⠞⠓⠂ ⠁⠝⠙ ⠊⠞ ⠉⠕⠍⠑⠞⠓ ⠞⠕ ⠏⠁⠎⠎⠂ ⠺⠓⠑⠝
⠞⠓⠑ ⠇⠕⠗⠙ ⠉⠕⠍⠍⠁⠝⠙⠑⠞⠓ ⠊⠞ ⠝⠕⠞⠦
⠉⠓ ⠼⠉⠓ ⠕⠥⠞ ⠕⠋ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠍⠕⠥⠞⠓ ⠕⠋ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠍⠕⠎⠞
⠓⠊⠛⠓ ⠏⠗⠕⠉⠑⠑⠙⠑⠞⠓ ⠝⠕⠞ ⠑⠧⠊⠇ ⠁⠝⠙ ⠛⠕⠕⠙⠦
⠉⠊ ⠼⠉⠊ ⠺⠓⠑⠗⠑⠋⠕⠗⠑ ⠙⠕⠞⠓ ⠁ ⠇⠊⠧⠊⠝⠛ ⠍⠁⠝
⠉⠕⠍⠏⠇⠁⠊⠝⠂ ⠁ ⠍⠁⠝ ⠋⠕⠗ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠏⠥⠝⠊⠎⠓⠍⠑⠝⠞
⠙⠚ ⠕⠋ ⠓⠊⠎ ⠎⠊⠝⠎⠦ ⠼⠙⠚ ⠇⠑⠞ ⠥⠎ ⠎⠑⠁⠗⠉⠓ ⠁⠝⠙
⠞⠗⠽ ⠕⠥⠗ ⠺⠁⠽⠎⠂ ⠁⠝⠙ ⠞⠥⠗⠝ ⠁⠛⠁⠊⠝ ⠞⠕
⠙⠁ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠇⠕⠗⠙⠲ ⠼⠙⠁ ⠇⠑⠞ ⠥⠎ ⠇⠊⠋⠞ ⠥⠏ ⠕⠥⠗
⠓⠑⠁⠗⠞ ⠺⠊⠞⠓ ⠕⠥⠗ ⠓⠁⠝⠙⠎ ⠥⠝⠞⠕ ⠛⠕⠙ ⠊⠝
⠙⠃ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠓⠑⠁⠧⠑⠝⠎⠲ ⠼⠙⠃ ⠺⠑ ⠓⠁⠧⠑
⠞⠗⠁⠝⠎⠛⠗⠑⠎⠎⠑⠙ ⠁⠝⠙ ⠓⠁⠧⠑ ⠗⠑⠃⠑⠇⠇⠑⠙⠒
⠙⠉ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠓⠁⠎⠞ ⠝⠕⠞ ⠏⠁⠗⠙⠕⠝⠑⠙⠲ ⠼⠙⠉ ⠞⠓⠕⠥
⠓⠁⠎⠞ ⠉⠕⠧⠑⠗⠑⠙ ⠺⠊⠞⠓ ⠁⠝⠛⠑⠗⠂ ⠁⠝⠙
⠏⠑⠗⠎⠑⠉⠥⠞⠑⠙ ⠥⠎⠒ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠓⠁⠎⠞ ⠎⠇⠁⠊⠝⠂
⠙⠙ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠓⠁⠎⠞ ⠝⠕⠞ ⠏⠊⠞⠊⠑⠙⠲ ⠼⠙⠙ ⠞⠓⠕⠥
⠓⠁⠎⠞ ⠉⠕⠧⠑⠗⠑⠙ ⠞⠓⠽⠎⠑⠇⠋ ⠺⠊⠞⠓ ⠁ ⠉⠇⠕⠥⠙⠂
⠞⠓⠁⠞ ⠕⠥⠗ ⠏⠗⠁⠽⠑⠗ ⠎⠓⠕⠥⠇⠙ ⠝⠕⠞ ⠏⠁⠎⠎
⠙⠑ ⠞⠓⠗⠕⠥⠛⠓⠲ ⠼⠙⠑ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠓⠁⠎⠞ ⠍⠁⠙⠑ ⠥⠎ ⠁⠎
⠞⠓⠑ ⠕⠋⠋⠎⠉⠕⠥⠗⠊⠝⠛ ⠁⠝⠙ ⠗⠑⠋⠥⠎⠑ ⠊⠝ ⠞⠓⠑

46 midst of the people. 46 all our
enemies have opened their mouths
47 against us. 47 fear and a snare
is come upon us, desolation and
48 destruction. 48 mine eye runneth
down with rivers of water for the
destruction of the daughter of my
49 people. 49 mine eye trickleth
down, and ceaseth not, without any
50 intermission, 50 till the lord
look down, and behold from heaven.
51 51 mine eye affecteth mine heart
because of all the daughters of my
52 city. 52 mine enemies chased me
sore, like a bird, without cause.
53 53 they have cut off my life in
the dungeon, and cast a stone upon
54 me. 54 waters flowed over mine
head; then i said, i am cut off.
55 55 i called upon thy name, o
lord, out of the low dungeon.
56 56 thou hast heard my voice: hide
not thine ear at my breathing, at
57 my cry. 57 thou drewest near in
the day that i called upon thee:

⠑⠓ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠎⠁⠊⠙⠎⠞⠂ ⠋⠑⠁⠗ ⠝⠕⠞⠲ ⠼⠑⠓ ⠕ ⠇⠕⠗⠙⠂
⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠓⠁⠎⠞ ⠏⠇⠑⠁⠙⠑⠙ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠉⠁⠥⠎⠑⠎ ⠕⠋ ⠍⠽
⠎⠕⠥⠇⠆ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠓⠁⠎⠞ ⠗⠑⠙⠑⠑⠍⠑⠙ ⠍⠽ ⠇⠊⠋⠑⠲
⠑⠊ ⠼⠑⠊ ⠕ ⠇⠕⠗⠙⠂ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠓⠁⠎⠞ ⠎⠑⠑⠝ ⠍⠽
⠺⠗⠕⠝⠛⠒ ⠚⠥⠙⠛⠑ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠍⠽ ⠉⠁⠥⠎⠑⠲
⠋⠚ ⠼⠋⠚ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠓⠁⠎⠞ ⠎⠑⠑⠝ ⠁⠇⠇ ⠞⠓⠑⠊⠗
⠧⠑⠝⠛⠑⠁⠝⠉⠑ ⠁⠝⠙ ⠁⠇⠇ ⠞⠓⠑⠊⠗
⠋⠁ ⠊⠍⠁⠛⠊⠝⠁⠞⠊⠕⠝⠎ ⠁⠛⠁⠊⠝⠎⠞ ⠍⠑⠲ ⠼⠋⠁ ⠞⠓⠕⠥
⠓⠁⠎⠞ ⠓⠑⠁⠗⠙ ⠞⠓⠑⠊⠗ ⠗⠑⠏⠗⠕⠁⠉⠓⠂ ⠕ ⠇⠕⠗⠙⠂
⠁⠝⠙ ⠁⠇⠇ ⠞⠓⠑⠊⠗ ⠊⠍⠁⠛⠊⠝⠁⠞⠊⠕⠝⠎ ⠁⠛⠁⠊⠝⠎⠞
⠋⠃ ⠍⠑⠆ ⠼⠋⠃ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠇⠊⠏⠎ ⠕⠋ ⠞⠓⠕⠎⠑ ⠞⠓⠁⠞
⠗⠕⠎⠑ ⠥⠏ ⠁⠛⠁⠊⠝⠎⠞ ⠍⠑⠂ ⠁⠝⠙ ⠞⠓⠑⠊⠗
⠙⠑⠧⠊⠉⠑ ⠁⠛⠁⠊⠝⠎⠞ ⠍⠑ ⠁⠇⠇ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠙⠁⠽⠲
⠋⠉ ⠼⠋⠉ ⠃⠑⠓⠕⠇⠙ ⠞⠓⠑⠊⠗ ⠎⠊⠞⠞⠊⠝⠛ ⠙⠕⠺⠝⠂ ⠁⠝⠙
⠞⠓⠑⠊⠗ ⠗⠊⠎⠊⠝⠛ ⠥⠏⠆ ⠊ ⠁⠍ ⠞⠓⠑⠊⠗
⠋⠙ ⠍⠥⠎⠊⠉⠅⠲ ⠼⠋⠙ ⠗⠑⠝⠙⠑⠗ ⠥⠝⠞⠕ ⠞⠓⠑⠍ ⠁
⠗⠑⠉⠕⠍⠏⠑⠝⠉⠑⠂ ⠕ ⠇⠕⠗⠙⠂ ⠁⠉⠉⠕⠗⠙⠊⠝⠛ ⠞⠕
⠋⠑ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠺⠕⠗⠅ ⠕⠋ ⠞⠓⠑⠊⠗ ⠓⠁⠝⠙⠎⠲ ⠼⠋⠑ ⠛⠊⠧⠑
⠞⠓⠑⠍ ⠎⠕⠗⠗⠕⠺ ⠕⠋ ⠓⠑⠁⠗⠞⠂ ⠞⠓⠽ ⠉⠥⠗⠎⠑
⠋⠋ ⠥⠝⠞⠕ ⠞⠓⠑⠍⠲ ⠼⠋⠋ ⠏⠑⠗⠎⠑⠉⠥⠞⠑ ⠁⠝⠙
⠙⠑⠎⠞⠗⠕⠽ ⠞⠓⠑⠍ ⠊⠝ ⠁⠝⠛⠑⠗ ⠋⠗⠕⠍ ⠥⠝⠙⠑⠗
⠞⠓⠑ ⠓⠑⠁⠧⠑⠝⠎ ⠕⠋ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠇⠕⠗⠙⠲