

A PSALM

THE Lord hath filled my mouth with thanksgiving; the Righteousness of the Lord hath made my throat his habitation.

The pavilion of the Lord is the roof of my mouth; the gateway of the Lord is of ivory.

My tongue is the handmaiden of the Lord; the Lord hath delighted in the palace of porphyry.

My lips shall rejoice in the righteousness of the Lord; my belly shall give thank, for the Lord filleth it with benediction.

I am the vessel of the Lord; the Lord delighteth in me; the Lord hath brought me to fulfilment.

Give praise unto the Lord, all ye that love the Lord; rejoice in Him, ye sons and daughters of enlightenment.

Behold, the Lord is exalted in righteousness; His uprightness filleth the earth with praise.

For the Lord filleth my mouth with silence; and the blessing of the Lord is my satisfaction.

With secret song do I magnify the Lord; and His utterance is Light.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

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