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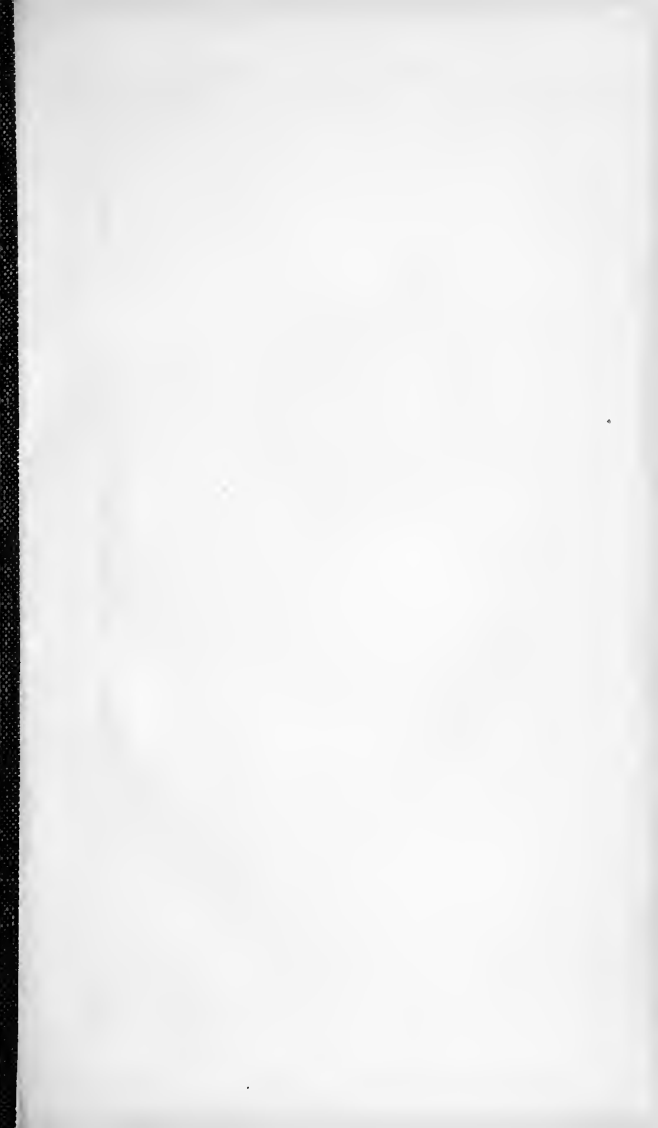
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THE
PSALMS OF DAVID.







SIR. PHILIP-SIDNEY

Bible
Eng
S

Bible - English

THE
PSALMES OF DAVID

TRANSLATED INTO

DIVERS AND SUNDRY KINDES OF VERSE,

(MORE RARE AND EXCELLENT

FOR THE

Method and Varietie

THAN EVER YET HATH BEEN DONE IN ENGLISH.

BEGUN BY

(THE NOBLE AND LEARNED GENT.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNT.

AND FINISHED BY

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE,

HIS SISTER.

277261.
119/32-

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM

A Copy of the Original Manuscript,

TRANSCRIBED BY JOHN DAVIES, OF HEREFORD,

IN THE REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST.

From the Chiswick Press,

BY

C. WHITTINGHAM,

FOR

ROBERT TRIPHOOK,

OLD BOND STREET.

1823.

IV



DAVID'S PSALMS

London Printed by J. Sturges, in the Strand, 1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN presenting this Version of the Psalms by Sir Philip Sidney and his sister the Countess of Pembroke to the notice of the literary world, it is necessary to state, that it was undertaken at the suggestion of James Boswell, Esq. who purposed writing an Introduction, in which the different Versions were intended to have been compared. His lamented death shortly after the work had gone to press, caused this design to be reluctantly given up.

The MS. from which it has been printed is in folio, copied from the original by John Davies,

of Hereford (writing master to Prince Henry); himself a poet of no mean attainments, and a cotemporary of Sir Philip Sidney. It exhibits a beautiful specimen of the Calligraphy of the Time. The first letters of every line are in gold ink, and it comprises specimens of all the hands in use, more particularly the Italian, then much in fashion at court. From the pains bestowed it is by no means improbable that it was written for the Prince.

By the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Cotton, of Christ Church, Oxford, this has been carefully collated with a MS. copy in his collection, and some errors of transcription amended. Another is in the library of Richard Heber, Esq. and it is possible that the original Autograph MS. of Sir Philip Sidney may still exist in the library at Wilton. It would have been desirable to have ascertained this, as it might prove which were versified by him, and which by his sister. This I have not been able to accomplish.

The Rev. B. Bandinel, who has obliged me with his notices on the subject, thinks (from the title to one of the MS. in the Bodleian Library, and which accords with the title prefixed to this) that the first portion was written by Sir Philip, and the latter by the Countess, and not certain Psalms, or various parts, by either of them. Mr. Bandinel's Account of Dr. Woodford's MS. (also in the Bodleian) is as follows :

“The other copy is in the hand writing of Dr. Samuel Woodford, who himself paraphrased the Psalms. On the first leaf Dr. W. has written, ‘The originall Copy is by mee, given me by my Brother Mr. John Woodford, who bought it among other broken books to putt up Coffee powder as I remember.’”

The parts wanting are from Psalm lxxxviii. to v. 22 of Psalm 102, both inclusive, and from Psalm cxxxi. to the end.

After the first hiatus Dr. W. has noted :

“ But here all the leaves are torn off to the 23 verse of the cii. Psalm, to be supplyd if possible from some other copy, of w^h ther is a fayre one in Trinity Colledg Library in Cambridg, and of w^h many years since I had y^e sight when I first began my Paraphrase.—Sam. Woodforde.”

At the end of Psalm xliiii. is written by Dr. W.

“ In the margin (that is of the ORIGINAL MS.), hitherto Sir Ph. Sidney.”

“ Ita testor Sam. Woodforde, who for Sir Philip Sidney’s sake, and to preserve such a remaine of him undertooke this tiresome task of transcribing—169 $\frac{4}{5}$.”

“ It is to be remarked, that there are very few alterations and corrections in these first forty-two psalms, for Dr. W. has noticed all the scratches, crosses, erasures, and various readings, which he found in the original copy.”

Before Psalm xlv. Dr. W. writes :

“ The next Psalm has in the topp of it three little crosses, thus [+ + +], and the whole psalm is lightly crossed with the pen. Quære. Whether further corrected or new made ?”

Mr. Bandinel, on reference to the first MS. in the Bodleian, finds it totally different.—Woodford’s copy has it thus :

“ Our fathers, Lord, by hearing,
Have made us understand
Thy works before their eyes appearing,
In time, gon long ago,
How rooting nations them thy hand
Did plant, and planted, nourish ;
The stock prophane did leafless grow,
The faithfull branch did flourish.”

In the other MS. this psalm stands thus :

“ Lorde, onre fathers true relation,
Often made, hath made us knowe
Howe thy power in each occasion,
Thou of owld for them didst showe ;
Howe thy hand the Pagan foe
Rooting hence, thy folke implanting,
Leaveless made that braunch to growe,
This to spring, no verdure wanting.”

“There are other psalms also which differ, some entirely, others in part; and in some instances Dr. W. has given the rejected as well as amended stanza.”

There is no doubt that other copies are to be found on a diligent search in the public libraries. It is sufficient, however, to notice, that this is the first time it has appeared in print, though it has been incidentally mentioned in the following works, in some of which specimens have been given.

Daniel's Poetical Works.—Vol. I. p. 256.
12mo. 1739.

Defence of Poesie. By Sir P. S.

Donne's Poems. Edit. 1635, p. 366; and
edit. 1719, p. 299.

Ballard's Learned Ladies.—“Countess of
Pembroke.”

The Guardian. No. XVIII.

Harington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, 3 vols. 12mo.

2d edit. 1792, vol. i. p. 277, gives the following Psalms as by the Countess, but it does not appear on what authority or from what MS.

Psalms 51, 69, 104, 112, 117, 120, and 137: and in Mr. Park's Edition of the *Nugæ*, vol. ii. p. 407, only two are given, Psalms 112 and 137.

Zouch's *Memoirs of Sir P. S.*—2 Psalms, printed (but incorrectly) at the end.

In the *Christian Remembrancer* for June, 1821, p. 327, 331, is a paper by Dr. Cotton on English Psalmody. In speaking of this translation, he says, "By what strange means it has happened that this version has slept in unmerited obscurity for nearly two centuries and a half, I am utterly at a loss to divine. I see in many of them passages of considerable beauty: and notwithstanding the stiffness characteristic of the poetry of the day, there is often peculiar happiness of expression, a nerve and energy, a poetic spirit that might have disarmed, even if it could not extort praise, from the fastidious Warton himself."

The Rev. H. I. Todd, in a volume just published, entitled, "Observations upon the Metrical Versions of the Psalms made by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others," does not mention Sir Philip Sydney as a translator, but this may be accounted for from its never having been printed. There is also a volume, in small folio, of 150 pages, "A Preparation to the Psalter, by George Wyther," printed in 1619, which contains much interesting matter on the Psalms, but from its great rarity it appears to have escaped the notice of all the writers on the subject.

The edition of the Early English Poets, of which this forms a portion, is limited to 250 copies.

THE
PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM I.

Beatus vir.

HE blessed is who neither loosely treads
The straying steps as wicked counceel leads,
Ne for bad mates in way of sinners waiteth,
Nor yet himself with idle scorners seateth ;
But on Gods law his whole delight doth bind,
Which night and day he calls to marking mind.

He shall be like a freshly planted tree,
To which sweet springs of waters neighbours be ;
Whose branches faile not timely fruite to nourish,
Nor withered leaf shall make it faile to flourish :
So all the things whereto that man doth bend
Shall prosper still with well succeeding end.

P. B. 29.

A.

Such blessing shall not wicked wretches see,
 But like vile chaff with wind shall scatted be ;
 For neither shall the men in sinne delighted
 Consist when they to highest doome are cited,
 Ne yet shall suff'red be a place to take
 Where godly men do their assembly make.

For God doth know, and knowing doth approve
 The trade of them that just proceedings love :
 But they that sinne in sinfull breast do cherish,
 The way they go, shall be the way to perish.

PSALM II.

Quare fremuerunt gentes?

WHAT ailes this Heath'nish rage? what do the people
 To mutter murmurs vaine? [meane,
 Why do these earthly kings and lords such meetings
 And counsell joyntly take [make,
 Against the Lord of Lords, the lord of ev'rie thing,
 And his annointed king?
 Come, let us break their bonds, say they, and fondly say,
 And cast their yokes away.
 But he shall them deride who by the Heav'ns is borne,
 He them shall laugh to scorn,
 And after speak to them with breath of wrathfull fire ;
 And vex them in his ire.
 And say, O kings, yet have I set my King upon
 My holy hill Sion ;
 And I will (saith this king) the Lords decree display,
 And say that he did say,
 Thou art my Son indeed, this day begot by me :
 Ask, I will give to thee
 The heath'n for thy childs right, and will thy realm
 Far as worlds farthest end ; [extend

With iron scepter bruise thou shalt and piecemeal break
 These men like potsherds weak.
 Therefore, O kings! be wise, O rulers, rule your minde,
 That knowledge you may finde.
 Serve God, serve him with fear, rejoyce in him, but soe
 That joy with trembling goe;
 With loving homage kiss that only Son he hath,
 Lest you inflame his wrath;
 Whereof if but a sparke once kindled be, you all
 From your way perish shall;
 And then they that in him their only trust do rest,
 O, they be rightly blest!

PSALM III.

Domine, quid multiplicati?

LORD, how do they increase
 That hatefull never cease
 To breed my grievous trouble?
 How many ones there be
 That all against poor me
 Their numerous strength redouble?

Even multitudes be they
 That to my soul do saye
 No help for you remaineth
 In God, on whom you build.
 Yet, Lord, thou art my shield;
 In thee my glorie raigneth.

The Lord lifts up my head;
 To him my voice I spread;
 From holy hill he heard me:
 I laid me downe and slept,
 While he me safelie kept,
 And safe from sleepe I rear'd me.

I will not be afraid,
 Though legions round be laide,
 Which all against me gather :
 I say no more but this,
 Up, Lord, now time it is,
 Help me, my God, and Father !

For thou, with cruel blows
 On jawbone of my foes,
 My canselesse wrong hast wroken ;
 Thou those men's teeth which bite,
 Venomed with godlesse spight,
 Hast in their malice broken.

Salvation doth belong
 Unto the Lord most strong ;
 He it is that defendeth :
 And on those blessed same
 Which beare his people's name
 His blessing he extendeth.

PSALM IV.

Cum invocarem.

HEARE me, O, heare me when I call,
 O God, God of my equity !
 Thou sett'st me free when I was thrall,
 Have mercy therefore still on me,
 And hearken how I pray to thee.

O men, whose fathers were but men,
 Till when will ye my honor high
 Stain with your blasphemies? till when
 Such pleasure take in vanity?
 And only haunt where lies do lye.

Yet know this to, that God did take,
When he chose me, a godly one;
Such one, I say, that when I make
My cryeng plaintes to him alone,
He will give good eare to my moane.

O, tremble then with awfull will;
Sinne from all rule in you depose,
Talk with your harts and yet be still;
And, when your chamber you do close,
Your selves, yet to your selves disclose.

The saerifices sacrifice
Of just desires, on justice staid;
Trust in that Lord that cannot ly.
Indeed full many folkes have said,
From whence shall come to us such aid?

But, Lord, lift thou upon our sight
The shining cleerenes of thy face;
Where I have found more harts delight;
Then they whose store in harvests space
Of grain and wine fills stoaring place.

So I in peace and peacefull blisse
Will lay me down and take my rest:
For it is thou, Lord, thou it is,
By pow'r of whose own onely brest
I dwell, laid up in safest nest.

PSALM V.

Verba mea auribus.

PONDER the wordes, O Lord, that I do say,
 Consider what I meditate in me:
 O, harken to my voice which calls on thee,
 My king; my God, for I to thee will pray.
 Soe shall my voice clime to thine eares betime:
 For unto thee I will my praier send
 With earliest entry of the morning prime,
 And will my waiting eies to thee-ward bend.

For thou art that same God, farre from delight
 In that which of fowle wickednes doth smell:
 No, nor with thee the naughty ones shall dwell,
 Nor glorious fooles stand in thy awfull sight.
 Thou hatest all whose workes in ill are plac'd,
 And shall roote out the tongues to lyeing bent;
 For thou, the Lord, in endles hatred hast
 The murd'rous man, and soe the fraudulent.

But I my self will to thy howse addresse
 With pasport of thy graces manifold;
 And in thy feare, knees of my hart will fold,
 Towardses the temple of thy hollinesse.
 Thou Lord, thou Lord, the saver of thine owne;
 Guide me, O in thy justice be my guide;
 And make thy waies to me more plainly known,
 For all I need, that with such foes do bide.

For in their mouth not one cleare word is spent,
 Mischief their soules for inmost lyming have:
 Their throate it is an open swallowing grave,
 Whereto their tong, is flattring instrument.
 Give them their due unto their guiltinesse,
 Let their vile thoughts the thinckers ruine be:
 With heaped weights of their own sinns oppresse
 These most ungratefull rebels unto thee.

So shal all they that trust on thee doe bend,
 And love the sweete sound of thy name, rejoyce.
 They ever shall send thee their praising voice;
 Since ever thou to them wilt succour send.
 Thy work it is to blesse, thou blessedst them
 The just in thee, on thee and justice build:
 Thy work it is such men safe in to hemm
 With kindest care, as with a certain shield.

PSALM VI.

Domine, ne in furore.

LORD, lett not mee a worm by thee be shent,
 While thou art in the heate of thy displeasure;
 Nor let thy rage of my due punnishment
 Become the measure.

But mercy, Lord, lett mercy thine descend,
 For I am weake, and in my weaknes languish:
 Lord, help, for ev'n my bones their marrow spend
 With cruel anguish.

Nay, ev'n my soule fell troubles do appall.
 Alas! how long, my God, wilt thou delay me?
 Turn thee, sweete Lord, and from this ougly fall,
 My decre God, stay me.

Mercy, O, mercy, Lord, for mercy sake,
 For death doth kill the wittnes of thy glory,
 Can of thy praise the tongues entomb'd make
 A heav'nly story.

Loe, I am tir'd while still I sigh and grone :
 My moistned bed proofes of my sorrow showeth :
 My bed (while I with black night moorn alone)
 With my teares floweth.

Woe, like a moth, my faces bentic eates,
 And age pul'd on with paines all freshnes fretteth ;
 The while a swarm of foes with vexing feates
 My life besetteth.

Get hence, you evill, who in my ill rejoyce,
 In all whose works vaineesse is ever raining,
 For God hath heard the weeping sobbing voice
 Of my complaying.

The Lord my suite did heare, and gently beare ;
 They shall be sham'd and vext, that breed my cryeng,
 And turn their backs, and straight on backs appeare
 Their shamfull flyeng.

PSALM VII.

Domine, Deus meus.

O LORD, my God, thou art my trusfull stay :
 O, save me from this persecutions show'r :
 Deliver me in my endanger'd way.

Least lion-like he doe my soule devoure,
 And cruelly in many peeeces teare,
 While I am voide of any helping pow'r.

O Lord, my God, if I did not forbear
 Ever from deede of any such desert:
 If ought my hands of wickednes do beare:

If I have been unkinde for frendly part:
 Nay, if I wrought not for his freedom's sake,
 Who causlesse now yeeldes me a hatefull hart:

Then let my foe chase me, and chasing take:
 Then lett his foote upon my neck be set:
 Then in the dust lett hym my honor rake.

Arise, O Lord, in wrath thy self up sett
 Against such rage of foes: awake for me
 To that high doom, which I by the must gett.

So shall all men with laudes environ thee;
 Therefore, O Lord, lift up thy throne on high,
 That ev'ry folk thy wond'rous acts may see.

Thou, Lord, thy people shalt in judgment try:
 Then, Lord, my Lord, give sentence on my side
 After my clearnesse, and my equity.

O, let their wickednes no longer bide
 From comming to the well deserved end;
 But still be thou to just men justest guide.

Thou righteous proofes to hartes and reines dost send:
 And all my helpe from none but thee is sent,
 Who dost thy saving-health to true men bend.

Thou righteous art, thou strong, thou pacient:
 And each day art provok'd thyne ire to show:
 And if this man will not learn to repent,

For hym thou whett'st thy sword and bend'st thy bow,
 And hast thy deadly armes in order brought,
 And ready art to lett thyne arrowes go.

Lo, he that first conceav'd a wretched thought,
 And greate with child of mischief travel'd long,
 Now brought a bed, hath brought nought foorth but
 nought.

A pitt was digg'd by this man vainly strong;
 But in the pitt he ruin'd first did fall,
 Which fall he made, to doe his neighbour wrong.

He against me doth throw; but down it shall
 Upon his pate, his paine employ'd thus,
 And his own ill his own head shall appall.

I will give thancks unto the Lord of us
 According to his heav'nly equity,
 And will to highest name yield praises high.

PSALM VIII.

Domine, Dominus noster.

O LORD that rul'st our mortall lyne,
 How through the world thy name doth shine:
 That hast of thine unmatched glory
 Upon the heav'ns engrav'n the story.

From sucklings hath thy honor sprong,
 Thy force hath flow'd from babies tongue,
 Whereby thou stopp'st thine en'mies prating,
 Bent to revenge and over hating.

When I upon the heav'ns do look,
Which all from thee their essence took ;
When moon and starrs my thoughts beholdeth,
Whose life no life but of thee holdeth :

Then thinck I: ah, what is this man,
Whom that greate God remember can?
And what the race of him descended,
It should be ought of God attended.

For though in lesse then angell's state
Thou planted hast this earthly mate :
Yet hast thou made ev'n hym an owner
Of glorious crown, and crowning honor.

Thou placest hym upon all landes
To rule the workes of thyne own handes :
And so thou hast all things ordained,
That ev'n his feete, have on them raigned.

Thou under his dominion plac't
Both sheepe and oxen wholly hast :
And all the beastes for ever breeding,
Which in the fertill fieldes be feeding.

The bird, free-burgesse of the aire,
The fish, of sea the native heire ;
And what things els of waters traceth
The unworn pathes, his rule embraceth.
O Lord, that rul'st our mortall lyne,
How through the world thy name doth shine.

PSALM IX.

Confitebor tibi.

WITH all my hart, O Lord, I will praise thee,
 My speaches all thy mervailles shall disery;
 In thee my joyes and confortes ever be,
 Yea, ev'n my songs thy name shall magnify,
 O Lord most hie.

Because my foes to fly are now constrain'd,
 And they are fall'n, nay, perisht at thy sight;
 For thou my cause, my right thou hast maintain'd,
 Setting thy self, in throne which shined bright,
 Of judging right.

The Gentiles thou rebuked sorely hast,
 And wicked folks, from thee to wrack do wend:
 And their renown, which seem'd so like to last,
 Thou dost put out, and quite consuming send
 To endles end.

O bragging foe, where is the endles wast
 Of conquer'd states, whereby such fame you got?
 What! doth their memory no longer last?
 Both ruines, ruiners, and ruin'd plott
 Be quite forgott.

But God shall sitt in his eternall chaire,
 Which he prepared to give his judgmentes high;
 Thither the world for justice shall repaire:
 Thence he to all, his judgments shall apply
 Perpetually.

Thou, Lord, also th' oppressed wilt defend,
 That they to thee in troublous tyme may flee:
 They that know thee, on thee their trust will bend,
 For thou Lord, found by them wilt ever be
 That seake to thee.

O, praise the Lord, this Syon-dweller good;
 Shew foorth his actes, and this as aet most high:
 That he enquiring, doth require just blood,
 Which he forgetteth not, nor letteth dy
 Th' afflicted cry.

Have mercy, mercy, Lord, I once did say,
 Ponder the paines which on me loaden be
 By them whose mindes on hatefull thoughts do stray:
 Thou, Lord, that from death-gates hast lifted me,
 I call to thee.

That I within the portes most bewtifull
 Of Sions daughter may sound foorth thy praise:
 That I, ev'n I, of heav'nly comfort full,
 May only joy in all thy saving waies
 Through out my daies.

No sooner said, but lo, mine enymies sinck
 Down in the pitt which they them selves had wrought:
 And in that nett which they well hidden think,
 Is their own foote, led by their own ill thought,
 Most surely caught.

For then the Lord in judgment shoves to raign,
 When godlesse men be snar'd in their own snares:
 When wicked soules be turned to hellish pain,
 And that forgettfull sort which never cares
 What God prepares.

But, on the other side, the poore in sprite
 Shall not be scrapt, from out of heav'nly score:
 Nor meeke abiding of the pacient wight
 Yet perish shall (although his paine be sore)
 For ever more.

Up, Lord, and judge the Gentiles in thy right,
 And lett not man have upper hand of thee:
 With terrors greate, O Lord, doe thou them fright:
 That by sharp proofes the heathen them selves may see
 But men to be.

PSALM X.

Ut quid, Domine?

WHY standest thou soe farre,
 O God, our only starre,
 In time most fitt for thee
 To help who vexed be!
 For lo, with pride, the wicked man
 Still plagues the poore the most he can:
 O, lett proud hym be throughly caught
 In craft of his own crafty thought.

For he him self doth praise
 When he his lust doth ease:
 Extolling rav'nous gaine,
 But doth God's self disdain.
 Nay so proud is his puffed thought,
 That after God he never sought:
 But rather much he fancies this;
 The name of God a fable is.

For while his waies doe prove,
 On them he setts his love;
 Thy judgments are to hie,
 He can them not espy.

Therefore he doth defy all those
 That dare them selves to him oppose:
 And saieth in his bragging hart,
 This gotten blisse, shall never part,

Nor he removed be,
 Nor danger ever see:
 Yet from his mouth doth spring
 Cursing and cosening;

Under his tongue do harbour'd ly
 Both mischief and iniquity.
 For proof, ofte laine in wait he is,
 In secrete by-way villages.

In such a place unknown
 To slay the hurtlesse one;
 With wincking eies, ay bent
 Against the innocent,

Like lurking lion in his den,
 He waites to spoile the simple men:
 Whom to their losse he still doth gett,
 When once he draw'th his wily nett.

O, with how simple look
 He ofte laieth out his hooke!
 And with how humble showes
 To trapp poore soules he goes!

Thus freely, saieth he in his sprite,
 God sleepes, or hath forgotten quite;
 His farr-of sight now lud winck is,
 He leisure wants to mark all this.

Then rise, and come abroad,
 O Lord, our only God:
 Lift up thy heav'nly hand,
 And by the silly stand.

Why should the evill, so evill, despise
 The pow'r of thy through-seeing eyes?
 And why should he in hart so hard
 Say, thou dost not thine own regard?

But nak'd, before thine eyes,
 All wrong and mischief lies:
 For of them in thy handes
 The ballance ev'nly standes.
 But who aright poore-minded be
 Committ their cause, them selves to thee,
 The succour of the succourles,
 The father of the fatherles.

Breake thou the wicked arme,
 Whose fury bendes to harme:
 Search them, and wicked he
 Will straight way nothing be.
 O Lord, we shall thy title sing,
 Ever and ever, to be king;
 Who hast the heath'ny folk destroi'd
 From out thy land by them anoi'd.

Thou op'nest heav'nly dore
 To praiers of the poore:
 Thou first prepar'd their mind,
 Then care to them enclind;
 O, be thou still the orphan's aid,
 That poore from ruyne may be staid:
 Least we should ever feare the lust
 Of earthly man, a lord of dust.

PSALM XI.

In Domino confido.

SINCE I do trust Iehoua still,
 Your fearfull wordes why do you spill?
 That like a bird to some strong hill
 I now should fall a flyeng.

Behould the evill have bent their bow,
 And sett their arrowes in a row,
 To give unwares a mortall blow
 To hartes that hate all lyeng:

But that in building they begunn
 With ground-plotts fall, shall be undunn:
 For what, alas, have just men donn?
 In them no cause is growing.

God in his holy temple is:
 The throne of heav'n is only his:
 Naught his all seeing sight can misse;
 His ey-lidds peise our going.

The Lord doth search the just man's reynes,
 But hates, abhorrs, the wicked brains,
 On them stormes, brimstone, coales he raines:
 That is their share assigned.

But so of happy other side
 His lovely face on them doth bide,
 In race of life their feete to guide
 Who be to God enclined.

PSALM XII.

Salvum me fac.

LORD, helpe, it is hygh tyme for me to call,
 No men are left that charity doth love:
 Nay, ev'n the race of good men are decai'd.

Of things vaine with vaine mates they babble all;
 Their abiect lipps, no breath but flattery move,
 Sent from false hart, on double meaning staid.

But thou, O Lord, give them a thorough fall:
 Those lyeing lipps from cosoning head remove,
 In falshood wrapt, but in their pride displaid.

Our tongues, say they, beyond them all shall goe:
 We both have pow'r, and will our tales to tell:
 For what lord rules our brave embolden brest?

Ah! now ev'n for their sakes, that tast of wo,
 Whom troubles tosse, whose natures need doth quell;
 Ev'n for the sighes, true sighes of man distrest:

I will gett up, saith God, and my help show
 Against all them, that against hym do swell:
 Maugre his foes, I will him sett at rest.

These are Gods wordes, Gods words are ever pure:
 Pure, purer then the silver throughly tride,
 When fire seav'n tymes hath spent his earthly parts.

Then thou (O Lord) shalt keepe the good still sure:
 By thee preserv'd, in thee they shall abide:
 Yea, in no age thy blisse from them departes.

Thou sees't each side the walking doth endure
 Of these badd folks, more lifted up with pride,
 Which if it last, wo to all simple harts.

PSALM XIII.

Usque quo, Domine?

How long, O Lord, shall I forgotten be?

What? ever?

How long wilt thou thy hidden face from me

Dissever?

How long shall I consult with carefull sprite

In anguish?

How long shall I with foes triumphant might

Thus languish?

Behold me, Lord; let to thy hearing creep

My crying;

Nay, give me eyes and light, least that I sleep

In dying:

Least my foe bragg, that in my ruyne he

Prevailed:

And at my fall they joy that, troublous, me

Assailed.

Noe! noe! I trust on thee, and joy in thy

Greate pittty:

Still therefore, of thy graces shall be my

Songs ditty.

PSALM XIV.

Dixit insipiens.

THE foolish man by flesh and fancy ledd,
His guilty hart with this fond thought hath fed :
There is noe God that raigeth.

And so thereafter he and all his mates
Do workes, which earth corrupt, and Heaven hates :
Not one that good remaineth.

Even God him self sent down his piercing ey,
If of this clay race he could espy
One, that his wisdome learneth.

And loe, he findes that all a strayeng went :
All plung'd in stincking filth, not one well bent,
Not one that God discerneth.

O maddnes of these folkes, thus loosly ledd !
These caniballs, who, as if they were bread,
Gods people do devower :

Nor ever call on God ; but they shall quake
More then they now do bragg, when he shall take
The just into his power.

Indeede the poore, opprest by you, you mock :
Their concells are your common jesting stock :
But God is their recomfort.

Ah, when from Syon shall the sayer come,
That Jacob, freed by thee, may glad become,
And Israel full of comfort ?

PSALM XV.

Domine, quis habitabit.

In tabernacle thine, O Lord, who shall remaine?
 Lord of thy holy hill, who shall the rest obtaine?
 Ev'n he that leades a life of uncorrupted traine, [plain:
 Whose deedes of righteous hart, whose hartly wordes be
 Who with deceitfull tongue hath never us'd to faine;
 Nor neighbour hurtes by deede, nor doth with slander
 stain:

Whose eyes a person vile doth hold in vile disdain,
 But doth, with honor greate, the godly entertaine:
 Who othe and promise given doth faithfully maintain,
 Although some worldly losse thereby he may sustain;
 From biting usury who ever doth refraine:
 Who sells not guiltlesse cause for filthy love of gain,
 Who thus procedes for ay, in sacred mount shall raign.

PSALM XVI.

Conserva me.

SAVE me, Lord; for why, thou art
 All the hope of all my hart:
 Wittnesse thou, my soule, with me,
 That to God, my God, I say;
 Thou, my Lord, thou art my stay,
 Though my workes reach not to thee.

This is all the best I prove:
 Good and godly men I love:
 And forsee their wretched paine,
 Who to other gods doe runne:
 Their blood offrings I do shunne;
 Nay, to name their names disdain.

God my only portion is,
 And of my childes part the blisse:
 He then shall maintaine my lott.
 Say then, is not my lott found
 In a goodly pleasant ground?
 Have not I faire partage gott?

Ever Lord I will blesse thee,
 Who dost ever counsell me,
 Ev'n when Night with his black wing
 Sleepy Darknes doth orecast,
 In my inward raines I tast
 Of my faultes and chastening.

My eyes still my God regard,
 And he my right hand doth guard;
 So can I not be opprest,
 So my hart is fully gladd,
 So in joy my glory cladd:
 Yea, my flesh in hope shall rest.

For I know the deadly grave
 On my soule noe pow'r shall have:
 For I know thou wilt defend
 Even the body of thine own
 Deare beloved holy one
 From a fowle corrupting end.

Thou lifes path wilt make me knowe,
 In whose view doth plenty growe
 All delights that soules can crave;
 And whose bodies placed stand
 On thy blessed making hand,
 They all joies like-endless have.

PSALM XVII.

Exaudi, Domine, justitiam.

My suite is just, just Lord, to my suite hark,
I plaine: sweete Lord, my plaint for pittie mark.
And, since my lipps faine not to thee,
Thyne cares vouchsave to bend to me.

O, let my sentence passe from thine own face :
Shew that thine eyes respect a faithfull case,
Thou that by prooffe acquainted art
With inward secretts of my hart.

Where silent Night might seeme all faultes to hide,
Then was I, by thy searching insight tride :
And then by thee, was guiltlesse found
From ill word, and ill meauing sound.

Not waighing ought how fleshly fancies runn,
Ledd by thy word, the rav'ners steps I shun ;
And pray that still you guide my way,
Least yet I slipp, or goe astray.

I say againe that I have cal'd on thee,
And boldly saie thou wilt give eare to me :
And let my wordes, my cries ascend,
Which to thy self my soule will send.

Show then, O Lord, thy wondrous kindnesse show :
Make us in mervailles of thy mercy know,
That thou by faithfull men wilt stand,
And save them from rebellious hand.

Then keepe me as the apple of an ey:
In thy wings shade then lett me hidden ly,
 From my destroyeng wicked foes,
 Who for my death do me enclose.

Their eies doe swimme, their face doth shine in fatt,
And cruell wordes their swelling tongues do chatt;
 And yet their high hartes looke so low
 As how to watch our overthrow.

Now like a lion, gaping to make praies,
Now like his whelpe, in denne, that lurking staies:
 Up, Lord, prevent those gaping jawes,
 And bring to naught those watching pawes.

Save me from them, thou usest as thy blade;
From men, I say, and from mens worldly trade:
 Whose life doth seeme most greatly blest,
 And count this life their portion best.

Whose bellies soe with dainties thou dost fill,
And soe with hidden treasures graunt their will:
 That they in riches flourish doe,
 And children have to leave it to.

What would they more? And I would not their case:
My joy shal be pure; to enjoy thy face,
 When waking of this sleepe of mine,
 I shall see thee in likenesse thine.

PSALM XVIII.

Diligam te.

THEE will I love, O Lord, with all my hartes delight,
 My strength, my strongest rock, which my defence hast born :
 My God, and helping God, my might, and trustfull might,
 My never-pierced shield, my ever-saving horne,
 My refuge, refuge then, when moste I am forlorne :
 Whom thou shall I invoke, but thee most worthy praise,
 On whom (against my foes) my only safty staies ?

On me the paines of death allready gan to pray :
 The fludds of wickednesse on me did horrors throw :
 Like in a winding sheete, wretch, I already lay,
 This my distresse to God, with wailefull cries I show :
 All-ready, ready to my snaring grave to goe,
 My cries climb'd up, and he bent down from sacred throne
 His eyes unto my case, his cares unto my moane.

And so the earth did fall to tremble and to quake,
 The mountaines proudly high, and their foundations bent
 With motion of his rage, did to the bottome shake.
 He came, but came with smoake, from ont his nostralls sent :
 Flames issu'd from his mouth, and burning coals out went :
 He bow'd the heav'ns, and from the bow'd heav'ns did descend
 With hugy darknes, which aboute his feete did wend.

The cherubins their backs, the windes did yeild their wings
 To beare his sacred flight; in secrete place then clos'd ;
 About which he dimme cloudes, like a pavillion brings
 Cloudes ev'n of waters darke, and thickest aire compos'd ;
 But streight his shining eyes this misty masse disclos'd :
 Then haile, then fire coales, then thundred heav'nly sire,
 Then spake he his lowd voice, then hailstones, coles, and fire.

Then out his arrowes fly : and streight they scattred been
 Lightning on lightning he did for their wrack augment ;
 The gulphes of waters then were through their chanells seen :
 The worldes foundations then lay bare ; because he shent
 With blasting breath, O Lord, that in thy chiding went.
 Then sent he from above, and tooke me from below,
 Ev'n from the waters depth, my God preserv'd me soe.

So did he save me from my mighty furious foe,
 So did he save me from their then prevailing hate :
 For they had caught me up when I was weake in woe :
 But he, staff of my age, he staid my stumbling state :
 This much : yet more, when I by him this freedom gate,
 By him, because I did find in his eyesight grace,
 He lifted me, unto a largely noble place.

My justice, my iust handes thus did the Lord reward,
 Because I walk'd his waies, nor gainst him evilly went :
 Still to his judgmentes look't, still for his statutes car'd :
 Sound and upright with him, to wickednes not bent.
 Therefore, I say again, this goodnes he me sent,
 As he before his eyes did see my justice stand,
 According as he saw the purenes of my hand.

Meeke to the meeke thou art, the good thy goodnes tast :
 Pure, to the pure, thou deal'st with crooked crookedly.
 Up then, thou lifts the poore, and downe the proud wilt cast ;
 Up, thou dost light, my light, and cleare my darkned ey.
 I hoastes by thee orecome ; by thee ore walles I fly :
 Thy way is soundly sure, thy word is purely tride :
 To them that trust in thee, a shield thou dost abide.

For who is God besides this greate Iehova oures ?
 And so besides our God, who is indu'd with might ?
 This God then girded me in his all-mighty pow'rs,
 He made my combrous way, to me most plainly right :
 To match with lightfoote staggs, he made my foote so light
 That I climb'd highest hill ; he me warre points did show,
 Strengthening mine armes, that they could breake an iron bow

Thou gav'st me saving shield ; thy right hand was my stay ;
 Me in encreasing still, thy kindnesse did maintaine ;
 Unto my strengthened steps, thou didst enlargeth the way,
 My heeles, and plantes, thou didst from stumbling slip sustain ;
 What foes I did pursue, my force did them attain,
 That I ere I return'd, destroy'd them utterly,
 With such brave woundes, that they under my feete did ly.

For why? my fighting strength, by thy strength, strengthened was:
 Not I, but thou throwst down, those who gainst me do rise,
 Thou gavest me their necks, on them thou mad'st me passe :
 Behold they cry, but who to them his helpe applies?
 Nay, unto thee they cri'd, but thou heard'st not their cries :
 I bett those folkes as small as dust, which wind doth raise,
 I bett them as the clay is bett, in beaten waies.

Thus freed from troublous men, thou makest me to raig ;
 Yea, thou makst me be serv'd by folks I never knew :
 My name their eares, their eares their harts to me enchain'd :
 Ev'n feare makes strangers shew much love, though much
 But they do faile, and in their mazed corners rue : [untrue.
 Then live Iehoua still, my rock still blessed be :
 Lett hym be lifted up, that hath preserved me.

He that is my revenge, in whom I realmes subdue,
 Who freed me from my foes, from rebells garded me,
 And ridd me from the wrongs which cruell witts did brew.
 Among the Gentiles then I (Lord) yeeld thancks to thee,
 I to thy name will sing, and thus my song shall be ;
 He nobly saves his king, and kindnes keeps in store,
 For David his anoint' and his seed evermore.

PSALM XIX.

Cæli enarrant.

THE heav'nly frame setts foorth the fame
Of him that only thunders ;
The firmament, so strangely bent,
Showes his hand-working wonders.

Day unto day, doth it display,
Their course doth it acknowledg :
And night to night succeeding right
In darknes teach cleare knowledg.

There is no speach, nor language, which
Is soe of skill bereaved :
But of the skies the teaching cries
They have heard and conceaved.

There be no eyne, but read the line
From soe faire book proceeding ;
Their wordes be sett in letters greate
For ev'ry bodies reading.

Is not he blind that doth not find
The tabernacle builded
There by his grace, for sunnes faire face,
In beames of beuty guilded.

Who foorth doth come, like a bridegroom
From out his vailing places :
As gladd is hee, as giantes be
To runne their mighty races.

His race is ev'n, from endes of heav'n,
About that vault he goeth:
There be no realmes hid from his beames,
His heate to all he throweth.

O law of his, how perfect tis!
The very soule amending;
Gods wittnes sure for ay doth dure,
To simplest, wisdome lending.

Gods doomes be right, and cheere the sprite:
All his commandments being
So purely wise they give the eies
Both light, and force of seeing.

Of him the feare, doth cleannes beare,
And soe endures for ever:
His judgments be self verity,
They are unrighteous never.

Then what man would so soone seeke gold,
Or glittring golden money?
By them is past, in sweetest tast,
Honny, or combe of honny.

By them is made thy servantes trade,
Most circumspectly guarded:
And who doth frame to keepe the same
Shall fully be rewarded.

Who is the man, that ever can
His faultes know and acknowledg!
O Lord, clense me from faultes that be
Most secret from all knowledg.

Thy servant keepe, lest in him creepe
 Presumptuous sinnes offences :
 Let them not have me for their slave,
 Nor raigne upon my sences.

Soe shall my sprite be still upright
 In thought and conversation ;
 Soe shall I bide, well purifide
 From much abomination.

Soe lett wordes sprong from my weake tongue,
 And my hartes meditation ;
 My saving might, Lord, in thy sight
 Receave good acceptation.

PSALM XX.

Exaudiat te Dominus.

LETT God the Lord heare thee,
 Even in the day when most thy troubles be :
 Let name of Jacob's God,
 When thou on it dost cry,
 Defend thee still from all thy foes abroad.

From santuary hy
 Let him come downe, and helpe to thee apply
 From Sion's holy topp
 Thence lett him undertake
 With heav'nly strength thy earthly strength to propp.

Let him notorious make,
 That in good part he did thy offrings take.
 Let fire for triall burne
 (Yea, fire from him self sent)
 Thy offrings, soe that they to ashes turne.

And soe lett him consent
 To graunt thy will, and perfect thy entent,
 That in thy saving, we
 May ioy, and banners raise
 Up to our God, when thy suites graunted be.

Now in me knowledge saies,
 That God from fall his own annointed staies.
 From heav'nly holy land
 I know that he heares mee;
 Yea, heares with powres, and help of helpfull hand.

Let trust of some men be
 In chariotts arm'd, others in chivalry;
 But lett all our conceite,
 Upon Gods holy name,
 Who is our Lord, with due remembrance waite.

Behold their broken shame!
 We stand upright while they their fall did frame.
 Assist us, Saviour decre;
 Let that king daine to heare,
 When as to him our praiers do appeare.

PSALM XXI.

Domine, in virtute tua.

NEW joy, new joy unto our king,
 Lord, from thy strength is growing;
 Lord, what delight to him doth bring
 His safty, from thee flowing.

Thou hast giv'n what his hart woulde have,
 Nay, soone as he but moved,
 His lipps to aske, what he would crave,
 He had as him behoved.

Yea, thou prevent'st ere aske he could,
 With many lib'rall blessing,
 Crown of his head with crown of gold
 Of purest mettall dressing.

He did but aske a life of thee,
 Thou him a long life gavest :
 Loe ev'n unto eternity
 The life of hym thou savest.

We may well call his glory greate,
 That springs from thy salvation :
 Thou, thou it is, that hast him sett
 In soe high estimation.

Like storehouse thou of blessings mad'st
 This man of everlasting :
 Unspekably his hart thou glad'st,
 On hym thy count'naunce casting.

And why all this? because our king
 In heav'n his trust hath laied ;
 He only leanes on highest thing,
 Soe from base slipp is staid.

Thy hand thy foes shall overtake,
 That thee so evill hated :
 Thou as in fyery ov'n shalt make
 These mates to be amated.

The Lord on them with causfull ire
 Shall use destroying power :
 And flames of never-quenched fire
 Shall these badd wightes devower.

Their fruite shalt thou from earthly face
 Send unto desolation :
 And from among the humane race
 Roote out their generation.

For they to overthrow thy will
 Full wilyly entended :
 But all their bad mischevous skill
 Shall fruitlessly be ended.

For like a mark thou shalt a row
 Sett them in pointed places :
 And ready make thy vengefull bow
 Against their guilty faces.

Lord, in thy strength, Lord, in thy might,
 Thy honor high be raised ;
 And so shall in our songs delight
 Thy power still be praised.

PSALM XXII.

Deus, Deus meus.

My God, my God, why hast thou me forsaken ?
 Wo me, from me why is thy presence taken ?
 Soe farre from seeing, mine unhealthfull eyes :
 Soe farre from hearing to my roaring cries.

O God, my God, I crie while day appeareth :
 But God, thy eare my crying never heareth.
 O God, the night is privie to my plaint,
 Yet to my plaint thou hast not audience lent.

But thou art holy, and dost hold thy dwelling
 Where Israell thy lawdes is ever telling;
 Our fathers still to thee their trust did beare;
 They trusted, and by thee delivered were.

They were sett free, when they upon thee called,
 They hop'd on thee, and they were not appalled.
 But I a worme, not I of mankind am,
 Nay, shame of men, the peoples scorning game.

The lookers now at me, poore wretch, be mocking,
 With mowes, and nodd, they stand about me flocking:
 Let God help him (say they) whom he did trust;
 Let God save hym in whom was all his lust.

And yet even from the wombe thy selfe did'st take me:
 At mother's breasts, thou did'st good hope betake me:
 No sooner my child eyes could looke abroad,
 Then I was giv'n to thee, thou wert my God.

O, be not farre, since paine so neerly presseth,
 And since there is not one who it redresseth:
 I am enclos'd with yong bulls madd rowt,
 Nay, Basan's mighty bulls close me about.

With gaping mouthes, these folkes on me have chardged,
 Like lions fierce, with roring jawes enlarged:
 On me all this, who do like waters slide,
 Whose loosed bones quite out of joynt be wried.

Whose hart, with these huge flames, like wax oreheated,
 Doth melt away, though it be inmost seated:
 My moistning strength is like a pottshard dried,
 My cleaving tongue close to my rooffe doth bide.

And now am brought, alas! brought by thy power
 Unto the dust of my deathes running hower:
 For bawling doggs have compast me about,
 Yea, worse than doggs, a naughty wicked rowt.

My humble handes, my fainting feete they pearced;
 They looke, they gaze, my bones might be relearsed:
 Of my poore weedes they do partition make,
 And doe cast lotts, who should my vesture take.

But be not farre, O Lord, my strength, my comfort,
 Hasten to help me in this deepe discomfort:
 Ah, from the sword yet save my vitall sprite,
 My desolated life from dogged might.

From lions mouth (O help) and show to heare me,
 By aiding, when fierce Vnicornes come neere me:
 To brethern then I will declare thy fame, [name.
 And with these wordes, when they meeete, praise thy

Who feare the Lord, all praise and glory beare hym,
 You Israells seed, you come of Jacob, feare hym:
 For Hee hath not abhor'd, nor yet disdain'd
 The silly wretch, with fowle affliction stain'd.

Nor hid from him his faces faire appearing,
 But when he cal'd, ths Lord did give hym hearing.
 In congregation greate I will praise thee:
 Who feare thee shall my vowes performed see.

Th' afflicted then shall eate, and be well pleased;
 And God shalbe by those his seakers praised.
 Indeede, O you, you that be such of mind,
 You shall the life that ever liveth find.

But what? I say, from earthes remotedst border,
 Unto due thoughts, mankind his thoughts shall order;
 And turne to God, and all the nations be
 Made worshippers, before allmighty Thee.

And reason, since the crowne to God pertaineth,
 And that by right upon all realmes he raigneth.
 They that be made ev'n fatt with earthes fatt good
 Shall feede, and laud the giver of their food.

To him shall kneele even who to dust bee stricken,
 Even hee whose life no helpe of man can quicken:
 His service shall from child to child desend,
 His doomes one age shall to another send.

PSALM XXIII.

Dominus regit me.

THE Lord, the Lord my shepheard is,
 And so can never I
 Tast missery.
 He rests me in greene pasture his:
 By waters still and sweete
 He guides my fecte.

Hee me revives; leades me the way,
 Which righteousnesse doth take,
 For his name sake.
 Yea, though I should through valleys stray
 Of deathes dark shade, I will
 Noe whitt feare ill.

For thou, deere Lord, thou me besett'st ;
 Thy rodd and thy staff be
 To comfort me :
 Before me thou a table sett'st,
 Even when foes envious eye
 Doth it espy.

Thou oil'st my head, thou fill'st my cupp,
 Nay, more, thou endlesse good,
 Shalt give me food.
 To thee, I say, ascended up,
 Where thou, the Lord of all,
 Dost hold thy hall.

PSALM XXIV.

Domini est terra.

THE earth is Gods, and what the globe of earth containeth,
 And all who in that globe doe dwell :
 For by his pow'r the land upon the ocean raigneth,
 Through him the fludds to their bedds fell.

Who shall clime to the hill which God's own hill is named?
 Who shall stand in his holy place ?
 He that hath hurtles handes, whose inward hart is framed
 All purenesse ever to embrace.

Who shunning vanity and workes of vainenesse leaving,
 Vainly doth not puff up his mind ;
 Who never doth deceave, and much lesse his deceaving
 With periury doth falsly bind.

A blessing from the Lord, from God of his salvation
 Sweete rightuousnesse shall he receave ;
 Jacob, this is thy seede, God seeking generation,
 Who search of Gods face never leave.

Lift up your heades, you gates, and you doores ever biding;
 In comes the King of Glory bright :
 Who is this glorious King? in might and power riding?
 The Lord, whose strength makes battailes fight.

Lift up your heades, you gates, and you doores ever biding;
 In comes the King of glory bright :
 Who is this glorious King? the lord of armies guiding?
 Even He the King of glory hight.

PSALM XXV.

Ad te, Domine.

To thee, O Lord most just,
 I lift my inward sight :
 My God, in thee I trust,
 Lett me not ruine quight :
 Let not those foes, that me annoy,
 On my complaint build up their joy.

Sure, sure, who hope in thee,
 Shall never suffer shame :
 Lett them confounded be
 That causlesse wrongs doe frame.
 Yea, Lord, to me thy waies doe show ;
 Teach me, thus vext, what path to goe.

Guide me as thy truth guides ;
 Teach me for why thou art
 The God in whom abides
 The saving me from smart.
 For never day such changing wrought,
 That I from trust in thee was brought.

Remember, only King,
 Thy mercies tendernesse :
 To thy remembrance bring
 Thy kindnesse, lovingnesse.
 Let those things thy remembrance grave,
 Since they eternall essence have.

But, Lord, remember not
 Sins brew'd in youthfull glasse :
 Nor my rebellious blott,
 Since youth and they do passe :
 But in thy kindnes me record,
 Ev'n for thy mercies sake, O Lord.

Of grace and righteousnesse
 The Lord such plenty hath ;
 That he deignes to expresse
 To sinning men his path :
 The meeke he doth in judgment leade,
 And teach the humble how to tread.

And what thinck you, may be
 The pathes of my greate God ?
 Ev'n spotlesse verity
 And mercy spredd abroad,
 To such as keepe his covenaut,
 And on his testimonies plant.

O Lord, for thy name sake,
 Lett my iniquity
 Of thee some mercy take,
 Though it be greate in me :
 Oh, is there one with his feare fraught ?
 He shall be by best teacher taught.

Lo, how his blessing buds
 Inward, an inward rest;
 Outward, all outward goodes
 By his seede eke possesst.
 For such he makes his scerett know,
 To such hee doth his cov'nant show.

Where then should my eyes be,
 But still on this Lord sett?
 Who doth and will sett free
 My feete from tangling nett.
 O, look, O help, lett mercy fall,
 For I am poore and least of all.

My woes are still encreast;
 Shield me from these assaultes:
 See how I am opprest,
 And pardon all my faultes.
 Behold my foes, what stoare they be,
 Who hate, yea, hate me cruelly.

My soule, which thou didst make,
 Now made, O Lord, maintaine;
 And me from these ills take,
 Lest I rebuke sustaine.
 For thou the Lord, thou only art,
 Of whom the trust lives in my hart.

Lett my uprightnesse gaine
 Some safety unto me:
 I say, and say againe,
 My hope is all in thee.
 In fine, deliver Israel,
 O Lord, from all his troubles fell.

PSALM XXVI.

Judica me, Domine.

LORD, judge me and my case,
 For I have made my race
 Within the boundes of innocence to bide :
 And setting thee for scope
 Of all my trustfull hope ;
 I held for sure, that I should never slide.

Prove me, O Lord most high,
 Me with thy touchstone try ;
 Yea, sound my reynes, and inmost of my hart.
 For so thy loving hand
 Before my eyes doth stand,
 That from thy truth I never will depart.

I did not them frequent,
 Who be to vainesse bent,
 Nor kept with base dissemblers company.
 Nay, I did ev'n detest
 Of wicked wights the neast,
 And from the haunts of such bad folks did fly.

In th' innocence of me
 My handes shall washed be ;
 And with those handes about thy Alter waite ;
 That I may still expresse
 With voice of thanckfullnes
 The works perform'd by thee, most wondrous greate.

Lord, I have loved well
 The house where thou dost dwell,
 Ev'n where thou mak'st thy honnor's biding place.
 Sweete Lord, write not my soule
 Within the sinner's rowle :
 Nor my life's cause match with blood seekers case.

With handes of wicked shifts,
 With right hands stained with gifts.
 But while I walk in my unspotted waies
 Redeeme and show mee grace
 So I in publique place
 Sett on plaine ground will thee Jehovah praise.

PSALM XXVII.

Dominus illuminatio.

THE shining Lord he is my light ;
 The strong God my salvation is :
 Who shall be able me to fright ?
 This Lord with strength my life doth blisse :
 And shall I then
 Feare might of men ?

When wicked folke, even they that be
 My foes, to uttmost of their pow'r,
 With raging jawes inviron me,
 My very flesh for to devow'r :
 They stumble so,
 That down they go.

Hide not therefore from me that face ;
 Since all my aid in thee I gott :
 In rage, thy servaunt doe not chase ;
 Forsake not me, O, leave me not,
 O God of my
 Salvation hye.

Though fathers care and mothers love
 Abandon'd me, yet my decay
 Should be restor'd by hym above :
 Teach, Lord, Lord, leade me thy right way,
 Because of those
 That be my foes.

Unto whose ever-hating lust
 Oh, give me not, for there are sprong
 Against me wittnesses unjust,
 Even such, I say, whose lying tongue
 Fiercely affordes
 Most cruell wordes.

What had I been, except I had
 Beleev'd Gods goodnes for to see,
 In land with living creatures glad ?
 Hope, trust in God, be strong, and hee
 Unto thy hart
 Shall joy impart.

PSALM XXVIII.

Ad te, Domine.

To thee, Lord, my cry I send ;
 O my strength, stopp not thine care :
 Least if answeare thou forbear,
 I be like them that descend
 To the pitt, where flesh doth end.

Therefore while that I may cry,
While I that way hold my handes
Where thy sanctuary standes,
To thy self those wordes apply,
Which from suing voice do fly.

Linck not me in self same chaine
With the wicked working folk ;
Who their spotted thoughtes to cloak,
Neighbours friendly entertaine,
When in hartes they malice meane.

Spare not them, give them reward,
As their deedes have purchas'd it,
As deserves their wicked witt :
Fare they as their handes have far'd,
Ev'n so be their guerdon shar'd.

To thy workes they give no ey ;
Lett them be thrown down by thee :
Lett them not restored be.
But lett me give praises high
To the Lord, that heares my cry.

That God is my strength, my shield :
All my trust on him was sett,
And soe I did safetie gett :
Soe shall I with joy be fil'd,
Soe my songes his laudes shall yeeld.

God on them his strength doth lay,
Who his anointed helped have ;
Lord, then still thy people save ;
Blesse thine heritage, I say,
Feede and lift them up for ay.

PSALM XXIX.

Afferte Domino.

ASCRIBE unto the Lord of light,
 Ye men of pow'r, ev'n by birth right,
 Ascribe all glory and all might.

Ascribe due glory to his name ;
 And in his ever glorious frame
 Of sanctuary doe the same.

His voice is on the waters found,
 His voice doth threatning thunders sound,
 Yea, through the waters doth resound.

The voice of that Lord ruling us
 Is strong, though hee be gracious,
 And ever, ever glorious.

By voice of high Ichoua we
 The highest cedars broken see,
 Ev'n cedars which on Liban be.

Nay, like yong calves in leapes are born,
 And Liban self with natures skorn :
 And Shirion, like young unicorn.

His voice doth flashing flames deuide ;
 His voice have trembling desertes tride ;
 Ev'n deserts, where the Arabs bide.

His voice makes hindes their calves to cast :
 His voice makes bald the forrest wast :
 But in his church his fame is plast.

He sits on seas, he endlesse raignes,
His strength his peoples strength maintaines,
Which blest by him in peace remaines.

PSALM XXX.

Exaltabo te, Domine.

O LORD, thou hast exalted me,
And sav'd me from foes laughing scorn:
I owe thee praise, I will praise thee.

For when my hart with woes was torn,
In cries to thee, I shew'd my cause:
And was from ev'l by thee upborne.

Yea, from the graves moist hungry jaws
Thou would'st not sett me in their score,
Whom death to his cold boosome drawes.

Praise, praise this Lord then evermore,
Ye saints of his, remembring still
With thancks his holinesse therefore.

For quickly endes his wrathfull will,
But his deere favour where it lies,
From age to age life joyes doth fill.

Well may the evening cloath the cies
In cloudes of teares, but soone as sunne
Doth rise againe, new joyes shall rise.

For proof, while I my race did runne,
Full of successe, fond I did say,
That I should never be undone,

For then my hill, good God, did stay:
 But ay, he straight his face did hide,
 And what was I but wretched clay?

Then thus to thee I prayeng eride,
 What serves, alas, the blood of me
 When I with in the pitt doe bide?

Shall ever earth give thancks to thee?
 Or shall thy truth on mankind laid
 In deadly dust declared be?

Lord, heare, lett merrey thine be staid
 On me, from me helpe this annoy.
 This much I said, this beeing said,

Lo, I that wail'd, now daunce for joy:
 Thou did'st ungird my dolefull saek,
 And mad'st me gladsome weedes enjoy.

Therefore my tongue shall never lack
 Thy endless praise: O God, my king,
 I will thee thancks for ever sing.

PSALM XXXI.

In te, Domine, speravi.

ALL, all my trust, Lord, I have putt in thee,
 Never, therefore, lett me confounded be,
 But gentlie save me in thy righteousnes.
 Bow down thine eare, to heare how much I need;
 Deliver me, deliver me in speed:
 Bee my strong rock, be thou my fortresse.

In deede thou art my rock and my fortresse:
 Then since my tongue delights that name to blesse,
 Direct me how to goe, and guide me right.
 Preserve me from the wyly wrapping nett,
 Which they for me with privie craft have sett:
 For still I say, thou art my only might.

Into thy handes I doe commend my sprite:
 For it is thou that hast restor'd my light:
 O Lord, that art the God of veritie.
 I hated have those men, whose thoughtes do cleave
 To vanities: which most trust, most deceave:
 For all my hope fixt upon God doth lie.

Thy mercy shall fill me with jollity,
 For my annoies have come before thine eye:
 Thou well hast known what plague my soule was in.
 And thou hast not for ay enclosed me
 Within the hand of hatefull enmity:
 But hast enlarg'd my fecte from mortall ginne.

O Lord, of thee, lett me still mercy wyne;
 For troubles, of all sides, have hemm'd me in:
 My eyes, my guts, yea my soule, grief doth wast,
 My life with heavines, my yeares with moane,
 Doe pine: my strength with paine is wholie gone:
 And ev'n my bones consume, where they be plast.

All my fierce foes reproach on me did cast:
 Yea neighbours, more, my mates were so agast,
 That in the streetes from sight of me they fledd:
 Now I, now I, my self forgotten find,
 Even like a dead man, dreamed out of mind,
 Or like a broken pott, in myre that's tredd.

I understand what railing greate men spredd :
 Feare was each where, while they their counceells ledd

All to this pointe, how my poore life to take ;
 But I did trust in thee. Lord, I did say,
 Thou art my God, my time on thee doth stay :

Save me from foes, who for my bane do seake.

Thy face to shine upon thy servaunt make,
 And save me in, and for thy mercies sake ;

Lett me not tast of shame, O Lord, most hy.
 For I have call'd on thee ; let wicked folk
 Confounded be ; and passe away like smoak ;

Lett them in bedd of endlesse silence dy.

Lett those lipps be made dumb which love to ly ;
 Which, full of spight, of pride, and crueltie,

Doe throw their wordes agaiust the most upright.
 Oh, of thy grace what endlesse pleasure flowes
 To whom feare thee ? what thou hast donne for those
 That trust in thee, ev'n in most open sight ?

And when neede were, from pride in privie plight
 Thou hast hidd them ; yet leaving them thy light

From strife of tongues, in thy pavilions plast.
 Then praise, then praise, I doe, the Lord of us,
 Who was to me more then most gracious :

Farre, farre, more sure, then walls most firmly fast.

Yet I confesse in that tempestious hast,
 I said, that I from out thy sight was cast :

But thou didst heare, when I to thee did moane,
 Then love the Lord all ye that feele his grace :
 For this our Lord preserves the faithfull race,

And to the proud in deede payes home their owne.
 Be strong, I say, this strength confirming you,
 You that do trust in him who still is true,
 And he shall your establishment renewe.

PSALM XXXII.

Beati, quorum.

BLESSED is hee whose filthy staine
The Lord with pardon doth make cleane,
Whose fault well hidden lieth.
Blessed, indeede, to whom the Lord
Imputes not sinnes to be abhord,
Whose spirit falshood flieth.

Thus I prest down with weight of paine,
Whether I silent did remaine,
Or roar'd, my bones still wasted.
For soe both day and night did stand
On wretched me, thy heavie hand,
My life hott tormentes tasted.

Till my self did my faultes confesse,
And open'd mine own wickednes,
Whereto my hart did give me:
So I my self accus'd to God,
And his sweete grace streight eas'd the rod,
And did due paine forgive me.

Therefore shall every godly one
In fitt time make to thee his moane,
When thou wilt deigne to heare hym.
Sure, sure the flood of straying streames,
How ever they putt in their claimes,
Shall never dare come neere hym.

Thou art my safe and secrett place,
 Who savest me from troublous case,
 To songs and joyfull bidding.
 But who so will instructed be,
 Come, come the way I will teach thee;
 Guide thee by my eyes guiding.

Oh, be not like a horse or mule,
 Wholy devoide of reasons rule;
 Whose mouthes thy self dost bridle:
 Knowing full well, that beastes they be,
 And therefore soone would mischief me,
 If thou remained'st idle.

Woes, woes shall come to wicked folkes,
 But who on God his trust invokes
 With mercies shall be swarmed.
 Be glad you good, in God have joy,
 Joy be to yon, who doe enjoy
 Your hartes with clearnesse armed.

PSALM XXXIII.

Exultate, justi.

REJOYCE in God, O ye
 That righteous be:
 For cheerefull thanckfullnesse
 It is a comly part
 In them, whose hart
 Doth cherish rightfullnesse.

O praise with hart the Lord,
O now accord
Violls with singing voice:
Lett tenne string'd instrument
O now be bent
To wittnes you rejoyce.

A new, sing a new song
To him most strong,
Sing lowd and merrily:
Because that word of his
Most righteous is,
And his deedes faithfull be.

Hee righteousnesse approves,
And judgment loves:
Gods goodnesse fills all landes.
His word made heav'nly coast,
And all that hoast
By breath of his mouth stands.

The waters of the seas
In heapes he laies,
And depthes in treasure his,
Let all the earth feare God:
And who abroad
Of world a dweller is.

For he spake not more soone,
Then it was done:
He bade, and it did stand.
He doth heathen councill breake,
And maketh weake
The might of peoples hand.

But ever, ever shall
 His counsells all
 Throughout all ages last.
 The thinkings of that mind
 No end shall find,
 When times tyme shall be past.

That realme indeede hath blisse,
 Whose God he is,
 Who him for their Lord take:
 Even that people, even those,
 Whom this Lord chose
 His heritage to make.

The Lorde lookes from the sky:
 Full well his eye
 Beholdes our mortall race.
 Even where he dwelleth, he
 Throughout doth see
 Who dwell in duskie place.

Since he their hartes doth frame,
 He knows the same:
 Their workes he understandes.
 Hosts doe the king not save;
 Nor strong men have
 Their help from mighty handes.

Of quick strength is an horse,
 And yet his force
 Is but a succour vaine:
 Who trusts him sooner shall
 Catch harmefull fall,
 Then true deliveraunce gaine.

But lo, Jehovas sight
 On them doth light
 Who him do truly feare:
 And them which do the scope
 Of all their hope
 Upon his mercy beare.

His sight is them to save
 Ev'n from the grave,
 And keepe from famynes paine.
 Then on that Lord most kind
 Fix we our mind,
 Whose shield shall us maintayne.

Our hartes sure shall enjoye
 In hym much joye
 Who hope on his name just.
 O lett thy mercy greate
 On us be sett;
 We have no plea, but trust.

PSALM XXXIV.

Benedicam Domino.

I, EVEN I, will allwaies
 Give harty thancks to hym on high,
 And in my mouth contynually
 Inhabit shall his praise.
 My soule shall glory still
 In that deere Lord with true delight:
 That hearing it, the hartes contrite
 May learne their joyes to fill.

Come then, and joyne with me,
 Somwhat to speake of his due praise:
 Strive we, that in some worthy phrase
 His name may honor'd be.
 Thus I beginne: I sought
 This Lord, and he did heare my cry:
 Yea, and from dreadfull misery,
 He me, he only brought.

This shall mens fancies frame
 To looke and runne to hym for aide,
 Whose faces on his comfort staid
 Shall never blush for shame.
 For lo, this wretch did call,
 And lo, his call the skies did clime:
 And God freed hym in his worst tyme
 From out his troubles all.

His angells armies round
 Aboute them pitch, who hym do feare:
 And watch, and ward for such do beare,
 To keepe them safe and sounde.
 I say, but tast and see,
 How sweete how gracious is his grace:
 Lord hee is in thrice blessed case
 Whose trust is all on thee.

Feare God, ye saintes of his,
 For nothing they can ever want
 Who faithfull feares in hym do plant;
 They have, and shall have blisse.
 The lions ofte lack foode,
 Those ravenors whelps oft starved be:
 But who seeke God with constancy
 Shall nothing neede that's good.

Come, children, lend your eare
 To me, and mark what I do saye;
 For I will teach to you the waye
 How this our Lord to feare.
 Among you, who is heare,
 That life, and length of life requires,
 And blessing such, with length desires,
 As life may good appeare.'

Keepe well thy lipps and tongue,
 Least inward ills doe them defile;
 Or that by wordes enwrapt in guile
 Another man be stung.
 Doe good, from faultes declyne,
 Seeke peace, and follow after it:
 For Gods own eyes on good men sit,
 His eares to them enclyne.

Soe his high heavenly face
 Is bent, but bent against those same
 That wicked be, their very name
 From earth quite to displace.
 The just, when harmes approach,
 Do cry, their cry of hym is heard;
 And by his care from them is barr'd
 All trouble, all reproach.

To humble broken myndes,
 This Lord is ever, ever neere;
 And will save whome his true sight cleere
 In sprite afflicted findes.
 Indeede the very best
 Most greate and greevous paines doth beare:
 But God shall him to safety reare,
 When most he seemes opprest.

His bones he keepeth all,
 So that not one of them is broke ;
 But malice shall the wicked choak,
 Who hateth God shall fall.
 God doth all soules redeeme
 Who weare his blessed livery :
 None, still I say, shall ruined be,
 Who hym their truth esteeme.

PSALM XXXV.

Judica, Domine.

SPEAKE thou for me against wrong speaking foes ;
 Thy force, O Lord, against their force oppose :
 Take up thy shield, and for my succour stand ;
 Yea, take thy lance, and stoppe the way of those
 That seeke my bane ; O make me understand
 In sprite, that I shall have thy helping hand.

Confound those folks, thrust them in shamfull hole
 That hunt so poore a prey as is my soule.

Rebuke, and wrack, on those wrong-doers throw,
 Who for my hurt each way their thoughtes did roule ;
 And as vile chaff away the wind did blow,
 Let angell thine, a scatt'ring make them goe.

Let angell thine, pursue them as they fly,
 But let their flight be dark and slipperly ;
 For causles they, both pitt and nett did sett :
 For causles they, did seeke to make me die :
 Let their sly witts unwares destruction gett,
 Fall in self pitt, be caught in their own nett.

Then shall I joy in thee, then sav'd by thee,
I both in mind and bones shall gladdened be.

Ev'n bones shall say (O God), who is thy peere?
Who poore and weake, from rich and strong dost free :
Who helpst those whose ruine was so neere,
From him whose force did in their soules appeere.

Who did me wrong against me wittnesse beare,
Laying such things as never in me were :

So my good deedes they pay with evill share,
With cruell mindes, my very soule to teare.
And whose? ev'n his, who then they sickness bare,
With inward woe, an outward sack cloth ware.

I did pull down my self, fasting for such,
I praid, with praiers, which my brest did touch :

In summe I shew'd, that I to them was bent
As brothers, or as frendes beloved much.
Still, still for them I humbly moorning went,
Like one that should his mothers death lament.

But lo, soone as they did me stagg'ring see,
Who joy but they? when they assembled be :

Then abiects, while I was unwitting quite
Against me swarme, causelesse to raile at me
With scoffers false, I was theyr feasts delight,
Even gnashing teeth, to witness more their spight.

Lord wilt thou see, and wilt thou suffer it?
Oh! on my soule let not these tumults hitt.

Save me, distrest, from lions cruell kind,
I will thanck thee, where congregations sitt,
Even where I do most store of people find,
Most to thy laudes will I my speeches bind.

Then, then lett not my foes unjustly joy ;
 Let them not fleere who me would now destroy :
 Who never word of peace yet utter would,
 But hunt with craft the quiett mans annoy,
 And said to me, wide mowing, as they could :
 A, ha, Sir, now we see you where we should.

This thou hast seene: and wilt thou silent be?
 O Lord, doe not absent thy selfe from me ;
 But rise, but wake, that I may judgment gett.
 My Lord, my God, ev'n for my equity,
 Judge, Lord : judge, God, ev'n in thy justice greate :
 Let not their joy upon my woes be sett.

Lett them not, Lord, within their harts thus say :
 O soule, rejoyce, we made this wretch our prey.
 But throw them down, put them to endles blame,
 Who make a cause to joy of my decay.
 Lett them be cloth'd in most confounding shame
 That lift themselves my ruine for to frame.

But make such glad and full of joyfullnesse
 That yet beare love unto my righteousnesse :
 Yet, lett them say, laud be to God allwaies,
 Who loves with God his servauntes good to blesse.
 As for my tongue, whiles I have any daies,
 Thy justiee witness shall, and speake thy praise.

PSALM XXXVI.

Dixit injustus.

ME thincks amidst my hart I hear
What guilty wickednes doth say,
Which wicked folkes doe holde soe deare:
Even thus it self it doth display,
No feare of God doth once appeare
Before his eyes that thus doth stray.

For those same eies his flatterers be,
Till his known ill doth hatred get:
His wordes deceipt, iniquity
His deedes; yea, thoughts all good forget.
A bedd on mischief museth he,
Abroad his stepps be wrongly sett.

Lord, how the heav'ns thy mercy fills,
Thy truth above the cloudes most hy,
Thy righteousnesse like hugest hills,
Thy judgments like the deepes do ly:
Thy grace with safety man fullfills,
Yea beastes (made safe) thy goodnesse try.

O Lord, how excellent a thing
Thy mercy is, which makes mankind
Trust in the shadow of thy wing.
Who shall in thy house fattenesse find,
And drinck from out thy pleasure spring
Of pleasures past, the reach of mind.

For why? the well of life thou art,
 And in thy light shall we see light.
 O then extend thy loving hart
 To them that know thee, and thy might:
 O then thy righteousnes impart
 To them that be in soules upright.

Lett not proud feete make me their thrall,
 Lett not ill handes discomfit me;
 Lo, there I now foresee their fall
 Who doe ill workes; loe, I do see
 They are cast down, and never shall
 Have power againe to raised be.

PSALM XXXVII.

Noli æmulari.

FRET not thy self if thou do see
 That wicked men do seeme to flourish;
 Nor envy in thy bosome nourish,
 Though ill deedes well succeeding be.

They soon shall be cut down like grasse,
 And wither like green hearb or flower;
 Do well, and trust on heav'nly power,
 Thou shalt have both good foot and place.

Delight in God, and he shall breede
 The fullnesse of thy own hartes lusting;
 Guide thee by him, lay all thy trusting
 On hym, and he will make it speed.

For, like the light, he shall display
Thy justice in most shining lustre:
And of thy judgment make a muster
Like to the glory of noone day.

Waite on the Lord with patient hope,
Chafe not at some mans great good fortune,
Though all his plotts, without misfortune,
Attaine unto their wished scope.

Fume not, rage not, frett not, I say,
Lest such thinges synne in thy self cherish;
For those bad folks at last shall perish.
Who stay for God, in blisse shall stay.

Watch but a while, and thou shalt see
The wicked by his own pride banisht;
Looke after him, he shall be vanisht,
And never foud againe shall be.

But meeke men shall the earth possesse,
In quiet home they shall be planted:
And this delight to them is granted,
They shall have peace in plenteousnesse.

Evill men work ill to uttmost might,
Gnashing their teeth full of disdayning:
But God shall scorne their moody meaning,
For their short time is in his sight.

The ev'll bent bowes and swords they drew,
To have their heat on good soules wroken;
But lo, their bowes they shall be broken,
Their swordes shall their own hartes imbrew.

Small goodes in good men better is,
Then of bad folkes the wealthy wonder;
For wicked armes shall breake asunder,
But God upholdes the just in blisse.

God keepes accompt of good menns daies,
Their heritage shall last for ever:
In perill they shall perish never,
Nor want in dearth their want to ease.

Bad folkes shall fall, and fall for aye;
Who to make warre with God presumed,
Like fatt of lambes shall be consumed,
Ev'n with the smoke shall wast away.

The naughty borrowes, payeng not:
The good is kind and freely giveth:
Whom God doth bless, he blessed liveth:
Whom he doth curse, to naught shall rott.

The man whom God directs, doth stand
Firme in his way, his way God loveth;
Though he doth fall, no wrack he proveth,
He is upheld by heav'nly hand.

I have beene yong, now old I am,
Yet I, the man that was betaken
To justice, never saw forsaken:
Nor that his seede to begging came.

He lendes, he gives, more he doth spend,
The more his seede in blessing flourish;
Then fly all ill, and goodnesse nourish;
And thy good state shall never end.

God loving right doth not forsake
His holy ones, they are preserved
From tyme to tyme, but who be swarved
To ill, both they and theirs shall wrack.

I say, I say, the righteous mindes
Shall have the land in their possessing,
Shall dwell thereon, and this their blessing
No time within his limitts bindes.

The good mouth will in wisdome bide,
His tongue of heav'nly judgments telleth;
For God's high law in his hart dwelleth,
What comes thereof? he shall not slide.

The wicked watch the righteous much,
And seeke of life for to bereave him;
But in their hand God will not leave him,
Nor lett him be condemn'd by such.

Waite thou on God, and keepe his way,
He will exalt thee unto honor:
And of the earth make thee an owner,
Yea, thou shalt see the ev'll decay.

I have the wicked scene full sound,
Like lawrell fresh him self out-spreading:
Lo, he was gone, print of his treading,
Though I did seeke, I never found.

Marke the upright, the just attend,
His end shall be in peace enjoyed;
But strayers vile shall be destroyed,
And quite cut of with helplesse end.

Still, still the godly shall be staid
 By God's most sure and sweete salvation:
 In time of greatest tribulation
 He shall be their true strength and aid.

He shall be their true strength and aid,
 He shall save them from all the fetches
 Against them used by wicked wretches;
 Because on him their trust is laid.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Domine, ne in furore.

LORD, while that thy rage doth bide,
 Do not chide:
 Nor in anger chastise me,
 For thy shafts have peirc'd me sore,
 And yet more
 Still thy handes upon me be.

No sound part caus'd by thy wrath
 My flesh hath:
 Nor my synns lett my bones rest.
 For my faults are highly spread
 On my head,
 Whose foule weightes have me opprest.

My woundes putrify and stinke,
 In the sinck
 Of my filthy folly laid:
 Earthly I do bow and crook,
 With a look
 Still in mourning cheere araid.

In my reynes hott torment raignes,
 There remaines
Nothing in my bodie sound.
I am weake and broken sore,
 Yea, I roare ;
In my hart such grieve is found.

Lord, before thee I do lay
 What I pray,
My sighes are not hid from thee,
My hart pants, gone is my might,
 Even the light
Of myne eyes abandons me.

From my plague, kinne, neighbour, friend,
 Farre of wend :
But who for my life do waite,
They lay snares, they nimble be
 Who hunt me,
Speaking ill, thinking deceite.

But I like a man become
 Deaf and dumb,
Little hearing, speaking lesse ;
I even as such kind of wight,
 Sencelesse quite,
Word with word do not repress.

For on thee, Lord, without end,
 I attend :
My God, thou wilt heare my voice,
For I said, heare, lest they be
 Glad on me
Whom my fall doth make rejoyce.

Sure I do but halting goe,
 And my woe
 Still my o'rethwart neighbour is.
 Lo, I now to mourne beginne,
 For my sinne
 Telling mine iniquities.

But the while they live and grow
 In greate show,
 Many mighty wrongfull foes,
 Who do evill for good, to me
 Enimies be;
 Why? because I vertue chose.

Do not, Lord, then me forsake,
 Doe not take
 Thy deere presence farre from me:
 Haste, O Lord, that I be staid
 By thy aid,
 My salvation is in thee.

PSALM XXXIX.

Dixi, custodiam.

THUS did I think, I well will marke my way,
 Lest by my tongue I hap to stray.
 I muzzle will my mouth, while in the sight
 I do abide of wicked wight.
 And so I nothing said, but mute I stood,
 I silence kept, even in the good.

But still the while that I did hold my peace,
 The more my sorrow did increase:
 The more me thought my hart was hott in me,
 And as I mus'd this world to see,
 The fire tooke fire, and forcibly out breake;
 My tongue would needes, and thus I spake:

Lord, unto me my times just measure give,
 Show me how long I have to live.
 Lo, thou a spanns length, mad'st my living line.
 A spanne? nay, nothing in thine eyne.
 What do we seeke? the greatest state we see,
 At best, is meereely vanity.

They are but shades, not true things where we live:
 Vaine shades, and vaine, in vaine to grieve.
 Looke but on this; man still doth riches heape,
 And knows not who the fruite shall reape.
 This beeing thus, for what, O Lord, waite I?
 I waite on thee with hopefull eye.

O helpe, O helpe me; this farre yet I crave,
 From my transgressions me to save.
 Lett me not be throwne down to so base shame,
 That fooles of me, maie make their game.
 But I doe hush, why do I say thus much?
 Since it is thou that mak'st of me such.

Ah! yet from me lett thy plagues be displac'd,
 For with thy handy stroakes I wast.
 I know that mans foule sinne doth cause thy wrath,
 For when his sinne thy scourging hath,
 Thou moth-like mak'st his bewty fading be;
 Soe what is man but vanity?

Hearc, Lord, my sutes and cries: stop not thine eares
 At these my wordes all cloth'd in teares,
 For I with thee on earth a stranger am,
 But baiting as my fathers came.
 Stay then thy wrath, that I may strength receave,
 Ere I my earthly being leave.

PSALM XL.

Expectans expectavi.

WHILE long I did, with patient constancy,
 The pleasure of my God attend,
 He did himself to me-ward bend,
 And harkened how and why that I did cry.
 And me from pitt bemired,
 From dungeon he retired,
 Where I in horrors lay,
 Setting my feete upon
 A stedfast rocky stone;
 And my weake stepps did stay.

Soe in my mouth he did a song afford,
 New sung unto our God of praise,
 Which many seeing hartes did raise
 To feare with trust, and trust with feare the Lord.
 Oh, he indeede is blessed
 Whose trust is so addressed;
 Who bendes not wand'ring eyes
 To greate mens peacock pride,
 Nor ever turns a side
 To follow after lies.

My God, thy wondrous workes how manyfold!

What man thy thoughts can count to thee?

I faine of them would speaking be;

But they are more then can by me be told.

Thou sacrifice nor off'ring

Burnt offering, not sinne off'ring

Didst like, much lesse did'st crave:

But thou didst peirce my eare,

Which should thy lessons beare,

And wittnesse me thy slave.

Thus bound, I say'd, loe, Lord, I am at hand,

For in thy bookes rowle I am writt,

And sought with decdes thy will to hitt.

Yea, Lord, thy law within my hart doth stand:

I to greate congregation,

Thou know'st, made declaration

Of this sweete righteousnes;

My lipps shall still reveale,

My hart shall not conceale

Thy truth, health, graciousnes.

Then, Lord, from me draw not thy tender grace:

Me still in truth and mercy save.

For endlesse woes me compass'd have,

So prest with synnes I cannot see my case.

But triall well doth teach me,

Fowle faultes, sore paines, do reach me;

More then my head hath haire;

So that my purest part,

My life-maintaining hart,

Failes me, with ugly feares.

Vouchsafe me helpe, O Lord, and helpe with hast:
 Lett them have shame, yea, blush for shame,
 Whio joyntly sought my bale to frame:
 Lett them be cast away that would me wast.
 Lett them with shame be cloied,
 Yea, lett them be destroyed,
 For guerdon of their shame:
 Who so unpittious be,
 As now to say to me,
 A, ha! this is good game.

But fill their hartes with joy who bend their waies,
 'To seeke thy bewty past conceite,
 Lett them that love thy saving seate,
 Still gladly say, unto our God be praise.
 Though I in want be shrinking,
 Yet God on me is thinking:
 Thou art my help, for ay,
 Thou only thou art he
 That dost deliver me;
 My God, O make noe stay.

PSALM XLI.

Beatus qui intelligit.

HEE blessed is who with wise temper can
 Judge of th' afflicted man,
 For God shall him deliver in the tyme
 When most his troubles clime.
 The Lord will keepe his life yet safe and sound,
 With blessings of the ground;
 And will not him unto the will expose,
 Of them that be his foes.

When bed from rest becomes his seate of woe,
 In God his strength shall growe,
 And turne his couch, where sick he couched late
 To well recovered state ;

Therefore I said in most infirmity
 Have mercy, Lord, on me :

O, heale my soule, let there thy cure begiune,
 Where 'gainst thee lay my sinne.

My foes evill wordes their hate of me display,
 While thus, alas, they say :

When, when will death oretake this wretched wight,
 And his name perish quite ?

Their courteous visitings are courting lyes,
 They inward evill disguise,

Ev'n heaps of wicked thoughts, which straight they show
 As soonē as out they goe.

For then their hatefull heades close whisp'ring be,
 With hurtfull thoughts to me.

Now he is wrackt, say they, loe their he lies,
 Who never more must rise.

O, you my frend, to whome I did impart
 The secrets of my hart,

My frend, I say, who at my table sate,
 Did kick against my state.

Therefore, O Lord, abandon'd thus of all,
 On me let mercy fall ;

And raise me up, that I may once have might,
 Their meritts to requite :

But what? this doth already well appeare
 That I to thee am deere :

since foes, nor have, nor shall have cause to be
 Triumphant over me.

But triumph well may I, whome thou did'st stay
 In my sound rightfull way :
 Whom thou (O place of places all) dost place,
 For ay, before thy face.
 So then be blest now, then, at home, abroad,
 Of Israell the god :
 World without end, let still this blessing flow,
 Oh soe ; oh be it soe.

PSALM XLII.

Quemadmodum.

As the chafed hart which braieth
 Seeking some refreshing brooke,
 So my soul in panting plaieth,
 Thirsting on my God to looke.
 My soul thirsts indeede in mee
 After ever-living thee ;
 Ah, when comes my blessed being,
 Of thy face to have a seeing.

Day and night my teares out-flowing
 Have been my ill feeding food,
 With their daily questions throwing,
 Where is now thy God soe good ?
 My hart melts remembring soe,
 How in troupes I wont to goe :
 Leading them, his praises singing,
 Holy daunce to Gods house bringing.

Why art thou, my soule, soe sory,
 And in me soe much dismaid ?
 Waite on God, for yet his glory
 In my song shall be displaid.

When but with one looke of his
 He shall me restore to blisse:
 Ah, my soule, it self appalleth,
 In such longing thoughts it falleth.

For my mynd on my God bideth,
 Ev'n from Hermons dwelling lead,
 From the groundes where Jordan slideth,
 And from Myzars hilly head.
 One deepe with noise of his fall,
 Other deepes of woes doth call:
 While my God, with wasting wonders,
 On me wretch, his tempest thunders.

All thy floodes on me abounded,
 Over me all thy waves went:
 Yet thus still my hope is grounded,
 That thy anger being spent,
 I by day thy love shall tast,
 I by night shall singing last,
 Prayeng, praiers still bequeathing,
 To my God that gave me breathing.

I will say, O Lord, my tower,
 Why am I forgot by thee?
 Why should griefe my hart devower
 While the foe oppresseth me?
 Those vile scoffs of naughty ones
 Wound and rent me to the bones;
 When foes aske, with foule deriding,
 Where is now your God abiding?

Why art thou, my sonle, soe sorry,
 And in me so much dismaid?
 Waite on God, for yet his glory
 In my songe shall be displaid.

To him my thancks shall be said,
 Who is still my present aid :
 And in fine my soul be raised,
 God is my God, by me praised.

PSALM XLIII.

Judica me, Deus.

JUDGE of all, judge me,
 And protector be
 Of my cause oppressed
 Of most cruell sprites ;
 Save me from bad wights,
 In false collours dressed.

For, my God, thy sight,
 Giveth me my might,
 Why then hast thou left me ?
 Why walk I in woes,
 While prevailing foes
 Have of joye bereft me ?

Send thy truth and light,
 Let them guide me right
 From the paths of folly :
 Bringing me to thy
 Tabernacle high,
 In thy hill most holy.

To Gods Alters though
 Will I boldly goe,
 Shaking off all sadnes ;
 To that God that is
 God of all my blisse,
 God of all my gladnes.

Then loe, then I will
 With sweete musicks skill,
 Gratefull meaning show thee :
 Then God, yea, my God,
 I will sing abroad
 What greate thanks I owe thee.

Why art thou, my soule,
 Cast down in such dole ?
 What ailes thy discomfort ?
 Waite on God, for still
 Thank my God, I will,
 Sure aid, present comfort.

PSALM XLIV.

Deus, auribus.

LORDE, our fathers true relation
 Often made, hath made us knowe
 How thy power, on each occasion,
 Thou of old, for them did showe.
 How thy hand the Pagan foe
 Rooting hence, thy folke implanting,
 Leavelesse made that brannch to growe,
 This to spring, noe verdure wanting.

Never could their sword procure them
 Conquest of the promis'd land :
 Never could their force assure them
 When they did in danger stand.
 Noe, it was thy arme, thy hand ;
 Noe, it was thy favors treasure
 Spent upon thy loved band :
 Loved, why? for thy wise pleasure.

Unto thee stand I subjected,
 I that did of Jacob spring:
 Bid then that I be protected,
 Thou that art my God, my king:
 By that succour thou didst bring,
 We their pride that us assailed,
 Downe did tread, and back did fling,
 In thy name confus'd and quailed.

For my trust was not reposed
 In my owne, though strongest bowe:
 Nor my seabberd held enclosed
 That, whence should my saftie flowe.
 Thou, O God, from every foe
 Didst us shield, our haters shaming:
 Thence thy dailie praise we showe,
 Still thy name with honor naming.

But aloofe thou now dost hover
 Grieving us with all disgrace:
 Hast resign'd, and given over
 In our campe thy Captaines place.
 Back we turne, that turned face,
 Flieng them, that erst wee foiled:
 See, our goods (O changed case,)
 Spoil'd by them, that late we spoiled.

Right as sheepe to be devowred,
 Helplesse heere we lie alone:
 Scattringlie by thee out powred,
 Slaves to dwell with lords unknown.
 Sold wee are, but silver none
 Told for us: by thee so prised,
 As for nought to bee forgone;
 Gracelesse, worthlesse, vile, despised.

By them all that dwell about us,
 Tost we flie as balls of scorne,
 All our neighbours laugh and flout us,
 Men by thee in shame forlorne.
 Proverb-like our name is worn,
 Oh, how fast in foraine places!
 What head shakings are forborne!
 Wordlesse taunts and dumbe disgraces.

Soe rebuke before me goeth,
 As my self doe daily goe:
 Soe confusion on me groweth,
 That my face I blush to show.
 By reviling slaundring foe
 Inly wounded thus I languish:
 Wrathful spight with outward blow
 Anguish adds to inward anguish.

All, this all on us hath lighted,
 Yet to thee our love doth last:
 As we were, we are delighted
 Still to hold thy cov'nant fast.
 Unto none our hartes have past:
 Unto none our feete have slidden,
 Though us downe to dragons cast
 Thou in deadly shade hast hidden.

If our God wee had forsaken,
 Or forgott what he assign'd,
 If our selves we had betaken
 Gods to serve of other kind.
 Should not he our doubling find,
 Though conceal'd, and closelie lurking?
 Since his eye of deepest minde
 Deeper sincks then deepest working.

Surelie, Lord, this daily murther
 For thie sake we thus sustaine:
 For thy sake esteem'd no further
 Then as sheepe that must be slaine.
 Up, O Lord, up once againe,
 Sleepe not ever, slack not ever:
 Why dost thou forget our paine?
 Why to hid thy face perserver?

Heavie grief our soule abaseth,
 Prostrate it on dust doth lie:
 Earth our bodie fast embraceth,
 Nothing ean the claspe untie.
 Rise, and us with helpe supplie;
 Lord, in mercie soe esteeme us,
 That we may thy mercie trie,
 Mercie may from thrall redeeme us.

PSALM XLV.

Eructavit cor meum.

MY harte endites an argument of worth,
 The praise of him that doth the scepter swaye:
 My tongue the pen to paynt his praises forth,
 Shall write as swift, as swiftest writer may.
 Then to the king these are the wordes I say:
 Fairer art thou than sonnes of mortall race,
 Because high God hath blessed thee for ay,
 Thie lipps, as springs, doe flowe with speaking grace.
 Thie honors sword gird to thy mightie side,
 O thou that dost all things in might excell;
 With glory prosper, on with triumph ride,
 Since justice, truth, and meeknes with thee dwell.
 Soe that right hande of thine shall teaching tell,
 Such things to thee, as well may terror bring,
 And terror, such as never erst befell
 To mortall mindes at sight of mortall king.

Sharpe are thie shaftes to cleave their hartes in twaine,
 Whose heads doe cast thy conquest to withstand:
 Good cause to make the meaner people faine
 With willing hartes to undergoe thie hand.
 Thie throne, O God, doth never-falling stand;
 Thie scepter ensigne of thie kinglie might,
 To righteousnes is linckt with such a band,
 That righteous hand still holds thie sceptre right.

Justice in love, in hate thou holdest wrong,
 This makes that God who soe doth hate and love
 Glad-making oile, that oile on thee hath flong,
 Which thee exaltes thine equals far above.
 The fragrant riches of Sabeau grove,
 Mirrh, Aloes, Cassia, all thy robes doe smell:
 When thou from ivorie pallace dost remove
 Thie breathing odors all thie traine excell.

Daughters of kings among thie courtlie band,
 By honoring thee, of thee doe honor hold:
 On thie right side thie dearest queene doth stand,
 Richlie araid in cloth of Ophir gold.
 O, daughter, heare what now to thee is told;
 Mark what thou hear'st, and what thou mark'st obey,
 Forgett to keepe in memory enrold
 The house, and folk, where first thou sawst the daie.

Soe in the king (thie king) a deere delight
 Thie beautie shall both breed, and bred maintaine;
 For onlie hee on thee hath lordlie right,
 Him onlie thou with awe must entertaine.
 Then unto thee both Tyrus shall be faine
 Presents present, and richest nations moe,
 With humble sute thie royall grace to gaine,
 To thee shall doe such homage as they owe.

The queene that can a king her father call,
 Doth only she in upper garments shine?
 Nay, under clothes, and what shee weareth all,
 Golde is the stuffe, the fashion art divine,
 Brought to the king in robe imbrodred fine,
 Her maides of honor shall on her attend
 With such, to whome more favoure shall assigne
 In nearer place their happie daies to spend.

Brought shall they bee with mirth and mariage joy,
 And enter soe the pallace of the king:
 Then lett noe grief thie minde, O Queene, anoy,
 Nor parents left thie sad remembrance sting,
 In stead of parents, children thou shalt bring,
 Of partag'd earth the kings and lords to bee:
 My self thie name in lasting verse will sing,
 The world shall make no ende of thancks to thee.

PSALM XLVI.

Deus noster refugium.

God gives us strength, and keepes us sounde,
 A present help when dangers call;
 Then feare not wee, lett quake the grounde,
 And into seas let mountains fall,
 Yea soe lett seas withall,
 In watry hills arise,
 As maie the earthlie hills appall,
 With dread and dashing cries.

For lo, a river streaming joy,
 With purling murmur safelie slides,
 That cittie washing from annoy,
 In holy shrine where God resides.

God in her center bides :
 What can this cittie shake ?
 God earlie aides and ever guides,
 Who can this cittie take ?

When nations goe against her bent,
 And kings with siege her walls enround :
 The voide of aire his voice doth rent,
 Earth failes their feete with melting ground.
 To strength and keepe us sound,
 The God of armies armes :
 Our rock on Jacobs God wee found,
 Above the reach of harmes.

O come with me, O come and view
 The trophies of Jehovas hand :
 What wracks from him our foes pursue,
 How cleerly he hath purg'd our laud.
 By him warrs silent stand :
 He brake the archers bow,
 Made chariots wheele a firy brand,
 And speare to shivers goe.

Bee still, saith he ; know, God am I,
 Know I will be with conquest crown'd,
 Above all nations raised high,
 High rais'd above this earthly round.
 To strength and keepe us sound,
 The God of armies armes :
 Our rock on Jacob's God we found,
 Above the reach of harmes.

PSALM XLVII.

Omnes gentes, plaudite.

ALL people, to Jehovah bring
 A glad applause of clapping hands :
 To God a song of triumph sing,
 Who high, and highlie feared stands,
 Of all the earth sole-ruling king.

From whose allmightie grace it growes
 That nations by our power opprest ;
 On foote on humbled countries goes,
 Who Jacobs honor loved best,
 An heritage for us hath chose.

There past hee by : bark, how did ring
 Harmonious aire with trumpett's sound :
 Praise, praise our God ; praise, praise our king,
 Kings of the world, your judgments sound,
 With skilfull tunes his praises sing.

On sacred throne, not knowing end,
 For God the king of kingdomes raignes,
 The folk of Abrahams God to frend :
 Hee, greatest prince, greate princes gaines,
 Princes, the shields that earth defend.

PSALM XLVIII.

Magnus Dominus.

HE that hath eternall beeing,
 Glorious is, and glorious showes
 In the cittie he hath chose,
 Where stands his holie hill.
 Hill Sion, hill of fairest seeing,
 Cittie of the king most greate,
 Seated in a northlie seate,
 All elimes with joy doth fill.

In each pallace shee containeth,
God a well-known rock remaineth.

One daie kings a daie appointed,
There with joined force to be,
See they it? the things they see
Amaze their mated mindes.
Flyeng, trembling, disappointed,
Soe theie feare, and soe they fare,
As the wife, whose wofull care
The panges of child bed findes.
Right as shipps from Tarshish going,
Crusht with blasts of Eurus blowing.

Now our sight hath matched our hearing,
In what state Gods cittie stands,
How supported by his hands,
God ever holds the same.
In thy temples mid'st appeering,
We their favoure Lorde attend:
Righteous Lord both free from end,
Thie fame doth match thy name.
Thie just hand brings Sion gladnes,
Turns to mirth all Judaes sadnes.

Compassse Sion in her standing,
Tell her towres, mark her fortes,
Note with care the statelic portes
Her roiall houses beare.
For that ages understanding,
Which shall come when we shall goe,
Gladd in former time to know,
How manie, what they weare.
For God is our God for ever,
Us till death forsaking never.

PSALM XLIX.

Audite hæc, omnes.

WORLD-DWELLERS all, give heede to what I saie ;
 To all I speake, to rich, poore, high and low ;
 Knowledge the subject is my heart conceaves,
 Wisdome the wordes shall from my mouth proceed,
 Which I will measure by melodious eare,
 And ridled speech to tuned harp accord.

The times of evil why should they me dismaie ?
 When mischief shall my foote stepps overflow ?
 And first from him whom fickle wealth deceaves,
 Which his too greate vaine confidence doth breed,
 Since no man can his brothers life outbeare,
 Nor yeeld for him his ransome to the Lord.

For deere the price that for a soule must paie,
 And death his prisoner never will forgoe.
 Naie, tell mee whome, but longer time hee leaves
 Respited from the tombe for treasures meed ?
 Sure at his summons wise and fooles appeare,
 And others spend the riches they did hoard.

A second thinkes his house shall not decaie,
 Nor time his glorious buildings overthrow,
 Nam'd prouddie of his name: where folly reaves
 Exalted men of sence, and theie indeed
 A brutish life and death, as beasts they weare,
 Doe live and die, of whom is no record.

Yea these, whose race approves their peevish waie,
 Death in the pitt his carrion foode doth stow :
 And loe, the first succeeding light perceaves
 The just installed in the greate mans steed ;
 Nay far his prince: when once that lovely cheere,
 Lovely in house, in tombe becomes abhord.

But God, my God, to intercept the praie
 Of my life from the grave will not foreslowe,
 For he it is, he only me receaves:
 Then though one rich doe grow though glories seede
 Spring with encrease: yet stand thou free from feare,
 Of all his pomp death shall him nought afford.

Please they them selves, and think at happiest stay
 Who please them selves: yet to their fathers goe
 Must they to endles dark: for folly reaves
 Exalted men of sence, and they indeede
 A brutish life and death, as beastes they weare,
 Doe live, and die, of whome is noe record.

PSALM L.

Deus Deorum.

THE mightie God, the ever living lord,
 All nations from earthes uttermost confines
 Summoneth by his pursevant, his worde,
 And out of beauties beautie Sion shines.
 God comes, he comes, with eare and tongue restor'd;
 His garde huge stormes, hot flames his ushers goe:
 And, ealled, their apparance to record,
 Heav'n hasteth from above, earth from below.

He sits his peoples judge, and thus commandes:
 Gather me hither that beloved line,
 Whome solemn sacrifices holy bandes
 Did in eternal league with me combine.
 Then when the heav'ns subsigned with their handes,
 That God in justice eminentlie raignes:
 Controlling soe, as nothing counterstandes
 What once decreed his sacred doome containes.

You then, my folke, to me your God attend :

Hark, Israell, and hear thy peoples blame:

Not want of sacrifice doth mee offend,

Nor doe I misse thy alters daily flame.

To mee thy stall no fatted bull shall send ;

Should I exact one hee-goat from thy fold ?

I, that as farr as hills, woodes, fieldes extende,

All birdes and beasts in known possession hold.

Suppose mee hungrie ; yet to beg thy meate,

I would not tell thee that I hungrie were :

My self maie take, what needs mee then entreate ?

Since earth is mine, and all that earth doth beare.

But doe I long the brawnie flesh to eate

Of that dull beast that serves the plowmans neede ?

Or doe I thirst to quench my thirsty heate,

In what the throates of bearded cattell breed ?

O no ; bring God of praise a sacrifice :

Thy vowed hearts unto the highest paic :

Invoke my name, to mee ereet thy cries,

Thy praying plaints, when sorow stops thy waic

I will undoe the knott that anguish ties,

And thou at peace shalt glorifie my name :

Mildly the good, God schooleth in this wise,

But this sharpe check doth to the godlesse frame :

How fitts it thee my statutes to report,

And of my cov'nant in thy talk to prate ?

Hating to live in right reformed sort,

And leaving in neglect what I relate.

Seest thou a thief? thou grow'st of his consorte :

Dost with adult'ers to adultrie goe;

Thy mouth is slanders ever-open porte,

And from thy tongue doth nought but treason flow.

Naie, ev'n thy brother thy rebukes disgrace,
 And thou in spight defam'st thy mothers sonne:
 And for I wink awhile, thy thoughts imbrace:
 God is like mee, and doth as I have done.
 But loe, thou see'st I march another pace,
 And come with truth thy falshood to diclose:
 Thy sinne reviv'd upbraides thy blushing face,
 Which thou long dead in silence did suppose.

O laie up this in marking memorie
 You that are wont Gods judgments to forgett:
 In vaine to others for release you flie,
 If once on you I griping fingers sett.
 And know the rest: my dearest worship I
 In sweete perfume of offred praise doe place:
 And who directes his goings orderlie,
 By my conduct shall see Gods saving grace.

PSALM LI.

Miserere mei, Deus.

O LORD, whose grace no limits comprehend;
 Sweet Lord, whose mercies stand from measure free;
 To mee that grace, to mee that mercie send,
 And wipe, O Lord, my sinnes from sinfull mee,
 O clense, O wash my foule iniquitie:
 Clense still my spotts, still wash awaie my staynings,
 Till staines and spotts in me leave noe remaynings.

For I, alas, acknowledging doe know
 My filthie fault, my faultie filthiness
 To my sonles eye uncessantlie doth show.
 Which done to thee, to thee I doe confesse,
 Just judge, true witnes; that for rightcousnes,
 Thy doome may passe against my guilt awarded,
 Thy evidence for truth maie be regarded.

My mother, loe! when I began to be,
 Conceaving me, with me did sinne conceive :
 And as with living heate she cherisht me,
 Corruption did like cherishing receive.
 But loe, thy love to purest good doth cleave,
 My inward truth which hardlie els discerned,
 My treward soule in thy hid schoole hath learned.

Then as thy self to lepers hast assign'd,
 With hisop, Lord, thy hisop purge me soe ;
 And that shall cense the leaprie of my mind ;
 Make over me thy mercies streames to flow,
 Soe shall my whitenes scorn the whitest snow.
 To care and hart send soundes and thoughts of gladnes,
 That brused bones maie daunce awaie their sadnes.

Thy ill-pleas'd eye from my misdeedes avert :
 Cancell the registers my sinns containe :
 Create in me a pure, cleane, spotlesse heart :
 Inspire a sprite where love of right maie raigne.
 Ah! cast me not from thee, take not againe
 Thy breathing grace! againe thy comfort send me,
 And let the guard of thy free sp'rite attend me.

Soe I to them a guiding hand will be,
 Whose faultie feete have wandred from thy way ;
 And turn'd from sinne will make retorne to thee,
 Whom turn'd from thee, sinne erst had ledd astraie.
 O God, God of my health, O doe away
 My bloody crime: soe shall my tongue be raised
 To praise thy truth, enough can not be praised.

Unlock my lipps, shut up with sinnfull shame :
 Then shall my mouth, O Lord, thy honor sing,
 For bleeding fuell for thy alters flame,
 To gaine thy grace what bootes it me to bring ?
 Burnt-offrings are to thee no pleasaunt thing.
 The sacrifice that God will hold respected,
 Is the heart-broken soule, the sprite dejected.

Lastly, O Lord, how soe I stand or fall,
 Leave not thy loved Sion to embrace :
 But with thy favour build up Salems wall,
 And still in peace maintaine that peacefull place.
 Then shalt thou turne a well-accepting face
 To sacred fires with offred giftes perfumed :
 Till ev'n whole calves on alters be consumed.

PSALM LII.

Quid gloriaris?

TYRANT, why swel'st thou thus,
 Of mischief vaunting ?
 Since helpe from God to us
 Is never wanting.

Lewd lies thy tongue contrives,
 Lowd lies it soundeth :
 Sharper then sharpest knives
 With lies it woundeth.

Falshood thy witt approves,
 All truth rejected ;
 Thy will all vices loves,
 Vertue neglected.

Not wordes from cursed thee,
But gulfes are powred.
Gulfes wherin daily bee
Good men devoured.

Think'st thou to beare it soe?
God shall displace thee.
God shall thee overthrow,
Crush thee, deface thee.

The just shall fearing see
These fearefull chaunces:
And laughing shoote at thee
With scornfull glances.

Loe, loe, the wretched wight,
Who God disdainig,
His mischief made his might,
His guard his gaining.

I, as an olive tree
Still green shall flourish;
Gods house the soile shall bee
My rootes to nourish.

My trust on his true love
Truly attending,
Shall never thence remove,
Never see ending.

Thee will I honor still
Lord for this justice:
There fix my hopes I will
Where thy saints trust is.

Thy saints trust in thy name,
 Therin they joy them:
 Protected by the same,
 Nought can annoy them.

PSALM LIII.

Dixit insipiens.

THERE is no God, the foole doth saie,
 If not in word, in thought and will:
 This fancie rotten deedes bewraie,
 And studies fixt on lothsome ill.
 Not one doth good: from heav'nlie hill,
 Jehovas eye one wiser minde
 Could not discern, that held the waie
 To understand, and God to finde.

They all have strai'd, are cancred all:
 Not one I saie, not one doth good.
 But senslesnes, what should I call
 Such carriage of this cursed brood?
 My people are their bread, their food,
 Upon my name they scorn to cry;
 Whome vaine affright doth yet appall,
 Where no just ground of feare doth ly.

But on their bones shall wreaked be
 All thy invaders force and guile,
 In vile confusion east by thee,
 For God him self shall make them vile.
 Ah! why delaies that happy while,
 When Sun shall our saver bring?
 The Lord his folk will one daie free,
 Then Jacobs house shall daunce and sing.

PSALM LIV.

Deus, in nomine.

LORD, let thy name my saving succour bee,
 Defend my wronged cause by thy just might :
 Lord, let my crieng voice be heard of thee,
 Lett not my heavie words be counted light,
 For strangers I against me risen see,
 Who hunt me hard, and sore my soul affright :
 Possess with feare of God in no degree.
 But God, thou art my helper in my right,
 Thou succour send'st to such as succour me ;
 Then pay them home, who thus against me fight,
 And let thy truth cut downe their treachery.
 Soe I with offrings shall thy Altars dight,
 Praising thy name which thus hast sett me free :
 Giving me scope to soare with happie flight
 Above my evills, and on my enemy,
 Making me see what I to see delight.

PSALM LV.

Exaudi, Deus.

MY God most glad to look, most prone to heere,
 An open eare O let my praier find,
 And from my plaint turne not thy face away ;
 Behold my gestures, hearken what I say
 While uttering mones with most tormented mind :
 My body I no lesse torment and teare,
 For loe, their fearful threatnings wound mine care,
 Who griefs on griefs on me still heaping laie,
 A mark to wrath, and hate, and wrong assign'd :
 Therefore my hart hath all his force resign'd
 To trembling paths, death terrors on me prey,
 I feare, nay shake, nay quiv'ring quake with feare.

Then say I, O might I but cutt the wind
Born on the wings the fearfull dove doth beare,
Stay would I not till I in rest might stay ;
Far hence, O far, then would I take my way
Unto the desert, and repose me there.
These stormes of woe, these tempests left behind,
But swallow them, O Lord, in darkness blind,
Confound their councells, leade their tongues astray,
That what they meane by wordes may not appeare,
For mother wrong within their townes each where,
And daughter strife their ensignes so display,
As if they only thither were confin'd.

These walk their citie walles both night and day,
Oppressions, tumults, guiles of every kind
Are burgesses, and dwell the middle neere,
About their streetes his masking robes doth weare
Mischief cloth'd in deceit with treason liu'd,
Where only he, he only beares the sway :
But not my foe with mee this pranck did play,
For then I would have borne with patient cheere
An unkind part from whom I know unkind.
Nor hee whose forehead envies mark had sign'd,
His trophies on my ruins sought to reare,
From whom to fly I might have made assay.

But this to thee, to thee impute I may,
My fellow my companion held most deere,
My soule, my other self, my inward friend,
Whom unto me, me unto whom did bind
Exchanged secrets, who together were
Gods temple wont to visit, there to pray.

O lett a suddaine death work their deecay,
 Who speaking faire such canckred malice mind,
 Let them be buried breathing in theyr beare,
 But purple morn, blaek ev'n, and midday cleare,
 Shall see my praying voice to God enelin'd,
 Rowzing him up, and nought shall me dismay.

He ransom'd me, he for my safetie fin'd

In fight, where many sought my soule to slay,
 He still him self (to no succeeding heire
 Leaving his empire) shall no more forbear:

But at my motion all these Atheists pay,
 By whom (still one) such mischiefs are design'd,
 Who but such eaitives would have undermin'd,
 Nay, overthrowne, from whome but kindnes mere
 They never found? who would such trust betray?

What butterd wordes! yet wars their harts bewray,
 Their speach more sharp then sharpest sword or speare,
 Yet softer flowes then balme from wounded rind.

But my ore loaden soule thy selfe upeheare,

Cast on Goë's shoulders what thee down doth waigh,
 Long borne by thee with bearing pain'd and pin'd,
 To care for thee he shall be ever kinde,

By him the just in safety held allway:
 Chaunglesse shall enter, live, and leave the yeare;
 But, Lord, how long shall these men tarry here?
 Fling them in pitt of death where never shin'd

The light of life, and while I make my stay
 On thee; let who their thirst with bloud allay
 Have their life-holding threed so weakly twin'd
 That it half spunne, death may in sunder sheare.

PSALM LVI.

Miserere mei, Deus.

FOUNTAINE of pittie now with pittie flow:
 These monsters on me daily gaping goe,
 Dailie me devoure these spies,
 Swarmes of foes against me rise,
 O God that art more high than I am lowe.

Still when I feare yet will I trust in thee,
 Thy word, O God, my boast shall ever bee:
 God shall be my hopefull stay,
 Feare shall not that hope dismay,
 For what can feeble flesh doe unto me?

I as I can, think, speake, and doe the best;
 They to the worst my thoughts, wordes, doings wrest:
 All their hartes with one consent
 Are to worke my ruine bent,
 From plotting which, they give their heads no rest.

To that intent they secret meetings make,
 They presse me neere, my soule in snare to take,
 Thinking sleight shall keepe them safe,
 But thou, Lord, in wrathful chafe
 Their league soe surely linckt in sunder shake.

Thou didst, O Lord, with carefull counting looke
 On ev'ry journey I poore exile tooke;
 Ev'ry tearé from my sad eyes
 Saved in thy bottle lyes,
 These matters are all entred in thy booke.

Then when soever my distressed sprite
 Crying to thee brings these unto thy sight,
 What remayneth for my foes?
 Blames, and shames, and overthrowes,
 For God him self I know for me will fight.

Gods never-falsed word my boast shall be,
 My boast shall be his word to sett me free:
 God shall be my hopefull stay,
 Feare shall not that hope dismay,
 For what can mortall men doe unto me?

For this to thee how deeply stand I bound,
 Lord that my soule dost save, my foes confound!
 Ah, I can no paiment make,
 But if thou for payment take
 The vowes I pay, thy praises I resound.

Thy praises who from death hast set me free,
 Whether my feete did headlong carry me:
 Making me of thy free graace
 There agayne to take my place,
 Where light of life with living men I see.

PSALM LVII.

Miserere mei, Deus.

'THY mercie Lord, Lord now thy mercy show,
 On thee I ly,
 To thee I fly,
 Hide me, hive me as thine owne
 Till these blasts be overblown,
 Which now doe fiercely blow.

To highest God I will erect my cry,
 Who quickly shall
 Dispatch this all.
 Hee shall from Heaven send,
 From disgrace me to defend,
 His love and verity.

My soule incaged lyes with lions brood,
 Villains whose hands
 Are fierie brands,
 Teeth more sharp then shaft or speare,
 Tongues farr better edge do beare
 Then swords to shed my bloud.

As high as highest heav'n can give thee place,
 O Lord ascend,
 And thence extend
 With most bright, most glorious show,
 Over all the earth below,
 The sun-beames of thy face.

Me to entangle ev'ry waie they goe
 Their trapp and nett
 Is readie sett.
 Holes they digg, but their own holes
 Pitfalls make for their own soules :
 Soe, Lord, O serve them soe.

My hart prepar'd, prepared is my hart,
 To spread thy praise
 With tuned laies :
 Wake my tongue, my lute awake,
 Thou my harp the consort make,
 My self will beare a part.

My self when first the morning shall appeare,
 With voice and string
 Soe will thee sing:
 That this earthly globe, and all
 Treading on this earthly ball,
 My praising notes shall heare.

For God, my only God, thy gracious love
 Is mounted far
 Above each star;
 Thy unchanged verity
 Heav'nly wings doe lift as lie
 As cloudes have roome to move.

As high as highest heav'n can give thee place,
 O Lord ascend,
 And thence extend,
 With most bright, most glorious show,
 Over all the earth below,
 The sun-beames of thy face.

PSALM LVIII.

Si vere utique.

AND call yee this to utter what is just,
 You that of justice hold the sov'raign throne?
 And call yee this to yield, O sonnes of dust,
 To wronged brethren ev'ry one his own?
 O no: it is your long malicious will
 Now to the world to make by practice known,
 With whose oppression you the ballance fill,
 Just to your selves, indiff'rent else to none.

But what could they, who ev'n in birth declin'd,
 From truth and right to lies and injuries?
 To shew the venom of their caner'd mynd
 The adders image scarcely can suffice.
 Nay, scarce the aspick may with them contend,
 On whom the charmer all in vaine applies
 His skillful'st spells: ay, missing of his end,
 While shée self-deaf, and unaffected lies.

Lord, crack their teeth, Lord, crush these lions jawes,
 Soe lett them sinck as water in the sand:
 When deadly bow their aiming fury drawes,
 Shiver the shaft ere past the shooters hand.
 So make them melt as the dishowscd snaile,
 Or as the embrio, whose vitall band
 Breakes ere it holdes, and formlesse eyes doe faile
 To see the sun, though brought to lightfull land.

O let their brood, a brood of springing thornes,
 Be by untymely rooting overthrowne
 Ere bushes waxt, they push with pricking hornes,
 As frutes yet greene are oft by tempest blowne.
 The good with gladnes this revenge shall see,
 And bath his feete in bloud of wicked one:
 While all shall say, the just rewarded be,
 There is a God that shares to each his own.

PSALM LIX.

Eripe me de inimicis.

SAVE me from such as me assaile:
 Let not my foes,
 O God, against my life prevaile:
 Save me from those
 Who make a trade of cursed wrong,
 And bred in bloud, for bloud doe long.

Of these one sort doe seeke, by sleight,
 My overthrow:
 The stronger part with open might
 Against me goe,
 And yet thou God my wittnes be,
 From all offence my soule is free.

But what if I from fault am free?
 Yet they are bent
 To band and stand against poore me,
 Poore innocent.
 Rise, God, and see how these things goe,
 And rescue me from instant woe.

Rise, God of armies, mighty God
 Of Israel,
 Looke on them all who spred abroad
 On earth doe dwell,
 And let thy hand no longer spare
 Such as of malice wicked are.

When golden sun in west doth sett
 Return'd againe,
 As houndes that howle their food to gett
 They runn amaine
 The cittie through ffrom street to street,
 With hungry maw some prey to meet.

Night elder growne, their fittest day,
 They babling prate,
 How my left life extinguish may
 Their deadly hate.
 They prate and bable voide of feare,
 For tush, saie they, who now can heare?

Even thou canst heare, and hearing scorne,
 All that they say
 For them (if not by thee upborne)
 What props doe stay?
 Then will I, as they wait for me,
 O God, my fortresse, wait on thee.

Thou ever me with thy free grace
 Prevented hast:
 With thee my praier shall take place
 Ere from me past.
 And I shall see who me doe hate
 Beyond my wish in wofull state.

For feare my people it forgett
 Slay not outright,
 Bnt scatter them, and soe them sett
 In open sight,
 That by thy might they may be knowne,
 Disgrac'd, debas'd, and overthrowne.

No witness of their wickednesse
 I neede prodnee
 But their owne lipps, fitt to expresse
 Each vile abuse:
 In cursing proud, proud when they ly,
 O let them deare such pride aby.

At length, in rage, consume them soe,
 That nought remayne:
 Let them all beeing quite forgoe,
 And make it playne,
 That God, who Jacobs rule upholds,
 Rules all, all-bearing earth enfolds.

Now thus they fare: when sun doth sett
Return'd againe,
As hounds that howle their food to gett,
They runn amayne
The city through from street to street,
With hungry mawes some prey to meet.

Abroad they range and hunt apace,
Now that, now this,
As famine trailes a hungry trace;
And though they miss,
Yet will they not to kennell hye,
But all the night at bay do lye.

But I will of thy goodness sing,
And of thy might,
When early sun againe shall bring
His cheerefull light;
For thou my refuge and my fort
In all distress dost mee support.

My strength doth of thy strength depend,
To thee I sing,
Thou art my fort, me to defend.
My God, my king,
To thee I owe, and thy free grace,
That free I rest in fearless place.

PSALM LX.

Deus, repulisti nos.

THY anger erst in field
 Our scatt'ed squadrons brake:
 O God bee reconcil'd,
 Our leading now retake.
 This land at thee did quake,
 It chinekt and gaping lay:
 O sound her ruptures make,
 Her quaking bring to stay.

Worse happes no hart could think
 Then did thy wrath ensue:
 Dull horror was our drink,
 We drinking giddy grew.
 But now an ensigne new
 Re-ehearing all dismaies
 To guide thy fearers view,
 Thy truth our chiefe doth raise.

Then sett thy loved free,
 Preserve mee when I pray:
 Hark, hark, soe shall it be,
 God from his howse doth say.
 Then make a merry stay:
 And share we Sichems fields:
 The land in percels lay,
 That Succoths valley yields.

Mine, Gilead, lo, by this,
 Manasses, lo, mine own:
 My soldier Ephraim is,
 My law by Judah shown.

My washpott Moab grown,
 My shoe at Edom flong!
 Philistia overthrown,
 Sing now thy triumph song.

But whom shall I attend
 Till I these conquests make?
 On whose conduct depend
 Till Edoms fortes I take?
 O thine to whom we spake,
 But spake before in vayn:
 Thine, God, that didst forsake
 Our troupes for warr to trayn.

Against distressing foes
 Let us thy succour finde:
 Who trust in man-repose,
 Doe trust repose in winde.
 In God lett hand and mind
 Their force and vallor show,
 Hee, hee in abject kind
 Shall lay our haters low.

PSALM LXI.

Exaudi, Deus.

To thee I cry,
 My crying heare.
 To thee my praying voice doth fly:
 Lord, lend my voice a listning care,
 From country banished,
 All comfort vanished,
 To thee I run when stormes are nigh.

Up to thy hill,
Lord, make me clyme;
Which else to scale exceeds my skill:
For in my most distressed tyme
Thy eye attended me,
Thy hand defended me,
Against my foe, my fortresse still.

Then where a tent
For thee is made,
To harbor still is my entent:
And to thy wings protecting shade
My self I carry will,
And there I tarry will,
Safe from all shot against me bent.

What first I crave
First graunt to me,
That I the roiall rule may have
Of such as feare and honor thee:
Let yeares as manifold,
As can be any told,
Thy king, O God, keepe from the grave.

Before thy face
Graunt ever he
Maie sitt, and lett thy truth and grace
His endless guard appointed be.
Then singing pleasantly,
Praising uncessantly,
I dayly vowes will pay to thee.

PSALM LXII.

Nonne Deo.

YET shall my soule in silence still
 On God, my help, attentive stay:
 Yet he my fort, my health, my hill,
 Remove I may not, move I may.
 How long then shall your fruitlesse will
 An enemy soe farr from thrall,
 With weake endeavor strive to kill,
 You rotten hedge, you broken wall?

Forsooth that hee no more may rise
 Advanched oft to throne and crown:
 To headlong him their thoughtes devise,
 And past reliefe to tread him down.
 Their love is only love of lies:
 Their wordes, and decdes, dissenting soe,
 When from their lippes most blessing flies,
 Then deepest curse in hart doth grow.

Yet shall my soule in silence still
 On God my hope attentive stay:
 Yet hee my fort, my health, my hill,
 Remove I may not, move I may.
 My God doth me with glory fill,
 Not only shield me safe from harme:
 To shun distresse, to conquer ill,
 To him I clime, in him I arme.

O then, on God, our certaine stay,
 All people in all times rely:
 Your hartes before him naked lay,
 To Adams sonnes tis vain to fly,
 Soe vain, soe false, soe fraile are they,
 Ev'n he that seemeth most of might
 With lightnesse self if him you weigh,
 Then lightnesse self will weigh more light.

In fraud and force noe trust repose:
 Such idle hopes from thought expell,
 And take good heed, when riches growes
 Let not your hart on riches dwell.
 All powre is Gods, his own word showes,
 Once said by him, twice heard by me:
 Yet from thee, Lord, all merrey flowes,
 And each mans work is paid by thee.

PSALM LXIII.

Deus, Deus meus.

O GOD, the God where all my forces ly,
 How doe I hunt for thee with early haste!
 How is for thee my spirit thirsty dry!
 How gaspes my soule for thy refreshing taste!
 Witnesse this waterlesse, this weary waste:
 Whence, O that I againe transfer'd might be,
 Thy glorious might in sacred place to see.

Then on thy praise would I my lipps employ,
 With whose kind mercies nothing may contend;
 No, not this life it self, whose care and joy
 In prayeng voice, and lifted hands should end.
 This to my soule should such a banquet send,
 That sweetly fed my mouth should sing thy name
 In gladdest notes contented mirth could frame.

And lo, ev'n here I mind thee in my bed,
 And interrupt my sleepes with nightly thought,
 How thou hast been the target of my head,
 How thy wings shadow hath my safety wrought.
 And though my body from thy view be brought,
 Yet fixt on thee my loving soule remaines,
 Whose right right hand from falling me retaines.

But such as seeke my life to ruinate,
 Them shall the earth in deepest gulph receive.
 First murdring blade shall end their living date,
 And then their flesh to teeth of foxes leave.
 As for the king, the king shall then conceave
 High joy in God, and all that God adore,
 When lying mouthes, shall stopped, lye no more.

PSALM LXIV.

Exaudi, Deus.

WITH gracious hearing entertain
 This voice, the agent of my woe:
 And let my life, O God, remain
 Safe in thy guard from feared foe.
 Hide me where none may know
 That hatefull plotts contrive;
 And right to overthrow
 With tumult wrongly strive.

For tongues they beare, not tongues, but swordes,
 So piercing sharp they have them ground:
 And words deliver, shaftes, not words,
 With bitter dint soe deepe they wound.
 Whose shott against the sound,
 And harmlesse they direct:
 In safe and fearelesse ground
 Embusht without suspect.

Nay, obstinate to ill they are,
 And meeting, all their talk apply
 Who can most closely couch his snare;
 And who, say they, shall us discry?
 No guile so low doth ly,
 Nor in so hidden part,
 But these will sound and try,
 Even out of deepest hart.

But thou, O God, from sodain bow
 Death striking them a shaft shalt send:
 And their own tongues to their own woe
 Shall all their wounding sharpnes bend.
 Thus wounded shall they end,
 Thus ending shall they make
 Each mortall eye attend,
 Each eye attending quake.

Not one, I say, but shall behold
 This worke of God, which he agayn
 Shall, as he can in wordes unfold,
 If yet his feare he entertain.
 In whom doth tymelesse raign
 The just shall joy and hope:
 The hartes uprightly playn
 Shall have their vaunting scope.

PSALM LXV.

Te decet hymnus.

SION it is where thou art praised,
 Sion, O God, where vows they pay thee:
 There all mens praiers to thee raised
 Returne possess of what they pray thee.
 There thou my sinns prevailing to my shame
 Dost turne to smoake of sacrificing flame.

O, he of blisse is not deceaved,
Whom chosen thou unto thee takest :
And whom into thy court receaved,
Thou of thy checkrole number makest.
The dainty viands of thy sacred store
Shall feede hym so he shall not hunger more.

From thence it is, thy threatning thunder,
(Lest we by wrong should be disgraced),
Doth strike our foes with feare and wonder :
O thou on whom their hopes are placed,
Whom either earth dost stedfastly sustayn,
Or cradle rockes the restlesse wavy playn.

Thy vertue staies the mighty mountaynes,
Girded with pow'r, with strength abounding :
The roaring damm of watry fountaines
Thy beek doth make surcease her sounding,
When stormy uproares tosse the peoples brayn,
That civill sea to calme thou bringst agayn.

Where earth doth end with endless ending,
All such as dwell, thy signes affright them :
And in thy praise their voices spending,
Both houses of the sun delight them ;
Both whence he comes, when early he awakes,
And where he goes, when ev'ning rest he takes.

Thy eie from heav'n this land beholdeth,
Such fruitfull dewes down on it rayning,
That storehowse-like her lap enfoldeth
Assured hope of plowmans gayning,
Thy flowing streames her drought doth temper so,
That buried seed through yielding grave doth grow.

Drunk is each ridge of thy cup drincking,
 Each clodd relenteth at thy dressing:
 Thy cloud-borne waters inly sincking,
 Faire spring sproutes foorth, blest with thy blessing.
 The fertile yeare is with thy bounty crown'd;
 And where thou go'st, thy goings fatt the ground.

Plenty bedewes the desert places:
 A hedge of mirth the hills encloseth:
 The fieldes with flockes have hid their faces:
 A robe of corn the vallies clotheth.
 Desertes, and hills, and feilds, and valleys all,
 Rejoyce, shout, sing, and on thy name doe call.

PSALM LXVI.

Jubilate Deo.

ALL lands, the lymms of earthy round,
 With triumph tunes Gods honor sound:
 Sing of his name the praisefull glory,
 And glorious make his praises story.
 Tell God: O God, what frightfull wonder
 Thy workes doe wittnes, whose great might,
 Thy enimies so bringeth under,
 Though frown in heart, they fawn in sight.

All earth, and ev'ry land therefore
 Sing to this God, this God adore:
 All earth, I say, and all earth dwellers,
 Be of his worth the singing tellers.
 O come behold, O note beholding
 What dreadfull wonders from him flow:
 More height, more weight, more force enfolding,
 Then Adams earthy brood can show.

The sea up-dried by his hand,
 Became a field of dusty sand:
 Through Jordaus streames we dry-shod waded,
 The joy whereof not yet is faded.
 His throne of strength unmoved standeth:
 His eie on ev'ry coast is cast:
 The rebell who against him bandeth,
 Of ruins cup shall quickly fast.

You folk his flock, come then employ
 In lawding him your songes of joy:
 On God, our God, your voices spending,
 Still praying, praising, never ending.
 For he our life hath us re-given,
 Nor would he let our goings slide:
 Though for our triall neerly driven,
 Yea, silver like, in furnace tryde.

For God thou didst our feete innett,
 And pinching saddles on us sett:
 Nay (which is worse to be abidden),
 Ev'n on our backs a man hath ridden.
 Hee rode us through where fiers flashed;
 Where swelling streames did rudely roare:
 Yet scorched thus, yet we thus washed,
 Were sett by thee on plenties shoare.

I therefore to thy house will go,
 To pay and offer what I owe:
 To pay my vowes, my lippes then vowed,
 When under grief my body bowed.
 To offer whole burnt sacrifices,
 The fatt of rams with sweete perfume:
 Nay goates, nay bulls, of greater sizes,
 And greater prises to consume.

O come all yee that God doe feare,
 O come and lend attentive care;
 While by my tongue shall be expressed,
 How blessed he my soule hath blessed.
 I cried to him, my cry procured
 My free discharge from all my bandes:
 His care had not my voice endured,
 But that my heart unstained standes.

Now as my heart was innocent,
 God heard the hearty sighes I spent:
 What I to prayers recommended,
 Was graciously by him attended.
 Praise, praise him then, for what is left me,
 But praise to him: who what I praid,
 Rejected not, nor hath bereft me
 My hopefull helpe, his mercies aid? -

PSALM LXVII.

Deus misereatur.

God, on us thy mercy show,
 Make on us thy blessings flow:
 Thy faces beames
 From heav'n upon us show'r
 In shining streames,
 That all may see
 The way of thee,
 And know thy saving pow'r.

God, the nations praise thee shall,
Thee shall praise the nations all:
 To mirth and joy
 All such as earth possesse
 Shall them employ:
 For thou their guide
 Go'st never wide
From truth and righteousness.

God, the nations praise thee shall,
Thee shall praise the nations all:
 Then ev'ry field,
 As far as earth hath end,
 Rich fruites shall yield:
 And God, our God,
 With blisse shall load,
Who of his blisse depend.

God, I say, with plenteous blisse,
To enrich us shall not misse:
 And from the place
 The father of the yeere
 Begins his race,
 To Zephyrs west,
 His races rest,
All lands his force shall feare.

PSALM LXVIII.

Exurgat Deus.

LET God but rise, his very face shall cast
 On all his haters flight and disarray:
 As smoke in wind, as wax at fire doth wast,
 At Gods aspect, th'unjust shall flitt away.
 The just meane while shall in Jehovah's presence
 Play, sing, and daunce. Then unto him, I say,
 Unto our God, nam'd of eternall essence,
 Present your selves with song, and daunce, and play.

Prepare his path, who throned on delightes,
 Doth sitt a father to the orphan sonne:
 And in her cause the wronged widow rights,
 God in his holy house late here begun.
 With families he empty houses filleth,
 The prisoners chaines are by his hands undone:
 But barren sand their fruitlesse labour tilleth,
 Who crossing him rebelliously doe runn.

O God, when thou in desert didst appeare,
 What time thy folk that uncouth journey tooke:
 Heav'n at thy sight did sweat with melting feare,
 Earth bow'd her trembling knee, Mount Sinay shook.
 The land bedew'd; all wants by thee restored,
 That well thy people might the country brook,
 As to a fold with sheep in plenty stored,
 So to their state thy shepherds care did look.

There, taught by thee, in this tryumphant song,
 A virgin army did their voices try :
 Fled are these kings, fled are these armyes strong :
 We share the spoiles that weake in howse did ly.
 Though late the chymney made your beauties loathed,
 Now shine you shall, and shine more gracefully,
 Then lovely dove in cleare gold-silver cloathed,
 That glides with feathered oare through wavy sky.

For when God had (that this may not seeme strange)
 Expeld the kings with utter overthrow,
 The very ground her mourning, clouds did change
 To weather cleare, as cleare as Salmon snow.
 Basan, huge Basan, that soe proudly standest,
 Scorning the highest hills as basely low,
 And with thy top soe many tops commandest,
 Both thou, and they, what makes ye brave it so?

This mountainett, not you, doth God desire :
 Here he entends his lodging plott to lay :
 Hither Jehovah will him self retyre
 To endlesse rest, and unremoved stay.
 Here twice ten thousand, doubled twice he holdeth,
 Of hooked chariotts, clad in warrs array :
 And hence more might, more majesty unfoldeth,
 Then erst he did from Sinay mount display.

Ascended high, immortall God thou art,
 And captives store thou hast led up with thee,
 Whose gathered spoiles to men thou wilt impart :
 Nay, late thy rebels, now thy servants bee.
 Blest be the Lord, by whom our bliss encreaseth,
 The God of might by whom we safety see :
 God, our strong God, who us each way releaseth,
 And ev'n through gates of death conducts us free.

God of his enemies the heads shall wound,
 And those proud lookes that stiff in mischief go,
 From Basan safe, and from the deepe undrownd,
 I brought thee once, and oft I will do so.
 This said by hym, thy foote in blood was stained,
 Thy doggs tongues died in blood of slaughtred foe:
 And God, my king, men saw thee entertained
 In sacred house with this tryumphant show.

In vantgard marcht, who did with voices sing:
 The rereward lowd on instruments did play:
 The battaile maides, which did with tymbrells ring:
 And all, in sweete consort, did jointly say:
 Praise God, the Lord, of Jacob you descended,
 Praise him upon each solemm meeting day:
 Benjamin, little but with rule attended,
 Judah's brave lordes, and troupes in faire array.

Stout Nephthaly with noble Zabulon:
 And sith our might thy bidding word did make,
 Confirme, O God, what thou in us hast done,
 From out thy house, and that for Salems sake.
 So kings bring giftes, so in thee check their ending
 These furious wanton bulls, and calves shall take
 These arrow-armed bands, which us offending,
 Are now soe ready warr to undertake.

They shall bring silver stooping humbly low,
 Egipts greate peeres with homage shall attend:
 And Æthiop with them shall not forslow
 To God with speed like service to commend.
 Then kingdoms all to God present your praises,
 And on the Lord your singing gladnes spend:
 Above the heav'n of heav'ns his throne he raises,
 And thence his voice, a voice of strength doth send.

Then of all strength acknowledge God the well,
 With brave magnificence and glory bright
 Shining no less on loved Israell,

Then showing in the cloudes his thundring might,
 Thou from the shryne where Jacob thee adoreth,
 All folk, O God, with terror dost affright:
 He (prais'd be he) with strength his people storcth,
 His force it is in which their forces fight.

PSALM LXIX.

Saluum me fac.

TROUBLOUS seas my soule surround:
 Save, O God, my sinking soule,
 Sinking, where it feeles noe ground,
 In this gulph, this whirling hole.
 Waiting aid, with earnest eying,
 Calling God with bootlesse crying:
 Dymm and dry in me are found,
 Eye to see, and throat to sound.

Wrongly sett to worke my woe,
 Haters have I, more then haire:
 Force in my afflicting foe
 Bettring still, in me impaires.
 Thus to pay, and leese constrained,
 What I never ought or gained,
 Yet say I, thou God dost know
 How my faultes and follies goe.

Mighty Lord, lett not my case
 Blank the rest that hope in thee:
 Lett not Jacobs God deface
 All his friends in blush of me.

Thyne it is, thyne only quarrell
 Dightes me thus in Shames apparell:
 Mote, nor spott, nor least disgrace,
 But for thee, could taint my face.

To my kynn a stranger quite,
 Quite an alien am I grown:
 In my very brethrens sight
 Most uncar'd for, most unknown.
 With thy temples zeale out-eaten,
 With thy slanders scourges beaten,
 While the shott of piercing spight
 Bent at thee, on me doth light.

If I weepe, and weeping fast,
 If in sackcloth sadd I mourn,
 In my teeth the first they cast,
 All to feast the last they turn.
 Now in streetes, with publique prating,
 Powring out their inward hating:
 Private now at banquetts plac't,
 Singing songs of wyny tast.

As for me to thee I pray,
 Lord, in tyme of grace assign'd:
 Gracious God, my kindest stay,
 In my aid be truly kind.
 Keepe me safe unsunck, unmyred,
 Safe from flowing foes retyred:
 Calme these waves, these waters lay,
 Leave me not this whirlpooles prey.

In the goodnes of thy grace,
 Lord make answer to my mone:
 Eye my ill, and rue my case,
 In those mercies told by none.

Lett not by thy absence languish
 Thy true server drown'd in anguish.
 Haste, and heare, come, come apace,
 Free my soule from foemens chase.

Unto thee what needes be told
 My reproch, my blott, my blame?
 Sith both these thou didst behold,
 And canst all my haters name.
 Whiles afflicted, whiles hart-broken,
 Waiting yet some frendshipp's token,
 Some I lookt would me uphold,
 Lookt, but found all comfort cold.

Comfort? nay (not seene before),
 Needing food they sett me gall:
 Vineger they fill'd me store,
 When for drinck my thirst did call.
 O then snare them in their pleasures,
 Make them trapt ev'n in their treasures,
 Gladly sad, and richly poore,
 Sightlesse most, yet nightlesse more.

Downe upon them fury raine,
 Lighten indignation downe:
 Turne to wast, and desert plaine,
 House and pallace, field and towne.
 Lett not one be left abiding
 Where such rancor had residing,
 Whome thou painest, more they paine:
 Hurt by thee, by them is slaine.

Causing sinne on sinne to grow,
 Add still cyphers to their sum,
 Righter lett them never goe,
 Never to thy justice come.

But from out the booke be crossed,
 Where the good men live engrossed;
 While my God, me poore and low,
 High shall mount from need and woe.

Then by me his name with praise,
 Gladsome praise, shall be upborne.
 That shall more Jehova please
 Then the beast with hoofe and horne.
 With what joy yee godly grieved
 Shall your harts be then relieved?
 When Jehova takes such waies
 Bound to loose, and falne to raise.

Laud him then O heav'nly skies,
 Earth with thine, and seas with yours:
 For by him shall Sion rise,
 He shall build up Juda's towres.
 There his servantes, and their races,
 Shall in fee possesse the places:
 There his name who love and prize,
 Stable stay shall eternize.

PSALM LXX.

Deus in adjutorium.

LORD, hie thee, me to save:
 Lord, now to help me hast:
 Shame lett them surely have,
 And of confusion tast,
 That hold my soule in chase.
 Lett them be forced back,
 And no disgraces lack,
 That joy in my disgrace.

Back forced lett them be,
 And for a faire reward
 Their owne foule ruine see
 Who laugh, and laugh out hard.
 When I most inly mone,
 But mirth and joy renew,
 In them thy pathes ensue,
 And love thy help alone.

Make them with gladdnes sing:
 To God be ever praise.
 And faile not me to bring
 My down-cast state to raise.
 Thy speedy aid and stay
 In thee my succour growes:
 From thee my freedom flowes:
 Lord, make no long delay.

PSALM LXXI.

In te, Domine, speravi.

LORD, on thee my trust is grounded:
 Leave me not with shame confounded;
 But in justice bring me aide.
 Lett thine eare to me be bended:
 Lett my life, from death defended,
 Be by thee in safety staid.

Be my rock, my refuge tower,
 Show thy unresisted power,
 Working now thy wonted will:
 Thou, I say, that never fainest
 In thy biddings, but remainest
 Still my rock, my refuge still.

O my God, my sole help-giver,
From the wicked me delyver,
From this wrongfull spightfull man :
In thee trusting, on thee standing,
With my childish understanding,
Nay, with life my hopes began.

Since imprison'd in my mother
Thou me freed'st, whom have I other
Held my stay, or made my song?
Yea, when all me so misdeemed,
I to most a mouster seemed,
Yet in thee my hope was strong.

Yet of thee, the thankfull story
Filld my mouth, thy gracious glory
Was my ditty long the day.
Do not then, now age assaileth,
Courage, verdure, vertue faileth,
Do not leave me cast away.

They by whom my life is hated,
With their spies have now debated,
Of their talk, and lo, the summe:
God, say they, hath hym forsaken,
Now pursue, he must be taken,
None will to his rescue come.

O my God, bee not absented:
O my God, now, now, presented,
Let in haste thy succours be:
Make them fall disgraced, shamed,
All dissnighted, all diffamed,
Who this ill intend to me.

As for me, resolv'd to tary
 In my trust, and not to vary,
 I will heape thy praise with praise:
 Still with mouth thy truthes recounting,
 Still thy aides, though much surmounting,
 Greatest sum that number laies.

Nay, my God, by thee secured,
 Where will I not march assured?
 In my talke who just but thou?
 Who by thee from infant cradle
 Taught still more, as still more able,
 Have thy wonders spread till now.

Now that age hath me attained,
 Ages snow my head hath painted,
 Leave me not, my God, forlorn.
 Let me make thy mights relation
 To the coming generation,
 To the age as yet unborn.

God, thy justice, highest raised,
 Thy greate workes, as highly praised:
 Who thy peere, O God, doth raign?
 Thou into these woes dost drive me:
 Thou againe shall thence revive me:
 Lift me from this deepe againe.

Thou shalt make my greatnes greater,
 Make my good with comfort better,
 Thee my lute, my harpe shall siug:
 Thee my God, that never slidest
 From thy word, but constant bidest,
 Jacobs holy heav'nly king.

So my lips all joy declaring,
 So my soule no honor sparing,
 Shall thee sing, by thee secure.
 So my tongue, all tymes, all places,
 Tell thy wreakes and their disgraces,
 Who this ill to me procure.

PSALM LXXII.

Deus judicium.

TEACH the kings sonne, who king hym self shall be,
 Thy judgmentes Lord, thy justice make hym learn:
 To rule thy realme as justice shall decree,
 And poore mens right in judgment to discern.
 Then fearelesse peace,
 With rich encrease
 The mountaynes proud shall fill:
 And justice shall
 Make plenty fall
 On ev'ry humble hill.

Make him the weake support, th'opprest relieve,
 Supply the poore, the quarrell-pickers quaille:
 So ageless ages shall thee reverence give,
 Till eyes of heav'n, the sun and moone, shall faile.
 And thou againe
 Shalt blessings rayne,
 Which down shall mildly flow,
 As showres thrown
 On meades new mown
 Wherby they freshly grow.

During his rule the just shall ay be greene,
 And peacefull plenty joine with plenteous peace:
 While of sad night the many-formed queene
 Decreas'd shall grow, and grown again decrease.
 From sea to sea
 He shall survey
 All kingdoms as his own:
 And from the trace
 Of Perahs race,
 As far as land is known.

The desert-dwellers at his beck shall bend,
 His foes them suppliant at his feete shall fling,
 The kinges of Tharsis homage guifts shall send;
 So Seba, Saba, ev'ry island king.
 Nay all, ev'n all
 Shall prostrate fall,
 That crownes and scepters weare:
 And all that stand
 At their command,
 That crownes and scepters beare.

For he shall heare the poore when they complaine,
 And lend them help, who helpesse are opprest:
 His mercy shall the needy sort sustaine;
 His force shall free their lives that live distrest
 From hidden sleight,
 From open might,
 Hee shall their soules redeeme:
 His tender eyes
 Shall highly prise,
 And deare their bloud esteeme.

So shall he long, so shall he happy live;
 Health shall abound, and wealth shall never want:
 They gold to hym, Arabia gold, shall give,
 Which scantnes deare, and dearenes maketh scant.
 They still shall pray
 That still he may
 So live, and flourish so:
 Without his praise
 No nights, no daies,
 Shall pasport have to go.

Looke how the woods, where enterlaced trees
 Spread frendly armes each other to embrace,
 Joyne at the head, though distant at the knees,
 Waving with wind, and lording on the place:
 So woods of corne
 By mountaynes borne
 Shall on their shoulders wave:
 And men shall passe
 The numerous grasse,
 Such store each town shall have.

Looke how the sunne, so shall his name remayne;
 As that in light, so this in glory one:
 All glories this, as that all lights shall stayne:
 Nor that shall faile, nor this be overthrowne.
 The dwellers all
 Of earthly ball
 In hym shall hold them blest:
 As one that is
 Of perfect blisse,
 A patterne to the rest.

O God who art, from whom all beings be ;
 ·Eternall Lord, whom Jacobs stock adore,
 And wondrous works are done by only thee,
 Blessed be thou, most blessed evermore.

And lett thy name,
 Thy glorious fame,
 No end of blessing know :
 Lett all this round
 Thy honor sound,
 So Lord, O be it so.

PSALM LXXIII.

Quam bonus Israel.

It is most true that God to Israell,
 I meane to men of undefiled hartes,
 Is only good, and nought but good impartes.
 Most true, I see, allbe almost I fell
 From right conceit into a crooked mynd ;
 And from this truth with straying stepps declin'd.
 For loe, my boiling brest did chafe and swell
 When first I saw the wicked proudly stand,
 Prevailing still in all they tooke in hand.
 And sure no sicknes dwelleth where they dwell :
 Nay, so they guarded are with health and might,
 It seemes of them death dares not claime his right.

They seeme as priviledg'd from others paine :
 The scourging plagues, which on their neighbours fall,
 Torment not them, nay touch them not at all.
 Therefore with pride, as with a gorgious chaine,
 Their swelling necks encompassed they beare ;
 All cloth'd in wrong, as if a robe it were.

So fatt become, that fattnes doth constraîne
 Their eies to swell: and if they thinck on ought,
 Their thought they have, yea have beyond their thought.
 They wanton grow, and in malicious vaine
 Talking of wrong, pronounce as from the skies!
 Soe high a pitch their proud presumption flies.

Nay heav'n it self, high heav'n escapes not free
 From their base mouthes; and in their common talk
 Their tongues no less then all the earth do walk.
 Wherefore ev'n godly men, when so they see
 Their horne of plenty freshly flowing still,
 Leaning to them, bend from their better will:
 And thus, they reasons frame: how can it bee
 That God doth understand? that he doth know,
 Who sits in heav'n, how earthly matters goe?
 See here the godlesse crew, (while godly wee
 Unhappy pine,) all happiness possesse:
 Their riches more, our wealth still growing lesse.

Nay, ev'n within my self, my self did say:
 In vain my hart I purge, my hands in vain
 In cleanness washt I keepe from filthy stayn,
 Since thus afflictions scourge me ev'ry day:
 Since never a day from early East is sent,
 But brings my payne, my check, my chastisement.
 And shall I then these thoughtes in wordes bewray?
 O lett me, Lord, give never such offence
 To children thine that rest in thy defence.
 So then I turn'd my thoughtes another way:
 Sounding, if I, this secrets depth might find;
 But combrous cloudes my inward sight did blynd.

Untill at length nigh weary of the chase,
 Unto thy house I did my steps direct:
 There loe I learn'd what end did these expect,
 And what? but that in high, but slippery place,
 Thou didst them sett: whence, when they least of all
 To fall did feare, they fell with headlong fall.
 For how are they in lesse then moments space
 With ruine overthrowne? with frightfull feare
 Consum'd soe cleane, as if they never were?
 Right as a dreame, which waking doth deface:
 So, Lord, most vaine thou dost their fancies make,
 When thou dost them from carelesse sleepe awake,

Then for what purpose was it? to what end?
 For me to fume with malecontented heart,
 Tormenting so in me each inward part?
 I was a foole (I can it not defend),
 So quite depriv'd of understanding might,
 That as a beast I bare me in thy sight.
 But as I was, yet did I still attend,
 Still follow thee, by whose upholding-hand,
 When most I slide, yet still upright I stand.
 Then guide me still, then still upon me spend
 The treasures of thy sure advise, untill
 Thou take me hence into thy glories hill.

O what is he will teach me clyme the skyes?
 With thee, thee good, thee goodness to remaine?
 No good on earth doth my desires detaine.
 Often my mind, and oft my body tries
 Their weake defectes: but thou, my God, thou art,
 My endlesse lott, and fortresse of my hart.

The faithlesse fugitives who thee despise,
 Shall perish all, they all shall be undone,
 Who leaving thee to whoorish idolls run.
 But as for me, nought better in my eyes
 Then cleave to God, my hopes in hym to place,
 To sing his workes while breath shall give me space.

PSALM LXXIV.

Ut quid, Deus.

O GOD, why hast thou thus
 Repulst and scattred us?
 Shall now thy wrath no lymits hold?
 But ever smoke and burne?
 Till it to Ashes turne
 The chosen folk of thy deare fold?

Ah! think with milder thought
 On them whom thou hast bought,
 And purchased from endlesse daies:
 Think of thy birthright lott,
 Of Sion, on whose plott
 Thy sacred house supported staies.

Come, Lord, O come with speed,
 This sacrilegious seed
 Roote quickly out, and headlong cast:
 All that thy holy place
 Did late adorne and grace,
 Their hatefull hands have quite defast.

Their beastly trumpets rore,
 Where heav'nly notes before
 In praises of thy might did flow :
 Within thy temple they
 Their ensignes oft display,
 The ensignes, which their conquest show.

As men, with axe on arme,
 To some thicke forrest swarme,
 To lopp the trees which stately stand :
 They to thy temple flock,
 And spoiling, cutt and knock
 The curious workes of carving hand.

Thy most, most holy seate,
 The greedy flames do eate,
 And have such ruthlesse ruyns wrought,
 That all thy house is raste ;
 So raste, and so defast,
 That of that all remayneth nought.

Nay, they resolved are,
 We all alike shall fare,
 All of one cruell cup shall taste.
 For not one house doth stand
 Of God in all the land,
 But they by fire have laide it waste.

We see the signes no more
 We wont to see before,
 Nor any now with sp'ryt divine
 Amongst us more is found,
 Who can to us expound,
 What tearme these dolours shall define.

How long, O God, how long
Wilt thou winck at the wrong
Of thy reviling railing foe?
Shall he that hates thy name,
And hatred paintes with shame,
So do, and do for ever so?

Woe us! what is the cause
Thy hand his help withdrawes
That thy right hand far from us keepes?
Ah, lett it once arise,
To plague thine enemies,
Which now embosom'd idly sleepes.

Thou art my God I know,
My king, who long ago
Didst undertake the charge of me:
And in my hard distresse
Didst work me such release,
That all the earth did wondring see.

Thou by thy might didst make
That seas in sunder brake,
And dreadfull dragons, which before
In deepe, or swamme, or crawl'd,
Such mortall strokes appal'd,
They floted dead to ev'ry shore.

Thou crusht that monsters head
Whom other monsters dread,
And so his fishy flesh did'st frame,
To serve as pleasing foode
To all the ravening brood,
Who had the desert for their dame.

Thou wondrously didst cause
 Repealing natures lawes,
 From thirsty flynt a fountayne flow,
 And of the rivers cleare,
 The sandy beds appeare,
 So dry thou mad'st their chanells grow.

The day arraid in light,
 The shadow-clothed night,
 Were made, and are maintaiu'd by thee.
 The sunn, and sunn-like rays,
 The boundes of nightes and daies,
 Thy workmanship no lesse they be.

To thee the earth doth owe,
 That earth in sea doth grow,
 And sea doth earth from drowning spare:
 The summers corny crowne,
 The winters frosty gowne,
 Nought but thy badge, thy livery are.

Thou then still one, the same,
 Thinck how thy glorious name
 These brain-sick mens dispight have borne,
 How abject enimies,
 The Lord of highest skies,
 With cursed taunting tongues have torne.

Ah! give noe hauke the pow're
 Thy turtle to devowre,
 Which sighes to thee with moorning mones:
 Nor utterly out-rase
 From tables of thy grace
 The flock of thy afflicted oncs.

But call thy league to mynd,
 For horror all doth blind,
 No light doth in the land remayne :
 Rape, murther, violence,
 Each outrage, each offence,
 Each where doth range, and rage and raigne.

Enough, enough we mourne :
 Let us no more returne
 Repulst with blame and shame from thee,
 But succour us opprest,
 And give the troubled rest,
 That of thy praise their songes may be.

Rise, God, pleade thyne owne case,
 Forget not what disgrace
 These fooles on thee each day bestow :
 Forgett not with what cries
 Thy foes against thee rise,
 Which more and more to heav'n doe grow.

P S A L M LXXV.

Confitebimur tibi.

THEE, God, O thee, wee sing, we celebrate:
 Thy actes with wonder who but doth relate?
 So kindly nigh thy name our need attendeth.
 Sure I, when once the chardge I undergo
 Of this assembly, will not faile to show
 My judgments such, as justest rule commendeth.

The people loose, the land I shaken find :
 This will I firmly prop, that straitly bind ;
 And then denounce my uncontrolled pleasure :
 Bragg not you braggardes, and your saucy horne
 Lift not lewd mates: no more with heav'ns high scorne
 Daunce on in wordes your old repyning measure.

Where sun first showes, or last enshades his light,
 Divides the day, or pricks the midst of night,
 Seeke not the fountayne whence preferment springeth.
 Gods only fixed course that all doth sway,
 Lymits dishonors night, and honors day,
 The king his crowne, the slave his fetters bringeth.

A troubled cupp is in Jehovas hand,
 Where wine and wyny lees compounded stand,
 Which franckly filld, as freely he bestoweth :
 Yet for their draught ungodly men doth give,
 Gives all (not one except) that lewdly lyve,
 Only what from the dreggs by wringing floweth.

And I secure shall spend my happie tymes
 In my (though lowly) never-dying rymes,
 Singing with praise the God that Jacob loveth.
 My princely care shall crop ill-doers low,
 In glory plant, and make with glory grow
 Who right approves, and doth what right approveth.

PSALM LXXVI.

Notus in Judea.

ONLY to Judah God his will doth signify ;
 Only in Jacob is his name notorious ;
 His restfull tent doth only Salem dignify ;
 On Syon only stands his dwelling glorious ;
 Their bow, and shaft, and shield, and sword he shivered,
 Drave warr from us, and us from warr delivered.

Above proud princes, proudest in their theevery,
 Thou art exalted high, and highly glorified:
 Their weake attempt, thy valiant delivery,
 Their spoile, thy conquest meeete to be historified.
 The mighty handlesse grew as men that slumbered,
 For hands grew mightlesse, sence and life encombered.

Nay, God, O God, true Jacobs sole devotion,
 Thy check the very carrs and horses mortified,
 Cast in dull sleepe, and quite depriv'd of motion.
 Most fearefull God, O how must he be fortified!
 Whose fearelesse foote to bide thy onsett tarieth,
 When once thy wrath displaid ensigne carieth.

From out of heav'n thy justice judgment thundred
 When good by thee were sav'd, and bad were punished,
 While earth at heav'n with feare and silence wondred.
 Yea, the most ragefull in their rage astonished
 Fell to praise thee: whom thou, how ever furious
 Shalt oft restraine, if fury prove injurious.

Then lett your vowes be paid, your offrings offered
 Unto the Lord, O you of his protection :
 Unto the fearefull lett your giftes be proffered,
 Who loppeth princes thoughts, prunes their affection.
 And so him self most terrible doth verify,
 In terrifying kings, that earth doth terrify.

PSALM LXXVII.

Voce mea ad Dominum.

To thee my crying call,
 To thee my calling cry ;
 I did, O God, adresse,
 And thou didst me attend :
 To nightly anguish thrall.
 From thee I sought redresse ;
 'To thee unceassantly
 Did praying handes extend.

All comfort fled my soule :
 Yea, God to mind I cal'd,
 Yet calling God to mynde
 My thoughts could not appease :
 Nought els but bitter dole
 Could I in thinking finde :
 My sprite with paine appal'd,
 Could entertaine no ease.

Whole troupes of busy cares,
 Of cares that from thee came,
 Tooke up their restlesse rest
 In sleepe sleepllesse eies :
 Soe lay I all opprest,
 My hart in office lame,
 My tongue as lamely fares,
 No part his part supplies.

At length, with turned thought,
A new I fell to thinck
Upon the auncient tymes,
Upon the yeares of old:
Yea to my mynd was brought,
And in my hart did sinck,
What in my former rimes
My self of thee had told.

Loe then to search the truth
I sent my thoughts abroade;
Meane while my silent hart
Distracted thus did plaine:
Will God no more take ruth?
No further love impart?
No longer be my god?
Unmoved still remayne?

Are all the conduites dry
Of his erst flowing grace?
Could rusty teeth of tyme
To nought his promise turne?
Can mercy no more clyme
And come before his face?
Must all compassion dy?
Must nought but anger burne?

Then lo, my wrack I see,
Say I, and do I know
That change lies in his hand,
Who changelesse sitts aloft?
Can I ought understand,
And yet unmindfull be,
What wonders from hym flow?
What workes his will hath wrought?

Nay, still thy acts I minde ;
Still of thy deedes I muse ;
Still see thy glories light
Within thy temple shine.
What god can any find ?
(For tearme them so they use)
Whose majesty, whose might,
May strive, O God, with thine ?

Thou only wonders dost ;
The wonders by thee done
All earth do wonder make,
As when thy hand of old
From servitude unjust
Both Jacobs sonnes did take ;
And sonnes of Jacobs sonne,
Whom Jacobs sonnes had sold.

The waves thee saw, saw thee,
And fearefull fledd the field :
The deepe, with panting brest,
Engulphed quaking lay :
The cloudes thy fingers prest,
Did rushing rivers yield ;
Thy shaftes did flaming flee
Through fiery airy way.

Thy voices thundring crash
From one to other pole,
Twixt rooffe of starry sphere
And earths then trembling flore,
While light of lightnings flash
Did pitchy cloudes enclare,
Did round with terror role,
And rattling horror rore.

Meane while through duskie deepe
 On seas discovered bed,
 Where none thy trace could view,
 A path by thee was wrought:
 A path whereon thy crew
 As shepherds use their sheepe,
 Moses and Aron ledd,
 And to glad pastures brought.

PSALM LXXVIII.

Attendite, popule.

A GRAVE discourse to utter I entend;
 The age of tyme I purpose to renew,
 You, O my charge, to what I teach attend;
 Heare what I speake, and what you heare ensue.
 The thinges our fathers did to us commend,
 The same are they I recommend to you:
 Which, though but heard, we know most true to be:
 We heard, but heard of who them selves did see.

Which never lett us soe ungratefull grow,
 As to conceale from such as shall succeed:
 Let us the praises of Jchova show,
 Each act of worth, each memorable deede,
 Chiefly since he him self commanded so:
 Giving a law to Jacob and his seed,
 That fathers should this use to sonnes maintayne,
 And sonnes to sonnes, and they to theirs again.

That while the yong shall over-live the old,
 And of their brood some yet shall be unborn;
 These memories, in memory enrold,
 By fretting time may never thence be worn,
 That still on God their anchor hope may hold;
 From him by no dispairefull tempest torn;
 That with wise hartes and willing mindes they may
 Think what he did, and what he bids obey.

And not ensue their fathers froward trace,
 Whose steps from God rebelliously did stray:
 A waiward, stubborn, staillesse, faithlesse race;
 Such as on God no hold by hope could lay.
 Like Ephraims sonnes, who durst not show their face,
 But from the battaill fearefull fled away:
 Yet bare, as men of warlike excellence,
 Offending bowes, and armor for defence.

And why? they did not hold inviolate
 The league of God; nor in his pathes would go.
 His famous workes and wonders they forgate,
 Which often hearing well might cause them know.
 The workes and wonders which in hard estate
 He did of old unto their fathers show:
 Whereof all Egypt testimony yeelds,
 And of all Egypt, chiefly Zoan fields.

There where the deepe did show his sandy flore,
 And heaped waves an uncouth way enwall:
 Whereby they past from one to other shore,
 Walking on seas, and yet not wett at all.
 He led them so, a cloud was them before
 While light did last: when night did darknes call,
 A flaming piller glitt'ring in the skies
 Their load starr was till sunne again did rise.

He rift the rocks, and from their pierced sides,
 To give them drinck, whole seas of water drew:
 The desert sand no longer thirst abides;
 The trickling springs to such huge rivers grew.
 Yet not content their furie further slides;
 In those wild waies they anger God anew.
 As thirst before, now hunger stirs their lust
 To tempting thoughtes, bewraying want of trust.

And fond conceites begetting fonder wordes;
 Can God, say they, prepare with plentious hand
 Deliciously to furnish out our boordes
 Here in this waste, this hunger-starved land?
 We see indeed the streames the rock affordes:
 We see in pooles the gathered waters stand:
 But whither bread and flesh so ready be
 For him to give, as yet we do not see.

This heard, but heard with most displeas'd eare,
 That Jacobs race he did so dearly love,
 Who in his favoure had no cause to feare,
 Should now so wav'ring, so distrustfull prove;
 The raked sparkes in flame began t' appeare,
 And stajed choller fresh again to move;
 That from his trust their confidence should swerve,
 Whose dedes had show'n, he could and would preserve.

Yet he unclos'd the garner's of the skies,
 And bade the cloudes ambrosian manna rain:
 As morning frost on hoary pasture lies,
 So straw'd lay each where this heav'nly grain.
 The finest cheat that princes dearest prise
 The bread of heav'n could not in fineness stain:
 Which he them gave, and gave them in such store,
 Each had so much, he wish't to have no more.

But that he might them each way satisfie,
He slipt the raines to east and southerne wind;
These on the cloudes their ntmost forces try,
And bring in raine of admirable kind.
The dainty quailes that freely wont to fly,
In forced showers to drop were now assign'd:
And fell as thick as dust on sun-burnt field,
Or as the sand the thirsty shore doth yield.

Soe all the plain, whereon their army lay,
As farr abroad as any tent was pight,
With feathred rain was wat'red ev'ry way,
Which showring down did on their lodgings light.
Then fell they to their easy gotten prey,
And fedd till fullnes vanquisht had delight:
Their lust still flam'd, still God the fuell brought,
And fedd their lust beyond their lustfull thought.

But fully filld, not fully yet content,
While now the meate their weary chaps did chew:
Gods wrathfull rage upon these gluttons sent,
Of all their troupes the principallest slew.
Among all them of Israells descent
His stronger plague the strongest overthrew.
Yet not all this could wind them to his will,
Still worse they grew, and more untoward still.

Therefore he made them waste their weary yeares
Roaming in vain in that unpeopled place;
Possest with doubtfull cares and dreadfull feares:
But if at any time death show'd his face,
Then lo, to God they sued, and sued with teares:
Then they retorn'd, and early sought his grace:
Then they profest, and all did mainly cry
In God their strength, their hope, their help did ly.

But all was built upon no firmer ground

Then fawning mouthes, and tongues to lying train'd:
They made but shoves, their hart was never sound:

Disloiall once, disloiall still remain'd.
Yet he (so much his mercy did abound)

Purged the filth, wherwith their soules were staind:
Destroid them not, but oft revok'd his ire,
And mildly quencht his indignations fire.

For kind compassion called to his mynd,

That they but men, that men but mortall were,
That mortall life, a blast of breathing wind,

As wind doth passe, and past no more appeare;
And yet (good God) how ofte this crooked kind

Incenst him in the desert every where?

Againe repin'd, and murmured againe,

And would in boundes that boundles pow'r contain.

Forsooth their weake remembrance could not hold

His hand, whose force above all mortall hands
To Ægipts wonder did it self unfold,

Loosing their fetters and their servile bands:

When Zoan plaines where christall rivers rold,

With all the rest of those surrounded lands,

Saw watry clearnes chang'd to bloody gore,

Pining with thirst in midst of watry store.

Should I relate of flies the deadly swarmes?

Of filthy froggs the odious anoy?

Grashoppers waste, and catterpillers harmes,

Which did their fruites, their harvest hope enjoy?

How haile and lightning, breaking of the armes

Of vines and figgs, the bodies did destroy?

Lightning and haile, whose flamy, stony blowes,

Their beastes no less, and cattell overthrowes?

These were but smokes of after-going fire :
 Now, now his fury breaketh into flame :
 Now dole and dread, now pine and paine conspire,
 With angry angells wreak and wrack to frame.
 Nought now is left to stopp his staillesse ire ;
 So plaine a way is opened to the same.
 Abroad goes Death, the uttermost of ills,
 In house, in field, and men and cattell kills.

All that rich land, where over Nilus trailes
 Of his wett robe the slymy seedy train,
 With millions of mourning cries bewailes
 Of ev'ry kind their first begotten slain.
 Against this plague no wealth, no worth prevailes :
 Of all that in the tentes of Cham remayn,
 Who of their house the propps and pillers were,
 Themselves do fall, much lesse can others beare.

Meane while, as while a black tempestuous blast
 Drowning the earth, in sunder rentes the skies,
 A shepheard wise to howse his flock doth haste,
 Taking neare waies, and where best passage lies :
 God from this ruine, through the barren waste
 Conductes his troupes in such or safer wise :
 And from the seas his sheepe he fearelesse saves,
 Leaving their wolves intombed in the waves.

But them leaves not untill they were possest
 Of this his hill, of this his holy place,
 Whereof full conquest did him Lord invest,
 When all the dwellers fledd his peoples face,
 By him subdu'd, and by his hand opprest.
 Whose heritage he shared to the race,
 The twelve-fold race of godly Israell,
 To lord their landes, and in their dwellings dwell.

But what availles? not yet they make an end
 To tempt high God, and stirre his angry gall:
 From his prescript another way they wend,
 And to their fathers crooked by-pathes fall.
 So with vaine toile distorted bowes we bend:
 Though level'd right, they shoote not right at all.
 The idoll honor of their damned groves,
 When God it heard, his jealous anger moves.

For God did heare, detesting in his hart
 The Israelites, a people soe perverse:
 And from his seate in Silo did depart,
 The place where God did erst with men converse.
 Right well content that foes on every part
 His force captvyve, his glory should reverse:
 Right well content (so ill content he grew)
 His peoples blood should tyrantes blade imbrue.

Soe the young men the flame of life bereaves:
 The virgins live despair'd of marriage choise:
 The sacred priests fall on the bloody glaives;
 No widow left to use her wailing voice.
 But as a knight, whom wyne or slumber leaves,
 Hearing alarm, is roused at the noise:
 Soe God awakes: his haters fly for feare,
 And of their shame eternall marks do beare.

But God chose not, as he before had chose,
 In Josephs tents, or Ephraim to dwell:
 But Juda takes, and to Mount Syon goes,
 To Syon mount, the mount he loved well.
 There he his house did castle-like enclose;
 Of whose decay no after times shall tell:
 While her own weight shall weighty earth sustain,
 His sacred seate shall here unmov'd remain.

And where his servant David did attend
 A shepherds charge, with care of fold and field:
 He takes him thence, and to a nobler end
 Converts his cares, appointing him to shield
 His people, which of Jacob did descend,
 And feede the flock his heritage did yield:
 And he the paines did gladly undergoe,
 Which hart sincere, and hand discreet did show.

PSALM LXXIX.

Deus, venerunt.

THE land of long by thee possessed,
 The heathen, Lord, have now oppressed:
 Thy temple holily maintained
 Till now, is now prophanely stained.
 Jerusalem quite spoil'd and burned,
 Hath suffred sack
 And utter wrack,
 To stony heapes her buildings turned.

The livelesse carcasses of those
 That liv'd thy servants, serve the crows:
 The flock soe derely lov'd of thee
 To ravening beastes deare foode they be,
 Their bloud doth streame in every streete
 As water spilled:
 Their bodies killed
 With sepulture can no where meete.

To them that hold the neighbour places
 We are but objects of disgraces:
 On ev'ry coast who dwell about us,
 In ev'ry kind deride and flout us.

Ah, Lord! when shall thy wrath be ended?
 Shall still thine yre,
 As quenchless fire,
 In deadly ardor be extended?

O kindle there thy furies flame,
 Where lives no notice of thy name:
 There lett thy heavie anger fall,
 Where no devotions on thee call.
 For thence they be, who Jacob eate,
 Who thus have rased,
 Have thus defaced,
 Thus desert laid his ancient seate.

Lord, ridd us from our sinnfull combers,
 Count not of them the passed numbers:
 But lett thy pittie soone prevent us,
 For hard extreames have nerely spent us.
 Free us, O God, our freedome giver;
 Our misery
 With help supply:
 And for thy glory us deliver.

Deliver us, and for thy name
 With mercy cloth our sinnfull shame:
 Ah! why should this their byword be,
 Where is your God? where now is he?
 Make them, and us on them behold,
 That not despised,
 But deerly prised,
 Thy wreakfull hand our bloud doth hold.

Where grace and glory thee enthroneth,
 Admitt the grones the prisoner groneth:
 The poore condem'd for death reserved
 Let be by thee in life preserved.

And for our neighbours, Lord, remember
 Th' opprobrious shame
 They lent thy name
 With scav'n-fold gaine to them to render.

Soe we thy servantes, we thy sheep,
 Whom thy lookes guide, thy pastures keepe :
 'Till death define our lyving daies,
 Will never cease to sound thy praise.
 Nay, when we leave to see the sunn,
 The after goers
 We will make knowers
 From age to age what thou hast doue.

PSALM LXXX.

Qui regis Israel.

HEARE thou greate heardsman that dost Jacob feed:
 Thou Josephs shepheard shine from cherubs throne:
 In Ephraim, Benjamyn, Manasses need,
 Awake thy power, and make thy puisance knowne.
 Free us distressed, raise us overthrowne,
 Reduce us straid, O God, restore us banish'd:
 Display thy faces skie on us thine owne,
 Soe we shall safely dwell, all darkuesse vanish'd.

Lord God of hosts, what end, what meane appears
 Of thy wrathes fume against thy peoples cry?
 Whom thou with teares for bread, for drink with teares
 So diettest, that we abandon'd ly,
 To foes of laughter, and to dwellers by,
 A field of brawll; but God restore us banish'd
 Display on us thy faces cleered sky,
 So we shall safely dwell, all darkness vanish'd.

A vine thou didst translate from Zoan playnes,
 And weeding them that held the place of old,
 Nor planting care didst slack, nor pruning paines,
 To fix her roots, whom fieldes could not enfold.
 The hills were clok'd with her pleasing cold:
 With cedars state her branches height contended:
 Scarce here the sea, the river there controll'd
 Her armes, her handes, soe wide she both extended.

Why hast thou now thy self dishedg'd this vine,
 Carelesly left to passengers in prey?
 Unseemly rooted by the woodbred swine,
 Wasted by other beasts that wildly stray?
 O God, retorne, and from thy starry stay
 Review this vyne, reflect thy looking hither;
 This vineyard see, whose plott thy hande dyd lay,
 This plant of choise, ordained not to wither.

Consum'd with flames, with killing axes hewne,
 All at thy frown they fall, and quaille, and dy:
 But heape thou might, on thy elected one,
 That stablest man in whom we may affy.
 Then we preserv'd thy name shall magnify
 Without revolt, Lord God restore us banish'd:
 Display on us thy faces cleered sky,
 Soe we shall safely dwell, all darknesse vanish'd.

PSALM LXXXI.

Exultate Deo.

ALL gladdnes, gladdest hartes can hold,
 In meriest notes that mirth can yield,
 Lett joyfull songes to god unfold,
 To Jacobs god our sword and shield.

Muster hither musicks joyes,
 Lute, and lyre, and tabretts noise :
 Lett noe instrument be wanting,
 Chasing grief, and pleasure planting.

When ev'ry month beginning takes,
 When fixed tymes bring sacred daies ;
 When any feast his people makes ;
 Lett trumpetts tunes report his praise.
 This to us a law doth stand,
 Pointed thus by Gods owne hand ;
 Of his league a signe ordained,
 When his plagues had Ægipt pained.

There heard I, erst unheard by me,
 The voice of God, who thus did say :
 Thy shoulder I from burthen free,
 Free sett thy hand from baked clay.
 Vexed, thou my aide did'st crave ;
 Thunder-hid I answer gave :
 Till the streames where strife did move thee,
 Still I did with triall prove thee.

I bade thee then attentive be,
 And told thee thus : O Israell,
 This is my covenant that with thee
 No false, nor forrein god shall dwell.
 I am God, thy god, that wrought
 That thou wert from Ægipt brought :
 Open me thy mouth, to feede thee
 I will care, nought els shall neede thee.

But ah, my people scorn'd my voice,
 And Israell rebelled still :
 So then I left them to the choise
 Of froward way, and wayward will.

Why alas! why had not they
 Heard my voice, and held my way?
 Quickly I their foes had humbled,
 All their haters headlong tumbled.

Subdu'd by me who them annoid,
 Had serv'd them now in base estate:
 And of my graunt they had enjoy'd
 A lease of blisse with endlesse date.
 Flower of the finest wheate
 Had been now their plenteous meate:
 Honey them from rocks distilled
 Filled had, yea over filled.

PSALM LXXXII.

Deus stetit.

WHERE poore men plead at princes barre,
 Who gods (as God's vicegerents) are:
 The God of gods hath his tribunall pight,
 Adjudging right
 Both to the judge, and judged wight.

How long will ye just doome neglect?
 How long, saith he, bad men respect?
 You should his owne unto the helplesse give,
 The poore releeve,
 Ease him with right, whom wrong doth greeve.

You should the fatherlesse defend:
 You should unto the weake extend
 Your hand, to loose and quiet his estate
 Through lewd mens hate
 Entangled now in deepe debate.

This should you doe: but what doe ye?
 You nothing know, you nothing see:
 No light, no law; fie, fie, the very ground
 Becomes unsound,
 Soe righte wrong, all your faultes confound.

Indeed to you the stile I gave
 Of Gods, and sonnes of God, to have:
 But err not, princes; you as men must dy:
 You that sitt high
 Must fall, and low as others ly.

Since men are such, O God, arise:
 Thy self most strong, most just, most wise,
 Of all the earth king, judge, disposer be;
 Since to decree
 Of all the earth belongs to thee.

PSALM LXXXIII.

Deus, quis similis.

BE not, O be not silent still:
 Rest not, O God, with endlesse rest:
 For lo thine enemies
 With noise and tumult rise;
 Hate doth their hartes with fiercenes fill,
 And lifts their heades who thee detest.

Against thy folk their witts they file
 To sharpest point of secret sleight:
 A world of trapps and traines
 They forge in busy braines,
 That they thy hid ones may beguile,
 Whom thy wings shroud from searching sight.

Come lett us of them nothing make:
 Lett none, them more a people see:
 Stopp we their verie name
 Within the mouth of fame.
 Such are the counsells these men take,
 Such leagues they link, and these they be.

First Edoms sonnes, then Ismaell,
 With Moab, Hagar, Geballs traine:
 With these the Amonites,
 The fierce Amalekites,
 And who in Palestina dwell,
 And who in tentes of Tyre remaine.

Ashur, though further of he lye,
 Assisteth Lotts incestuous brood.
 But, Lord, as Jabin thou
 And Sisera didst bow:
 As Midian did fall and dye
 At Endor walls, and Kyson flood.

As Orcb, Zeb, and Zeba strong,
 As Salmana who ledd thy foes:
 (Who meant, nay, said no lesse
 Then that they would possesse
 Gods heritage) became as dunge:
 Soe, Lord, O soe, of these dispose.

Torment them, Lord, as tossed balls;
 As stubble scatt'ed in the aire:
 Or as the branchy brood
 Of some thick mountain wood,
 To naught, or nought but ashes falls,
 When flames doe singe their leavy haire.

So with thy tempest them pursue,
 So with thy whirlwind them affright:
 So paint their daunted face,
 With pencell of disgrace,
 That they at length to thee may sue,
 And give thy glorious name his right.

Add feare and shame, to shame and feare:
 Confound them quite, and quite deface;
 And make them know that none
 But thou, and thou alone,
 Dost that high name Jehovah beare,
 High plac't above all earthly place.

PSALM LXXXIV.

Quam dilecta!

How lovely is thy dwelling,
 Greate God, to whom all greatnes is belonging!
 To view thy courtes farre, farre from any telling,
 My soule doth long, and pine with longing.
 Unto the God that liveth,
 The God that all life giveth
 My hart and body both aspire,
 Above delight, beyond desire.

Alas! the sparrow knoweth
 The house, where free and fearelesse she resideth:
 Directly to the neast the swallow goeth,
 Where with her sounes she safe abideth.
 O altars thine, most mighty
 In warre, yea most allmighty:
 Thy altars, Lord! ah! why should I
 From altars thine excluded ly?

O happy who remaineth
 Thy houshold-man, and still thy praise unfoldeth;
 O happy who him self on thee sustaineth,
 Who to thy house his jorney holdeth?
 Me seemes I see them going
 Where mulberies are growing:
 How wells they digg in thirsty plaine,
 And cisternes make for falling rayne.

Me seemes I see augmented
 Still troop with troop, till all at length discover
 Sion, wherto their sight is represented
 The Lord of hostes, the Sion lover.
 O Lord, O God, most mighty
 In warre, yea most allmighty:
 Heare what I begg; harken, I say,
 O Jacob's God, to what I pray.

Thou art the shield us shieldeth:
 Then, Lord, behold the face of thine anointed.
 One day spent in thy courts more comfort yieldeth
 Then thousands otherwise appointed.
 I count it cleerer pleasure
 To spend my ages treasure
 Waiting a porter at thy gates,
 Then dwell a lord with wicked mates.

Thou art the sunn that shineth,
 Thou art the buckler, Lord, that us defendeth:
 Glory and grace Jehovas hand assigneth:
 And good, without refusall, sendeth
 To him who truly treadeth
 The path to purenes leadeth.
 O Lord of might, thrice blessed he,
 Whose confidence is built on thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

Benedixisti, Domine.

MIGHTY Lord, from this thy land
 Never was thy love estrang'd :
 Jacobs servitude thy hand
 Hath we know to freedome chang'd.
 All thy peoples wicked parts
 Have byn banisht from thy sight,
 Thou on them hast cured quite
 All the woundes of synnfull dartes.
 Still thy choller quenching soe,
 Heate to flame did never grow.

Now then, God, as heretofore,
 God, the God that dost us save,
 Change our state, in us no more,
 Lett thine anger object have.
 Wilt thou thus for ever grieve?
 Wilt thou of thy wrathfull rage
 Draw the threed from age to age?
 Never us againe relieve?
 Lord, yet once our hartes to joy
 Show thy grace, thy help employ.

What speake I? O lett me heare
 What he speakes: for speake hee will.
 Peace to whome he love doth beare,
 Lest they fall to folly still.
 Ever nigh to such as stand
 In his feare his favour is;
 How can then his glory misse
 Shortly to enlight our land?
 Mercy now and truth shall meete:
 Peace with kisse shall justice greeete.

Truth shall spring in ev'ry place,
 As the hearb, the earthes attire:
 Justices long absent face
 Heav'n shall show, and Earth admire.
 Then Jehova on us will
 Good on good in plenty throw:
 Then shall we in giaddnes mow,
 Wheras now in grief we till.
 Then before him in his way
 All goe right, not one shall stray.

PSALM LXXXVI.

Inclina, Domine.

ÆTERNALL Lord, thine eare incline:
 Heare me most helplesse, most oppressed:
 This client save, this servant thine,
 Whose hope is whole to thee addressed.
 On me, Jehova, pittie take:
 For daily cry to thee I make.
 Thy servantes soule from depth of saddness
 That climes to thee, advance to gladdnes.

O Lord, I know thee good and kind,
 On all that aske much mercy spending:
 Then heare, O Lord, with heedfull mynd
 These carefull suites of my commending.
 I only eall when much I neede:
 Needes of thy help I then must speed:
 A God like whom (if gods be many)
 Who is, or doth, there is not any.

And therefore, Lord, before thy face
 All nations which thy hand hath framed,
 Shall come with low adoring grace,
 And praise the name upon thee named.
 For thou art greate, and thou alone
 Dost wonders, God, done else by none:
 O in thy truth my path discover,
 And hold me fast thy fearing lover.

Lord, all my hart shall synge of thee:
 By me thy name shall still be praised,
 Whose goodnesse richly powr'd on me
 From lowest pitt my soule hath raised.
 And now againe mine enimies
 Doe many, mighty, prowde arise:
 By whom with hate my life is chased,
 While in their sight thou least art placed.

But thou, Jehova, swift to grace,
 On light entreaty pardon showest:
 'To wrath dost goe a heavy pace,
 And full with truth and mercy flowest.
 Then turne and take of me remorse:
 With strength my weaknesse re-enforce:
 Who in thy service have attended,
 And of thy handmaid am descended.

O lett some token of thy love
 Be eminently on me placed;
 Some cognisance to teach and prove,
 That thine I am, that by thee graced,
 To dye their cheekes in shamefull hue,
 That now with spite my soule pursue.
 Eye-taught how me thou dost deliver
 My endlesse aid and comfort giver.

PSALM LXXXVII.

Fundamenta ejus.

FOUNDED upon the hills of holinesse
 Gods city stands: who more love beareth
 To gates of Sion high in lowlinesse,
 Then all the townes that Juda reareth.
 City of God, in Gods decree
 What noble things are said of thee!

I will, saith he, hence fourth be numbered
 Egypt and Babell with my knowers.
 That Palestine and Tyre, which combered
 The fathers, with the after-goers
 Shall joyne: soe Æthiope from whence
 The borne shall be, as borne from hence.

Yea this, men shall of Sion signify:
 To him, and him it gave first breathing;
 Which highest God shall highly dignify,
 Eternall stay to it bequeathing.
 Jehova this account shall make,
 When he of his shall muster take.

That he, and he who ever named be,
 Shall be as borne in Sion named:
 In Sion shall my musique framed be,
 Of lute and voice most sweetly framed:
 I will, saith he, to Sion bring
 Of my fresh fountaines ev'ry spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

Domine Deus.

My God, my Lord, my help, my health ;
To thee my cry
Doth restles fly,
Both when of sunn the day
The treasures doth display,
And night locks up his golden wealth.

Admitt to presence what I crave :
O how thine eare
My cry to heare,
Whose soule with ills and woes
So flowes, soe overflowes,
That now my life drawes nigh the grave.

With them that fall into the pitt
I stand esteem'd :
Quite forcelesse deem'd,
As one who free from strife,
And sturr of mortall life,
Among the dead at rest doth sitt.

Right like unto the mured sort,
Who in the grave
Their biding have ;
Who now thou dost no more
Remember as before,
Quite, quite cut off from thy support.

Throwne downe into the grave of graves
In darknes deepe
Thou dost me keepe:
Where lightning of thy wrath
Upon me lighted hath,
All overwhelm'd with all thy waves.

Who did know me, whome I did know,
Remov'd by thee
Are gone from me,
Are gone? that is the best:
They all me so detest,
That now abroad I blush to goe.

My wasted eye doth melt away,
Fleeting amaine,
In streames of paine,
While I my praiers send,
While I my hands extend,
To thee my God, and faile noe day.

Alas, my Lord, wilt then be tyme,
When men are dead,
Thy truth to spread?
Shall they, whom death hath slaine,
To praise thee live againe,
And from their lowly lodgings clime?

Shall buried mouthes thy mercies tell?
Dust and decay
Thy truth display?
And shall thy workes of mark
Shine in the dreadfull dark?
Thy justice where oblivions dwell?

Good reason then I ery to thee,
And ere the light
Salute my sight,
My plaint to thee direct:
Lord why dost thou reject
My soule, and hide thy face from me?

Ay me, alas, I faint, I dy,
So still, so still
Thou dost me fill,
And hast from yongest yeares,
With terrifying feares,
That I in traunce amaz'd doe ly.

All over me thy furies past:
Thy feares my mind
Doe fettring bind,
Flowing about me soe,
As flocking waters flow,
No day can overrun their haste,

Who erst to me were neare and deare,
Far now, O farr
Disjoyned are:
And when I would them see,
Who my acquaintance be,
As darknesse they to me appeare.

PSALM LXXXIX.

Misericordias Domini.

THE constant promises, the loving graces,
 That cause our debt, eternall Lord, to thee,
 Till ages shall fill up their still void spaces,
 My thankfull songes unaltred theme shall be,
 For of thy bounty thus my thoughtes decree:
 It shall be fully built, as fairely founded,
 And of thy truth attesting heav'ns shall see
 The boundlesse periods, though theirs be bounded.

Loe I have leagu'd, thou saist with my eleted,
 And thus have to my servant David sworne:
 Thy offspring kings, thy throne in state erected
 By my support, all threates of time shall scorne:
 And Lord, as running skies with wheelles unworne
 Cease not to lend this wonder their commending:
 Soe with one mind praises no lesse adorne
 This truth, the holy troopes thy court attending.

For who among the clouds with thee compareth?
 What angell there thy paragon doth raigne?
 Whose majesty, whose peerelesse force declareth
 The trembling awe of thine immortal traine.
 Lord God, whom hostes redoubt, who can maintaine
 With thee in powrfullnes a rivall's quarrell?
 Strongest art thou, and must to end remaine,
 Whome compleate faith doth armor-like apparrell.

Thy lordlie check the seas proud courage quailed,
 And highly swelling, lowly made reside:
 To crush stout Pharaoh thy arme prevailed:
 What one thy foe did undisperst abide?

The heav'n, the earth, and all in bosome wide
 This huge rounde engine clipps, to thee pertaineth
 Which firmly based, not to shake or slide,
 The unseene hinge of North and South sustaineth.

For North and South were both by thee created,
 And those crosse points our bounding hills behold,
 Thabor and Hermon, in whose joy related
 Thy glorious grace from East to West is told:
 Thy arme all power, all puisance doth enfold,
 Thy nifted hand a might of wonder showeth,
 Justice and Judgment doe thy throne uphold,
 Before thy presence Truth with Mercy goeth,

Happy the people, who with hasty running
 Post to thy court when trumpets tryumph blow:
 On pathes enlighted by thy faces sunning,
 Their steps, Jehova, unoffended goe.
 Thy name both makes them glad and holds them so
 High thought into their hartes thy justice powreth;
 The worship of their strength from thee doth flow,
 And in thy love their springing empire flowreth.

For by Jehovas shield stand we protected,
 And thou gav'st Israel their saered king,
 What time in vision thus thy word directed
 Thy loved prophet: ayd I will you bring.
 Against that violence your state doth wring
 From one among my folk by choise appointed:
 David my servant: him to act the thing
 Have I with holy oile my self anointed.

My hand shall bidde his never-failing pillar,
 And from myne arme shall he derive his might:
 Not closly undermin'd by cursed willer,
 Nor overthrown by foe in open fight,

For I will quaille his vexers in his sight,
 All that him hate, by me shall be mischaunced,
 My truth, my clemency, on him shall light,
 And in my name his head shall be advannced.

Advannced so that twixt the watry borders
 Of seas and flouds this noble land define ;
 All shall obey, subjected to the orders
 Which his imperious hand for laws shall signe.
 He unto me shall say, thou father mine,
 Thou art my God, the fort of my salvation,
 And I my first-bornes roome will him assigne,
 More highly thron'd than king of greatest nation.

While circling time, still ending and beginning,
 Shall runne the race where stopp nor start appeares :
 My bounty towards him, not ever ending,
 I will conserve nor write my league in yeares.
 Nay more, his sonnes, whom fathers love endeares,
 Shall find like blisse for legacie bequeathed,
 A stedfast throne, I say, till heav'nly speares
 Shall faint, in course, where yet they never breathed.

Now if his children doe my lawes abandon,
 And other pathes then my plaine judgments chuse,
 Breake my behestes, prophanely walke at randon,
 And what I bidd with froward hart refuse :
 I meane indeede on their revolt to use
 Correcting rodd, their sinne with whippes to chasten :
 Not in their fault my loves defect excuse,
 Nor loose the promise once my faith did fasten.

My league shall hold, my word persist unchanged,
 Once sworne I have, and sworne in holinesse :
 Never shall I from David be estranged,
 His seede shall ever bide, his seate no lesse :

The daies bright guide, the nightes pale governess
 Shall claime no longer lease of their enduring,
 Whome I behold as heav'nly wittnesses,
 In tearlesse turnes, my tearlesse truth assuring.

And yet, O now, by thee abjected, scorned,
 Scorcht with thy wrath is thy anointed one,
 Hated his league, the crowne him late adorned
 Puld from his head, by thee, augments his moane.
 Raz'd are his fortes, his walls to ruine gone,
 Not simplest passenger but on hym praieth,
 His neighbours laugh, of all his haters none,
 But boasts his wrack and at his sorrow plaieth.

Takes he his weapon? thou the edge rebatest:
 Comes to the field to fight? thou makest him fly:
 Would march with kingly pomp? thou him unstatest:
 Ascend his throne? it overthrowne doth ly.
 His ages spring, and prime of jollity,
 Winter of woe before the day defineth,
 For praise, reproche, for honor, infamy
 He over-loden beares, and bearing pineth.

How long, O Lord? what still in dark displeasure
 Wilt thou thee hide? and shall thine angry thought
 Still flame? O thinck how short our ages measure,
 Thinck if we all created were for nought,
 For who is he whom birth to life hath brought,
 But life to death, and death to grave subjecteth?
 From this necessity (let all be sought)
 No priviledge exemptes, noe age protecteth.

Kind Lord, where is the kindnesse once thou swarest,
 Swarest in truth thy Davids stock should find?
 Show, Lord, yet show thou for thy servant carest,
 Holding those shames in unforgetting mind

Which we embosom'd beare of many a kind:
 But all at thee and at thy Christ directed,
 To endlesse whom be endlesse praise assign'd,
 Be this againe, I saie, be this effected.

PSALM XC.

Domine refugium.

THOU our refuge, thou our dwelling,
 O Lord, hast byn from time to time:
 Long ere Mountaines proudly swelling
 Above the lowly dales did clime:
 Long ere the earth embowl'd by thee
 Bare the forme it now doth beare:
 Yea, thou art God for ever, free
 From all touch of age and yeare.

O but man by thee created,
 As he at first of earth arose,
 When thy word his end hath dated,
 In equall state to earth he goes.
 Thou saist, and saying, makst it soe:
 Be noe more, O Adams heyre;
 From whence ye came, dispatch to goe,
 Dust againe, as dust ye were.

Graunt a thousand yeares be spared
 To mortall men of life and light:
 What is that to thee compared?
 One day, one quarter of a night.
 When death upon them storm-like falls,
 Like unto a dreame they grow:
 Which goes and comes as fancy calls,
 Nought in substance, all in show.

As the hearb that early groweth,
 Which leaved greene, and flowred faire,
 Ev'ning change with ruine moweth,
 And laies to rost in withering aire:
 Soe in thy wrath we fade away,
 With thy fury overthrowne:
 When thou in sight our faultes dost lay,
 Looking on our synns unknown.

Therefore in thy angry fuming,
 Our life of daies his measure spends:
 All our yeares in death consuming,
 Right like a sound that sounded ends.
 Our daies of life make seaventy yeares,
 Eighty, if one stronger be:
 Whose cropp is laboures, dolours, feares,
 Then away in post we flee.

Yet who notes thy angry power,
 As he should feare soe fearing thee?
 Make us count each vitall hour,
 Make thou us wise, we wise shall be.
 Turne, Lord: shall these things thus goe still?
 Lett thy servantes peace obtaine:
 Us with thy joyfull bounty fill,
 Endlesse joyes in us shall raigne.

Glad us now as erst we greeved:
 Send yeares of good, for yeares of ill:
 When thy hand hath us releved,
 Show us and ours thy glory still.
 Both them and us, not one exempt,
 With thy beauty beautify:
 Supply with aid what we attempt,
 Our attempts with aid supply.

PSALM XCI.

Qui habitat.

To him the highest keeps
In closet of his care :
Who in th'allmighties shadow sleeps,
For one affirme I dare :
Jehova is my fort,
My place of safe repaire :
My God, in whom of my support
All hopes reposed are.

From snare the fowler laies,
He shall thee sure unty :
The noisome blast that plaguing straits
Untoucht shall passe thee by.
Soft hiv'd with wing and plume
Thou in his shrowd shalt ly,
And on his truth noe lesse presume,
Then most in shield affy.

Not mov'd with frightfull night,
Nor arrow shott by day :
Though plague, I say, in darknesse fight,
And wast at noontide slay.
Nay, all be thousands here,
Ten thousands there decay :
That ruine to approach thee nere,
Shall finde no force nor way.

But thou shalt live to see,
 And seeing to relate,
 What recompences shared be
 To ev'ry godlesse mate.
 When once thou mak'st the Lord
 Protector of thy state,
 And with the highest canst accord
 To dwell within his gate :

Then ill, nay, cause of ill,
 Shall farr excluded goe :
 Nought thee to hurt, much lesse to kill,
 Shall nere thy lodging grow.
 For angells shall attend
 By him commanded soe :
 And thee in all such waies defend,
 As his directions show.

To beare thee with regard
 Their hands shall both be spred :
 Thy foote shall never dash too hard
 Against the stone misled.
 Soe thou on lions goe,
 Soe on the aspicks head :
 On lionet shalt hurtlesse soe,
 And on the dragon tread.

Loe me, saith God, he loves,
 I therefore will him free :
 My name with knowledge he approves,
 That shall his honor be.
 He asks when paines are rife,
 And streight receiv'd doth see
 Help, glory, and his fill of life,
 With endlesse health from me.

PSALM XCII.

Bonum est confiteri.

O LOVELY thing,
 To sing and praises frame,
 To thee, O Lord, and thy high name.
 With early spring
 Thy bounty to display,
 Thy truth when night hath vanquisht day
 Yea soe to sing,
 That ten string'd instrument
 With lute, and harp, and voice consent.

For, Lord, my mind
 Thy works with wonder fill;
 Thy doings are my comfort still.
 What witt can find
 How bravely thou hast wrought?
 Or deeply sound thy shallow'st thought?
 The foole is blind,
 And blindly doth not know,
 How like the grasse the wicked grow.

The wicked grow
 Like fraile, though flowry grasse:
 And falne to wrack past help doe passe.
 But thou not soe,
 But high thou still dost stay:
 And loe thy haters fall away.
 Thy haters loe
 Decay and perish all;
 All wicked hands to ruine fall.

Fresh oiled I
 Will lively lift my horne,
 And match the matchlesse unicorne:
 Mine eye shall spy
 My spies in spightfull ease:
 Mine care shall heare my focs disgrace.
 Like cedar high,
 And like date-bearing tree,
 For greene and growth the just shall be.

Where God doth dwell
 Shall be his spreading place:
 God's courts shall his faire bowes embrace.
 Even then shall swell
 His blossoms fatt and faire,
 When aged rinde the stock shall beare.
 And I shall tell
 How God my rock is just,
 So just, with him is nought unjust.

PSALM XCIII.

Dominus regnavit.

CLOTH'D with state, and girt with might,
 Monarck-like Jehova raignes:
 He who Earthes foundation pight,
 Pight at first, and yet sustaines.
 He whose stable throne disdaines
 Motions shock, and ages flight:
 He who endles one remaines,
 One, the same, in changelesse plight.

Rivers, yea, though rivers rore,
 Roring though sea-billowes rise;
 Vex the deepe, and breake the shore,
 Stronger art thou, Lord of skies.
 Firme and true thy promise lies
 Now and still as heretofore:
 Holy worshipp never dies
 In thy howse where we adore.

PSALM XCIV.

Deus ultionum Dominus.

GOD of revenge, revenging God, appeare:
 To recompence the proud, Earthes judge arise.
 How long, O Lord, how long unpunisht beare
 Shall these vile men their joyes, their jolities?
 How long thus talk, and talking tiranize?
 Cursedly doe, and doing proudly boast?
 This people crush by thee affected most?
 This land afflict, where thy possession lies?

For these the widow and the stranger slay:
 These work the orphans deadly overthrow.
 God shall not see them, in their thoughts, they say,
 The God of Jacob, he shall never know.
 O fooles, this folly when will you forgoe,
 And wisdome learne? who first the eare did plant,
 Shall he him self not heare? sight shall he want,
 From whose first workmanship the eye did grow?

Who checks the world, shall he not you reprove?
 Shall knowledge lack, who all doth knowledge lend?
 Nay, ev'n the thoughts of men who raignes above,
 He knowes, and knowes they more then vainly end.
 Then blest who in thy schoole his age doth spend;
 Whom thou, O Lord, dost in thy law enforme,
 Thy harbour shall him shrowd from ruines storme,
 While pitts are dig'd where such men shall descend.

For sure the Lord his folk will not forsake,
 But ever prove to his possession true;
 Judgment againe the course of justice take,
 And all right hartes shall God their guide ensue.
 See, if you doubt against the canckred crue,
 Those mischief-masters, who for me did stand?
 The Lord, none els: but for whose aiding hand,
 Silence by now had held my soule in mew.

But, Lord, thy goodnes did me then uphold,
 Ev'n when I said now, now I faint, I fall:
 And quailed in mind-combats manifold
 Thie consolations did my joyes recall.
 Then what society hold'st thou at all,
 What frendshipp with the throne of misery?
 Which law pretends, intends, but injury,
 And justice doth unjust vexation call.

To counsell where conspired caitives flock
 The just to slay, and faultlesse bloud to spill?
 O no: my God, Jehova is my rock,
 My rock of refuge, my defensive hill,
 He on their heades shall well repay their ill:
 Jehova, loe! the God in whome we joy,
 Destroy them shall, shall them at once destroy:
 And what the meane? their owne malicious will.

PSALM XCV.

Venite exultemus.

COME, come lett us with joyfull voice
 Record and raise
 Jehovas praise:

Come lett us in our safties rock rejoyce.
 Into his presence lett us goe,
 And there with psalmes our gladdnes show,
 For he is God, a god most greate,
 Above all gods, a king in kingly seate.

What lowest lies in earthy masse,
 What highest stands,
 Stands in his hands:

The sea is his, and he the sea-wright was.
 He made the sea, he made the shore:
 Come let us fall, lett us adore:
 Come let us kneele with awfull grace
 Before the Lord, the Lord our Makers face.

He is our God, he doth us keepe:
 We by him ledd,
 And by him fedd,

His people are, we are his pasture sheepe.
 To day if he some speach will use,
 Doe not, O doe not you refuse
 With hardned hartes his voice to heare,
 As Masha now, or Meribah it were.

Where me your fathers, God doth say,
 Did angring move,
 And tempting prove:
 Yet oft had seene my workes before that day.
 Twise twenty times my post the sun
 His yearly race to end had run,
 While this fond nation, bent to ill,
 Did tempt, and try, and vex, and greeve me still.

Which when I saw, thus said I, loe,
 These men are mad,
 And too too bad
 Erre in their harts; my waies they will not know.
 Thus therefore unto them I sweare:
 (I angry can noe more forbear)
 The rest for you I did ordaine,
 I will soe work you never shall attaine.

PSALM XCVI.

Cantate Domino.

SING, and let the song be new,
 Unto him that never endeth
 Sing all earth, and all in you.
 Sing to God and blesse his name,
 Of the help, the health he sendeth,
 Day by day new ditties frame.

Make each country know his worth;
 Of his actes the wondred story
 Paint unto each people forth.
 For Jehova greate alone,
 All the gods, for awe and glory,
 Farre above doth hold his throne.

For but idolls, what are they,
 Whom besides mad Earth adareth?
 He the skies in frame did lay:
 Grace and Honor are his gñides,
 Majesty his temple storeth:
 Might in guard about him bides.

Kindreds come, Jehova give,
 O give Jehova all together,
 Force and fame whereso you live.
 Give his name the glory fitt:
 Take your offrings, get you thither,
 Where he doth enshrined sitt.

Goe, adore him in the place
 Where his pompe is most displaid:
 Earth, O goe with quaking pace,
 Goe proclaime Jehova king:
 Staylesse world shall now be staied;
 Righteous doome his rule shall bring.

Starry rooffe, and earthy floore,
 Sea and all thy widenesse yieldeth:
 Now rejoyce and leape and rore.
 Leavy infants of the wood,
 Fieldes and all that on you feedeth,
 Daunce, O dannee, at such a good.

For Jehova cometh loe!
 Loe to raigne Jehova cometh:
 Under whome you all shall goe.
 He the world shall rightly guide:
 Truly as a king becometh,
 For the peoples weale provide.

Dominus regnavit.

PSALM XCVII.

JEHOVA comes to raigne.
 Rejoyce, O earthy maine :
 You isles with waves enclosed,
 Be all to joy disposed,
 Cloudes him round on all sides,
 And pitehy darknesse hides.
 Justice and judgment stand
 As propps on either hand,
 Whereon his throne abides.

The fire before him goes,
 To ashes turnes his foes :
 His flashing lightnings maketh,
 That Earth beholding quaketh.
 The mountaines at his sight,
 His sight that is by right
 The Lord of all this all,
 Doe fast on melting fall;
 As wax by fiers might.

The heav'ns his justiee tell,
 Noc lesse they all that dwell.
 And have on earth their beeing,
 Are gladd his glory seeing.
 Shame then, shame may you see,
 That idoll-servers be :
 And trust in idolls place,
 But let before his faee
 All angells bow their knee.

When Sion this did heare,
 How did her joyes appeare?
 How were to mirth invited
 All townes in Juda sited?
 For thou, Lord, rulest right:
 Thou thron'd in glory bright
 Sitt'st high: they all by thee
 Be rul'd, who rulers be,
 Thy might above all might.

Who love God, love him still:
 And haters be of ill.
 For he their lives preserveth,
 Whome he as his reserveth,
 Now light and joy is sowne
 To be by good men mowne.
 You just with joyfull voice
 Then in the Lord rejoyce:
 His holynesse make knowne.

PSALM XCVIII.

Cantate Domino.

O SING Jehova, he hath wonders wrought,
 A song of praise that newnesse may commend:
 His hand, his holy arme alone have brought
 Conquest on all that durst with him contend.
 He that salvation doth th' elect attend,
 Long hid, at length hath sett in open view:
 And now the unbeleeving nations taught
 His heav'nly justice yelding each their due.

His bounty and his truth the motives were,
 Promis'd of yore to Jacob and his race,
 Which ev'ry margine of this earthy spheare
 Now sees performed in his saving grace.
 Then earth, and all possessing earthy place,
 O sing, O shout, O triumph, O rejoyce:
 Make lute a part with vocall musique beare,
 And entertaine this king with trumpetts noise.

Rore, Sea, and all that trace the bryny sands:
 Thou totall globe and all that thee enjoy:
 You streamy rivers clapp your swymming hands:
 You mountaines echo each at others joy,
 See on the Lord this service you employ,
 Who comes of Earth the crowne and rule to take:
 And shall with upright justice judge the lands,
 And equall lawes among the dwellers make.

PSALM XCIX.

Dominus regnavit.

WHAT if nations rage and fret?
 What if Earth doe ruine threate?
 Loe, our state Jehova guideth,
 He that on the cherubs rideth.

Greate Jehova Sion holdes,
 High above what Earth enfolds:
 Thence his sacred name with terror,
 Foreth truth from tongues of error.

Thron'd he sits a king of might,
 Mighty soe, as bent to right:
 For how can, but be maintained
 Right by him who right ordained?

O then come, Jehova sing :
 Sing our God, our Lord, our king :
 At the footstool sett before him,
 (He is holy) come, adore him.

Moses erst and Aron soe,
 (These did high in priesthood goe)
 Samuell soe unto him crying,
 Got their sutes without denying.

But from cloudy piller then
 God did daigne to talk with men :
 He enacting, they observing,
 From his will there was no swerving.

Then our God, Jehova thou,
 Unto them thy care didst bowe :
 Gracious still and kindly harted,
 Though for sinne they somewhile smarted.

O then come, Jehova sing :
 Sing our God, our Lord, our king.
 In his Sion mount before him
 (He is holy) come, adore him.

PSALM C.

Jubilate Deo.

O ALL you landes, the treasures of your joy,
 In merry shout upon the Lord bestow :
 Your service cheerfully on him imploy,
 With triumph song into his presence goe.

Know first that he is God; and after know
 This God did us, not we our selves create:
 We are his flock, for us his feedings grow:
 We are his folk, and he upholds our state.
 With thankfullnesse O enter then his gate:
 Make through each porch of his your praises ring,
 All good, all grace, of his high name relate,
 He of all grace and goodnesse is the spring.
 Tyme in noe termes his mercy comprehends,
 From age to age his truth it self extends.

PSALM CI.

Misericordiam et iudicium.

WHEN, now appointed king, I king shall be,
 What mercy then, what justice use I will,
 I here, O Lord, in song protest to thee.
 Till that day come thou me the crowne shalt give,
 Deepe study I on vertue will bestow:
 And pure in hart at home retired lyve.
 My lowly eye shall leuell at no ill:
 Who fall from thee with me not one shall stand:
 Their waies I shall pursue with hatred still.
 Mischievous heads farre off from me shall goe:
 Malicious hartes I never will admitt:
 And whisp'ring biters all will overthrow.
 Ill shall I brooke the proud ambitious band,
 Whose eyes looke high, whose puffed hartes doe swell:
 But for truth-tellers I will search the land.

Such men with me my counsailors shall sitt:

Such evermore my officers shall be,

Men speaking right, and doing what is fitt.

Noe fraudulent within my house shall dwell:

The cunning coyning tongue shall in my sight

Be not endur'd, much lesse accepted well.

As soone as I in all the land shall see

A wicked wretch, I shall him hate outright;

And of vile men Jehovas city free.

PSALM CII.

Domine, exaudi.

O LORD, my praying heare:

Lord, lett my cry come to thine eare.

Hide not thy face away,

But haste, and aunswer me,

In this my most, most miserable day,

Wherein I pray and cry to thee.

My daies as smoke are past:

My bones as flaming fuell waste:

Mowne downe in me (alas)

With sithe of sharpest paine,

My hart is withered like the wounded grasse,

My stomach doth all foode disdaine.

Soe leane my woes me leave,

That to my flesh my bones do cleave:

And soe I bray and howle,

As use to howle and bray

The lonely pellican and desert owle,

Like whome I languish long the day.

I languish soe the day,
 The night in watch I waste away;
 Right as the sparrow sitts,
 Bereft of spowse or sonne:
 Which irk'd alone with dolors deadly fitts
 To company will not be wonne.

As day to day succeeds,
 So shame on shame to me proceeds
 From them that doc me hate:
 Who of my wrack soe boast,
 That wishing ill, they wish but my estate,
 Yet think they wish of ills the most.

Therefore my bread is clay,
 Therefore my teares my wine alay:
 For how else should it be,
 Sith thou still angry art,
 And seem'st for nought to have advanced me,
 But me advanced to subvert?

The sunn of my life daies
 Inclines to west with falling raies,
 And I as hay am dride:
 While yet in stedfast seate
 Eternall thou eternally dost bide,
 Thy memory noe yeares can freat.

O then at length arise:
 On Sion cast thy mercies eyes.
 Now is the time that thou
 To mercy shouldst incline
 Concerning her: O Lord, the tyme is now,
 Thy self for mercy didst assigne.

Thy servauntes waite the day
When she, who like a carcasse lay
Stretch'd forth on ruines beere
Shall soe arise and live,
That nations all Jehovas name shall feare,
All kings to thee shall glory give.

Because thou hast a new
Made Sion stand, restor'd to view
Thy glorious presence there:
Because thou hast, I say,
Beheld our woes, and not refus'd to heare
What wretched we did playning pray.

This of record shall bide
To this and ev'ry age beside:
And they commend thee shall
Whome thou a new shalt make,
That from the prospect of thy heav'nly hall
Thy eye of earth survey did take.

Harkning to prisoners grones,
And setting free condemned ones:
That they, when nations come,
And realmes to serve the Lord,
In Sion, and in Salem, might become
Fitt meanes his honor to record.

But what is this? if I
In the mid way should fall and dye?
My God, to thee I pray,
Who canst my praier give;
Turne not to night the noonetide of my day,
Since endlesse thou dost agelesse live.

The earth, the heaven stands
 Once founded, formed by thy hands:
 They perish, thou shalt bide:
 They olde, as clothes shall weare,
 Till changing still, full change shall them betide,
 Uncloth'd of all the clothes they beare.

But thou art one, still one:
 Tyme, interest in thee hath none,
 Then hope, who godly be,
 Or come of godly race:
 Endlesse your blisse; as never ending he,
 His presence your unchanged place.

PSALM CIII.

Benedic, anima.

My soule, my hart,
 And every inward part,
 Praise high Jehova, praise his holy name:
 My hart, my soule,
 Jehovas name extoll:
 What gracious he
 Doth, and hath done for thee,
 Be quick to mind, to utter be not lame.

For his free grace
 Doth all thy sinnes deface,
 He cures thy sicknesse, healeth all thy harme.
 From greedy grave
 That gapes thy life to have,
 He setteth thee free:
 And kindly makes on thee
 All his compassions, all his mercies swarme.

He doth thee still
With flowing plenty fill:
He eagle-like doth oft thy age renew,
The Lord his right
Unto the wronged wight
Doth ever yield:
And never cease to shield
With justice them, whom guile and fraude pursue.

His way and trade
He knowne to Moses made,
His wonders to the sonnes of Israell,
The Lord, I meane,
Jehova; who doth leane
With mildest will
To ruth and mercy still;
As slow to wrath, as swift to doing well.

When he doth ehide
He doth not ehiding bide:
His anger is not in his treasures laide.
He doth not serve
Our synnes, as sinnes deserve:
Nor recompence
Unto us each offence
With due revenge in equall ballance weighd.

For looke how farre
The sphere of farthest starre
Drownes that proportion earthly center beares:
Soe much, and more,
His never empty store
Of graee and love
Beyond his synnes doth prove,
Who ever hym with due devotion feares.

Nay, looke how farre
 From east removed are
 The westerne lodgings of the weary sunne :
 Soe farre, more farre,
 From us removed are,
 By that greate love
 Our faultes from him doe prove,
 What ever faultes and follies we have done.

And looke how much
 The neerly touching touch
 The father feesles towards his sonne most deare.
 Affects his hart,
 At ev'ry froward part
 Plaid by his child :
 Soe mercifull, soe mild,
 Is he to them that beare him awfull feare.

Our potter he
 Knowes how his vessells we
 In earthy matter lodg'd this fickle forme :
 Fickle as glasse
 As flowres, that fading passe,
 And vanish soe :
 No, not their place we know,
 Blasted to death with breath of blustering storme.

Such is our state ;
 But farre in other rate,
 Gods endlesse justice and his mercy stand,
 Both on the good,
 And their religious brood ;
 Who uncontrol'd
 Sure league with him doe hold,
 And doe his lawes not only understand.

Jehova greate
 Sits thron'd in starry seate:
 His kingdome doth all kingdoms comprehend.
 You angells strong,
 That unto him belong,
 Whose deedes accord
 With his commanding word,
 Praises and thanks upon Jehova spend.

Spirits of might,
 You that his battaills fight,
 You ministers that willing work his will:
 All things that he
 Hath wrought, where soe they be,
 His praise extoll:
 Thou with the rest my soule,
 Praises and thanks spend on Jehovas skill.

PSALM CIV.

Benedic, anima mea.

MAKE, O my soule, the subject of thy songe,
 Th' eternall Lord: O Lord, O God of might,
 To thee, to thee, all roiall pompes belonge,
 Clothed art thou in state and glory bright:
 For what is else this eye-delighting light;
 But unto thee a garment wide and long?
 The vannted heaven but a curtaine right,
 A canopy, thou over thee hast hunge?

The rafters that his parlors roofe sustaine,
 In Chev'ron he on christall waters bindes:
 He on the windes, he on the clondes doth raigne,
 Riding on cloudes, and walking on the windes.
 Whose winged blasts his word as ready findes
 To post from him, as angells of his traine:
 As to effect the purposes he mindes
 He makes no lesse the flamy fire faine.

By him the earth a stedfast base doth beare,
 And stedfast soe, as tyme nor force can shake:
 Which once round waters garment-like did weare,
 And hills in seas did lowly lodging take.
 But seas from hills a swift descent did make,
 When swelling high by thee they chidden were:
 Thy thunders rore did cause their conduites quake,
 Hastning with speed their spurr of hasty feare.

So waters fledd, so mountaines high did rise,
 So humble vallies deepely did descend,
 All to the place thou didst for them devise:
 Where bounding seas, with unremoved end,
 Thou badst they should themselves no more extend,
 To hide the earth which now unhidden lies:
 Yet from the mountaines rocky sides didst send
 Springs whispring murmurs, rivers roring cries.

Of these the beasts which on the plaines doe feede
 All drink their fill: with these their thirst allay
 The asses wild and all that wildly breede:
 By these in their self-chosen stations stay
 The free-borne fowles, which through the empty wa
 Of yielding aire wafted with winged speed,
 To art-like notes of nature-tuned lay
 Make carelesse bushes give attentive heed.

Thou, thou of heav'n the windowes dost unclose,
 Dewing the mountaines with thy bounties raine:
 Earth greate with young her longing doth not lose,
 The hopefull ploughman hopeth not in vayne.
 The vulgar grasse, whereof the beast is faine,
 The rarer herb man for him self hath chose:
 All things in breef, that life in life maintaine,
 From Earths old bowells fresh and yongly growes.

Thence wyne, the counter-poison unto care:
 Thence oile, whose juyce unplaites the folded brow:
 Thence bread, our best, I say, not daintiest fare,
 Prop yet of hartes, which else would weakly bow:
 Thence, Lord, thy leaved people bud and blow:
 Whose princes thou, thy cedars, dost not spare,
 A fuller draught of thy cupp to allow,
 Thus highly rais'd above the rest they are.

Yet highly rais'd they doe not proudly scorne
 To give small birdes an humble entertaine,
 Whose brickle neastes are on their branches borne,
 While in the firrs the storks a lodging gaine.
 Soe highest hills rock-loving goates sustayne;
 And have their heads with elyming traces worne:
 That safe in rocks the conyes may remaine,
 To yield them caves, their rocky ribbs are torne.

Thou makst the moone, the empresse of the night,
 Hold constant course with most unconstant face:
 Thou makst the sunne the chariot-man of light,
 Well knowe the start, and stop of dayly race.
 When he doth sett and night his beames deface,
 To roame abroad wood-burgesses delight,
 Lions I meane, who roring all that space,
 Seeme then of thee to crave their food by right.

When he retournes, they all from field retire,
 And lay them downe in caves their home to rest:
 They rest, man stirrs to win a workmans hire,
 And works till sunn hath wrought his way to west.
 Eternal Lord, who greatest art, and best,
 How I amaz'd thy mighty workes admire!
 Wisdome in them hath every part possest,
 Wherto in me no wisdome can aspire.

Behold the earth, how there thy bounties flow!
 Looke on the sea, extended hugely wide:
 What watry troops swym, creep, and crawl, and go,
 Of greate and small, on that, this, ev'ry side!
 There the saile-winged shippes on waves doe glide:
 Sea-monsters there, their plaies and pastymes show:
 And all at once in seasonable tyde
 Their hungry eyes on thee their feeder throw.

Thou givst, they take; thy hand it self displaies,
 They filled feele the plenties of thy hand:
 All darkned lye, deprived of thy raies,
 Thou tak'st their breath, not one can longer stand.
 They dye, they turne to former dust and sand,
 Till thy life-giving sprite doe mustring raise
 New companies, to reenforce each band,
 Which still supplied, never whole decaies.

Soe may it, oh! soe may it ever goe,
 Jehovas workes his glorious gladnesse be,
 Who touching mountaynes, mountaynes smoaking grow,
 Who eyeing Earth, Earth quakes with quivering knee.
 As for my self, my seely self, in me
 While life shall last, his worth in song to show
 I framed have a resolute decree,
 And thankfull be, till being I forgoe.

O that my song might good acceptance finde:
 How should my hart in greate Jehova joy!
 O that some plague this irreligious kinde,
 Ingrate to God, would from the earth destroy!
 Meane while my soule uncessantly employ.
 To high Jehovas praise my mouth and mynd:
 Nay, all (since all his benefitts enjoy)
 Praise him whom bandes of time noe age can binde.

PSALM CV.

Confitemini Domino.

JEHOVAS praise, Jehovas holy fame,
 O shew, O sound, his actes to all relate:
 To him your songs, your psalmes unto him frame;
 Make your discourse his wonders celebrate.
 Boast ye God-searchers in his sacred name,
 And your contracted hartes with joy dilate:
 To him, his arke, his face, lett be intended
 Your due inquest, with service never ended.

Record, I say, in speciall memory
 The miracles he wrought, the lawes he gave,
 His servantes you, O Abrahams progeny,
 You Jacobs sonnes, whome he doth chosen save.
 We first and most on him our God relye:
 All be noe boundes his jurisdiction have:
 And he eternally that treaty mindeth,
 Which him to us untearmed ages bindeth.

A treaty first with Abraham begun,
 After againe by oath to Isaac bound,
 Lastly to Isaacs god-beholding sonne
 Confirm'd, and made inviolably sound.
 I give in fee (for soe the graunt did runne),
 Thee and thine heirs the Cananean ground:
 And that when few they were, few, unregarded,
 Yea strangers too, where he their lott awarded.

They strangers were, and roam'd from land to land,
 From realme to realme: though seatlesse, yet secure;
 And soe remote from wrong of meaner hand
 That kings for them did sharp rebuke endure.
 Touch not, I charge you, my anointed band,
 Nor to my prophetts least offence procure.
 'Then he for famine spake: scarse had he spoken,
 When famine came, the staff of bread was broken.

But he for them to Ægipt had foresent
 The slave-sold Joseph kindly to prepare:
 Whose feete if fretting irons did indent,
 His soule was clog'd with steely boultes of eare.
 Till fame abroad of his divining went,
 And heav'nly sawes such wisdome did declare;
 That he a message from the king addressed
 Of bondage ridd, of freedome repossessed.

Noe sooner freed, the monareh in his handes
 Without controll both house and state doth lay;
 He rulers rules, commanders he commaundes;
 Wills, and all doe: prescribes, and all obey.
 While thus in tearmes of highest grace he stands,
 Loc, Israell to Ægipt takes his way,
 And Jacobs lyne from holy Sem descended,
 To sojourne comes where Cham his tentes extended.

Who now but they in strength and number flowe?
 Rais'd by their god their haters farre above?
 For, chang'd by him, their entertainers grow
 With guile to hate, who erst with truth did love.
 But he with sacred Moses wills to goe
 Aron his choise, those mischiefes to remove:
 By whose greate workes their senders glory blazed
 Made Chams whole land with frightfull signes anrazed.

Darknes from day the wonted sunne doth chase
 (For both he bids and neither dares rebell),
 Late watry Nilus lookes with bloody face:
 How fishes die, what should I stand to tell?
 Or how of noisome froggs the earth-bred race
 Croak where their princes sleepe, not only dwell?
 How lice and vermyn heav'nly voice attending
 Doe swarming fall, what quarter not offending?

Noe rayny cloude but breakes in stony haile:
 For cheerefull lightes dismayfull lightnings shine:
 Not shine alone, their fiery strokes assaile
 Each taller plant: worst fares the figg and vyne,
 Nor, call'd to come, doe catterpillers faile
 With locustes more then counting can define:
 By these the grasse, the grace of fieldes is wasted,
 The fruites consum'd by owners yet untasted.

Their eldest-borne, that countries hopefull spring,
 Prime of their youth, his plague doth lastly wound;
 Then rich with spoile, he out his flock doth bring;
 In all their tribes not one a weakling found.
 Ægipt once wisht, now feares their tarrying,
 And gladly sees them on their journey bound;
 Whome God in heate a shading cloude provideth
 In dark with lamp of flamy piller guideth.

Brought from his store, at sute of Israell,
 Quailes, in whole beavies each remove pursue;
 Him self from skies their hunger to repell,
 Candies the grasse with sweete congealed dew.
 He woundes the rock, the rock doth wounded, swell:
 Swelling affoordes new streames to chanells new,
 All for God's mindfull will can not be dryven,
 From sacred word once to his Abraham given.

Soe then in joyfull plight, his loved bands
 His chosen troopes with triumph on he traines:
 Till full possession of the neighbour lands,
 With painelesse harvest of their thancklesse paines,
 He safely leaves in their victorious hands,
 Where nought for them to doe henceforth remains,
 But only to observe and see fulfilled,
 What he (to whome be praise) hath said and willed.

PSALM CVI.

Confitemini Domino.

WHERE are the hymnes, where are the honors due
 To our good God, whose goodnes knowes no end?
 Who of his force can utter what is true?
 Who all his praise in praises comprehend?
 O blessed they whose well advised sight
 Of all their life the levell straight doe bend,
 With endlesse ayming at the mark of right.

Lord, for the love thou dost thy people beare,
 Graunt thought of me may harbor in thy mind:
 Make me with them thy safeties liv'ry weare,
 That I may once take notice in what kinde
 Thy kindness is on thine elected showne:
 That I may gladdnes in their gladdnes finde,
 Boasting with them who boast to be thine owne.

Indeede we have, as our fore-fathers done,
 Done ill, done wronge, unjustly, wickedly :
 For (that I may begin where they begun)
 Thy workes in Egipt wrought, they passed by,
 Quite out of thought thy many bounties fell,
 And at the sea they did thy pacience try :
 At the Red Sea, they did, I say, rebell.

Yet God (O goodnes) saved for his name
 These mutiners, that this his might might show,
 For he the waters did rebuking blame,
 The waters left at his rebuke to flow
 On sandy deepe, as on the desert sands,
 Unwett in waves he made his people goe :
 Setting them safe from all their haters hands.

For look how fast their foes did them pursue,
 Soe fast, more fast the sea pursu'd their foes :
 All dreneht, all dead, not one left of the crue.
 Then loe beliefe, then thankfullnesse arose
 In faithlesse, gracelesse hartes : but in a trice
 Oblyvion all remembraunce overgrows
 Of his greate workes, or care of his advise.

For gluttonous they flesh in desert crave,
 That they forsooth might try th'allmighties might :
 As gluttons fitts, they flesh in desert have,
 For fully fedd, yet far'd in pining plight.
 What should I utter how from Moses they
 And holy Aron sacred in Gods sight,
 Through envy sought to take the rule away?

The very earth such mischief griev'd to beare,
 And opening made her gaping throate the grave,
 Where Dathan and Abiram buried were,
 Buried alive with tentes and all they have.
 Whose complices the flash of angry fire
 Surprised soe, none could from burning save,
 In ashes rak'd they found their treasons hire.

A molten god they did in Horeb frame,
 And what? forsouth the suckling of a cow;
 Their heav'nly glory chang'd to beastly shame,
 They more then beastes, before a beast did bow.
 A calfe, nay image of a calfe they serv'd,
 Whose highest worshipp, hay they should allow,
 God was forgott, who had them soe preserv'd.

Preserv'd them soe by miracles of might,
 Done in the plaines where fertile Nilus flowes:
 And wondred workes; which fearefully did fright,
 The oker bancks their passage did inclose.
 Therefore their wrack he meant; which while he meant,
 Moses his chosen in the gapp arose,
 And turn'd his wrath from wrackfull punishment.

What more? the land that well deserv'd desire
 With fond disdain mistrustfull they reject:
 Their tentes doe flame with hott rebellious fire,
 Jehovas wordes receav'd with no respect.
 For which he in the desert overthrew
 Them selves, their sonns, with fathers fault infect,
 Scatt'rd, exil'd, no certaine country knew.

For they to Pehors, filthy idoll, went,
 And what had bin to dead things sacrific'd,
 Forbidden foode, abominably spent,
 Soe God with anger mightely surpris'd
 His hurtfull hand against their health did raise;
 But Phinees, justice done, their lives repris'd,
 And for that justice purchas'd endlesse praise.

Could this suffice? Nay, farther at the brooke,
 The brooke of Brall, they did the Lord incense:
 Which then his name of their contention tooke;
 Where Moses self did smart for their offence,
 For inly angred that he rashly spake,
 Forgetting due respect and reverence,
 Which for his rashnesse God did angry make.

After their sonnes came to that lovely land,
 Noe better minded, all be better blest,
 Would not roote out (as stooed with his command)
 The Pagan plants, who then the place possest,
 But grew together up, and did as they,
 In idoll service forward as the best:
 In idoll service roote of their decay.

For they both sonnes and daughters offered
 Unto their gods; gods? no, they devills were:
 Whose guiltlesse blond, which wastfully they shed,
 Imbru'd the idolls Canaan did beare;
 The land defiled was with murthers done,
 Whiles they in workes no filthines forbear,
 And in conceiptes a whooring mainly run.

Soe God incensed grew against his owne,
 And plainly did his heritage detest:
 Left them to be by strangers overthrowne,
 Lorded by foes, by enimies opprest.
 Often he freed them by his force divine:

But when their witts would give his wrath no res^t,
 Left them at length in worthy plagues to pine.

He left them long, yet left them not at last,
 But saw their woes, and heard their wayfull cries,
 Which made him call to thought his cov'nant past.

Soe chang'd, not only in him self did rise
 Repentant pittie of their passed paines:
 But their captivers now relenting eyes
 His ruth of them to tender yelding traines.

Goe on, O God, as them, soe us to save:

Rally thy troopes that widely scattred be,
 That their due thanks thy holynesse may have;
 Their glorious praise thy heav'nly pow'r may see.
 O God of Izrael, our God, our Lord,
 Eternall thanks be to eternall thee:
 Lett all the earth with praise approve my word.

PSALM CVII.

Confitemini Domino.

O CELEBRATE Jehovas praise,
 For gracious he and good is found;
 And noe preeinct, noe space of daies,
 Can his greate grace and goodness bound.
 Say you with me, with me resound
 Jehovas praise with thankfulness:
 Whose bands of perill he unbound,
 When tyrants hate did you oppresse.

How many, and how many tymes,
 From early East, from evening West,
 From thirsty coastes, from frosty clymes,
 Hath he dispersed, brought to rest!
 How many sav'd, who deepe distrest,
 And straying farre from path and towne,
 With want and drouth soe sore were prest,
 That drouth well neer their lives did drowne!

They cry'd to him in woefull plight;
 His succour sent did end their woe.
 From error train'd he led them right,
 And made to peopled places goe.
 Such then in song his mercies show,
 His wonders done to men display:
 Who in the hungry hunger soe,
 Soe doth in thirsty thirst alay.

How many fast imprisoned lye
 In shade of death, and horror blind,
 Whose fecte as iron fetters tye,
 Soe heavy anguish cloggs their mind!
 Whom though the Lord did rebels finde,
 Despising all he did advise;
 Yet when their hart with grief declin'd
 Now helplesse quite and hopelesse lies.

They cry to him in wofull plight;
 His succour sent doth end their woe.
 From death to life, from darke to light,
 With broken boltes he makes them goe.
 Such then in song his mercy show,
 His wonders done to men display;
 The gates of brasse who breaketh so,
 So makes the iron yield them way.

How many wantonly missled,
 While fooles, they follow follies traine,
 For sinne confined to their bed
 This guerdon of their folly gaine.
 Their lothing soule doth foode refraine,
 And hardly, hardly failing breath,
 Can now his ending gasp restraine
 From entring at the gate of death.

They cry to him in wofull plight:
 His succour sent doth end their woe.
 His word puts all their paine to flight,
 And free from sicknesse makes them goe.
 Such then in song his mercy show,
 His wonders done to men display,
 Tell gladly of his workes they know,
 And sacrifice of praises pay.

How many mounting winged tree
 For traffique leave retiring land,
 And on huge waters busied be,
 Which bancklesse flow on endlesse sand!
 These, these indeed, well understand,
 Enform'd by their feare-open eye,
 The wonders of Jehovas hand
 While on the waves they rocking lye.

He bids, and straight on moisty maine
 The blustering tempest falling lies:
 The starrs doe dropp bedasht with raine,
 Soe huge the waves in combat rise.
 Now shipp with men do touch the skies:
 Now downe, more downe then center falls;
 Their might doth melt, their courage dies,
 Such hidcous fright each sence appalls.

For now the whirlwinde makes them wheele :
 Now stop'd in midst of broken round
 As drunckards use, they staggring reele,
 Whose head-lame feete can feele no ground.
 What helpes to have a pilot sound ?
 Where wisdome wont to guide the sterne
 Now in dispairfull danger drownd,
 Which wisdoms eye cannot discerne ?

They cry to him in wofull plight,
 His succour sent doth end their woe.
 Of seas and winds he partes the fight :
 To wished port with joy they row.
 Such then in song his mercies show ;
 His wonders done to men display :
 Make peoples presse his honor know,
 At princes thrones his praise bewray.

How many where doth he convert
 Well watred grounds to thirsty sand ?
 And saltes the soile for wicked hart
 The dwellers beare that till the land !
 How oft againe his gracious hand
 To watry pooles doth desertes change ?
 And on the fields that fruitlesse stand,
 Makes trickling springs unhoped range ?

Suppose of men that live in want
 A colony he there do make,
 They dwell, and build, and sow, and plant,
 And of their paines greate profit take.
 His blessing doth not them forsake,
 But multiplies their childrens store :
 Nay, ev'n their cattail, for their sake,
 Augmentes in number more and more.

They stand while he their state sustaines:
 Then comes againe that harmefull day
 Which brings the enterechange of paines,
 And their encrease turnes to decay.
 Nor strange; for he exiled stray
 Makes greatest kings, scorn'd where they goe:
 The same from want the poore doth waigh,
 And makes like heards their houses grow.

See this, and joy this thus to see,
 All you whose judgments judge aright:
 You whose conceites distorted be,
 Stand mute amazed at the sight
 How wise were he, whose wisdom might
 Observe each course the Lord doth hold,
 To light in men his bounties light,
 Whose providence doth all enfold?

PSALM CVIII.

Paratum cor meum.

To sing and play my hart is bent,
 Is bent God's name to solemnize,
 Thy service O my tongue, present:
 Arise my lute, my harp arise.
 My self will up with dawning skies,
 And so in song report thy praise,
 No care but shall conceave my laies
 As farre as earth extended lies.

For, Lord, the heav'ns how ever high,
Are lower farre then thy sweete grace :
Thy truth on stedfast wings doth fly,
Aspiring up to cloudy space.
O then thy self in highest place
Above the heav'ns, Jehova, show :
And thence on all this earth below
Display the sunn-beames of thy face.

To sett thy dearly loved free,
To helpe and heare me when I pray.
Hark, hark, so shall, so shall it be,
Him self doth from his temple say.
Then make we heere a merry stay,
And let me part out Sichems fields :
The land that Succoths valley yields,
By pearch and pole divided lay.

Myne Gilcad is, Manasses mine :
Ephraims armes shall guard the king :
By law shall Juda right define,
While I my shoe at Edom fling.
Thee, Moab, I will humbled bring
To wash my feete in servile place :
Thou Palestine, my late disgrace,
Triumphed, shalt my triumph sing.

But who shall cause us Edom take,
And enter Edoms strongest towne ;
Who but thou, God, us'd to forsake
Our troopes, and at our sutes to frowne ?
Then help us ere distrest we drowne :
Who trusts in man doth vainly trust.
In only God prevaile we must,
He, he, shall tread our haters downe.

PSALM CIX.

Deus laudem.

SINCE thus the wicked, thus the fraudulent,
 Since liers thus enforce my blame:
 O God, God of my praise,
 Be not in silence pent:
 For their malitious wordes against me raise
 Engius of hate, and causelesse battry frame.

Causelesse? ay me! quite contrary to cause
 My love they doe with hate repay:
 With treasons lawlesse spight
 They answer friendshipps lawes,
 And good with ill, and help with harme requite:
 What resteth now, but that to thee I pray?

I pray then what? that lorded at command
 Of some vile wretch I may him see:
 That fittly still his foe
 To thwart his good may stand:
 That judg'd from judgment he condemned goe,
 Yea to his plague, his praier turned be.

That speedy death cutt off his wofull life,
 Another take his place and port:
 His children fatherlesse,
 And husbandlesse his wife,
 May wandring begg, and begg in such distresse,
 Their beggred hopes may be their best resort.

That usurers may all he hath ensnare,
And strangers reape what he hath sowne:
That none him friend at all,
None with compassions care
Embrace his brood, but they to wrack may fall,
And false may lye in following age unknowne.

That not his owne alone, but ev'ry cryme
Of fathers and forefathers hand,
May in God's sight abide:
Yea, to eternall tyme,
Synne of his mother, and his mothers side,
May in his mind, who is eternall, stand.

That he and they soe farre may be forgott,
That neither print of being leave
What humane nature will,
For he remembred not,
But sought a wretch inhumanly to spill,
And would of life an humbled hart bereave.

He loved mischief; mischief with him goe:
He did noe good; then doe him none,
Be wretchednes his cloake,
Into him soaking soe,
As water drunken inwardly doth soake,
As oile through flesh doth search the hidden bone.

Be woe, I say, his garment large and wide,
Fast girt with girdle of the same.
So be it, be it aye,
Such misery betide
Unto all such as thirsting my decay,
Against my soule such deadly falshood frame.

But thou, O Lord, my Lord, soe deale with me
 As doth thy endlesse honor fitt :
 And for thy glories sake
 Let me deliverance see,
 For want and woe my life their object make,
 And in my brest my hart doth wounded sitt.

I fade, and faile as shade with falling sunn :
 And as the grasshopper is tost,
 Place after place I leese.
 While fast hath nigh undone
 The witherd knotts of my disjoynted knees,
 And dried flesh all juyce and moisture lost.

Worse yet alas ! I am their scorne, their nod,
 When in their presence I me show ;
 But thou, thou me uphold,
 My Lord, my grations God :
 O save me in thy mercies manifold,
 Thy hand, thy work, make all men on me know.

They curse me still, but blesse thou where they curse
 They rise, but shame shall bring them downe.
 And this my joy shall be,
 As bad disgrace, or worse,
 Shall them attyre then ever clothed me,
 Trailing in trayne a synfull shamefull gowne.

Then, then, will I Jehovas workes relate
 Where multitudes their meeting have :
 Because still nigh at hand
 To men in hard estate
 He in their most extreamities doth stand,
 And guiltlesse lives from false condemners save.

PSALM CX.

Dixit Dominus.

THUS to my Lord, the Lord did say :
Take up thy seate at my right hand,
Till all thy foes that proudly stand,
I prostrate at thy footestoole lay.
From me thy staffe of might
Sent out of Sion goes :
As victor then prevaile in fight,
And rule repining foes.

But as for them that willing yield,
In solemne robes they glad shall goe :
Attending thee when thou shalt show
Triumphantly thy troopes in field :
In field as thickly sett
With warlike youthfull trayne,
As pearled plaine with dropps is wett,
Of sweete Auroras raine.

The Lord did sweare, and never he
What once he sware will disavow :
As was Melchisedech soe thou,
An everlasting priest shalt be.
At hand still ready prest
To guard thee from anoy,
Shall sitt the Lord that loves thee best,
And kings in wrath destroy.

Thy realme shall many realmes containe:
 Thy slaughtred foes thicke heaped lye:
 With crused head ev'n he shall dye,
 Who head of many realmes doth raigne.
 If passing on these waies
 Thou taste of troubled streames,
 Shall that eclipse thy shyning raies?
 Nay, light thy glories beames.

PSALM CXI.

Confitebor tibi.

At home, abroad, most willingly I will
 Bestow on God my praises utmost skill:
 Chaunting his workes, workes of unmatched might,
 Deem'd so by them, who in their search delight.
 Endlesse the honor to his powre pertaines:
 From end as farre his justice eke remains.
 Gracious and good, and working wonders soe,
 His wonders never can forgotten goe.
 In hungry waste he fedd his faithfull crue,
 Keeping his league, and still in promise true.
 Lastly, his strength he caus'd them understand,
 Making them lords of all the heathens land.
 Now what could more each promise, doome, decree,
 Of him confirme sure, just, unmov'd to be!
 Preserv'd his folk, his league eternall framd,
 Quake then with feare when holy he is nam'd.
 Reverence of him is perfect wisdoms well:
 Stand in his lawe, so understand you well.
 The praise of him (though wicked hartes repine)
 Unbounded bides, noe time can it define.

PSALM CXII.

Beatus vir.

O IN how blessed state he standeth,
Who soe Jehova feareth,
That in the things the Lord commandeth
His most delight appeareth!

The branches from that body springing
On the earth shall freshly flourish:
Their pedigree from good men bringing
The Lord with blisse will nourish.

The happy house wherein he dwelleth
Well stored shall persever:
The treasures justly got he telleth,
Shall bide his owne for ever.

For he when woe them over-cloudeth
The darkned hartes enlighteth:
His mildness them and mercy shrowdeth,
His justice for them fighteth.

He is both good, and goodness loveth,
Most liberall and lending:
All business wherein he moveth
With sound advice attending.

He, firmly propt, for ever falling,
His name exempt from dying:
Can heare ill newes without appalling,
His hart on God relying.

His hart (I say), which strongly staid,
 Is free from feare preserved:
 Till on his foes he view displaid
 The plagues by them deserved.

He gives where needs, nay rather straweth,
 His justice never ending:
 Soe honors hand, him higher draweth
 With glad applause ascending.

Of good I meane: for wicked wretches
 Shall seeing fume, and fuming
 Consume to nought, their fruitless fetches
 To nought with them consuming.

PSALM CXIII.

Laudate, pueri.

O you that serve the Lord,
 To praise his name accord:
 Jehova now and ever
 Commending, ending never,
 Whom all this earth resoundes,
 From East to Westernne boundes.

He monarch raignes on high:
 His glory treads the sky.
 Like him, who can be counted,
 That dwells soe highly mounted?
 Yet stooping low beholds
 What heav'n and earth enfolds.

From dust the needy soule,
 The wretch from miry hole
 He lifts: yea kings he makes them,
 Yea kings his people takes them,
 He gives the barren wife
 A fruitfull mothers life.

PSALM CXIV.

In exitu Israel.

AT what tyme Jacobs race did leave of Ægipt take,
 And Ægipts barbrous folk forsake,
 Then, then, our God, our king, elected Jacobs race
 His temple there and throne to place.
 The sea beheld and fedd: Jordan with swift returne
 To twyned spring his streames did turne;
 The mountaines bounded soe, as fedd in fruitfull ground
 The fleezed rammes doe frisking bound,
 The hillocks capreold soe, as wanton by their dammes
 We capreoll see the lusty lambes.
 O sea, why didst thou fly? Jordan, with swift returne
 To twyned spring what made thee turne?
 Mountaines, why bounded ye, as fedd in fruitfull ground
 The fleezed rammes doe frisking bound?
 Hillocks, why capreold ye, as wanton by their dammes
 We capreoll see the lusty lambes?
 Nay you, and Earth with you, quake ever at the sight
 Of God Jehova, Jacobs might,
 Who in the hardest rocks makes standing waters grow,
 And purling springs from flints to flow.

PSALM CXV.

Non nobis, Domine.

NOT us, I say, not us,
 But thine owne name respect, eternall Lord:
 And make it glorious,
 To show thy mercy and confirme thy word.
 Why, Lord, why should these nations say
 Where doth your God now make his stay?

You ask where our God is?
 In heav'n enthron'd, no mark of mortal eye.
 Nor hath, nor will he misse
 What likes his will, to will effectually;
 What are your idolls? we demand:
 Gold, silver, workes of workmens hand.

They mouthes, but speechlesse, have:
 Eyes sightlesse; eares, no newes of noise can tell:
 Who them their noses gave
 Gave not their noses any sence of smell;
 Nor handes can feele, nor feete can goe,
 Nor signe of sound their throates can show.

And wherin differ you,
 Who, having made them, make of them your trust?
 But Israel pursue
 Thy trust in God, the targett of the just.
 O Arons howse, the like doe yee:
 He is their aid, their targett he.

All that Jehovah feare,
 Trust in Jehovah, he our aid and shield:
 He us in mind doth beare,
 He will to us abundant blessings yield:
 Will evermore with grace and good
 Blesse Jacobs howse, blesse Arons brood.

Blesse all that beare him awe,
 Both great and small; the conduites of his store,
 He never dry shall draw,
 But you and youres enrich still more and more.
 Blest, O thrice blest, whom he hath chose,
 Who first with heav'ns did earth enclose.

Where height of highest skies
 Removed most from floore of lowly ground
 With vaulted rooffe doth rise:
 Him self tooke up his dwelling there to found.
 To mortall men he gracious gave
 The lowly ground to hold and have.

And why? his praise to show:
 Which how can dead men, Lord, in any wise?
 Who downe descending goe
 Into the place where silence lodged lies.
 But save us: we thy praise record
 Will now and still: O praise the Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

Dilexi quoniam.

THE Lord receives my cry,
 And me good eare doth give;
 Then love him still will I,
 And praise him while I live.
 Fast bound in bonds of death,
 With deadly anguish thrall'd,
 When grief nigh stopt my breath,
 Upon his name I called.

I call'd, and thus I said:
 O Lord my bands unbind.
 I found him prone to aid,
 I found him just and kind:
 The simples surest guard,
 By me of right esteem'd:
 Whom he distressed heard
 From hard distresse redeem'd.

My soule turmoild with woes,
 Now boldly turne to rest,
 Such changes on thee shoves
 Who greatest is and best.
 My life from death is past,
 Mine eyes have dried their weeping:
 My slipping foote stands fast,
 My self live in his keeping.

Beleeving as I spake,
 (Such woe my witts did blind)
I said, when I did quake,
 I all men liers finde :
Which, finding false, to thee
 What thancks, Lord, shall I render,
Who showing blisse on me
 Dost me soe truly tender?

My cup with thanks shall flow
 For freedom from my thrall,
Which I, in flames will throw,
 And on thy name will call.
To thee my vowes will pay,
 Thy people all beholding,
Who dear their deaths dost weigh,
 That are to thee beholden.

This I thy servant taste,
 Thy slave, thy handmaids sonne :
Whose bands thou broken hast,
 And fettring chaines undone.
Who unto thee for this
 A sacrifice of praising
To offer will not misse,
 Thy name with honor raising.

Thou whom no times enfold
 Shalt have what I did vow :
And they shall all behold
 Who to thy scepter bow.
The place, that holy place,
 Before thy house extended ;
The very middle space
 In Sion comprehended.

PSALM CXVII.

Laudate Dominum.

P RAISE him that aye
 R emaines the same :
 A ll tongues display
 I ehovas fame.
 S ing all that share
 T his earthly ball,
 H is mercies are
 E xpos'd to all:
 L ike as the word
 O nce he doth give,
 R old in record,
 D oth tyme outlyve.

PSALM CXVIII.

Confitemini Domino.

T HE Lord is good, you see, and know,
 Acknowledge then and praise him soe ;
 For soe his bounty it extendeth,
 Noe age can say, loe here it endeth.

Thou chosen Israel, allway
 With me be prest the same to say :
 For soe his bonnty it extendeth,
 Noe age can say, loe here it endeth.

You that of sacred Aron came
 Be prest with me to say the same :
 For soe his bounty it extendeth,
 Noe age can say, loe here it endeth.

And you his fearers, all the rest
The same to say with me be prest:
For soe his bounty it extendeth,
Noe age can say, loe here it endeth,

I sometime straitned lay in thrall;
So lying, I on God did call:
God answere gave me when I called,
And me unlarging, me unthralled.

Jehova doth my party take;
Should feare of man then cause me quake?
Nay, with my frends sith God is placed,
How can my foes but be disgraced?

More safe it is on God to stay
Then confidence on man to lay:
More safe who God his refuge taketh
Then he who kings his succour maketh.

Of enemies, all sortes that be
On ev'ry part environ'd me:
But I their sinewes cut and quailed,
Jehovas name soe much prevailed.

They me environ'd yet againe,
Againe they did me straitly strayne:
But I their sinewes cut and quailed,
Jehovas name soe much prevailed.

They me environ'd yet anew,
And swarming fast like bees they flew:
As fire in thornes they quickly quailed,
Soe to their wrack his name prevailed.

Indeede thou sore at me didst thrust,
 Yet by his succour stand I must :
 In him my strength, of him my ditty,
 He did my soule in thralldom pittie.

You righteous troupe with me rejoyce,
 Consort with mine your joyfull voice,
 Say, praise his hand, yea, double praised,
 Be his strong hand so highly raised.

For be assur'd I shall not dye,
 But live Gods works to testify :
 Who though he sore did scourging paine me,
 He hath but scourg'd, he hath not slaine mee.

Who opens to me justice gate ?
 I, entring, may Gods praise relate.
 This gate unto Jehova showeth,
 By this to Him the righteous goeth.

Here, here O Lord, I will thee praise,
 Who didst my life to safety raise.
 The stone the builders erst refused
 In corner now is laied and used.

This workmanship in deed divine
 Doth in our eyes with wonder shine :
 God made this day, he did us send it,
 In joy and mirth then let us spend it.

O help us, Lord, O help, we say,
 O prosper, prosper us, we pray :
 Blest in thy name who comming rideth,
 Blest in thy house who dwelling bideth.

Thy house, Lord, mighty God, whence we
 Both have our light and sight to see :
 Tie fast the lambe on alter lying,
 The cords to horned corners tying.

O God, my mighty God thou art,
 And I to thee will praise impart:
 O God thou art my God, and ever
 I will extoll thee, ceasing never.

The Lord is good, you see and know,
 Acknowledge then and praise him soe,
 For soe his bounty it extendeth,
 Noe age can say, loe here it endeth.

PSALM CXIX.

Beati immaculati.

A.

AN undefiled course who leadeth,
 And in Jehovas doctrine treadeth,
 How blessed he !
 How blest they be
 Who still his testimonies keeping,
 Doe seeke him self with hearty seeking !

For whom in walke Gods way directeth,
 Sure them no sinnfull blott infecteth
 Of deede or word :
 For thou, O Lord,
 Hast to be done thy lawes commanded,
 Not only to be understood.

O weare my steps soe staid from swerving,
 That I me to thy hests observing
 Might wholly give:
 Then would I live
 With constant cheere all chaunces brooking,
 To all thy precepts ever looking.

Then would I worshipp thee sincerely,
 When what thy justice bids severely
 Thou shouldst me teach:
 I would noe breach
 Make of thy law to me betaken,
 O leave me not in whole forsaken.

B.

By what correcting line
 May a young man make streight his crooked way?
 By leuell of thy lore divine:
 Sith then with soe good cause
 My hart thee seekes, O Lord, I seeking pray
 Let me not wander from thy lawes.

Thy speeches have I hid
 Close locked up in caskett of my hart:
 Fearing to do what they forbid.
 But this cannott suffice:
 Thou wisest Lord, who ever-blessed art,
 Yet make me in thy statutes wise.

Then shall my lipps declare
 The sacred lawes that from thy mouth proceed,
 And teach all nations what they are:
 For what thou dost decree
 To my conceit farre more delight doth breed,
 Then worlds of wealth, if worlds might be.

Thy precepts therefore I
 Will my continuall meditation make,
 And to thy pathes will have good eye.
 The orders by thee sett
 Shall cause me in them greatest pleasure take,
 Nor once will I thy wordes forgett.

C.

CONFESSE, O Lord
 This benefitt on me,
 That I may live and keepe thy word.
 Open mine eyes,
 They may the riches see,
 Which in thy law enfolded lies.

A pilgrim right
 On earth I wandring live,
 O barre me not thy statutes light.
 I wast and spill,
 While still I longing grieve,
 Grieve, longing for thy judgments still.

Thou proud and high
 Dost low and lowly make:
 Curst from thy rule who bend awry.
 What shame they lay
 On me then from me take;
 For I have kept thy will allway.

Let princes talk,
 And talk their worst of me:
 In thy decrees my thoughts shall walk.
 All my delight
 Thy witnest will shall be,
 My counsell to advise me right.

D.

DEAD as if I were,
 My soule to dust doth cleave:
 Lorde keepe thy word, and doe not leave
 Me here:

But quicken me a new.
 When I did confesse
 My sinnfull waies to thee,
 As then thy care thou didst to me
 Adresse:
 Soe teach me now thy statutes true.

Make that I may know
 And throughly understand
 What waie to walk thou dost command,
 Then show

Will I thy wonders all.
 Very woe and grief
 My soule doe melt and fry;
 Revive me Lord, and send me thy
 Relief:
 And lett on me thy comfort fall.

From the lyers trace,
 From falshoods wreathed way,
 O save me, Lord, and graunt I may
 Embrace

The law thou dost commend.
 For the path ay right,
 Where truth unfained goes
 My tongue to tread hath gladly chose:
 My sight
 Thy judgmentes doth as guides attend.

Since therefore, O Lord,
 Still did I, still I doe
 So neerly, deerly cleave unto
 Thy word:
 All shame from me avert.
 Then loe, then I
 Will tread, yea running tread
 The trace which thy commandments lead,
 When thy
 Free grace hath fully freed my hart.

E.

EXPLAINE, O Lord, the way to me
 That thy divine edicts enfold,
 And I to end will runne it right.
 O make my blinded eyes to see,
 And I thy law will hold: yea hold
 Thy law with all my hartes delight.

O be my guide, O guide me soe,
 I thy commandments path may pace;
 Wherein to walk my hart is faine.
 O bend it then to things that show
 True witness of thy might and grace,
 And not to hungry thirst of gaine.

Avert mine eye, it may not view
 Of vanity the falsed face:
 And strength my treadings in thy trade.
 Lett doings prove thy sayings true
 To him that holds thy servants place,
 And thee his awe, his feare hath made.

Thou then (my feare,) remove the feare
 Of coming blame from carefull me :
 For gracious are thy judgments still.
 Behold, to me thy precepts deare,
 Most deare, and most delightfull be.
 O let thy justice aid my will.

F.

F'RANCKLY poure, O Lord, on me
 Saving grace to sett me free :
 That supported I may see
 Promise truly kept by thee.

That to them who me defame,
 Roundly I may answer frame :
 Who, because thy word and name
 Are my trust, thus seeke my shame.

Thy true word O do not make
 Utterly my mouth forsake :
 Since I thus still waiting wake,
 When thou wilt just vengauce take.

'Then loe I thy doctrine pure,
 Sure I hold, will hold more sure :
 Nought from it shall me allure,
 All the time my time shall dure.

Then as brought to widest way
 From restraint of straitest stay,
 All their thincking night and day :
 On thy law my thoughtes shall lay.

Yea then unto any king
 Wittnesse will I any thing,
 That from thee can wittnesse bring:
 In my face no blush shall spring.

Then will I sett forth to sight
 With what pleasure, what delight,
 I embrace thy preceptes right,
 Whereunto all love I plight.

Then will I, with either hand
 Clasp the rules of thy command:
 There my study still shall stand,
 Striving them to understand.

G.

GRAVE deeply in remembering mind
 My trust, thy promise true:
 This only joy in griefe I find,
 Thy words my life renue.
 Though proudly scorn'd, yet from thy lore
 I no way have declin'd,
 I hold for comfort what of yore
 Thy doomes, O Lord, defin'd.

I quake to view how people vile
 Doe from thy doctryne swerve:
 Thy just edicts ev'n in exile
 Did me for musick serve.
 I keepe thy learning, and in night
 Record Jehovas stile,
 Observing still thy precepts right
 Loe this I have the while.

H.

HIGH Jehova once I say
 For my choise and lott I take,
 I will sure his wordes obey.
 Hott and hartly sute I make,
 Praying thus ev'n to thy face,
 Pitty me for thy words sake.
 Ev'ry path, and every pace
 Taught by thee, observing well,
 To thy rule I frame my race.
 Lest upon delaies I dwell
 But to keepe contend with speed
 What to me thy precepts tell.
 By lewd robbers brought to need
 From my losses of thy lawes
 Never did neglect proceed.
 Midnights watch thy praises canse,
 While that me from bed and rest
 Thought of thy just judgments drawes.
 Fellowship and friendships best,
 With thy fearers all I hold,
 Such as hold thy biddings best.
 Lord the earth can scarce enfold
 What thou dost benignly give,
 Let me then by thee be told
 In thy learning how to live.

I.

IN all kindnes, thou, O Lord,
 Hast to me perform'd thy word:
 This now resteth that I learne
 From thy skill a skillfull tast,
 Good from evill to discern,
 On thy lawes whose trust is plac't.

Yet unhumbl'd I did stray,
Now I will thy words obey.

Thou that art soe highly good
Nothing can thy goodness reach,
Thou where floweth bounties flood
Willing me thy statutes teach.

What if proud men on me lie?
I will on thy lawes rely.

Wallow they in their delights,
Fatt in body, fatt in mind:

I the pleasures of my sp'rites
Will unto thy doctrine bind.

Now I find the good of woe,
How thy hests it makes me know:

Of whose mouth the lectures true
Are above all wealth to me:

Millions then, and mines adieu,
Gold and silver, drosse you be.

K.

KNITT and conformed by thy hand
Hath been ev'ry part of me:
Then make me well to understand,
Conceiving all thou dost command:

That when me thy fearers see
They for me may justly joy:
Seeing what I look't from thee
In thy word I now enjoy.

O Lord, thy judgmentes just I know,
When thy scourges scourged me,
'Thou in that doing nought didst show
That might thy promise overthrow.

Let me then thy comfort see
 Kindly sent as thou hast said,
 Bring thy mercies life from thee,
 On thy lawes my joyes are laid.

Let blame and shame the proud betide
 Falsly who subverted me :
 Whose meditations shall not slide,
 But fast in thy commandments bide.
 So shall I thy fearers see
 On my part who know thy will :
 While I purely worshipp thee
 Blott nor blush my face shall fill.

L.

LOOKING and longing for deliverance
 Upon thy promise, mightlesse is my mind,
 Sightlesse myne eyes, which often I advaunce
 Unto thy word,
 Thus praying : when, O Lord,
 When will it be I shall thy comfort find ?

I like a smoked bottle am become,
 And yet the wine of thy commandments hold.
 Ay me! when shall I see the totall summe
 Of all my wocs ?
 When wilt thou on my foes
 Make wronged me thy just revenge behold ?

Their pride hath digged pitts me to ensnare,
 Which with thy teachings how doth it agree ?
 True or more truly, Truth thy precepts are :
 By falshood they
 Would make of me their pray :
 Let truth, O Lord, from falshood rescue me.

Nigh quite consum'd by them on earth I lye,
 Yet from thy statutes never did I swerve.
 Lord, of thy goodnes quicken me, and I
 Will still pursue
 Thy testimonies true,
 And all the biddings of thy lipps observe.

M.

Most plainly, Lord, the frame of sky
 Doth show thy word decayeth never:
 And constant stay of earth descrie
 Thy word, that staid it, staieth ever.
 For by thy lawes they hold their standings,
 Yea all things do thy service try;
 But that I joy'd in thy commandings,
 I had my self been sure to dye.

Thy word that hath revived me
 I will retaine, forgetting never.
 Lett me thine owne be sav'd by thee,
 Whose statutes are my studies ever.
 I mark thy will the while their standings
 The wicked take, my bane to be:
 For I no close of thy commandings,
 Of best things else an end I see.

N.

NOUGHT can enough declare
 How I thy learning love,
 Whereon all day my meditation lies.
 By whose edicts I prove
 Farre than my foes more wise,
 For they a wisdom never-failing are.

My teachers all of old
 May now come learne of me,
 Whose studies tend but to thy wittnes will:
 Nay who most aged be,
 Thought therefore most of skill,
 In skill I passe, for I thy precepts hold,

I did refraine my feete
 From ev'ry wicked way,
 That they might firmly in thy statutes stand.
 Nor ever did I stray
 From what thy lawes command,
 For I of thee have learned what is meete.

How pleasing to my tast!
 How sweete thy speeches be!
 Noe touch of hony soe affects my tongue.
 From whose edicts in me
 Hath such true wisdom sprung,
 That all false waies quite out of love I cast.

O.

O WHAT a lanterne, what a lamp of light
 Is thy pure word to me!
 To cleere my pathes, and guide my goings right.
 I sweare and sweare againe,
 I of the statutes will observer be,
 Thou justly dost ordaine.

The heavy weightes of grief oppresse me sore:
 Lord, raise me by thy word,
 As thou to me didst promise heretofore.
 And this unforced praise,
 I for an offring bring, accept, O Lord,
 And show to me thy waies.

What if my life lye naked in my hand,
 To ev'ry chauce expos'd,
 Should I forgett what thou dost me command?
 No, no, I will not stray
 From thy edicts though round about enclos'd
 With snares the wicked lay.

Thy testimonies as mine heritage,
 I have retained still:
 And unto them my hartes delight engage.
 My hart which still doth bend,
 And only bend to do what thou dost will,
 And doe it to the end.

P.

PEOPLE that inconstant be
 Constant hatred have from me:
 But thy doctrine changlesse ever
 Holds my love that changeth never.
 For thou the closett where I hide
 The shield whereby I safe abide:
 My confidence expects thy promise just.
 Hence, away, you cursed crue,
 Gett you gon, that rid from you,
 I at better ease and leisure
 Maie performe my Gods good pleasure:
 O Lord, as thou thy word didst give,
 Sustaine me soe that I may live,
 Nor make me blush, as frustrate of my trust.

Be my piller, be my stay,
 Safe then I shall swerve no way:
 All my witt and understanding
 Shall then work on thy commanding,

For under foote thou treadst them all,
 Who swerving from thy preceptes fall:
 And vainly in their guile and treason trust.
 Yea the wicked sort by thee
 All as drosse abjected be:
 Therefore what thy truth approveth,
 That my love entirely loveth.
 And such regard of thee I make,
 For feare of thee my flesh doth quake,
 And of thy lawes, thy lawes severely just.

Q.

QUIT and cleere from doing wrong,
 O lett me not betraied be
 Unto them, who ever strong
 Doe wrongly seeke to ruine me.
 Nay, my Lord,
 Baile thy servant on thy word:
 And lett not these that soare to high
 By my low stoope, yet higher fly.

Eye doth faile while I not faile
 With eye thy safety to pursue:
 Looking when will once prevaile,
 And take effect thy promise true.

All I crave
 I at thy mercies hand would have:
 And from thy wisdome, which I pray
 May cause me know thy law and way.

Since thy servant still I stay,
 My nnderstanding Lord enlight,
 So enlight it that I may
 Thy ordinances know aright.

Now, O now

The time requires, O Lord, that thou
Thy lawes defence shouldst undertake,
For now thy law they sorely shake.

Hope whereof makes that more deere

I thy edicts and statutes hold,

Then if gold to me they were,

Yea then they were the purest gold.

Makes that right

Are all thy precepts in my sight:

Makes that I hate each lying way,

That from their truth may cause me stray.

R.

RIGHT wonderfull thy testimonies be,

My hart to keepe to them I therefore bend:

Their very threshold gives men light,

And gives men sight,

That light to see:

Yea ev'n to babes doth understanding lend.

Opening my mouth, I dranck a greedy draught,

And did upon them my whole pleasure place.

Looke then, O Lord, and pittie me

As erst I see

Ordain'd and taught

By thee for them whose hartes thy name embrace.

Of all my goings make thy word the guide,

Nor lett injustice now upon me raigne:

From them that false accusers be,

Lord, sett me free:

Soe never slide

Shall I from what thy statutes do ordayne.

Shine on thy servant with thy faces beames,
 And thoroughly me thy commandments teach.
 From fountaines of whose watry eyes
 Doe welling rise
 Of teares, huge streames,
 Viewing each where thy doctrines daily breach.

S

SURE, Lord, thy self art just,
 Thy lawes as rightfull be:
 What rightly bid thou dost
 Is firmly bound by thee.
 I flame with zeale to see
 My foes thy word forgett:
 Pure wordes, whereon by me
 A servantes love is sett.

Though bare, and though debast,
 I yet thy rules retaine,
 Whose doomes do endlessse last,
 And doctrine true remayne.
 In presure and in paine
 My joyes thy preceptes give:
 No date thy judgmentes daine,
 O make me wise to lyue.

T.

To thee my harty plaint I send,
 Lord, turne thine eare
 My plaint to heare,
 For to thy law my life I bend.

Since I have envoked thee
 Lett me Lord thy succour see;
 And what thy ordinaunces will
 I will persist observing still.

My cry more early then the day
 Doth daily rise,
 Because mine eyes
 Upon thy promise waiting stay.
 Eyes, I say, which still prevent
 Watches best to watching bent:
 Esteeming it but pleasing paines
 'To muse on that thy word containes.

O in thy mercy hear my voice,
 And as thy lawes
 Afforde the cause,
 So make me, Lord, revyv'd rejoyce.
 Lord, thou seest the gracelesse crew
 Presse me neere, who me pursue,
 As for the doctrine of thy law
 They farre from it themselves withdraw.

That Lord, thou seest, and this I see,
 Thou ev'ry where
 To me art neere,
 For true, nay, truth thy precepts be.
 Now, though not now first, I know,
 (For I knew it long ago,)
 That firmly founded once by thee,
 Thy ordinance no end can see.

V.

VIEW how I am distressed,
And lett me be released,
For looke what me thy word hath bidden
Out of my mind hath never slidden.

Then be my causes deemer,
Be thou my soules redcemer :
And as good hope thy word doth give me,
Let with good help thy worke relieve me.

Where wickednesse is loved
There health is farre removed.
For since thy sole edicts containe it,
Who search not them how can thy gaine it ?

Thy mercies are so many,
Their number is not any :
Then as thou usest, Lord, to use me,
Revive me now, and not refuse me.

Exceeding is their number
That me pursue and cumber :
Yet what thy wittnesse hath defined
From that my steps have not declined.

I saw, and grieved seeing
Their waies, who wayward being,
With guilefull stubbornness withstanded
What by thy speeches was commanded.

Since therefore plaine is proved
 That I thy lawes have loved :
 Looke Lorde, and here thy bounty showing
 Restore my life now feeble growing.

This in thy doctrine raigneth,
 It nought but truth containeth :
 This in thy justice brightly shineth,
 Thy just edicts no date defineth.

W.

WRONG'D I was by men of might,
 Hottly chas'd and hard assailed :
 Little they my hart to fright,
 But O much thy words prevailed :
 Words to me of more delight
 Then rich booty wonne by fight.

Fraud doe I with hate detest,
 But with love embrace thy learnings,
 Sev'n times daily ere I rest,
 Sing thy doomes and right discernings.
 Whom who love with peace are blest,
 Plenteous peace without unrest.

Doing what thy preepts will
 I thy help have long expected :
 My soule by thy doctrine still
 Loved most, is most directed.
 Thy edicts my deedes fullfill
 Who survaist my good and ill.

Y.

YIELD me this favour, Lord,
My plaint may presse into thy sight,
And make me understand aright
According to thy word.

Admitt to sight I say
The praier that to thee I send,
And unto me thy help extend,
Who on thy promise stay.

Then from my lipps shall flow
A holy hymn of praise to thee:
When I thy scholer taught shall be
By thee thy lawes to know.

Then shall my tongue declare
And teach againe what thou hast taught:
All whose decrees to triall brought
Most just, nay justice are.

O then reach out thy hand,
And yield me aid I justly crave
Since all things I forsaken have,
And chosen thy command.

I looke, I long, O Lord,
To see at length thy saving grace:
And only doe my gladnes place
In thy glad-making word.

I know my soule shall live,
 And living thee due honor yield:
 I know thy law shall be my shield,
 And me all succour give.

As sheep from shepherd gone
 So wander I: O seeke thy sheep,
 Who soe in mind thy precepts keep,
 That I forgett not one.

PSALM CXX.

Ad Dominum.

As to th' Eternall often in anguishes
 Erst have I called, never unanswered,
 Againe I call, againe I calling
 Doubt not againe to receive an answer.

Lord ridd my soule from treasonous eloquence
 Of filthy forgers craftily fraudulent:
 And from the tongue where lodg'd resideth
 Poison'd abuse, ruine of beleevers.

Thou that reposest vainly thy confidence
 In wily wronging, say by thy forgery
 What good to thee? what gaine redoundeth?
 What benefitt from a tongue deceitfull?

Though like an arrow strongly delivered
 It deeply pierce, though like to a juniper
 It coales doe cast, which quickly fired,
 Flame very hott, very hardly quenching.

Ah God! too long heere wander I banished,
 Too long abiding barbarous injury:
 With Kedar and with Mesech harbour'd,
 How? in a tent, in a howsesse harbour.

Too long, alas, to long have I dwelled here
 With friendly peaces furious enemies:
 Who when to peace I seeke to call them,
 Faster I find to the warre they arme them.

PSALM CXXI.

Levavi oculos.

WHAT? and doe I behold the lovely mountaines,
 Whence comes all my reliefe, my aid, my comfort?
 O there, O there abides the worlds Creator,
 Whence comes all my reliefe, my aid, my comfort.

March, march lustily on, redoubt no falling,
 God shall guide thy going: the Lord thy keeper
 Sleepes not, sleepes not a whit, no sleepe no slumber
 Once shall enter in Israells true keeper.

But whome named I Israells true keeper?
 Whome? but only Jehovah: whose true keeping
 Thy saving shadow is: not ever absent
 When present perill his reliefe requireth.

March then boldly, by day no sunne shall hurt thee
 With beames too violently right reflected.
 Feare no jornie by night, the moony vapours
 Shall not cast any mist to breed thy grevaunce.

Nay from ev'ry mishapp, from ev'ry mischief
 Safe thou shalt by Jehovas hand be guarded :
 Safe in all thy goings, in all thy commings,
 Now thou shalt by his hand, yea, still be guarded.

PSALM CXXII.

Lætatus sum.

O FAME most joyfull! O joy most lively delightfull!
 Loe, I do heare Gods temple, as erst, soe againe be frequented,
 And we within thy porches againe glad-wonted abiding,
 Lovely Salem shall find: thou citty rebuilt as a citty,
 Late disperst, but now united in absolute order.
 Now there shall be the place for Gods holy people appointed,
 First to behold his pledge, then sing allmighty Jehova.
 Now there shall be the seate, where not to be justiced only,
 All shall freely resort whom strife, hate, injury vexeth :
 But where Davids house and ofspring heav'nly beloved
 Shall both judges sitt, and raigne kings throned in honor.
 Pray then peace to Salem: to her frends all happy proceeding,
 Wish to her walls all rest, to her fortes all blessed abundance.
 This with cause doe I pray, sith from these blisses a blessing
 My brother and kinsman, my friend and country deriveth:
 This doe I wish and more, if more good rest to be wished,
 Since our God here builds him an house, allmighty Jehova.

PSALM CXXIII.

Ad te levavi oculos meos.

UNTO thee, oppressed, thou greate commander of heaven
 Heav'nly good attending, lift I my earthy seeing.
 Right as a waiters eye on a graceful master is holden ;
 As the look of waitresse fix'd on a lady lieth.

Soe with erected face, untill by thy mercy relieved,
 O Lord, expecting, beg we thy friendly favour.
 Scorn of proud scorner, reproach of mighty reprochers,
 Our sp'rites cleane ruined fill with an inly dolor.
 Then friend us, favour us, Lord then with mercy relieve us,
 Whose scornfull miseries greatly thy mercy needeth.

PSALM CXXIV.

Nisi quia Dominus.

SAY Israel, doe not conceale a verity,
 Had not the Lord assisted us,
 Had not the Lord assisted us, what tyme arose
 Against us our fierce enimies:
 Us all at once long since they had devoured up,
 They were soe fell, soe furious.
 If not, the angry gulphes, the streames most horrible
 Had drowned us: soe drowned us,
 That in the deepe bene tombed, at least on the deepe
 Had tumbled our dead carcasses.
 But Lord, what honor shall thy people yeeld to thee
 From greedy teeth delivered?
 Escaped as the fowle, that oft breaking the grym,
 Beguiles the fowlers wilynesse.
 For sure this is thy work, thy name protecteth us,
 Who heav'n, who earth hast fashioned.

PSALM CXXV.

Qui confidunt.

As Sion standeth very firmly stedfast,
 Never once shaking: soe on high Jehova
 Who his hope buildeth, very firmly stedfast
 Ever abideth.

As Salem braveth with her hilly bullwarkes,
 Roundly enforced: soe the greate Jehova
 Closeth his servantes, as a hilly bullwark
 Ever abiding.

Though tirantes hard yoke with a heavy pressure
 Wring the just shoulders: but a while it holdeth,
 Lest the best minded by too hard abusing
 Bend to abuses.

As the well-workers, soe the right beleevers:
 Lord favour further, but a vaine deceiver,
 Whose wryed footing not aright directed
 Wandreth in error.

Lord hym abjected, set among the number
 Whose doings lawlesse: study bent to mischief
 Mischief expecteth: but upon thy chosen
 Peace be for ever.

PSALM CXXVI.

In convertendo.

WHEN long absent from lovely Sion
 By the Lords conduct home we returned,
 We our senses scarce beleeving,
 Thought meere visions moved our fancy.

Then in our merry mouthes laughter abounded,
 Tongues with gladdnes lowdly resounded,
 While thus wondring nations whispered:
 God with them most roially dealeth.

Most true with us thou roially dealest,
 Woe is expired, sorow is vanished:
 Now, Lord, to finish throughly thy working,
 Bring to Jerusalem all that are exiles.

Bring to Jerusalem all that are exiles,
 Soe by thy comfort newly refreshed :
 As when southern sunn-burnt regions
 Be by cold fountaines freshly relieved.

Oft to the plowman soe good happ happeneth,
 What with teares to the ground he bequeathed,
 Season of harvest timely retorning,
 He, before wofull, joyfully reapeth.

Why to us may not as happily happen,
 To sow our businesse wofully weeping :
 Yet when businesse growes to due ripenesse,
 To see our businesse joyfully reaped?

PSALM CXXVII.

Nisi Dominus.

THE house Jehova builds not
 We vainly strive to build it :
 The towne Jehova guards not
 We vainly watch to guard it.

No use of early rising :
 As uselesse is thy watching :
 Not aught at all it helps thee
 To eate thy bread with anguish.

As unto weary sences
 A sleepe rest unasked :
 Soe bounty cometh uncaus'd
 From him to his beloved.

Noe not thy children hast thou
 By choise, by chaunce, by nature ;
 They are, they are, Jehovas
 Rewardes from him rewarding.

The multitude of infantes,
 A good man holdes, resembleth
 The multitude of arrowes,
 A mighty archer holdeth.

Hys happines triumpheth
 Who beares a quiver of them :
 Noe countenance of haters
 Shall unto him be dreadfull.

PSALM CXXVIII.

Beati omnes.

ALL happines shall thee betide,
 That dost Jehova feare :
 And walking in the pathes abide,
 By him first troden were.
 The labours of thy handes
 Desired fruit shall beare.
 And where thy dwelling stands
 All blisse, all plenty there.

Thy wife a vine, a fruitfull vine
 Shall in thy parlor spring :
 Thy table compasse children thine
 As olive plants in ring.
 On thee I say, on thee,
 That fear'st the heav'nly king,
 Such happinesse shall be
 He shall from Sion bring.

Yea, while to thee thy breath shall hold,
 Though running longest race,
 Thou Salem ever shalt behold
 In wealth and wished ease :
 And childrens children view
 While Jacobs dwelling place
 Noe plagues of warre pursue,
 But giftes of peace shall grace.

PSALM CXXIX:

Sape expugnaverunt.

OFT and ever from my youth,
 Soe now Israel may say :
 Israel may say for truth,
 Ofte and ever my decay
 From my youth their force hath sought,
 Yet effect it never wrought.

Unto them my back did yeeld
 Place and paine (O height of woe)
 Where, as in a plowed field
 Long and deepe did furrowes goe.
 But O just Jehova, thou
 Hast their plow-ropes cutt in two!

Tell me you that Sion hate,
 What you think shall be your end ?
 Terror shall your mindes amate,
 Blush and shame your faces shend.
 Mark the wheate on howses topp,
 Such your harvest, such your cropp.

Wither shall you where you stand;
 Gather'd? noe: but wanting sapp:
 Filling neither reapers hand
 Nor the binders inbow'd lapp.
 Nay who you shall reape or bind
 Common kindnesse shall not find.

Such as travail by the way,
 Where as they their paines imploy,
 Shall not once saluting say,
 God speed friendes, God give you joy:
 He in whome all blessings raignes
 Blesse your selves, and blesse your paines.

PSALM CXXX.

De profundis.

FROM depth of grief
 Where droun'd I lye,
 Lord, for relief
 To thee I cry:
 My earnest, vehement, cryeng, prayeng,
 Graunt quick, attentive hearing, waighing.

O Lord, if thou
 Offences mark,
 Who shall not bow
 To beare the cark?
 But with thy justice mercy dwelleth,
 Whereby thy worshipp more excelleth.

On thee, my soule
On thee, O Lord
Dependeth whole,
And on thy word,
Though sore with blott of sinne defaced,
Yet surest hope hath firmly placed.

Who longest watch,
Who soonest rise
Can nothing match
The early eyes;
The greedy eyes my soule erecteth,
While Gods true promise it expecteth.

Then Israel
On God attend:
Attend him well
Who still thy friend,
In kindness hath thee deare esteemed,
And often, often, erst redeemed.

Now, as before,
Unchanged he
Will thee restore
Thy state will free:
All wickednes from Jacob driving,
Forgetting follies, faultes forgiving.

PSALM CXXXI.

Domine, non est.

A LOFTY hart, a lifted eye
 Lord thou dost know I never bare ;
 Lesse have I borne in things to hygh
 A medling mind, or clyming care.
 Looke how the wained babe doth fare,
 O did I not? yes soe did I:
 None more for quiet might compare
 Ev'n with the babe that wain'd doth lye :
 Heare then and learne, O Jacobs race,
 Such endlesse trust on God to place.

PSALM CXXXII.

Memento, Domine.

LORD call to mind, nay keepe in minde
 Thy David and thy Davids paines :
 Who once by oath and vow did bind
 Himself to him who ay remaynes :
 That mighty one,
 The God in Jacob known.

My howse shall never harbor mee,
 Nor bedd allow my body rest,
 Nor eyes of sleepe the lodging bee,
 Nor eye-lidds slendrest slumbers nest,
 Untill I finde
 A plott to please my mind.

I find, I say, my mind to please
A plott wheron I may erect
A howse for him to dwell at ease,
Who is ador'd with due respect :
That mighty one
The God in Jacob known.

The plott thy David then did name,
We heard at Ephrata it lay :
We heard, but bent to find the same,
Were faine to seeke an other way :
Ev'n to the fields
That woody tear yeelds.

And yet not there, but here, O here
We find now settled what we sought :
Before the stoole thy feete doth beare
Now entring in, we, as we ought,
Adore thee will,
And duly worship still.

Then enter, Lord, thy fixed rest,
With arke the token of thy strength,
And let thy priests be purely drest
In robes of justice laied at length :
Let them bee glad
Thy gracefull blisse have had.

For David once thy servants sake
Doe not our kings his seede reject :
For thou to him this oath did'st make,
This endles oath: I will erect,
And hold thy race
Enthron'd in roiall place.

Nay if thy race my league observe,
And keepe the cov'nants I sett down,
Their race againe I will preserve
Eternally to wear thy crown:
No lesse thy throne
Shall ever be their owne.

For Syon which I loved best,
I chosen have noe seate of change:
Here, here shall bee my endless rest,
Here will I dwell, nor hence will range:
Unto the place
I beare such love and grace.

Such grace and love that evermore
A blisse from gracious loving me,
Shall bless her vittaile, blesse her store,
That ev'n the poore who in her be
With store of bread
Shall fully all be fedd.

In her my priests shall nought anoy:
Nay cladd they shall with safty be.
O how in her with cause shall joy
Who there as tenants hold of me!
Whose tenure is
By grace my fields of blisse.

O how in her shall sprout and spring
The scepter Davids hand did beare
How I my Christ, my sacred king,
As light in lantern placed there,
With beames divine
Will make abroad to shine!

But as for them who spite and hate
 Conceave to him, they all shall down,
 Down east by mee to shamefull state,
 While on him self his happy crown
 Shall up to skies
 With fame and glory rise.

PSALM CXXXIII.

Ecce quam bonum.

How good, and how beseeming well
 It is that we,
 Who brethren be,
 As brethren, should in coneord dwell.

Like that deere oile that Aron beares,
 Which fleeting down,
 To foote from crown
 Embalms his beard and robe he weares.

Or like the teares the morne doth shedd,
 Which ly on ground
 Empearled round
 On Sion or on Hermons head.

For join'd therewith the Lord doth give
 Such grace, such blisse :
 That where it is
 Men may for ever blessed live.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Ecce nunc.

You that Jehovas servants are,
 Whose carefull watch, whose watchfull care
 Within his house are spent;
 Say thus, with one assent,
 Jehovas name be praised.
 Then let your handes be raised
 To holiest place,
 Where holiest grace
 Doth ay
 Remaine:
 And say
 Againe,
 Jehovas name be praised.
 Say last unto the company,
 Who tarrying make
 Their leave to take,
 All blessings you accompany,
 From him in plenty showered,
 Whom Sion holds embowered,
 Who heav'n and earth of nought hath raised.

PSALM CXXXV.

Laudate nomen.

O PRAISE the name whereby the Lord is known,
 Praise him I say you that his servants be:
 You whose attendance in his howse is shown,
 And in the courtes before his howse we see,
 Praise God, right tearmed God, for good is he:
 O sweetly sing
 Unto his name the sweetest, sweetest thing.

For of his goodnes Jacob hath he chose,
 Chose Israel his own domain to be.
 My tongue shall speake, for well my conscience knowes,
 Greate is our God, above all gods is he.
 Each branch of whose inviolate decree
 Both heav'ns doe keepe,
 And earth, and sea, and seas unbounded deepe.

From whose extreames drawne up by his command
 In flaky mists, the reaking vapors rise :
 Then high in cloudes incorporate they stand :
 Last out of cloudes raine flowes, and lightning flies.
 No lesse a treasure in his storehouse lies
 Of breathing blasts,
 Which oft drawn foorth in wind his pleasure wasts.

He from best man to most despised beast
 Ægipts first borne in one night overthrew :
 And yet not so his dreadfull showes he ceas'd,
 But did them still in Ægipts mid'st renew :
 Not only meaner men had cause to rue,
 But ev'n the best
 Of Pharaos court, the king among the rest.

He many nations, mighty kings destroi'd :
 Sehon for one, who rul'd the Amorites,
 And huge-lim'd Og, who Basans crown enjoy'd,
 Yea all the kingdoms of the Cananites,
 Whose heritage he gave the Isralites,
 His chosen train,
 Their heritage for ever to remain.

Therefore O Lord, thy name is famous still,
 The memory thy ancient wonders got,
 Tyme well to world his message may fulfill,
 And back retourne to thee, yet never blot
 Out of our thoughts : for how should be forgot
 The Lord that so
 Forgives his servant, plagues his servants foe ?

What difference, what unproportion'd odds
 To thee, these idolls gold and silver beare ?
 Which men have made, yet men have made their gods.
 Who though mouth, eye, and eare, and nose they weare,
 Yet neither speake, nor looke, nor smell, nor heare.
 O idolls right
 Who idolls make, or idolls make your might.

But you that are of Israells descent,
 O praise the Lord : you that of Aron came
 O praise the Lord : you Levies howse, assent
 To praise the Lord : you all his fearers frame
 Your highest praise to praise Jehovas name.
 His praises still
 Salem resound, resound O Sion hill.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Confitemini.

O PRAISE the Lord where goodness dwells,
 For his kindness lasteth ever :
 O praise the God, all gods excells
 For his bounty endeth never.

Praise him that is of lords the Lord,
For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
Who only wonders doth afford,
For his bounty endeth never.

Whose skillfull art did vault the skies,
For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
Made earth above the waters rise,
For his bounty endeth never.

Who did the luminaries make,
For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
The sun, of day the charge to take,
For his bounty endeth never.

The moone and starrs in night to raign,
For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
Who Egypts eldest born hath slayn,
For his bounty endeth never.

And brought out Israel from thence,
For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
With mighty hand and strong defence,
For his bounty endeth never.

Who cutt in two the russhy sea,
For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
And made the middest Jacobs way,
For his bounty endeth never.

Who Pharao and his army droun'd,
For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
And led his folk through desert ground,
For his bounty endeth never.

Greate kings in battaile overthrew,
 For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
 Yea mighty kings, most mighty slow,
 For his bounty endeth never.

Both Schon king of Amorites,
 For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
 And Ogg the king of Bashanites,
 For his bounty endeth never.

For heritage his kingdoms gave,
 For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
 His Israell to hold and have,
 For his bounty endeth never.

Who minded us dejected low,
 For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
 And did us save from force of foe,
 For his bounty endeth never.

Who fills with foode each feeding thing,
 For his kindnesse lasteth ever :
 Praise God who is of heav'ns the king,
 For his bounty endeth never.

PSALM CXXXVII.

Super flumina.

NIGH seated where the river flows
 That watreth Babells thanckfull plaine,
 Which then our teares in pearled rowes
 Did help to water with their raine :
 The thought of Sion bred such woes,
 That though our harpes we did retaine,
 Yet uselesse, and untouched there
 On willowes only hang'd they were.

Now while our harpes were hanged soe,
 The men, whose captiyes then we lay
 Did on our griefs insulting goe,
 And more to grieve us thus did say:
 You that of musique make such show
 Come sing us now a Sion lay.
 O no, we have nor voice, nor hand
 For such a song, in such a land.

Though farre I lye, sweete Sion hill,
 In forraine soile exil'd from thee,
 Yet let my hand forgett his skill,
 If ever thou forgotten be:
 Yea lett my tongue fast glued still
 Unto my roofe lye mute in me:
 If thy neglect within me spring,
 Or ought I do but Salem sing.

But thou, O Lord, will not forgett
 To quit the paines of Edoms race,
 Who causelessly, yet hottly sett
 Thy holy citty to deface,
 Did thus the bloody victors whet
 What time they entred first the place:
 Downe downe with it at any hand,
 Make all flatt plaine, lett nothing stand.

And Babilon, that didst us wast,
 Thy self shalt one daie wasted be:
 And happy he, who what thou hast
 Unto us done, shall do to thee,
 Like bitterness shall make thee tast,
 Like wofull objects cause thee see:
 Yea happy, who thy little ones
 Shall take and dash against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Confitebor tibi.

Ev'N before kings by thee as gods commended,
 And angells all, by whom thou art attended,
 In harty tunes I will thy honor tell.
 The pallace where thy holiness doth dwell
 Shall be the place, where falling downe before thee,
 With reverence meete I prostrate will adore thee.

There will I sing how thou thy mercy sendest,
 And to thy promise due performance lendest,
 Whereby thy name above all names doth fly.
 There will I sing, how when my carefull cry
 Mounted to thee, my care was streight released,
 My courage mightily by thee encreased.

Sure, Lord, all kings that understand the story
 Of thy contract with me, nought but thy glory
 And meanes shall sing whereby that glory grew.
 Whose highly seated eye yet well doth view
 With humbled look the soule that lowly lieth,
 And farr aloofe aspiring things espieth.

On ev'ry side, though tribulation greive me,
 Yet shalt thou aid, yet shalt thou still relieve me,
 From angry foe thy succor shall me save.
 Thou Lord shalt finish what in hand I have,
 Thou Lord, I say, whose mercy lasteth ever,
 Thy work begun shall leave unended never.

PSALM CXXXIX.

Domine, probasti.

O LORD in me there lieth nought,
 But to thy search revealed lies :
 For when I sitt
 Thou markest it :
 No lesse thou notest when I rise :
 Yea closest closett of my thought
 Hath open windowes to thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk,
 When to my bed for rest I go,
 I find thee there,
 And ev'ry where :
 Not yongest thought in me doth grow,
 No not one word I cast to talk,
 But yet unutt'rd thou dost know.

If forth I march, thou goest before,
 If back I torne, thou com'st behind :
 Soe forth nor back
 Thy guard I lack,
 Nay on me too thy hand I find.
 Well I thy wisdom may adore,
 But never reach with earthly mind.

To shun thy notice, leave thine eye,
 O whither might I take my way ?
 To starry speare ?
 Thy throne is there.
 To dead mens un delightsome stay ?
 There is thy walk, and there to lye
 Unknown, in vain I should assay.

O Sun, whome light nor flight can match,
 Suppose thy lightfull, flightfull wings
 Thou lend to me
 And I could flee
 As farr as thee the ev'ning brings:
 Ev'n led to West he would me catch,
 Nor should I lurk with western things.

Doc thou thy best, O secret night,
 In sable vaile to cover me:
 Thy sable vaile
 Shall vainly faile:
 With day unmask'd my night shall be,
 For night is day, and darkness light,
 O father of all lights to thee.

Each inmost peece in me is thine,
 While yet I in my mother dwelt,
 All that me clad
 From thee I had.
 Thou in my frame hast strangly dealt:
 Needes in my praise thy workes must shine,
 So inly them my thoughts have felt.

Thou, how my back was beam-wise laid,
 And rafting of my ribbs dost know:
 Know'st ev'ry point
 Of bone and joynt,
 How to this whole these partes did grow,
 In brave embrod'ry faire arraid,
 Though wrought in shop both dark and low.

Nay, fashionless, ere forme I tooke,
 Thy all and more beholding eye
 My shapelesse shape
 Could not eescape:
 All these tymes fram'd successively,
 Ere one had being, in the booke
 Of thy foresight enrol'd did ly.

My God, how I these studies prize,
 That doe thy hidden workings show!
 Whose summe is such,
 Noe summe soe much:
 Nay summ'd as sand they endlesse grow.
 I lye to sleepe, from sleepe I rise,
 Yet still in thought with thee I goe.

My God, if thou but one wouldst kill,
 Then straight would leave my further chase,
 This cursed brood
 Inur'd to blood:
 Whose gracelesse tauntes at thy disgrace
 Have aimed oft: and hating still
 Would with proud lies thy truth outface.

Hate not I them who thee doe hate?
 Thyne, Lord, I will the censure be.
 Detest I not
 The canckred knott
 Whom I against thee banded see?
 O Lord, thou know'st in highest rate
 I hate them all as foes to me.

Search me, my God, and prove my hart,
 Examyne me, and try my thought,
 And mark in me
 If ought there be
 That hath with cause their anger wrought.
 If not (as not) my lives each part,
 Lord safely guide from danger brought.

PSALM CXL.

Eripe me, Domine.

PRESERVE me, Lord, preserve me, sett me free
 From men that be
 Soe vile, soe violent :
 In whose entent
 Both force and fraud doth lurk
 My bane to work :
 Whose tongues are sharper things
 Then adders stings,
 Whose rusty lipps enclose
 A pois'nous sword, such in the aspick growes.

Save I say Lord, protect me, sett me free
 From those that be
 So vile, so violent :
 Whose thoughts are spent
 In thinking how they may
 My stepps betray :
 How nett of fowle mishape
 May me entrapp :
 Who hid in traitor grasse
 Their conning cord may catch me as I passe.

But this, O Lord, I hold, my God art thou :

Thou care wilt bowe,
 What time thy aid I pray,
 In thee my stay,
 Jehova: thou dost arme
 Against all harme,
 And guard my bed in field.
 O then to yield

'These wicked their desire
 Do not accord, for still they will aspire.

But yeeld, O Lord, that ev'n the head of those

That me enclose,
 Of this their hott pursute
 May tast the frute,
 With deadly venome stong
 Of their owne tongue,
 Loe, loe, I see they shall:
 Yea coales shall fall,

Yea flames shall fling them low,
 Ay unrestor'd to drown in deepest woe.

For liers, Lord, shall never firmly stand,

And from the land
 Who violently live
 Mischief shall drive:
 But well I know the poore
 Thou wilt restore:
 Restore th' afflicted wight:
 That in thy sight

The just may howses frame,
 And glad record the honor of thy name.

PSALM CXLI.

Domine, clamavi.

To thee, Jehova, thee I lift my cryeng voice,
 O banish all delay, and lett my plaintfull noise
 By thy quick-hearing-eare be carefully respected.
 As sweete perfume to skies, lett what I pray ascend :
 Lett these uplifted hands, which prayeng, I extend,
 As ev'ning sacrifice be unto thee directed.

Ward well my words, O Lord, (for that it is I pray)
 A watchfull sentinell at my mouthes passage lay :
 At wickett of my lipps stand ay a faithfull porter,
 Incline me not to ill, nor lett me loosely goe
 A mate in work with such, whence no good work doth grow,
 And in their flattring hartes, lett me be no consorter.

But lett the good-man wound, most well I shall it take,
 Yea price of his rebukes as deerest balme shall make,
 Yea more shall for him pray, the more his words do grieve me,
 And as for these, when once the leaders of their crue
 By thee be brought to stoope, my wordes most sweetly true
 Shall in the rest so worke that soon they shall believe me.

Mean while my bones the grave, the grave expects my bones,
 Soe broken, hewn, disperst, as least respected stones,
 By careless mason drawn from cave of worthless quarry :
 But thou, O Lord, my Lord, since thus thy servants ey
 Repleat with hopefull trust doth on thy help rely,
 Faile not that trustfull hope, that for thy helpe doth tarry.

O soe direct my feete they may escape the hands
 Of their entangling snare, which for me pitched stands :
 And from the wicked netts for me with craft they cover.
 Nay for these fowlers once, thy self a fowler be,
 And make them foully fall where netts are laid by thee,
 But where for me they lay, let me leap freely over.

PSALM CXLII.

Voce mea ad Dominum.

MY voice to thee it self extreanly straying,
 Cries praying, Lord, againe it crying prayeth,
 Before thy face the cause of my complayning.
 Before thy face my cases mapp it laieth.
 Wherin my soule is painted
 In doubtfull way a stranger:
 But, Lord, thou art acquainted,
 And knowst each path where stick the toyls of danger.
 For me, mine eye to ev'ry coast directed
 Lights not on one that will soc much as know me:
 My life by all neglected,
 Ev'n hope of help is now quite perish'd from me.

Then with good cause to thee my spirit flieth,
 Flieth, and saith, O Lord, my safe abiding
 Abides in thee: in thee all-only lieth
 Lott of my life, and plott of my residing.
 Alas, then yeeld me hearing.
 For wearying woes have spent me:
 And save me from their tearing,
 Who hunt me hard, and daily worse torment me,
 O change my state, unthrall my soule enthralled:
 Of my escape then will I tell the story,
 And with a crown enwalled
 Of godly men, will glory in thy glory.

PSALM CXLIII.

Domine, exaudi.

HEARE my entreaty Lord, the suite I send,
With heed attend,

And as my hope and trust is
Reposed whole in thee;

So in thy truth and justice
Yeeld audience to me.

And make not least beginning
To judge thy servants sinning:

For Lord what living wight
Lives synlesse in thy sight?

O rather look with ruth upon my woes,
Whom ruthlesse foes

With long pursute have chased,
And chased at length have caught,
And caught in tomb have placed
With dead men out of thought.

Ay me! what now is left me?

Alas! all knowledge reft me,
All courage faintly fledd,
I have nor hart nor head.

The best I can is this, nay this is all
That I can call

Before my thoughts surveyeng,
Tymes evidences old,

All deedes with comfort waighing,
That thy hand-wrytyng hold.

Soe hand and hart conspiring
I lift, no lesse desiring

Thy grace I may obtayne,
'Then drougt desireth raine.

Leave then delay, and let his cry prevaile,
Whom force doth faile:

Nor lett thy face be hidden
From one, who may compare
With them whose death hath bidden
Adiew to life and care.

My hope, let mercies morrow
Soone chase my night of sorrow.
My help, appoint my way,
I may not wandring stray.

My cave, my closett where I went to hide
In troublous tyde:

Now from these troubles save me,
And since my God thou art,
Prescribe how thou wouldst have me
Performe my duties part.

And lest awry I wander,
In walking this meander,
Be thy right sprite my guide,
To guard I go not wide.

Thy honor, justice, mercy crave of thee.
O Lord, that me

Reviv'd thou shouldst deliver
From pressure of my woes,
And in destructions river
Engulph and swallow those
Whose hate thus makes in anguish
My soule afflicted languish:
For mee'te it is so kind,
Thy servant should thee find.

PSALM CXLIV.

Benedictus Dominus.

PRAIS'D bee the Lord of might,
 My rock in all allarms,
 By whom my hands doe fight,
 My fingers manage armes.
 My graee, my guard, my fort,
 On whom my safety staies:
 To whom my hopes resort,
 By whom my realme obaies.

Lord, what is man that thou
 Should'st tender soc his fare?
 What hath his child to bow
 Thy thoughts unto his care?
 Whose neerest kinn is nought,
 No image of whose daies
 More lively can bee thought,
 Then shade that never staies.

Lord, bend thy arched skies
 With ease to let thee down,
 And make the stormes arise
 From mountaines fuming crown.
 Let follow flames from sky,
 To back their stoutest stand:
 Lett fast thy arrowes fly,
 Dispersing thickest band.

Thy heav'nly helpe extend
 And lift me from this flood:
 Let mee thy hand defend
 From hand of forraine brood,

Whose mouth no mouth at all,
But forge of false entent,
Wherto their hand doth fall
As aptest instrument.

Then in new song to thee
Will I exalt my voice:
Then shall O God with me
My tenn-string'd lute rejoyce.
Rejoyce in him, I say,
Who roiall right preserves,
And saves from swords decay
His David that him serves.

O Lord thy help extend,
And lift mee from this flood:
Lett me thy hand defend
From hand of forrain brood,
Whose mouth no mouth at all,
But forge of false entent,
Whereto their hand doth fall
As aptest instrument.

Soe then our sonues shall grow
As plants of timely spring,
Whom soone to fairest show
Their happy growth doth bring.
As pillers both doe beare
And garnish kingly hall:
Our daughters straight and faire,
Each howse embellish shall.

Our store shall ay bee full,
Yea shall such fullness finde,
Though all from thence wee pull,
Yet more shall rest behind.

The millions of encrease
 Shall breake the wonted fold:
 Yea such the sheepy prease,
 The streetes shall scantly hold.

Our heards shall brave the best,
 Abroad no foes alarme,
 At home to breake our rest,
 No cry the voice of harme.
 If blessed tearme I may,
 On whom such blessings fall;
 Then blessed, blessed they
 Their God Jehovah call.

PSALM CXLV.

Exaltabo te.

My God, my king, to lift thy praise
 And thank thy most thank-worthy name
 I will not end, but all my daies
 Will spend in seeking how to frame
 Recordes of thy deserved fame,
 Whose praise, past-praise, whose greatness such,
 The greatest search can never touch.

Not in one age thy works shall dye,
 But elder eft to younger tell
 Thy praisefull powre: among them I
 Thy excellencies all excell
 Will muse and marke: my thoughts shall dwell
 Upon the wonders wrought by thee,
 Which wrought beyond all wonder be.

Both they and I will tell and sing
 How forefull thou, and fearefull art:
 Yea both will willing wittnes bring,
 And unto comming tymes impart
 Thy greatness, goodness, just desert:
 That all who are, or are to be,
 This hymne with joy shall sing to thee.

Jehova doth with mildnes flow,
 And full of mercy standeth he:
 Greate doubt if he to wrath more slow,
 Or unto pardon prompter be,
 For nought is from his bountie free:
 His mercies do on all things fall
 That he hath made, and he made all.

Thus Lord, all creatures thou hast wrought,
 Though dombe, shall their Creator sound:
 But who can utt'rance add to thought?
 They most whom speeciall bonds have bound,
 (For best they can, who best have found)
 Shall blaze thy strength, and glad relate
 Thy more then glorious kingdoms state.

That all may know the state, the strength
 Thy more then glorions kingdom showes:
 Which longest tyme to tymelesse length
 Leaves undefin'd: nor ages close
 As age to age succeeding growes,
 Can with unstedfast change procure,
 But still it must, and stedfast dure.

Thou dost the faint from falling stay,
 Nay, more, the falne againe dost raise :
 On thee their lookes all creatures lay,
 Whose hunger in due tyme allaies
 Thy hand: which when thy will displaies,
 Then all that on the aire do feede
 Receave besides what food they neede.

Each way, each working of thy hand
 Declare thou art both just and kind,
 And nigh to all dost alway stand :
 Who thee invoke, invoke with mynd,
 Not only mouth: O they shall fynd
 He will his hearers wish fulfill,
 Attend their cry, and cure their ill.

He will his lovers all preserve,
 He will the wicked all destroy,
 To praise him then as these deserve,
 O thou my mouth thy might employ:
 Nay all that breath recorde with joy
 His sacred names eternall praise,
 While race you runne of breathing daies.

PSALM CXLVI.

Lauda anima mea.

Up, up my soule, advancee Jehovas praise,
 His only praise: for fixed is in me
 To praise Jehova all my living daies,
 And sing my God untill I cease to be.
 O lett not this decree
 A fond conceite deface,
 That trust thou maist in earthy princes place:
 That any soune of man
 Can thee preserve, for not him self he can.

His strength is none, if any in his breath ;
 Which vapor'd fourth to mother earth he goes :
 Nay more, in his, his thoughts all find their death.
 But blessed he, who for his succour knowes
 The God that Jacob chose :
 Whose rightly level'd hope
 His God Jehova makes his only scope,
 So strong he built the skies,
 The feedes, the waves, and all that in them lies.

He endless true doth yeeld the wronged right,
 The hungry feedes, and settis the fett'ed free :
 The lame to lym, the blind restores to sight,
 Loveth the just, protects who strangers be.
 The widowes piller he,
 He orphans doth support :
 But heavy lies upon the godlesse sort.
 He everlasting raignes,
 Syon, thy God from age to age remaines.

PSALM CXLVII.

Laudate Dominum.

SING to the Lord, for what can better be,
 Then of our God that we the honor sing ?
 With seemly pleasure what can more agree
 Then praisfull voice and touch of tuned string ?
 For lo the Lord againe to forme doth bring
 Jeruselems long ruinated walls :
 And Jacobs house, which all the earth did see
 Dispersed erst, to union now recalls.
 And now by him their broken hearts made sound,
 And now by him their bleeding wounnds are bound.

For what could not, who can the number tell
 Of starrs, the torches of his heav'nly hall?
 And tell so readily, he knoweth well
 How ev'ry starre by proper name to call.
 What greate to him, whose greatnes doth not fall
 Within precincts? whose powre no lynits stay?
 Whose knowledges all number soe excell,
 Not numbring number can their number lay?
 Easy to him to lift the lowly just;
 Easy to down proud wicked to the dust.

O then Jehovas causefull honor sing,
 His, whom our God we by his goodnes find:
 O make harmonious mix of voice and string,
 To him, by whom the skies with cloudes are lin'd:
 By whom the rayne from cloudes to dropp assign'd,
 Supples the clods of sommer-scorch'd fields,
 Fresheth the mountaines with such needfull spring.
 Fuell of life to mountaine cattaile yieldes,
 From whom yong ravens careless old forsake,
 Croaking to him of almes their food to take.

The stately shape, the force of bravest steed
 Is farre too weake to work in him delight:
 No more in him can any pleasure breed
 In flying footman foote of nymblest flight.
 Nay which is more, his fearers in his sight
 Can well of nothing but his bounty brave;
 Which, never failing, never lets them neede,
 Who fixt their hopes upon his mercies have.
 O then Jerusalem, Jehova praise,
 With honor due thy God O Sion raise.

His strength it is thy gates doth surely barre :
 His grace in thee thy children multiplies :
 By him thy borders ly secure from warre,
 And finest flowre thy hunger satisfies.
 Nor meanes he needes : for fast his pleasure flies,
 Borne by his word, when ought him list to bid.
 Snowes woolly locks by him wide scatt'red are,
 And hoary plaines with frost as ashes hid,
 Gross icy gobbetts from his hand he flings,
 And blowes a cold too strong for strongest things.

He bids again, and ice in water flowes,
 As water erst in ice congealed lay :
 Abroad the southern wind, his melter goes,
 The streames relenting take their wonted way;
 O much is this, but more I come to say,
 The wordes of life he hath to Jacob tolde :
 Taught Israell, who by his teaching knowes
 What lawes in life, what rules he wills to hold :
 No nation else hath found him half soe kind,
 For to his light, what other is not blynd.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Laudate Dominum.

INHABITANTS of heav'nly land
 As loving subjectes praise your king :
 You that among them highest stand,
 In highest notes Jehova sing.
 Sing angells all, on carefull wing,
 You that his heralds fly,
 And you whom he doth soldiers bring
 In field his force to try.

O praise him sunne, the sea of light,
 O praise him Moone, the light of sea:
 You pretie starrs in robe of night,
 As spangles twinckling do as they.
 Thou speare within whose bosom play,
 The rest that earth emball:
 You waters banck'd with starry bay,
 O praise, O praise him all.

All these I say advance that name,
 That doth eternall being show:
 Who bidding, into forme and frame,
 Not being yet, they all did grow.
 All formed, framed, founded so,
 Till ages uttmost date,
 They place retaine, they order know,
 They keepe their first estate.

When heav'n hath prais'd, praise earth anew:
 You dragons first, her deepest guests,
 Then soundlesse deepes, and what in you
 Residing low, or moves, or rests.
 You flames affrighting mortall brests,
 You cloudes that stones do east,
 You feathery snowes from wynters nests,
 You vapors, sunnes appast.

You boisterous windes, whose breath fulfill
 What in his word, his will setts down:
 Ambitious mountaines, curteous hills,
 You trees that hills and mountaines crown:
 Both you that proud of native gown
 Stand fresh and tall to see:
 And you that have your more renown,
 By what you beare, then be.

You beasts in woodes untam'd that range,
 You that with men familier go,
 You that your place by creeping change
 Or airy streames with feathers row.
 You stately kings, you subjects low,
 You lordes and judges all:
 You others whose distinctions show
 How sex or age may fall.

All these I say, advaunce that name
 More hygh then skies, more low then ground:
 And since advaunced by the same
 You Jacobs sonnes stand cheefly bound:
 You Jacobs sonnes be cheefe to sound
 Your God Jehovas praise:
 So fitts them well on whom is found,
 Such blisse he on you laies.

PSALM CXLIX.

Cantate Domino.

IN an earst unused song
 To Jehova lift your voices:
 Make his favourites among
 Sound his praise with cheerefull noises.
 Jacob, thou with joy relate
 Him that hath reform'd thy state:
 Sonnes whom Sion entertaineth
 Boast in him who on you raigneth.

Play on harp, on tabret play,
 Dance Jehovas publique daunces:
 He their state that on him stay,
 Most afflicted, most advaunces.

O how glad his saints I see !
 Ev'n in bed how glad they be !
 Heav'nly hymnes with throat unfolding,
 Swordes in hand twice-edged holding.

Plague and chastise that they may
 Nations such as erst them pained :
 Yea, their kings in fetters lay,
 Lay their nobles fast enchained.
 That the doom no stay may lett,
 By his sentence on them sett.
 Lo! what honor all expecteth,
 Whom the Lord with love affecteth!

PSALM CL.

Laudate Dominum.

O LAUD the Lord, the God of hosts commend,
 Exault his pow'r, advance his holynesse,
 With all your might lift his allmightnesse :
 Your greatest praise upon his greatness spend.
 Make trumpetts noise in shrillest notes ascend,
 Make lute and lyre his loved fame expresse,
 Him lett the pipe, him lett the tabret blesse,
 Him organs breath, that windes or waters lend.

Lett ringing timbrells see his honor sound,
 Lett sounding cymballs see his glory ring,
 That in their tunes such melody be found,
 As fitts the pompe of most triumphant king.
 Conclude by all that aire or life enfold,
 Lett high Jehova highly be extold.

FINIS.



2587

Chiswick :

BY

C. WHITTINGHAM,

FOR

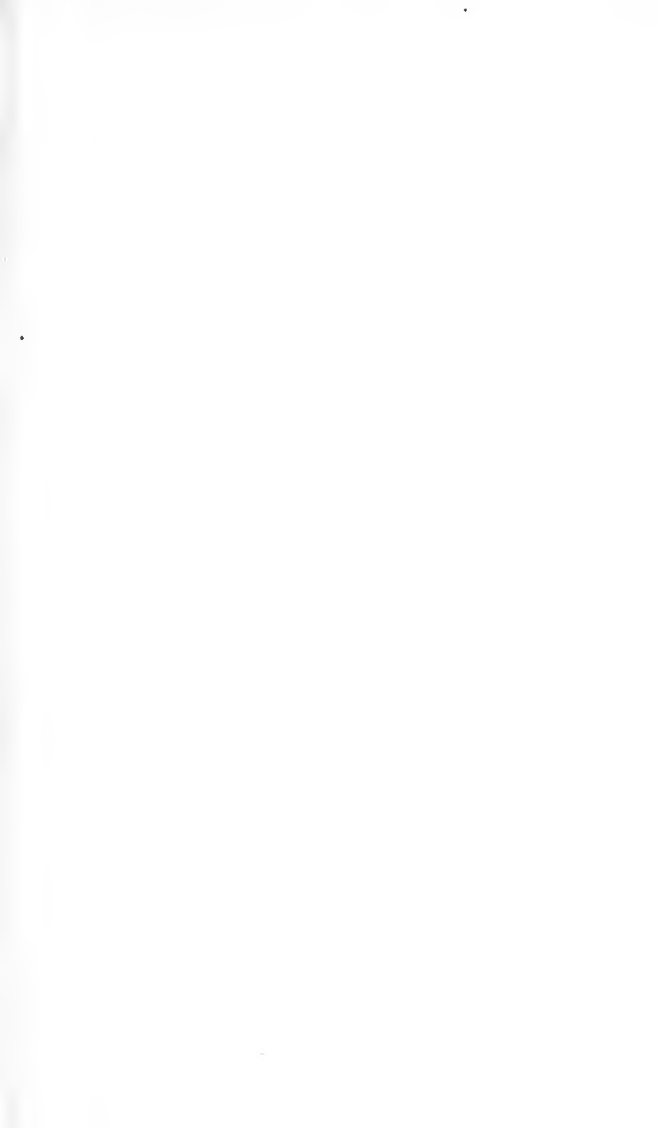
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