PSALM XXI, XXII.

7 In chariots some put confidence,  
But we remember God our Lord,  
8 They all fall down, but we do rise  
O fave and help us, Lord and King!

PSALM 21. T. S.

O Lord, how joyful is the king  
Exceedingly he doth rejoice  
2 For thou hast given unto him  
To him thou nothing hast deny'd  
3 Though prevent with thy gifts  
And thou hast set upon his head  
4 And when he asked life of thee,  
To have long life, yea, such a life  
5 Great is his glory by thy help,  
Great worship and great honour both  
6 Thou wilt give him felicity  
And thy cheerful countenance  
7 Because the king doth strongly trust  
Therefore his goodness and his grace  
8 Thy enemies shall fear thy force  
Find out thy foes, and let them feel  
9 And like an oven burn them, Lord,  
Thy anger shall destroy them all  
10 And thou shalt root out of the earth  
And from the number of thy folk  
11 For they much mischief did contrive  
Yet did they fail, and had no power  
12 But as a mark thou shalt set them fet  
And charge thy bow-string's ready  
13 Be thou exalted, Lord, in thy  
So shall we sing right solemnly.

PSALM 22. T. S.

O God my God, wherefore dost thou  
And helpest not when I do make  
2 To the holy God, ev'n all day long  
I cease not all the night, and yet  
3 But thou that in thy holy place  
Thou art the joy, the comfort and  
4 And him in whom our fathers' Who, when they put their trust in thee,  
5 They were preferred ever when  
And for the faith they had in thee  
6 But I am now become more like  
An outcast whom the people scorn  
7 All men despise as they behold  
They grin, make mouths, & nod their heads  
8 Th's man did glory in the Lord,  
Let his redeem and help him now  
9 But from the prison of the womb  
Thou didst preserve me in hope  
10 I was committed from my birth  
Since I came from my mother's womb

The Second Part.
11 Then, Lord, depart not now from me,  
Since I have none to be my help,  
12 For many bulls do compass me  
Yea, bulls so fat, as tho' they had  
13 They gape upon me greedily,  
Ev'n like a lion rearing up

PSALM XXIII.

14 But I drop down like water shed,  
My heart doth in my body melt  
15 Thy strength doth like a pothnder dry,  
Unto my jaws, and I am brought  
16 For many dogs do compass me,  
Concerning fill against my life  
17 I was tormented so that I  
Whilst they do look and stare at me  
18 My garments they divided have  
And for my coat they did cast lots  
19 Therefore I pray thee be not far  
But rather, since thou art my strength  
20 And from the word gave thou my soul  
And ever keep my darling dear  
21 And from the lion's mouth that would  
From th'midst the horns of unicorns,  
22 Then shall I to my brethren all  
And in thy church shall praise the name

The Third Part.
23 All ye that fear him, praise the Lord,  
And all ye seed of Israel,  
24 For he despiseth not the poor,  
His maintenance when they do call  
25 Among the folk that fear the Lord  
Thy praise, and keep my promise made  
26 The poor shall eat and be sattif'd  
To seek the Lord and praise his Name  
27 The coasts of all the earth shall praise  
The heathen folk shall worship all  
28 The kingdoms of the heathen folk  
And shall be their Governor  
29 The rich man of his goodly gifts  
And in his presence worship him  
30 And all that shall go down to dust  
A seed shall have and worship him  
31 They shall declare and plainly shew  
Unto a people yet unborn

PSALM 23. W. W.

The Lord is only my support  
How can I then lack anything
2 In pastures green he feedeth me  
And after leadeth me to the streams  
3 And when I find myself near loth,  
Conducting me in his right paths  
4 And tho' I were even at death's door,  
For both thy rod and shepherd's crook  
5 Thou haft my table richly spread  
Thou haft my head with balm refreshed  
6 And finally, while breath doth last  
And in the house of God will I

My Shepherd is the living Lord  
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams
2 He shall convert and glad my soul,  
To walk in paths of righteousness
3 Yea, though I walk in vale of death  
Thy rod and staff do comfort me  
4 And in the presence of my foes  
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and thou
5 Thro' all my life thy favour is  
That in thy house for evermore

my joints in sunder break,  
like wax, I am too weak  
my tongue it cleaveth fast  
to dust of death at last.  
in council they do meet,  
piercing my hands and feet,  
might all my bones have told,  
when they do me behold,  
in parts among them all,  
to whom it should befall  
me all in sunder tear,  
O Lord, thou diest me heart  
thy majesty record,  
of thee the living Lord.

the Jacob, him adore,  
for him for evermore  
be hideth not away  
but hears them when they pray  
I will therefore proclaim  
for setting forth thy Name  
such as their minds do give  
their hearts shall ever live  
the Lord and seek his grace  
before his blessed face  
the Lord shall have therefore  
and King for evermore  
shall taste and feed also  
and bow their knees full low  
life by him shall taste  
'till time away shall waste  
his truth and righteousnesse  
who shall his name confesse.