PSALM XLV.

3 They conquer'd not by their own sword the land wherein they dwell; but by thy hand, thy arm, and grace, because thou lov'st them well.
4 Thou art my King, O God, who sav'st Jacob in Sundry wise.
5 Led with thy pow'r we throw down such as did against us rise.
6 And still we boast of thee our God, they could not have me found.
7 Thou kept'st us from our foes great rage, and didst all confound.
8 And prai'de thy holy name; but leftest us to shame.
9 Thy people thou hast fold like flaves, and as a thing of nought; no gain at all was fought.
10 And to our neighbours thou hast made us a laughing-stock.

The Second Part.

11 Thus we serve for no other use;
12 Thy name; they scorn, they make their hearts, whereto they would do.
13 With flame and great confusion I say, for I blush, that all my face.
14 For why we hear such fland'rous words, that death it is to see its wrongs.
15 For all this, we forgot not thee, but that we have no heart from thee.
16 If we God's name forgotten have, shall he not find and find it out?
17 But 'tis for thy name's sake, O Lord, as sheep into the fables went.
18 Up, Lord, why sleepest thou? Why hidest thou thy countenance?
19 Ev'n to the dust our soul is brought, our belly cleaveth to the ground.
20 Rouse up therefore for our defence, we beseech for thy goodnes.

PSALM XLVI, XLVII, XLVIII.

12 Then shall the King desire to be advanced still upon his holy hill.
13 The beauty more and more, must worship and adore.
14 He is the Lord thy God, whom thou dost own.
15 The daughters then of Tyre, shall make their suit to thee, is glorious to behold;
16 The daughter of the King, all deck'd in beaten gold.
17 With Virgins fair on her to wait, and every pleasant thing, the cometh to the King.
18 Thus are they brought with joy into the palace of the King,
19 Instead of fathers thou shalt children multiply,
20 Whom thou mayst princes make, to rule over thy holy name.
21 The people shall give thanks to thee, for evermore, O Lord.

J. H.

THE Lord is our defence and aid,
When we with woe are much dismay'd
The Lord doth move, we will not fear,
Be thr'd and hurled here and there.
No, tho' the sea do rage so fore, and though it overflow the shore,
For one fair flood doth send abroad To glad the city of our God,
In midst of her the Lord doth dwell, All things against her that rebel.
The heathen folk and kingdoms fear, and长得 earth of death dis appearance.
The Lord of hosts doth make our part, Our hope of health with all our heart.
Come here, & fee with mind & thought What wonder he himself hath wrought.
By him all wars are hush'd and gone, Their bowstring to brake each one.
Be still therefore, and know that I Among the heathen people be.
11 The Lord of hosts doth us defend, On Jacob's God we do depend,

PSALM 47.

Ye people all, with one accord Be glad and sing unto the Lord.
For high the Lord and dreadful is, A mighty King he is likewise.
The people shall make the be And underneath our feet shall he.
For us the heritage he chose The excellency of Jacob.
Our God ascended up on high The Lord goes up above the sky.
Sing praises to our God, sing praise, For God is King of all the earth.
God o'er the heathen reigns, and fits The princes of the people have.
To Abraham's people; for our God As with a buckler doth defend.

PSALM 48.

Great is the Lord, and with great praise Within the city of our God, Mount Zion is a pleasant place, The city of the mighty King.