PSALM XLIX.

1 Man that in honour lives, and doth not understand, may be perished utterly.

2 Devouring fire
A tempest great
Then shall he call
To judge his folk,
Saying, Go to,
My path they keep;
3 The heaven's they shall
For God is judge
Hear, my people,
Lift, Israel,
Thy God, the Lord
For not giving
4 I have no need
Goats of thy fold
For all the beasts
On thousand hills
I know for mine
All beasts mine are
5 Were I hungry
Eat the flesh
Or drink the blood
Offer to God
And pay thy vows
6 Call upon me,
Then will I help,
To the wicked
Why dost thou preach
Seeking thou hast
And hast't to be
7 My words I say,
If that thou seest
Thou runn't with him,
And art all one
Thou giv'st thy self.
And how thy tongue
8 Thou fin'tst muting
And how to put
Thee doest thou think,
Without me judge,
Like to thy self;
Once shalt thou feel
9 Consider this,
And fear not when
Left without help
But he that thanks
Saith the Lord God:
I will him teach

Another of the same, by J. H.

THE God of gods, the Lord,
Hath call'd the earth by name,
From whence the sun doth rise unto
B 3 From