P Sal M LI.

The perfect beauty of his grace,
Before him shall the fire waste,
He will call forth, that he may try
Who are in bond and league with me
And when these things are try'd.
That God is just, and all must 'side
My people now give heed,
I am thy God, thy help at need,
Thou offer'st daily unto me
Thinkst thou that I do need
Or else so much desire to feed
Nay, all the beasts are mine
And thousands more of neat and kinne
The Second Part.

The birds that build on high
And beasts that in the fields do lie,
Then tho' I hunger'd, I
Since that the earth with her great store
To bulls flesh have I mind
Or such a sweetness do I find
Give to the Lord his praise
And fee thou pay they vows always
Then seek and call to me
And I will fear deliver thee
But to the wicked train,
And yet their works are foul and vain.
With what face darest thou
Why do thy words my law allow,
Whereas it is for to amend
My word, the which thou dost pretend

The Third Part.

When thou a thief dost fee
With him thou run'st, and dost agree
When thou dost them beheld
Thou lik'st it well, and wastest bold
Thy lips thou dost apply
Thy tongue dost teach to cheat and lie,
Thou study'st to revile
With fandener dost defile
Hereat while I do wink,
Thou go'st on still, and dost think
But sure I will not let
Thy faults in order wilt let
Mark this, I require
Left when I plague you in mine ire
He that doth give to me
Doth please me well, and he shall fee
PSAL. 51.

W. W.

& now with speed some pity take
Wash me, O Lord, and make me clean
And purify me once again
Remorse and sorrow do constrain
Because my fin doth still remain
Against thee only have I sinned,
And if I should have mercy find,
his glory bright and clear,
From thence it did appear,
To speak aloud, no doubt;
And tempt round about
The earth below like in
The people that are his,
My faithful flock most dear,
My law to love and fear,
Then shall the heavens record
The judgement of the Lord.
Israel, to thee I cry;
Thou canst not deny,
Thy sacrifice is slack;
Much more than I do lack,
Thy cattle young or old;
On goats out of thy fold;
In woods that eat their fills,
That run wild on the hills:

The Second Part.

When ought would work thee blame,
That thou mayst praise my name,
Who talk of God each day,
To them the Lord will say;
My word once speak or name?
Thy deed deny the fame?
Thy life thou art to flack;
Is cast behind thy back.

The Fourth Part.

Have mercy on me, Lord, after
After thy mercies multitude
Yea, wash me clean from my offence
For I do own my faults, and sill
Against thee, thee alone, I have
And evil have I done before
That in the things that thou hast done,
And when thou judgest, all may see
In wickedness I formed was,
My mother at the very first,
But thy truth in the inward parts,
And secrets of thy wisdom thou
With hyssop, Lord, besprinkle me
Yea, wash thou me, and then shall I
Of joy and gladness make thou me
That to the bones which thou, O Lord,
From the beholding of my sins
And all my debts of wickedness
O God, create in me a heart
Within my bowels, Lord, renew
Call me not from thy fight, nor take
The comfort of thy faying health
With thy free Spirit me support
By my instruction and advice

The Second Part.

O God, that art God of all health,
That praises of thy righteousness
My lips, which yet fast closed be,
The praises of thy Majesty

The Second Part.

That first I was conceived in fin
And yet, vile wretched, remain therein
The inward truth of a pure heart
Thou hast revealed me to convert
I shall be cleaner than the glads;
The snow in whiteness I shall pass.
And broken bones also rejoice;
For I have felt enough thine hand;
Which in number pass the band,
And frame it to thy holy will.

The Second Part.

Call me not, Lord, out from thy fight,
But speedily my torments end;
Take not from me thy Holy Spirit;
Which mercy from dangers defend
Which I was wont in thee to find;
Which unto thee may draw my mind
I shall instruct others therein;
By my example shall see fin.
O Lord, I do thee humbly pray;
Pray for my soul, and my
I would have offered many one's
And therein pleasure take it none;
O Lord, thou never doth reject;
And thou chiefly dost expect;
Pour out thy mercies on me;
Build up the walls, and love it still;
Of peace and righteousness
Upon thy altar we will lay.

Another of the same, by J. H.

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