PSALM LXI, LXII.

5 So that thy might may keep and save
The folk that serveth thee,
O Lord, grant this to me,
I will divide Sichem by pace,
6 Gilead is given to my hand,
Ephraim's the strength of all my land,
In Moab I wash my feet,
And thou, Phœbus, sought to feth
7 But who will bring me at this tide
Or who to Edom will go guide?
Our wars in hand thou wouldst not take
8 Give aid, O Lord, and we relieve
The help that hosts of men can give
9 But thou, our God we shall have might
He will tread down, and put to flight

REGARD, O Lord, for I complain
Let not my words return in vain,
For rais's oil and in care I go,
Upon the rock of thy great power
Your art my hope, my fort and tower,
Within thy tent I long to dwell,
Under thy wings I know right well
The Lord doth my desire regard
With riches great will he reward
The King shall he in health maintain,
That he from age to age may reign
That he may have a dwelling-place
O let thy mercy, truth, and grace
And then, O Lord, I ever will
That all my vows I may fulfill.

MY soul to God shall give good heed,
Because my health and hope to speed
For he alone is my defence,
He is my stay, and no pretense
O wicked folk, how long will ye
For as a rotten hipped ye be
Whom God doth love, ye seek always
Ye love to lie, with mouth ye praise,
Yet still my soul doth whole depend
From all ill states to defend
He is my rock, my fort and tower
He doth support me, that no power
My glory and salvation doth
He is my song, my stay, my wealth
O put your trust in him alway
Pour out your hearts to him and say
The sons of men deceitful are,
With things most vain do them compare
Truth nor in wrong and robbery,
The riches flow in suddenly
The Lord long since one thing did tell-
He spoke it off, I heard it well.
And that thou, Lord, art good and kind,
So that all sorts with thee shall find

PSALM LXII.

O God, my God, I early seek
For why? my soul and body both
My flesh is parch'd for thought of thee,
That I might see ye once again
As I was wont to behold
Why, thy mercies far outstrip
My lips therefore shall give to thee
And whilst I live I will not fail
And in thy Name I will lift up
My soul is as with marrow fill'd,
My mouth therefore shall sing such songs
When in my bed I think of thee,
I under covert of thy wings
My soul doth closely seek thy face,
And thou, that seek my soul to play
The sword shall them devour each one,
The hungry foxes, which do run
The king and all men shall rejoice
For lips mouths shall then be stopt.

PSALM LXII.

O Lord, unto my voice give ear
And rid my life and soul from fear
Defend me from that fort of men
And from the frowning face of them
Who whet their tongues as we have seen
And shoot abroad the arrows keen
They privily do shoot their shaft
The innocent to strike by craft
A wicked work they have decreed,
To use deceit let us not dread
Which way to hurt they talk and muse
They all consult what feats to use,
But yet all this shall not prevail
God with his dart shall sure assail
Their crafts and their ill tongues withal
That they who then behold their fall
And all that fee shall know right well
And praise his wondrous works, and tell
Yet shall the just in God rejoice,
So shall they joy with mind and voice

PSALM LXIII, LXIV, LXV.

THY praise alone, O Lord, doth reign
Their vows to thee do they maintain
For thou dost their prayers still hear,
The people all both far and near
Our wicked life far exceeds
But, Lord, forgive our greatest deeds
The man is blest whom thou dost choose
Thy house and temple lie firm in the earth
Of thy great justice hear, O God,
The hope of all the earth abroad
With strength thou art befit about,
Thou makest the mountains strong and stout
The dwelling place thou dost affrage,
'IOu dost restrain the people's rage,
The folk that dwell throughout the earth
Morning and evening with great mirth

PSALM LXIII.

T. S.

O God, my God, I early seek
For why? my soul and body both
My flesh is parch'd for thought of thee,
That I might see ye once again
As I was wont to behold
Why, thy mercies far outstrip
My lips therefore shall give to thee
And whilst I live I will not fail
And in thy Name I will lift up
My soul is as with marrow fill'd,
My mouth therefore shall sing such songs
When in my bed I think of thee,
I under covert of thy wings
My soul doth closely seek thy face,
And thou, that seek my soul to play
The sword shall them devour each one,
The hungry foxes, which do run
The king and all men shall rejoice
For lips mouths shall then be stopt.

PSALM LXIV.

O Lord, unto my voice give ear
And rid my life and soul from fear
Defend me from that fort of men
And from the frowning face of them
Who whet their tongues as we have seen
And shoot abroad the arrows keen
They privily do shoot their shaft
The innocent to strike by craft
A wicked work they have decreed,
To use deceit let us not dread
Which way to hurt they talk and muse
They all consult what feats to use,
But yet all this shall not prevail
God with his dart shall sure assail
Their crafts and their ill tongues withal
That they who then behold their fall
And all that fee shall know right well
And praise his wondrous works, and tell
Yet shall the just in God rejoice,
So shall they joy with mind and voice

PSALM LXV.

In Zion thine own hill,
And promisest sulph
And dost thereto agree,
With truth shall come to thee,
That we shall fall therein,
And purge us from our sin,
Within thy courts to dwell,
With pleasures that excel,
Our health of thee doth ri,
And the sea-coasts likewise,
And compass'd with thy pow'r
To stand in ev'ry tow'r
Making them very still
And rule them at thy will

9 When