PSALM LXIX.

35 Thy goings they have seen, O God, 
How thou, my God and King, dost go, 
36 The fingers go before with joy, 
In the midst the damsel do. 
37 Now in the congregation thou, 
And Jacob's whole posterity. 
38 Their chief was little Benjamin, 
With Zabulon and Nephathim, 
39 Thy God hath sent forth strength for thee; 
Make firm and sure for ever to endure, 
30 Then in thy temple gifts will be 
And in thy own Jerusalem.

The Fourth Part.

31 Yea, and strange kings, by us subdu'd, 
For unto thee they shall profess, 
32 He shall destroy the spearman's ranks, 
And make them tribute pay, and daunt. 
33 Then shall the lords of Egypt come, 
The Moors also stretch out their hands. 
34 Therefore ye kings of the earth, 
Sing psalms to God with one consent, 
35 For he doth ride, and ever did, 
And by his fearful thunder-claps. 
36 Therefore the strength of Israel 
Whose might and pow'r doth far extend.

O God, thy holiness and pow'r 
The God of Israel gives us strength;

P S A L M 69.

SAVE me, O God, and that with speed, 
Because the waters do enter into me; 
With crying I am weary, lo, 
My right doth fail, looking also 
My foes that gaiticldo oppress, 
In number sure they are no less; 
Though for no cause they vex me sore, 
They do compel me to restore.

What I through my simplicity 
And all my faults in privacy 
O God of hosts, defend and stay 
Let no man doubt or think away 
It is for thee and for thy sake 
In spite to thee they would make me 
My mother's sons, my brethren all 
And as a stranger me they call, 
Unto thy house and zeal I bear, 
Their checks and taints at thee to hear.

The Second Part.

11 Though I do fast my flesh to tane, I am reproached for the fame 
12 As I for grief and pain of heart 
Reproachfully they it pevert, 
13 Both high and low and all the throng 
They have me ever in their tongue, 
14 They that fit in the gate with spite 
The drunkards that in wine delight 
15 Unto thee, O Lord, I pray, 
For thy great truth thou wilt away 
36 Pluck thou my feet out of the mire, 
From such as owe me wrath and ire,

yea, if weep and moan, 
by scoffers ever one; 
in fackcloth use to walk, 
their of them and talk, 
that sit within the gate, 
of me they talk and praise; 
against me all agree, 
do make their songs of me, 
that when it pleaseth thee, 
send down thy aid to me: 
from drowning do me keep, 
and from the waters deep.