My soul, give praise unto the Lord, and all the secrets of my heart. Praise thou the Lord, my soul, who hast and suffer not his benefits. That gave thee pardon for thy faults, and all thy weak and frail diseases. That did redeem thy life from death, and thy mercy and compassion both. That filled with goodness thy desire. Like as the eagle calleth her hill. The Lord with justice doth repay. So that their sufferings and wrongs. His ways and his commandments all. His counsel and his valiant acts. The Lord is kind and merciful. The sloe to conceive a wrath. He will not always chide thee. Nor keep our faults in memory. According to our sins also. And after our iniquities. But as the space is wondrous great. So is his goodness much more large. He doth remove our sins from us. As far as the sun-rising is. Behold what pity parents do. Like pity beareth God to such. The Lord that made us know our shape. How weak and frail our nature is, and. And how the time of mortal men. Or like the flower right fair in field. Whose gloss and beauty, pious winds and make that after their assaults. But yet the goodness of the Lord. Their children's children do receive. I mean who keep his covenant. And not forget to do the thing. The heavens most high are made the seat. And by his power imperial. Ye angels that are great in pow'r. Who to obey and do his will. Ye noble hosts and ministers. Who ready are to execute. Ye, all his works in every place. My thankful heart, my mind and soul. Praise ye the Lord, our great God. My soul praise the Lord. That great is thy fame, in these thou didst clear. Thou hast thyself clad, thy greatness may feft. Thou also hast spread, compared may be. In the clouds full pure, are made to bear. His course doth endure, of winds in the air. As heralds to go, we fare also preft. They run to end and fro, as seemeth him best. For firmly and fast. Pons shall have such pow'r. For it made thou hast, the hills would devour. The waters do flee, thy word to obey. So fearfully they, that haste soon away. They then up ascend. Thy word they fulfil, most quickly descend. Remain they do fell, how far they shall run. Not that pulls they can. They shall not return which made was for man. Behold what pity parents do. Like pity beareth God to such. The Lord that made us know our shape. How weak and frail our nature is, and. And how the time of mortal men. Or like the flower right fair in field. Whose gloss and beauty, pious winds and make that after their assaults. But yet the goodness of the Lord. Their children's children do receive. I mean who keep his covenant. And not forget to do the thing. The heavens most high are made the seat. And by his power imperial. Ye angels that are great in pow'r. Who to obey and do his will. Ye noble hosts and ministers. Who ready are to execute. Ye, all his works in every place. My thankful heart, my mind and soul. Praise ye the Lord, our great God. My soul praise the Lord. That great is thy fame, in these thou didst clear. Thou hast thyself clad, thy greatness may feft. Thou also hast spread, compared may be. In the clouds full pure, are made to bear. His course doth endure, of winds in the air. As heralds to go, we fare also preft. They run to end and fro, as seemeth him best. For firmly and fast. Pons shall have such pow'r. For it made thou hast, the hills would devour. The waters do flee, thy word to obey. So fearfully they, that haste soon away. They then up ascend. Thy word they fulfil, most quickly descend. Remain they do fell, how far they shall run. Not that pulls they can. They shall not return which made was for man.