PSALM CXLV, CXLVI.

1. That—for our sons may be as plants
   Our daughters as carv'd corner-stones;
2. Our garners full, and plenty may
   Our sheep bring—wands, in our streets;
3. Our oxen to labour strong,
   No going out there be, nor cries
4. The people happy are that with
   Yea, blest all the people are

PSALM CXLV.

THEE will I laud my God and King,
For ever will I praise the name,
Great is the Lord, most worthy praise,
From race to race they shall thy works
1 of thy glorious majesty
And meditate upon thy works
And they shall of thy pow'r, and of
And to publish abroad
And they into the mention shall
And I aloud thy righteousnesses
The Lord our God most gracious is
Of great abounding mercy, and
Yea, good to all; and all his works
Lo, all thy works do praise thee, Lord,
Thy saints do blest thee, and they do
And praise thy pow'r, to cause the sons

THE Second Part.

And of thy kingdom's majesty—
Thy kingdom, Lord, a kingdom is
And thy dominion through each age
The Lord upholdeth them that fall,
11 The eyes of all do wait on thee,
And thou to each fuficing food
12 Thou openest thy plentiful hand,
All things whate'er do live
13 The Lord is just in all his ways,
And he is near all them that do
14 He the defiles of all them
And he will hear them when they cry,
15 The Lord preferring all those to him
But all them that wicked are
16 My thankful mouth shall gladly speak
All flesh to praise his holy Name

PSALM CXLVI.

MY soul, praise thou the Lord, always
While breath and life prolong my days
2 Trust not in worldly princes then,
Nor in the sons of mortal men,
3 For why? their breath doth soon depart,
And then the counsels of their heart
Blessed and happy are all they
And he whose hope doth not decay,
5 Who made the earth and waters deep,
Who doth his word and promise keep
6 With right always doth he proceed
The poor and hungry he doth feed
7 The Lord doth fend the blind their fight,
He loveth all that are upright
8 He doth defend the fatherless,
He frees the widow from distress
9 The Lord thy God eternally,
In time of all posterity

PSALM CXLVII, CXLVIII.

PRAISE ye the Lord, for it is good
For it is pleasant, and to praise
2 The Lord his own Jerusalem
And the desire of Israel
3 He heals the broken in their heart,
He counts the number of the stars,
And in the heaven's known
4 Great is the Lord, great is his pow'r,
The Lord relieves the meek, and throws
unto our God to sing; it is a comely thing,
he buildeth up alone,
doth gather into one:
their foes up doth he bind;
and numbers them in their kind:
his wisdom infinite;
to ground the wicked night.
5 Sing unto God the Lord with praise,
And to God upon the harp
And covers heav'n with his clouds, and for
And in the heavens doth he make
He gives to beasts their food, and to
His pleasure not in strength of horse,
But in all that do him fear
And such as do attend upon
unto the Lord rejoice,
advance thy singing voice
the earth prepareth rain,
the grass to grow again;
young ravens when they cry;
nor in man's legs doth lie.
the Lord hath his delight,
his mercies shining light.

The Second Part.

O praise ye the Lord, Jerusalem,
For the bars hath forged strong
Thy children in thee he hath blest,
Doth settle peace, and with the flour
10 And his command like upon
Also his word and speedy course
12 He giveth snow like wool, and froth
Like morfels: casts his ice: the cold
13 He fendeth forth his mighty word
His wind he makes to blow, and then
14 The doctrine of his holy word,
His statutes and his judgements he
15 With any nation hath he not
His secret judgements: ye therefore

PSALM CXLVII.

GIVE laud unto the Lord,
Praise him in deed and word,
And also ye,
Arms royal,
2 Praise him both moon and sun,
The fame of you be done,
And ye be, Clouds of the air,
3 For at his word they were
At his voice did appear
Which he set fast;
A law and trade
4 Exalt and praise God's Name
All deeps do ye the fame,
The fame do ye,
And storms that blow
5 The hills and mountains all
The cedar great and tall,
Beasts and cattle,
6 All kings both great and small,
Princes and judged all
Exalt his Name;
Old men and babes,
7 For his Name shall we prove
Whose praise is far above
For tire shall
The horn of his

8 His