PSALM CXLIX, CL.

8 His saints all shall forth tell
The sons of Israel,
And also they
His words fulfill,
P S A L. 149.

SING ye unto the Lord our God
And let the praise of him be heard
Let Israel rejoice in God,
And let the seed of Sion be
Let them found praise with voice of lute
And with the timbrel and the harp
For why? the Lord his pleasure all
And by deliv'rance he will raise
With glory and with honour new
Aloud upon their beds also
And in their mouths let the high
And in their hands likewise a sharp
To plague the heathen and correct
To bind their stately kings in chains,
To execute on them the doom
This honour all his saints shall have;
PSALM 150.

YIELD unto God the mighty Lord
And in the firmament of his
Advance his Name, and praise him in
According to his excellence
His praises with the princely noise
Praise him upon the viol, and
Praise him with timbrel and with flute,
With sounding cymbals praise ye him,
Whatever hath the benefit
To praise his great and holy Name
his praise and worthinesse,
each one both more and less
that with good will
and him obey.
Praise ye the Lord therefore.

The End of the PSALMS.

VENI CREATOR

COME Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Both from the Father and the Son,
Visit our minds, and into us
That truth and godliness we may
Thou art the very Comforter
The heavenly gift of God most high,
The fountain and the living spring
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
Whereby Christ's Church dost stand
That through thy help God's praises may
proceeding from above,
The God of peace and love;
thy heavenly grace inspire
pursue with full desire;
in all grief and distress;
which no tongue can express
of joy celestial;
and union spiritual.
Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
Whereby Christ's Church dost stand
That through thy help God's praises may
refound in every place,
SEND down thy heavenly light
to serve God day and night,
which feeble and frail,
against us may prevail
and help us to obtain
the best and truest gain;
And grant, O Lord, that thou being
we may escape the foins of sin,
Such measures of thy powerful grace
That thou mayst be our Comforter
Of strife and all contention, Lord,
And knit the knots of peace and love
his praise and worthinesse,
each one both more and less
that with good will
and him obey.

Grant us the grace that we may know
the Father of all might:
that we of his beloved Son
And that we may with perfect faith
The Spirit of Father, and of Son,
To God the Father praise and praise,
To the Holy Spirit of grace,
And pray we that our only Lord
On all that shall profess his Name
from hence to the world's end.

An Hymn before Sermon.
COME Holy Ghost, God of might
Teach us to know thy word aright,
O Holy Ghost, visit our land,
Against all sin and wickedness.
O Lord, preserve our King, and bless
Be steadfast in the Gospel of
O Lord, that giv'st thy holy word,
That in the name we may accord.
O Holy Spirit guide aright
That thou by them mayst cut down sin,
Depart not from thy pastors pure,
Who break to us the bread of life,
Blessed Spirit of truth, keep us
Keep us from fents and errors all.
Convert all those that are our foes,
That they and we may all agree.
True faith in us, O Lord, increase,
That man and wife may live in peace
In our time give thy peace, O Lord,
And teach them all thy word, that they may
behold my careful heart;
release me of my heart;
my grief is known to thee;
or take the name from me;
whoSE mercy fill is preft
for favour and for ref.
for my tears and griefs so groan;
mix my complaint and moan;
and compas'd me about,
if mercy be not out;
or mitigate my pain,
who for my sins was slain;
though not with mortal eye;
and so I trust shall I;
when thou shalt fee it good
who shed for me his blood;
do now behold the fame,
with them to praise thy Name
where finners do frequent,
my sins fill to lament:
and give them my confent
where to my nature's bent,
that with me remain;
I cannot rife again.
my sull and my requell,
that I in thee may reft;
be instruments of praise,
fing plains to thee alway.

The humble Sui of a Sinner.

Lord, on whom I do depend,
And when my will and pleasure is
Thou feest my crovrow what they are,
And there is none that can remove
But only thou who aid I crave.
To safe all those that come to thee
And finde thou hast my refils eyes,
Attend unto my fuit, O Lord,
For fin hath fo incrased me
That I am without remedy.
For mortal man cannot requite
But only Christ, my Lord and God
Whofe bloody wounds are yet to fee
Yet do thy fants behold them all.
Though fin doth hinder me a while
I fhall enjoy the right of him
And as thy angels and thy fants
So truft I to poffefs that place.
But whilel I live here in this vale
Affift me ever with thy grace
Left that I tread the finners path,
To dwell with them in wickedness.
Only thy grace must be my stay,
For if I fall, then of myself.
Wherefore this is yet once again
To grant me pardon for my fin,
They fhall all my heart and tongue alfo
And in thy Church and house of fants

13