

- 14 O leave me not unto the will
For they devise against me skill
- 15 I utterly should faint, but that
That in the land wherein I live
- 16 Trust still in God, whose whole thou art,
He will support and ease thy heart,

PSA L. 28. T. S.

- T**HOU art, O Lord, my strength and stay,
Neglect me not, lest I be like
2 My voice and supplications hear,
When I lift up my hands unto—
3 Repute me among those men
That speak right fair unto their friends,
4 According to those wicked deeds
And after their inventions, Lord,
5 Because they never mind the works
Instead of building of them up,
6 To render thanks unto the Lord
My voice, my prayer, and my complaint
7 He is my shield and fortitude,
My heart rejoiceth greatly, and
8 He is our strength and our defence,
The health and the salvation of
9 Thy people and thy heritage.
Increase them, Lord, and rule their hearts,

PSA L. 29. T. S.

- G**IVE to the Lord, ye potentates,
All praise and honour, might & strength
2 Give glory to his holy Name,
Give worship to his Majesty,
3 His voice doth rule the waters all,
He doth prepare the thunder-claps,
4 The voice of God is of great force,
It is most mighty in effect,
5 The voice of God doth rend and break
The cedar-trees of Lebanon,
6 And makes them leap like a calf,
Not only trees but mountains great
7 His voice divides the flames of fire,
It makes the desert quake for fear,
8 It makes the hinds for fear to calve,
And in his temple every man
9 The Lord doth sit upon the floods
And he likewise as Lord and King
10 The Lord will give his people strength,
And he will bless his chosen flock

PSA L. 30. J. H.

- A**Ll laud and praise with heart and voice,
Who didst not make my foes rejoice,
2 O Lord my God, to thee I cry'd
Thou gav'st an ear and didst provide
3 Thou, Lord, hast brought my soul from hell,
From them that in the pit do dwell,
4 Sing praise, ye faints, that prove and see
In honour of his Majesty
5 For why? his anger but a space
But in his favour and his grace
6 Tho' heaviness and pangs full fore
The Lord to joy shall us restore,

of them that be my foes;
false witnesses to depose.
this hope supporteth me,
God's goodness I shall see,
his will abide thou must;
if thou in him do trust.

the favour which I crave;
them that are laid in grave,
when unto thee I cry,
thy holy ark most high.
in sin that take their fill,
but think in heart full ill,
which they did most regard,
let them receive reward.

of God, he will therefore,
destroy them evermore,
how great a cause have I,
that heard so willingly!
my buckler in distress;
my song shall him confess.
our foes for to resist,
his own elect by Christ.

Lord, bless, guide and preserve;
that they may never swerve.

give ye with one accord
unto the living Lord;
and honour him alone;
within his holy throne.

as he himself doth please;
and governs all the seas;
and wondrous excellent;
and most magnificent;

the cedar-trees so long,
which are both high and strong;
or as the unicorn;
whereon the trees are born,

and shakes the wildernesses;
that Cades called is;
and converts plain appear;
speaks of his glory there.

their fury to restrain;
for evermore shall reign,
whereby they shall increase,
with everlasting peace.

O Lord, I give to thee,
but hast exalted me,
in all my pain and grief;
to ease me with relief.

and thou the same didst save,
and kept'st me from the grave,
the goodness of the Lord;
rejoice with one accord.

doth last, ceasing again;
always doth life remain,
abide with us all night,
before the day be light.

- 7 When I enjoy'd the world at will,
Tush, I am sure to feel no ill,
8 For thou, O Lord, of thy good grace
But when thou turn'dst away thy face,
9 Wherefore again then did I cry
And my complaints did multiply,
10 What gain is in my blood, said I,
Can dust declare thy Majesty,

- 11 Wherefore, my God, some pity take,
Do not, O Lord, my soul forsake,
12 Then thou didst turn my grief and woe
My sackcloth didst take off also,
13 Wherefore my soul incessantly
O Lord my God, to thee will I

PSA L. 31. J. H.

- O** Lord, I put trust in thee,
As thou art just, deliver me,
2 Hear me, O Lord, and that right soon,
Be thou my rock and house of stone,
3 For why? as stones thy strength is try'd,
For thy name's sake be thou my guide,
4 Pluck thou my feet out of the snare
Thou art my strength, and all my care
5 Into thy hands, Lord, I commit
Because thou hast redeemed it,
6 I hate such folk as will not part
When they on trifles set their heart,
7 For I will in thy mercy joy,
Thou seest when ought would me annoy,
8 Thou hast not left me in their hand
But thou hast set me out of band,

The Second Part.

- 9 Great grief, O Lord, doth me assail,
My eyes wax dim, my sight doth fail,
10 My life is worn with grief and pain,
My strength is gone, and thro' disdain
11 Among my foes I am a scorn,
My neighbours and my kinfmen born
12 As men once dead are out of mind,
As little use of me they find,
13 I heard the brags of all the rout,
How they conspir'd and went about
14 But, Lord, I trust in thee for aid,
For I confess and still have said,
15 The length of all my life and age,
Defend me from the wrath and rage
16 To me thy servant, Lord, express
And save me, Lord, for thy goodness,

The Third Part.

- 17 Lord, let me not be put to shame,
But let the wicked bear the blame,
18 O Lord, make dumb their lips out-right
And cruelly with pride and spite
19 How plentiful thy mercies be
That fear and put their trust in thee
20 Thy presence shall them fence and guide
Within thy place thou shalt them hide
21 Thanks to the Lord that hath declar'd
Me to defend with watch and ward,
22 Thus did I say both day and night,
Lo, I am clean cast out of sight,

thus would I boast and say,
my wealth shall not decay;
didst fend me strength and aid;
my mind was fore dismay'd.
to thee, O Lord of might,
praying both day and night:
if death destroy my days?
or give thy truth its praise?

O Lord, I thee desire:
of thee I help require;
into a cheerful voice;
and mad'st me to rejoice.
shall sing unto thy praise;
give laud and thanks always.

let nothing work me shame;
and set me free from blame,
to help me make good speed;
my fence in time of need.

thou art my fort and tow'r;
and lead me in thy pow'r,
which they for me have laid;
is for thy mighty aid.

my soul, which is thy due,
O Lord my God most true,
from things to be abhorr'd;
my trust is in the Lord.

I see it doth excel;
and know't my soul full well,
that would me overcharge;
to walk abroad at large.

some pity on me take;
my heart with fear doth ake;
my years in woe are past,
my bones corrupt and waste,
my friends are all dismay'd;
to see me are afraid,
so am I now forgot:
as of a broken pot.

their threats my mind did fray,
to take my life away.
not to be overtrod;
thou art the Lord my God.
O Lord, is in thy hand;
of them that me withstand,
and shew thy joyful face,
thy mercy and thy grace.

because on thee I call?
and into the grave fall:
who given are to lies,
against the just devise.
laid up for thy children,
before the sons of men!
from all proud brags and wrongs,
from all the strife of tongues.

on me his grace so far,
as in a town of war,
when I was fore oppress'd,
yet heard'st thou my request.