

8 To me he taught a psalm of praise,
And sing new songs of thanks always
4 When all the folk these things shall see,
Then they unto the Lord will flee,
5 Blessed is he whose hope and heart
That with the proud doth take no part,
6 For, Lord my God, thy wondrous deeds
Thy favour towards us exceeds
7 When I intend and do devise
To such a reck'ning they do rise,
8 Burnt-off'rings thou delight'st not in,
With sacrifice to purge his sin
9 Meat-off'rings and sacrifice
But thou, O Lord, hast open made
10 But then, said I, behold and look,
For in the volume of the book,
11 That I, O God, should do thy mind,
For in my heart thy law I find
12 Thy righteousness and justice I
Behold, my tongue no time doth cease,
The Second Part.
13 I have not hid within my breast
But I declare, and have exprest
14 I kept not close thy loving mind,
The trust that in thy truth I find
15 Thy tender mercy, Lord, from me
But let thy love and verity
16 For I with many troubles am
My sins fo greatly do increase
17 For why? in number they exceed
My heart doth faint for very fear,
18 With speed send help and set me free,
Make haste with aid to succour me,
19 Confound them with rebuke and shame,
Drive back my foes, and them defame
20 For their ill feats do them desery
Always at me they rail and cry
21 Let them in thee have joy and wealth
That those that love thy saving health
22 But as for me, I am but poor,
Yet thou, O Lord, wilt me restore
23 For why? thou art my hope and trust,
Wherefore, my God, as thou art just,

PSAL. 41.

THE man is blest that doth provide
For in the season perilous
2 And he will keep him safe, and make
And not deliver him into
3 And from his bed of languishing
For thou, O Lord, wilt turn to health
4 Then in my sickness thus said I,
And heal my soul which grieved is
5 My foes did wish me ill in heart,
When shall he die, that so his name
6 And when they come to visit me,
But in their hearts they mischief hatch,
7 All they that hate me do conspire
And still devise how to procure
8 Some grievous sin hath brought him to
He is so low, that without doubt

which I must shew abroad,
unto the Lord our God,
as people much afraid,
and trust upon his aid,
doth in the Lord remain,
nor such as lies maintain,
in greatness far do pass,
all things that ever was.
thy works abroad to show,
thereof no end I know.
I know thy whole desire;
thou dost no man require;
thou would'st not have at all;
my ears to hear withal.
I come with heart most free;
thus it is said of me:
which thing doth please me well;
fast placed there to dwell,
in great assemblies tell:
O Lord, thou knowest well.

thy goodness as by stealth;
thy truth and saving health.
that no man it should know;
to all the church I show,
withdraw thou not away;
preserve me night and day,
encompassed about,
I cannot spy them out:
the hairs upon my head,
that I am almost dead.
O Lord, I thee require;
O Lord, at my desire,
that seek my soul spill;
that wish me any ill,
that would deface my name;
Fie on him, fie for shame,
that seek to thee always,
may say, To God be praise,
opprest, and brought full low;
to health, full well I know,
my refuge, help and stay;
with me no time delay.

T. S.
for such as needy be;
the Lord will set him free:
him happy in the land,
his enemies strong hand:
the Lord will him restore;
his sickness and his sore.
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
that I offended thee.
and thus of me did say,
may perish quite away?
they ask if I do well;
and then abroad it tell.
against me craftily,
my hurt and misery,
this sickness, say they plain;
he cannot rise again.

9 The man also that I did trust,
Who at my table did eat bread,
10 Have mercy, Lord, on me therefore,
That I may render unto them
11 By this I know assuredly,
Because my foes no power have
12 But in my right thou hast me kept,
And in thy presence place assign'd,
13 The Lord, the God of Israel,
Ev'n fo be it, Lord, will I say:

PSAL. 42.

LIKE as the hart doth pant and bray
So doth my soul desire always
2 My soul doth thirst, and would draw near
Oh, when shall I come and appear
3 The tears all times are my repast,
Whilst wicked men cry out to fast,
4 Alas, what grief is it to think
Therefore my soul, as at pit's brink,
5 For I did march in good array,
Unto the temple was our way
6 My soul, why art thou sad always,
Trust still in God, for him to praise
7 By him I succour have at need
He is my God, who with all speed
8 My soul is vexed in me, and
Remember thee from Jordan's land,

The Second Part.

9 One grief another in doth call,
The floods of evil that do fall,
10 Yet I by day felt his goodness
Likewise at night I did not cease
11 I am persuaded thus to say
O Lord, thou art my guide and stay,
12 Why do I then in penitiveness
Whilst that my enemies oppress
13 For why? they pierce my inward parts
When they cry out with stubborn hearts,
14 So soon my soul, why dost thou faint
Why do sad thoughts without restraint
15 Trust in the Lord thy God always,
To give him thanks with laud and praise,

PSAL. 43.

JUDGE and defend my cause, O Lord,
From wicked and deceitful men,
2 For of my strength thou art the God,
Why walk I heavily, whilst that
3 O Lord, send out thy light and truth,
Which may conduct me to thy hill,
4 Then shall I to thy altar go,
And on my harp give thanks to thee,
5 Why art thou then so sad, my soul,
Still trust in God, for him to praise
6 By him I have deliverance
He is my God, who doth alway

PSAL. 44.

OUR ears have heard our fathers tell,
The wond'rous works that thou hast
2 How thou didst drive the heathen out
Planting our fathers in their place,

with me did use deceit;
the same for me laid wait,
and let me be preserv'd,
the things they have deserv'd,
I am belov'd of thee,
to triumph over me:
and it maintained well,
where I shall ever dwell.
be praised evermore:
praise ye the Lord therefore.

J. H.
the well-springs to obtain:
with thee, Lord, to remain.
the living God of might;
in presence of his sight;
which from my eyes do slide:
Where now is God thy guide?
the freedom once I had!
most heavy is and sad.
with joyful company,
to praise the Lord most high,
and frett'st thus in my breast?
I hold it ever best.
against all pain and grief;
doth haste to send relief,
therefore, O Lord, I will
and Hermon's little hill.

as clouds burst out their voice,
run over me with noise.
and help at all essays;
the living God to praise,
to him with reverence,
my rock and sure defence,
hanging the head thus walk;
and vex me with their talk?
with pains to be abhorr'd,
Where now is God thy Lord?
with pain and grief oppress?
thus rage within my breast?
and thou the time shalt see
for health restor'd to thee.

T. S.
'gainst them that evil be;
O Lord, deliver me.
why am I put from thee?
my foe oppresseth me?
and lead me with thy grace,
and to thy dwelling-place:
with joy to worship there,
O God, my God most dear,
and frett'st thus in my breast?
I hold it always best.
from all my pain and grief;
at need send me relief.

T. S.
and rev'rently record
done in ancient time, O Lord;
with a most powerful hand,
and gav'st to them their land: