

3 They conquer'd not by their own sword the land wherein they dwell ;
 But by thy hand, thy arm, and grace, because thou lov'st them well.
 4 Thou art my King, O God, who sav'st Jacob in sundry wise,
 Led with thy pow'r we threw down such as did against us rise.
 5 I trusted not in bow nor sword, they could not fave me found ;
 Thou kept'st us from our foes great rage, and didst them all confound.
 6 And still we boast of thee our God, and praise thy holy name ;
 Yet now thou go'st not with our host, but leavest us to shame.
 7 Thou mad'st us flee before our foes, so were we over-trod ;
 They did us rob, and spoil our goods, we were dispers'd abroad ;
 8 Thou hast us given to our foes, as sheep for to be slain ;
 Amongst the heathen ev'ry where scatter'd we do remain ;
 9 Thy people thou hast sold like slaves, and as a thing of nought ;
 For profit none thou hadst thereby, no gain at all was fought ;
 10 And to our neighbours thou hast made of us a laughing-stock,
 And tho' e that round about us dwell at us do grin and mock.

The Second Part.

11 Thus we serve for no other use but for a common talk ;
 They mock, they scorn, they shake their heads, where-ever they do walk.
 12 With flame and great confusion I afflicted am full fore :
 Yea, so I blush, that all my face with red is cover'd o'er.
 13 For why ? we hear such scandalous words, such false reports and lies,
 That death it is to see their wrongs, their threatenings and their cries.
 14 For all this, we forgot not thee, nor yet thy cov'nant brake ;
 We turn'd not back our hearts from thee, nor did thy paths forsake.
 15 Yet thou hast trod us down to dust, where dens of dragons be,
 And cover'd us with shade of death, and great adversity.
 16 If we God's name forgotten have, and help of idols sought,
 Shall he not search and find it out ? for he doth know our thought.
 17 But 'tis for thy name's sake, O Lord, we always are slain thus,
 As sheep into the shambles sent, ev'n so they deal with us,
 18 Up, Lord, why sleepest thou ? for ever leave us not ;
 Why hidest thou thy countenance ? our thrall thou hast forgot,
 19 Ev'n to the dust our soul is brought, our troubles so increase ;
 Our belly cleaveth to the ground, our grief no time doth cease ;
 20 Rise up therefore for our defence, and help us, Lord, at need ;
 We thee beseech for thy goodness, to rescue us with speed.

P S A L. 45.

MY heart doth take in hard some godly song to sing,
 The praise that I shall shew therein, pertaineth to the King ;
 2 My tongue shall be as quick, his honour to indite,
 As is the pen of any scribe, that useth fast to write,
 3 O fairest of all men, thy lips with grace are pure ;
 For God hath blessed thee with gifts, for ever to endure :
 4 About thee gird thy sword, O Prince of might elect ;
 With honour, glory, and renown, thou art most richly deck'd :
 5 Go forth with godly speed, with meekness, truth, and right,
 And thy right hand shall thee instruct, in works of dreadful might,
 6 Thy arrows sharp and keen, their hearts so fore shall sting,
 That they shall crouch and kneel to thee, yea, all thy foes, O King.
 7 Thy royal seat, O Lord, for ever shall remain ;
 Because the scepter of thy realm, doth righteousness maintain.
 8 Because thou lov'st the right, and didst the ill detest,
 Therefore hath God anointed thee, with joy above the rest.
 9 With myrrh and saffours sweet, thy clothes are all bespread,
 When thou dost from thy palace pass, thereby to make thee glad.
 10 King's daughters do attend, in fine and rich array ;
 At thy right hand the Queen doth stand, in gold and garments gay.

The Second Part.

11 O daughter, take good heed, incline and give good ear ;
 Thou must forget thy kindred all, thy father's house most dear ;
 12 Then

12 Then shall the King desire thy beauty more and more,
 He is the Lord thy God, whom thou must worship and adore.
 13 The daughters then of Tyre, with gifts full rich to see,
 And all the wealthy of the land, shall make their suit to thee.
 14 The daughter of the King, is glorious to behold ;
 Within her closet the doth sit, all deck'd in beaten gold.
 15 In robes with needle wrought, and every pleasant thing,
 With Virgins fair on her to wait, she cometh to the King,
 16 Thus are they brought with joy, and mirth on every side,
 Into the palace of the King, and there they do abide.
 17 Instead of fathers thou shalt children multiply,
 Whom thou may'st princes make, to rule all lands successively.
 18 Wherefore thy holy name, all ages shall record,
 The people shall give thanks to thee for evermore, O Lord.

P S A L. 46.

THE Lord is our defence and aid, the strength whereby we stand,
 When we with woe are much dismay'd, he is our help at hand.
 2 Tho' earth do move, we will not fear, tho' mountains high and steep,
 Be thrust and hurled here and there, within the sea fo deep :
 3 No, tho' the sea do rage so fore, that all the banks it sp' lie,
 And though it overflow the shore, and beat down mighty hills ;
 4 For one fair flood doth send abroad, his pleasant streams apace,
 To glad the city of our God, and wash his holy place.
 5 In midst of her the Lord doth dwell, she never can decay,
 All things against her that rebel, the Lord will surely slay.
 6 The heathen folk and kingdoms fear, the people make a noise,
 The earth doth melt and disappear, when God puts forth his voice.
 7 The Lord of hosts doth take our part, to us he hath an eye ;
 Our hope of health with all our heart, on Jacob's God doth lie.
 8 Come here, & see with mind & thought, the working of our God,
 What wonders he himself hath wrought, in all the world abroad ;
 9 By him all wars are hush'd and gone, tho' countries did conspire,
 Their bows and spears he brake each one, their chariots burnt with fire.
 10 Be still therefore, and know that I am God, and therefore will
 Among the heathen people be highly exalted still.
 11 The Lord of hosts doth us defend, he is our strength and tow'r ;
 On Jacob's God we do depend, and on his mighty pow'r.

P S A L. 47.

YE people all, with one accord, his is our strength and tow'r ;
 Be glad and sing unto the Lord, and on his mighty pow'r.
 2 For high the Lord and dreadful is, J. H.
 A mighty King he is likewise, class hands, shout and rejoice,
 3 The people shall he make to be, with sweet and pleasant voice ;
 And underneath our feet shall he, his wonders manifold ;
 4 For us the heritage he chose, in all the earth extoll'd :
 The excellency of Jacob, unto our bondage thrall ;
 5 Our God ascended up on high, the nations make to fall ;
 The Lord goes up above the sky, which we possess alone,
 6 Sing praises to our God, sing praise, his well-beloved one.
 For God is King of all the earth, with joy and pleasant noise ;
 7 God o'er the heathen reigns, and sits, with trumpets royal voice,
 The princes of the people have, sing praises to our King ;
 8 To Abraham's people ; for our God, all blissful praises sing,
 As with a buckler doth defend, upon his holy throne ;
 They joined every one, who is exalted high,
 The earth continually.

P S A L. 48.

Great is the Lord, and with great praise, J. H.
 Within the city of our God, to be advanced still
 2 Mount Sion is a pleasant place, upon his holy hill,
 The city of the mighty King, it gladeth all the land ;
 On her north-side doth stand :
 3 Within