

- 15 I would have offer'd sacrifice,
But pleas'd with burnt-offerings
- 16 A spirit griev'd is sacrifice
A broken and a contrite heart,
- 17 In thy good will deal gently, Lord,
Grant that of thy Jerusalem
- 18 Burnt-off'rings, gifts, and sacrifice
Thou shalt accept, and calves they shall

PSAL. 52.

WHY dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad
Dost thou not know there is a God,
1 Why dost thy mind yet still deceive
Thy tongue untrue in forging lies
3 On mischief why sett'st thou thy mind,
Thou lovest more false tales to find,
4 'Thou dost delight in fraud and guile,
Thy lips have learnt the flatt'ring style,
5 Therefore the Lord shall thee confound,
Thy feed root out from off the ground,
6 The just, when they behold thy fall,
And in reproach of thee withal
7 Behold the man that did refuse
But in his riches great did place
8 But I, as olive fresh and green
Because my trust all times hath been
9 For this therefore will I give praise
I will advance thy Name always,

PSAL. 53.

THE foolish man within his heart
There is not any God at all,
2 They are corrupt, and they also
Among them all there is not one
3 The Lord look'd down from heav'n upon
To see if any were that fought
4 Out of the way they all are gone,
There is not any that doth good,
5 Do not all wicked workers know,
My people as they feed on bread?
6 Ev'n there they were afraid, and stood
When as there was no cause at all
7 For God his bones that thee besieg'd
He hath confounded them, for they
8 O Lord, give to thy people health,
Thy promise made to Israel
9 When God his people shall restore
Then Jacob shall rejoice therein,

PSAL. 54.

GOD, save me for thy holy Name,
Unto the strength, Lord, of the same
2 Regard, O Lord, and give an ear
Bow down thyself to me, and hear
3 For strangers up against me rise,
Who have not God before their eyes
4 But lo, my God doth give me aid,
With them by whom my soul is stay'd
5 With plagues repay again all those
And in thy truth destroy my foes
6 An off'ring of free heart and will
And praise thy Name, for therein still

if had pleas'd thee;
I know thou wilt not be:
delightful in thine eyes;
Lord, thou wilt not despise,
with Zion, and withal
uprear'd may be the wall:
of justice in that day
upon thy altar lay.

J. H.
thy wicked works to praise?
whose mercies last always?
such wicked wiles to harp?
is like a razor sharp,
and wilt not walk upright?
than bring the truth to light,
in mischief, blood and wrong;
O false, deceitful tongue!
and pluck thee from thy place,
and utterly deface.
with fear will praise the Lord,
cry out with one accord;
the Lord for his defence,
his trust and confidence,
shall spring and spread abroad,
upon the living God,
to thee with heart and voice,
wherein thy saints rejoice.

T. S.

blasphemously hath said,
Why should we be afraid?
a heinous work have wrought;
of good that worketh ought,
the sons of men below,
the living God to know,
they all corrupted are,
not one for God doth care,
that they do feed upon
the Lord they call not on,
with trembling all dismay'd,
why they should be afraid:
hath scatter'd all abroad,
rejected are of God,
and thou, O Lord, fulfil
from out of Zion hill,
that once were captive led,
and Israel be glad.

J. H.

and for thy goodness sake:
I do my cause betake.
to me when I do pray:
the words that I do say:
and tyrants vex me still,
they seek my soul to spill,
the Lord is nigh at hand;
the Lord doth ever stand,
for me that lie in wait,
with their own snare and bait,
then I to thee shall make,
great comfort I do take.

- 7 Thou, Lord, at length hast set me free
And now my eye with joy doth see

PSAL. 55.

O God, give ear, and speedily
And when to thee I call and cry
2 Take heed to mee, grant my request,
With grief I pray, full fore oppress,
3 Because my foes with threats and cries
And to the wicked fort likewise
4 For they in council do conspire
And in their hasty wrath and ire
5 My heart doth faint for want of breath,
With terror and the dread of death
6 Such dreadful fear on me doth fall,
Such horror overwhelmeth me,
7 Oh, that I had wings like a dove!
Away from hence unto a place
8 Lo, then I would go far away,
And I would hide myself, and stay
9 I would be gone with speed and haste,
Till I had safely overpast
10 Divide them, Lord, and from them pull
For I have spy'd their city full
11 Both day and night they go about
In midst of her is mischief wrought,
12 Her inward parts are wicked plain,
And in her streets there doth remain

The Second Part.

13 If that my foes did seek my shame,
Because from all their cheek and blame
14 But thou it was, my fellow dear,
And didst my secret counsel hear
15 With whom I had delight to talk
And we together oft did walk
16 Let death in haste upon them fall,
For mischief doth abide in all
17 But I unto my God will cry,
The Lord will help me speedily,
18 At morning, noon, and ev'ning tide
When I so constantly have cry'd,
19 To peace he shall restore me yet,
Altho' the number be full great
20 The Lord that first and last doth reign
Will hear when I to him complain,
21 For sure there is no hope that they
For why? they will not God obey,
22 Upon their friends they laid their hands,
Of friendship to neglect the bands
23 While they have war within their hearts
And tho' they were as soft as oil,
24 Cast thou thy care upon the Lord,
For in no wife will he accord
25 But God shall cast them deep in pit
He will no guileful man permit
26 Tho' such be quite destroy'd and gone,
I will depend his grace upon

PSAL. 56.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
He fighteth with me day by day,

from them that craft conspire,
on them my heart's desire.

J. H.

hear me when I do pray,
hide not thyself away:
and answer me again;
sorrow doth me constrain;
oppress me thro' despite,
to vex me take delight.
to charge me with some ill,
they do pursue me still,
it panteth in my breast;
my soul is much oppress:
that I therewith do quake:
that I no shift can make,
then would I swiftly flee
where I at rest should be:
to fly I would not cease,
in some great wilderness;
and not abide behind,
these blasts of boist'rous wind,
their false and double tongue;
of rapine, strife, and wrong,
within the city wall,
and sorrows great withal;
her deeds they are most vile,
nothing but fraud and guile.

J. H.

I might it well abide,
somewhere I could me hide:
who friendship didst pretend,
as a familiar friend:
in secret and abroad;
unto the house of God,
and send them quick to hell;
the places where they dwell,
to him for aid I see:
and he will succour me,
unto the Lord I'll pray;
he did not say me nay,
tho' war be now at hand,
that do against me stand,
both now and evermore
and punish them full sore,
to turn will once accord;
not fear the living Lord,
who were in cov'nant knit;
they do not care one whit,
as butter are their words;
they cut as sharp as swords,
and he shall nourish thee;
the just in thrall to see,
who thirst for blood always;
to live out half his days,
on him is all my stay;
with all my heart away.

J. H.

for man would me devcur;
and troubleth me each hour: