

- 1 I will be glad, and much rejoice
And make my songs extol thy Name
- 2 Because my foes are driven back
They do fall down and are destroy'd
- 3 Thou hast avenged all my wrong,
Thou dost with justice hear my cause,
- 4 Thou dost rebuke the heathen folk,
That afterwards the memory
- 5 Of destructions to an end are come,
With them likewise is perished
- 6 Know thou that he who is above
And in the seat of equity
- 7 With justice he will keep and guide
And so will yield with equity
- 8 He is protector of the poor,
He is in all adversity
- 9 And they that know thy holy Name
For thou forsakest not their suit

The Second Part.

- 10 Sing psalms therefore unto the Lord,
Among the people all declare
- 11 For he is mindful of the blood
Forgetting not the humble man
- 12 Have mercy, Lord, on me, because
Who from the gates of death are wont
- 13 In Sion that I may set forth
And that in thy salvation great
- 14 The heathen stick fast in the pit
And in the net that they did hide
- 15 By judgements great the Lord is known,
And fast intangled in the work
- 16 The wicked and deceitful men
And all the people of the world
- 17 But sure the Lord will not forget
The patient people never look
- 18 O Lord, arise, lest men prevail
And let the heathen folk receive
- 19 Lord, strike, such terror, fear and dread
They will be forced to confess

PSAL. 10.

- W**HAT is the cause that thou, O Lord,
Why hidest thou thy face in time
- 2 The poor do perish by the proud
Let them be taken in the craft
 - 3 For in the lust of his own heart
So doth the wicked praise himself,
 - 4 He is so proud that right and wrong
Nay, nay, there is no God, saith he,
 - 5 Because his ways do prosper still,
And with a blast doth puff against
 - 6 Tush, tush, saith he, I have no dread
And why? for all adversity
 - 7 His mouth is full of cursedness,
Under his tongue there nothing is
 - 8 He lieth hid in ways and holes
Against the poor that pass by him
 - 9 And, like a lion, privily
That he may snare them in his nets.
 - 10 With cunning craft and subtily
So are great heaps of poor men made

in thee, O God most high,
above the starry sky,
and turned unto fight,
by thy great pow'r and might.
my grief and all my grudge;
most like a righteous judge.
and wicked so confound,
of them cannot be found.
and cities overthrow'n;
their fame and great renown.
for evermore shall reign,
true judgement will maintain:
the world and every wight;
to every man his right.
what time they be oppress'd;
their rescue and their rest,
therefore shall trust in thee;
in their necessity.

who dwells on Sion hill;
his noble acts and will.
of them that be oppress'd,
that seeks to him for rest.
my foes do yet remain;
to raise me up again:
thy praise with heart and voice;
my soul may still rejoice.
which they themselves prepar'd,
their own feet are ensnar'd.
which their wicked men are caught,
which their own hands have wrought.
go down to hell below,
that God refuse to know.
the poor man's grief and pain;
for help of him in vain.
that be of worldly might:
their judgement in thy fight,
into their hearts, and then
themselves to be but men.

T. S.

so far off now dost stand?
when trouble is at hand?
and wicked men's desire;
which they themselves conspire.
th' ungodly doth delight;
and doth the Lord despise.
he setteth all apart:
for thus he thinks in heart.
he doth thy laws neglect,
such as would him correct:
lest my estate should change;
to him is very strange.
of fraud, deceit and guile:
but what is base and vile.
to slay the innocent.
his cruel eyes are bent.
lies lurking in his den,
and spoil poor harmless men.
he croucheth down alway:
by his strong pow'r a prey.

The Second Part.

- 11 Tush, God forgetteth this, saith he,
His countenance is cast aside.
- 12 Arise, O Lord our God, in whom
Lift up thy hands, do not forget
- 13 Why should the proud and wicked man
Whilst in his heart he crieth, Tush,
- 14 But thou seest all their wickedness,
That friendless and poor fatherless
- 15 Of wicked and malicious men
That they with their iniquity
- 16 The Lord doth reign for evermore
And he will chafe out of the land
- 17 Thou hearest, Lord, the poor's complaint,
Their hearts thou wilt confirm, until
- 18 To judge the poor and fatherless
That they may be no more oppress'd

PSAL. 11.

- I**N God the Lord I put my trust,
Unto the mountains swiftly fly
- 2 Behold the wicked bend their bows,
To shoot in secret at those, who
 - 3 Of worldly hope all stays were shrunk,
Alas! the just and upright man,
 - 4 But he that in his temple is
And in the highest heav'ns doth sit
 - 5 The poor and simple man's estate
And searches out full narrowly
 - 6 And with a cheerful countenance
But in his heart he doth abhor
 - 7 And on the sinners casteth snares
Brimstone and fire, and whirlwinds great,
 - 8 Ye see then how a righteous God
And unto just and upright men

PSAL. 12.

- H**ELP, Lord, for good and godly men,
And faith and truth from worldly men,
- 2 Whoso doth with his neighbour talk,
For ev'ry man bethinketh how
 - 3 But flatter and deceitful lips,
To speak proud words & make great brags,
 - 4 For they say still, We will prevail,
Our tongues are ours, we ought to speak,
 - 5 But for the great complaint and cry
I will arise now, saith the Lord,
 - 6 God's word is like to silver pure,
Which hath no less than seven times in
 - 7 Now since thy promise is to help,
And fave us now and evermore
 - 8 For now the wicked world is full
Whilst vanity with worldly men

PSAL. 13.

- H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
How long dost thou intend to hide
- 2 In heart and mind how long shall I
And how long shall my deadly foe
 - 3 Behold me now, O Lord, my God,
Lighten my eyes, lest I do sleep
 - 4 Lest that my enemy do say,
Lest they also that hate any soul

therefore I may be bold:
he doth it not behold.
the poor man's hope doth rest,
the poor that be oppress'd.
blaspheme God's holy Name,
God cares not for the same?
and well dost understand,
are left into thy hand.
then break the pow'r alway,
may perish and decay.
as King and God alone,
the heathen folk each one.
their pray'r and their request,
thine ears to hear be prest,
and help them to their right,
by men of worldly might.

T. S.

why say ye to my soul,
as doth the winged fowl?
their arrows they prepare,
sincere and upright are.
and clearly brought to nought;
what evil hath he wrought?
most holy and most high,
in royal majesty,
considers in his mind,
the manners of mankind,
the righteous man will use,
all such as mischief muse:
as thick as hail or rain,
appointed for their pain.
doth righteousness embrace,
shews forth his pleasant face.

T. S.

do perish and decay,
is parted clean away.
'tis all but vanity:
to speak deceitfully.
and tongues that be so stout
the Lord will soon cut out,
our lips shall us extol:
what lord shall us controul?
of those that are oppress'd,
and them restore to rest.
that from the drops is try'd
the fire been purify'd.
Lord, keep thy promise them,
from this ill kind of men.
of mischiefs manifold,
so highly is extol'd.

T. S.

shall it for ever be?
thy face away from me?
with care tormented be?
thus triumph over me?
and hear me fore oppress'd;
as one by death possess'd;
Behold, I do prevail;
rejoice to see me fail.