P S A L M LXXXI, LXXXII.

12 Why then didst thou her walls destroy?
   That all the folk that pafs thereby
13 The boar out of the wood foh wild
   The furious beasts out of the field
14 O Lord of hofs, return again,
   Behold, and with thy help futiltane
15 Thy pleafant vine, thy Israel,
   The fame which thou didft love well,
16 They top and cut it off fpase,
   And through the frowning of thy face
17 Let thy right hand be with him now,
   And with the Son of man, whom thou
18 And fo when thou haft fet us free,
   Then will we never fall from thee,
19 O Lord of hofs, through thy good grace
   Behold us with a pleafant face.

P S A L M LXXXI.

Be light and glad, in God rejoice,
   Be joyful and lift up thy voice
2 Prepare your instruments moft meet
   Strike up with harp and lute to sweet
3 Blow as it were in the new moon
   As it is used to be done
4 For this is unto Israel
   By Jacob's God, and muft full well
5 This clause with Jofeph was decreed,
   That as a witnes all his feed
6 When God himfelf had fo prepared
   Whereas the speech which he had heard
7 I from his houlder took, faith he,
   And from the furnace let him free
8 When thou in grief didft cry and call
   And I did answer thee withal
9 Yea, at the waters of disband,
   Where thou the anger of the Lord
10 Hear, O my people Israel,
   Regard and mark my words full well,

The Second Part.

11 Thou shalt no god in thee revere
   In no wife bow to or serve
12 I am the Lord thy God, and I
   Then ask me abundantly,
13 But yet my people would not hear
   And Israel would not obey,
14 Then did I leave them to their will,
   To walk in their own counfels fill
15 O that my people would have heard
   And Israel with due regard
16 I should have foon destroy'd their foes,
   And turn'd my hand again all thofe
17 And they that at the Lord did rage
   But for his folk, their time and age
18 I would have fed them with the crop
   And made the rock with honey drop,

P S A L M LXXXII.

A mong the princes, men of might,
   To plead the caufe of truth and right
2 How long, faith he, will ye proceed
   Why ye haft been partiality agreed
3 Whereas of right ye fhould defend
   And when the poor man doth contend

P S A L M LXXXIII, LXXXIV.

4 If ye be wife, defend the caufe
   And rid the needy from the claws
5 They will not learn nor underftand,
   All the foundations of the land
6 I had decreed affuredly
   Children alfo of the moft High,
7 But notwithstanding ye fhall die
   O tyrants, ye deftroy wol I
8 Up, Lord, and let thy strength be known,
   For why? all nations are thy own

P S A L M 83. J. H.

Do not, O God, refrain thy tongue,
   With-hold not, Lord, thy felf to long
2 For why? behold thy foes, and fee
   And them that bear a threat to thee
3 Against thy folk they fee deceit,
   For thine elect to lie in wait
4 Come on, they fay, let us expep
   So that the Name of Israel
5 They all confpire within their heart
   Against the Lord to take a part
6 The tents of all the Edfomites
   The Hagaren and Mofibites
7 Gebal and Ammon do likewise
   The Philifines againft thee rife
8 Affur is also joint'd to them
   And he comes a fance and aid
9 As thou didft to the Midianites,
   To Jabin and to Sifa,
10 Whom thou in Endor didft deftroy,
   That they like dung on earth did lie,

The Second Part.

11 Make them now and their lords appear
   Like Zeb and Zalmunna were
12 Who faid, Let us throughout the land
   Poffefs and take into our hand
13 Turn them, O God, with storms fo falt
   Or like the chaff which men do caft
14 Like as the fire with rage and flame
   And as the flame doth quite confume
15 So let the tempeft of thy wrath
16 And of thy wind and stormy breath,
17 Lord, bring all them, I the defire,
18 That it may caufe them to enquire,
19 And let them daily more and more
   And in rebuke and obloquy
20 That they may know and understand,
   And that thou doft with mighty hand

P S A L M 84. J. H.

How pleafant is thy dwelling-place,
   The tabernacles of thy grace,
2 My foul doth long full foremost to go
   My heart and fefh cry out also
3 The fparrows find a room to refet
   The fwellow also hath a nefet
4 These birds full nigh thy altar may
   O Lord of hofs, thou art alway
5 O, they be bleffed that may dwell
   For they all times thy facts do tell
6 Yea, happy fure likeness are they,
   Who to thy house do mind the way,

O Lord of hofs, to me! how pleafant, Lord, they be
   Into thy courts abroad,
2 My heart and fefh cry out also
3 The fparrows find a room to refet
   The fwellow also hath a nefet
4 These birds full nigh thy altar may
   O Lord of hofs, thou art alway
5 O, they be bleffed that may dwell
   For they all times thy facts do tell
6 Yea, happy fure likeness are they,
   Who to thy house do mind the way,