

- 16 If I should count them, lo, their sum
And whensoever I awake
17 The wicked and ungodly thou
Therefore now, all ye bloody men,
18 These are the men, O Lord, who speak
And take thy Name in vain, because
19 Hate I not them that hate thee, Lord,
Am I not grieved with all those
20 I hate them with a perfect hate,
Try me, O God, and know my heart,
21 Consider, Lord, if wickedness
And in thy way, O God my guide,

PSAL. 140. N.

- L**ORD, save me from the evil man,
And from all those also who do
2 who evermore on me make war,
Like serpents; underneath their lips
3 Keep me, O Lord, from wicked hands,
Free from the cruel man that means
4 The proud have laid a snare for me,
With cords in my path-way, and gins
5 Therefore I said unto the Lord,
Hear me therefore, O hear the voice
6 O Lord my God, thou only art
My head in day of battle hath
7 Let not, O Lord, the wicked have
Perform not his ill thought, lest he
8 Of them that compass me about,
Lord, let the mischief of their lips
9 Let coals fall on them, let them be
And in deep pit, that never they
10 For no backbiters shall on earth
And evil to destruction still
11 I know the Lord th' afflicted will
The just shall praise thy Name, and shall

PSAL. 141. N.

- O** Lord, upon thee do I call,
And hearken thou unto my voice
2 As incense let my prayers still be
And the uplifting of my hands
3 For guiding of my mouth, O Lord,
And also of my moving lips,
4 That I should wicked works commit
With ill men of their delicacies
5 But let the righteous smite me, Lord,
Let him reprove me, and the same
6 Such smiting shall not break my head;
When I shall in their misery
7 And when in stony places down
Then shall they hear my words, because
8 Our bones about the pit's mouth are
As when one breaketh and doth Hew
9 But, O my Lord and God, my eyes
In thee is all my trust, let not
10 Keep and preserve me from the snare
And from the gins of wicked men,
11 The wicked into their own nets
While I do by thy help escape

more than the sand they be;
I present am with thee.
most certainly wilt slay;
depart from me away.
most wickedly of thee,
thy enemies they be.
and that in earnest wife?
that up against thee rise?
e'en as my utter foes,
my thoughts prove and disclose;
in me there any be;
for ever lead thou me.

and from his pride and spite,
in violence delight:
their tongues, lo, they have whet
is adders poison set.
preserve me to abide
to cause my steps to slide.
and they have spread a net,
for me also have set,
thou art my God alone,
wherewith I pray and moan.
the strength that saveth me;
been cover'd still by thee.
the end of his desire,
with pride be set on fire.
the chiefest of them all,
upon their own heads fall;
cast in confuming flame,
may rise out of the same.
he set in stable plight;
shall hunt the cruel wight.
revenge, and judge the poor
dwell with thee evermore,

then haste thee unto me,
when I do cry to thee:
directed in thy eyes,
an evening sacrifice.
set thou a watch before,
O Lord, keep thou the door,
incline thou not my heart,
Lord, let me eat no part.
for that is good for me;
a precious oil shall be:
the time shall shortly fall,
make prayers for them all.
their judges shall be cast,
they have a pleasant taste,
all scattered and found
the wood upon the ground.
do look up unto thee;
my soul forsaken be:
which they for me have laid,
whereof I am afraid,
together let them fall,
the danger of them all.

PSAL. 142. N.

- U**NTO the Lord God with my voice
And with my strained voice unto
2 My meditation in his sight
And in the presence of the Lord
3 Altho' perplexed was my soul,
In way where I did walk a snare
4 I look'd on and view'd on my right-hand,
All refuge failed me, and for
5 Then cried I to thee, and said,
And in the land of the living
6 Hear now my cry, for I am brought
From them that do me persecute,
7 That I may praise thy Name, my soul
When thou art good to me the just

PSAL. 143. N.

- L**ORD, hear my prayer and my complaint
And in thy native truth, and in
2 In judgement with thy servant, Lord,
For justify'd be in thy sight
3 The enemy pursu'd my soul,
And laid me in the dark like them
4 Therefore my spirit in me is
My heart within me is also
5 Yet I record time past, and on
Yea, I do muse upon the works
6 To thee, O Lord my God, do I
My soul desireth after thee
7 Hear me with speed, my spirit fails,
Be like to them that in the pit
8 Let me thy loving-kindness in
For in thee is my trust, shew me
9 For unto thee I lift my soul;
From all mine enemies, for I
10 Teach me to do thy will, for thou,
Let thy good Spirit to the land
11 For thy Name's sake with quick'ning grace
And out of trouble bring my soul,
12 And of thy mercy slay my foes,
That do oppress my soul, for I

PSAL. 144. N.

- B**LÉST be the Lord my strength, that doth instruct my hands to fight,
The Lord that doth my fingers frame
2 He is my hope, my fort, and tower,
In him I trust; my people he
3 O Lord, what thing is man, that him
Or son of man, that upon him
4 Man is but like to vanity,
As fleeting shade. Bow down, O Lord,
5 The mountains touch, and they shall smoke,
And scatter them; thy arrows shoot,
6 Send down thy hand from heav'n above,
Take me from waters great, from hand
7 Whose subtil mouth of vanity
And their right-hand is a right-hand
8 A new song will I sing to thee,
And on a ten-string'd lute also
9 E'en he it is that only gives
Unto his servant David help
10 From strangers hand me save and shield,
And their right-hand is a right-hand

I did send out my cry,
the Lord God prayed I:
to pour I did not spare,
my trouble did declare.
my path was known to thee;
they flily laid for me,
but none there would me know;
my soul none care did show.
O Lord, my hope thou art,
my portion and my part.
full low; deliver me
for me too strong they be:
from prison, Lord, bring out:
shall compass me about.

which I do make to thee,
thy justice answer me.
O enter not at all:
no one that liveth shall.
my life to ground hath thrown,
that are to grave gone down:
in great perplexity,
afflicted grievously.
thy works I meditate,
that thy hands have create,
stretch forth my craving hands;
as do the thirsty lands.
hide not thy face, lest I
sink down, and there do lie,
the morning hear and know;
the way that I should go:
O Lord, deliver me
have hid myself with thee.
thou art my God always,
of mercy me convey.
alive do thou me make,
even for thy justice sake;
let them destroyed be
a servant am to thee.

that doth instruct my hands to fight,
to battle by his might.
deliverer and shield;
subdues to me to yield.
thou dost so highly prize!
thou thinkest in such wisel
so pass his days to end,
the heav'n's, and thence descend;
cast forth thy light'nings flame,
consume them with the same.
O Lord, deliver me,
of strangers let me free;
with flatt'ring words doth treat,
of falsehood and deceit.
O God the Lord most high,
praise thee most joyfully.
deliverance to kings:
from hurtful sword he brings;
whose mouth talks vanity,
of guile and subtilty.