

**P**RAISE ye the Lord, for it is good  
For it is pleasant, and to praise  
2 The Lord his own Jerusalem  
And the dispers'd of Israel  
3 He heals the broken in their heart,  
He counts the number of the stars,  
4 Great is the Lord, great is his pow'r,  
The Lord relieves the meek, and throws  
5 Sing unto God the Lord with praise,  
And to our God upon the harp  
6 He covers heav'n with clouds, and for  
And on the mountains he doth make  
7 He gives to beasts their food, and to  
His pleasure not in strength of horse,  
8 But in all those that do him fear  
And such as do attend upon

unto our God to sing;  
it is a comely thing;  
he buildeth up alone,  
doth gather into one:  
their fores up doth he bind;  
and names them in their kind,  
his wisdom infinite;  
to ground the wicked wight.  
unto the Lord rejoice,  
advance your singing voice.  
the earth prepareth rain,  
the grafs to grow again:  
young ravens when they cry:  
nor in man's legs doth lie.  
The Lord hath his delight,  
his mercies shining light.

*The Second Part.*

9 O praise the Lord, Jerusalem,  
For he the bars hath forged strong  
10 Thy children in thee he hath blest,  
Doth settle peace, and with the flour  
11 And his command likewise upon  
Alfo his word with speedy course  
12 He giveth snow like wool, and frost  
Like morsels: casts his ice: the cold  
13 He sendeth forth his mighty word  
His wind he makes to blow, and then  
14 The doctrine of his holy word,  
His statutes and his judgements he  
15 With any nation hath he not  
His secret judgements: ye therefore

thy God, O Sion praise:  
wherewith thy gates he stays:  
and in thy borders he  
of wheat he filleth thee:  
the earth he sendeth out;  
doth swiftly run about:  
like ashes scatters wide,  
thereof who can abide?  
and melteth them again:  
the waters flow again.  
to Jacob he doth show,  
gives Israel to know,  
so dealt, nor have they known  
praise ye the Lord alone.

PSAL. 148.

**G**IVE laud unto the Lord,  
Praise him in deed and word,  
And also ye,  
Armies royal,  
2 Praise him both moon and sun,  
The fame of ye be done,  
And ye no less,  
Clouds of the air,  
3 For at his word they were  
At his voice did appear  
Which he set fast;  
A law and trade  
4 Extol and praise God's Name  
All deeps do ye the same,  
The same do ye,  
And storms that blow  
5 The hills and mountains all  
The cedars great and tall,  
Beasts and cattle,  
And worms creeping,  
6 All kings both great and small,  
Princes and judges all  
Exalt his Name;  
Old men and babes,  
7 For his Name shall we prove  
Whose praise is far above  
For sure he shall  
The horn of his

J. H.  
from heav'n that is so high;  
above the starry sky:  
his angels all,  
praise joyfully,  
which are so clear and bright;  
ye glittering stars of light.  
ye heaven's fair,  
his praise express:  
all formed as we see,  
all things in their degree,  
to them he made  
always to last.  
on earth, ye dragons fell;  
for it becomes you well,  
fire, hail, ice, snow,  
at his decree:  
and trees that fruitful are,  
his worthy praise declare;  
yea, birds of wing,  
that on earth dwell:  
with all their pompous train;  
that in the world remain,  
young men and maids,  
do ye the fame.  
to be most excellent,  
the earth and firmament:  
exalt with bliss  
and help them all.

11 That fo our fons may be as plants  
Our daughters as carv'd corner-ftones,  
12 Our garners full, and plenty may  
Our fheep bring . . . afands, in our ftreets  
13 Our oxen be to labour ftrong,  
No going out there be, nor cries  
14 The people happy are that with  
Yea, bleffed all the people are

which growing youth doth rear,  
like to a palace fair;  
of fundry forts be found;  
ten thousands may abound:  
that none may us invade;  
within our ftreets be made.  
fuch bleffings great are ftord;  
whofe God is God the Lord.

PSAL. 145. N.

**T**HREE will I laud my God and King,  
For ever will I praise the fame,  
2 Great is the Lord, moft worthy praise,  
From race to race they fhall thy works  
3 I of thy glorious majesty  
And meditate upon thy works  
4 And they fhall of thy pow'r, and of  
And I to publifh all abroad  
5 And they into the mention fhall  
And I aloud thy righteousnefs  
6 The Lord our God moft gracious is  
Of great abounding mercy, and  
7 Yea, good to all; and all his works  
Lo, all thy works do praise thee, Lord,  
8 Thy faints do blefs thee, and they do  
And blaze thy pow'r, to caufe the fons

and blefs thy Name alway;  
and blefs thee day by day;  
his greatness none can reach;  
praise, and thy power preach.  
the beauty will record,  
moft wonderful, O Lord:  
thy faithful acts declare,  
thy greatness will not spare:  
break of thy goodness great,  
in finging will repeat.  
and merciful also,  
to anger he is flow;  
his mercy doth exceed;  
and honour thee indeed.  
thy kingdom's glory show,  
of men the fame to know:

*The Second Part.*

9 And of thy kingdom's majesty  
Thy kingdom, Lord, a kingdom is  
10 And thy dominion through each age  
The Lord upholdeth them that fall,  
11 The eyes of all do wait on thee,  
And thou to each fufficing food  
12 Thou openest thy piteous hand,  
All things whatever that do live  
13 The Lord is juft in all his ways,  
And he is near all those that do  
14 He the defires of all them  
And he will hear them when they cry,  
15 The Lord preserves all those to him  
But he all them that wicked are  
16 My thankful mouth fhall gladly fpeak  
All feith to praise his holy Name

do spread the glorious praise;  
that doth endure always;  
endures without decay:  
their fliding he doth stay.  
thou doft them all relieve;  
in feafon due doft give:  
and bounteoufly doft fill  
with gifts of thy good will.  
his works are holy all,  
in truth upon him call:  
that fear him will fulfil,  
and fave them all he will,  
that bear a loving heart;  
will utterly fubvert.  
the praises of the Lord:  
for ever fhall accord.

PSAL. 146.

**M**Y foul, praise thou the Lord, always,  
While breath and life prolong my days  
2 Trust not in worldly princes then,  
Nor in the fons of mortal men,  
3 For why? their breath doth foon depart,  
And then the counfels of their heart  
4 Bleffed and happy are all they  
And he whose hope doth not decay,  
5 Who made the earth and waters deep,  
who doth his word and promise keep  
6 With right always doth he proceed  
The poor and hungry he doth feed,  
7 The Lord doth fend the blind their fight,  
He loveth all that are upright,  
8 He doth defend the fatherlefs,  
He frees the widow from diftreff,  
9 The Lord thy God eternally,  
In time of all posterity

J. H.  
my God I will confefs;  
my tongue no time fhall ceafe,  
though they abound in wealth;  
in whom there is no health.  
to earth anon they fall,  
decay and perish all.  
whom Jacob's God doth aid,  
but on the Lord is ftaid:  
the heav'ns moft high withal;  
in truth and ever fhall.  
for fuch as fuffer wrong,  
and loofe the fetters ftrong:  
the lame to limbs reftore;  
and juft men evermore;  
and ftrangers sad in heart,  
and ill men's ways fubvert.  
O Sion, ftill fhall reign,  
for ever to remain.