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## The Psalmes of David. Philip Sidney

[Note](#) by A.B. Grosart | [The Psalmes](#)

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Note on the e-text: this [Renascence Editions](#) text is based on the edition by Alexander Grosart, who used the Woodford Ms. in the Bodleian Library, collating with the Trinity College Ms. and the Davies Ms., and published in *The Complete Poems of Sir Philip Sidney*, Chatto and Windus (Picadilly, 1877). It was transcribed, along with Grosart's "Note," by Risa S. Bear in January 2007. This represents a departure from the usual RE practice of working to emulate the contemporary experience of the printed book, as the Psalms did not appear in book form until 1823, in an unsatisfactory edition. That Grosart makes free with some corrections of his own, we do not doubt, and refer the reader to the Note accordingly. Grosart accented "-ed" word endings to cue pronunciation to metre; this practice has been abandoned in RE as superfluous for the trained reader.

We'd love to provide the remainder of the Psalms as rendered by the Countess of Pembroke, but an adequate edition of these did not appear until modern times, and RE is mainly dependent upon older editions, and where possible editions that appeared in contemporary codex book form. We refer the reader to the excellent *The Collected Works of Mary Sidney Herbert, Countesse of Pembroke*, Hannay, Kinnamon and Brennan, 1998, Vol. II. for Psalms 44-150, with variants and a thorough discussion of the manuscripts. --risa b

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### NOTE.

The 'Psalmes' of Sidney and his Sister, though known and named repeatedly in various places and noticeably celebrated by DR. DONNE (our edition, vol. ii. pp. 313-15), were not printed until 1823, as follows:

THE /PSALMES OF DAVID /TRANSLATED INTO/DIVERS AND SUNDRY KINDES OF VERSE,/MORE RARE AND EXCELLENT/FOR THE/Method and Varietie/THAN EVER YET HATH BEEN DONE IN ENGLISH./BEGUN BY/THE NOBLE AND LEARNED GENT./SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNT./AND FINISHED BY/THE RIGHT HONORABLE/THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE,/HIS SISTER./NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM/A Copy of the Original Manuscript,/TRANSCRIBED BY JOHN DAVIES, OF HEREFORD,/THE REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST./ [1823.

The MS. of John Davies passed from the Bright Sale to Penshurst. It is mainly interesting as a specimen of fine

penmanship. A very slight examination revealed errors and obscurities.

My own text is based on a MS, (Rawlinson, Poet. 25) in the Bodleian, written by Dr. Samuel Woodford. It was taken from a MS. of a scribe who copied under the superintendence of Sir Philip Sidney himself. In certain places—as recorded in our Notes—Sir Philip writes, 'leave a space here,' for a variant stanza, and there are occasionally alterations in his own autograph. In two places the Scribe has made an error and corrected it; but there still remain seventeen mistakes, besides several more or less probable, which may be sometimes due to clerical errors in Sir Philip's own manuscript, but which in most cases must be errors of the Scribe. They are as follows:

Ps. v. st. v. 1. 5, '*they blessed*' for 'thou blessest,' or 1 blessedst them.'

Ps. xiv. st. i. 1. 2, '*His heart*' for 'his guilty heart,' as required by metre.

Ps. xviii. st. i. 1. 5, '*My refuge then*' for 'My refuge, refuge then,' as ib.

Ps. xviii. st. xi. 1. 7, '*they clay*' for 'the'—former nonsense.

Ps. xviii. st. xii. 1. 2, '*thou dost make*' for 'thou mak'st,' destroying metre.

Ps. xx. st. v. 1. 1, '*my*' for 'me'—giving no sense nor any nominative.

Ps. xxii. st. xii. 1. 2, '*lawes*' for 'lawdes'; and probably '*are*' for 'is.'

Ps. xxiv. st. ii. 1. 2, '*And who shall stand*,' where the 'And' adds a syllable and changes the metre.

Ps. xxviii. st. i. 1.1, '*To thee, O Lord, my cry I send*' *Ib.*

Ps. xxxi. st. ix. I. 2, '*drunck*' for 'dumb'—a gross mistake.

Ps. xxxi. st. xi. 1. 1, '*time*' for 'hast[e]'—wrong both by rhyme and original.

Ps. xxxiv. st. ix. 1. 3, '*And will saue whom his true sight cleare*,' where 'true' is required by metre.

Ps. xl. st. vi. 1. 4, '*curst*,' and so Trinity College MS., for 'cast.' But the 'away' plainly shows that 'cast' is right, and so the original.

Ps. xli. st. vi. 1. 3, '*Whence*' for 'whom.' With 'whence' there is no accusative to 'place,' nor does it agree with the original. 'O place of places all,' is an apostrophe to the noun implied in the phrase 'dost place me [in a place] before thy face.'

Ps. xliii. st. v. 1. 1, '*Then loe, then will I*,' destroying rhyme.

In Psalm xxxiv. also (as noted) two verses were placed before instead of other two, and in two cases 'Deus' has been miswritten in the headings instead of the contraction of Dominus (Ps. xxiv. and xxvi.)

The following are probably errors:

Ps. iv. st. vii. 1. 4, '*By power of whose own onely brest*.' This may be right, because Sidney may have chosen to read 'power' as dissyllabic, and the change seems to show that this was so. But the addition of 'own' (in another hand) is important, as showing that it was corrected, and probably by the Countess or some friend, from another copy.

Ps. vii. st. xiii. 1. 3, '*out*' for 'forth,' which, as 'bring forth' is the idiomatic phrase, seems a Scribe's substitution—of which we have an example in *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets.

Ps. xxii. st. xiv. 1. 4, '*wch foule*' for 'with foule.'

Ps. xxvii. st. v. 1. 2, '*I*,' for 'He will.'

Ps. xxxv. st. v. 1. 3, leaves out 'this': Davies leaves out 'with': Trinity College rightly keeps both, 'with this (*i. e.* next line) euill (monosyll.) case.'

Ps. xxxvi. st. ii. 1. 4, '*thoughts all good forget*'—where, partly from verbs—though we sometimes have 'do' understood—and partly from 'wordes,' 'deedes,' I take 'thoughts' to be right.

Ps. xxxviii. st. xiv. 1. 3. '*To*' is not English: 'Loe' (Trinity College) is better, but Davies here seems best of all.

....Ps. xlii. 1.1, in British Museum MS. 12,048, the reading is 'chased,' not 'chafed,' as in Woodford, Trinity College, and Davies.

....Ps. xxvi. both MSS. in British Museum, 12,047 and 12,048, give 'blood-seekers,' not 'suckers' as in Woodford. The original is 'bloody men'—*cum viris sanguinum* (Vulg.); and probably this is another instance of error in Sidney's Scribe.

While, accordingly, I have made the Bodleian Woodford MS. my basis-text, rather than simply reproduce the Davies from the 1823 edition, [I make] occasional acceptance of readings from a MS. in Trinity College, Cambridge. I owe hearty thanks to W. Aldis Wright, Esq. for a most careful collation of the entire forty-three Psalms by Sidney with this

MS. It undoubtedly represents later readings, and almost throughout confirms the Woodford MS. as against the Davies MS. I have not thought it necessary to record all the Trinity College readings where these agreed with the Woodford; but otherwise none of interest has been over-passed.

Returning now upon the Woodford and other MSS. I have some additional remarks to make. Four of the Psalms—xxiii. xxvi. xxix. and xxxi.—originally ended as short poems were occasionally made to end contoporaneously, with a tag of the length of half a stanza or verse. Sidney, however, whether to assimilate these to the rest or to adapt them for singing, decided on altering this form. Accordingly, after each of these Psalms had been written, in three there is in Sidney's own hand, as already noticed, 'Leave space here' &c., and then follows, in the Scribe's writing, a stanza in which are compressed the thoughts of the original stanza and a half, while this stanza and a half are crossed out. Hence, as Sidney's directions are written on each occasion, two things follow: (a) that the transcript was made under Sidney's supervision, and looking to the seventeen distinct transcript errors, that his revision or supervision was made before the insertion of each Psalm, rather than after; (b) that these changes now spoken of were not finally decided on, but tentative. Had Sidney finally decided, he would probably have struck out the original endings at once and together; but he did less, and did not even strike them out one by one as he came to them, but allowed each to be written in, and then wrote—and this is a proof that he had been revising them one by one and giving them to be copied—'Leave a space,' &c. The crossing out of the original stanza and a half may show that he then or afterwards rejected them, or it may have been done to prevent confusion, and also to prevent both versions from being used—read, sung, or copied together. These views will be found, too, to agree with the conclusions from the Trinity College and Davies and British Museum MSS., which go to show that the Woodford MS. new stanzas were on reconsideration rejected.

The Trinity College MS., as *supra*, agrees extensively with the very best readings of the Woodford, but it also varies in different places, and, errors of transcription set aside, the impression given by these variations collectively is that they are changes or revisions, not earlier readings, even though some of them (*meo iudicio*) are for the worse. Of the two or three alterations in Woodford MS. in Sidney's own hand, and which are revised readings, not corrections, of clerical errors, not one of the original readings occur in this MS. It is true that in Ps. xxii. the last verse of the Woodford MS. is omitted, and in Ps. xxix. the crossed-out six lines, or stanza and a half, are given instead of the newer stanza of four lines; and therefore these two instances seem to show, contrary to the other evidence, that this Trinity College MS. is of earlier date. But when we look to other instances, and take into consideration what has already been said as to the manner in which Sidney kept and preserved these original forms, the case is altered. In each of the Psalms xxvi. and xxxi. the single stanza of Woodford is also wanting, and the stanza of the original stanza and a half is given, and the half stanza developed into a new one. These two stanzas being in each case a development of the one and a half, had they been earlier than the Woodford MS. single stanza, would have appeared therein rather than the stanza and a half. Otherwise we must believe what is improbable, that the two stanzas were the originals, were then contracted into the unusual form of a stanza and a half, and then these again brought into the old form by a further construction into one. Again, in Ps. xxiii. two lines in each stanza of Woodford are of two feet each, but in the Trinity College MS. they are three feet, and it is impossible not to see that the change has been made by adding to the original, and not by subtracting; and therefore the probability is—though, as will be seen from other MSS. which agree with Woodford in having shortened lines, it is only a probability—that the Trinity College version is the later. Now here again the Woodford single stanza is wanting, and the stanza and a half given with the shortened lines altered to correspond with the rest. Lastly, in Psalm xlii. the last four lines, or half of the last stanza, are in two MSS. altogether different, and it is tolerably plain that the Trinity College form is the later and better. The balance of evidence therefore stands thus: *First*, that the Trinity College MS. is the later; *secondly*, that Sidney intended to reduce all the Pslams to the full-stanza form, but at a later date rejected his attempts in the Woodford MS., and only succeeded in altering two to his satisfaction; and *thirdly*, that dissatisfied with the endings of Psalms xxii. and xlii. he altered xxii., but had not succeeded in Ps. xlii.

A comparison on these points of the British Museum MSS. 12,048 and 12,047 tends to confirm these statements, for though different from the others and between themselves, and therefore independent authorities, they differ in all these points from the Woodford MS. and agree substantially with Trinity College. 12,048 is a small 4to, in a most clear, painstaking, long-italic-looking writing, within faint red marginal lines, and in the inner margin is written Ps. i. &c., and the P and first word of each Psalm is also written in red ink. 12,047, from which Bp. Butler published his *Sidneiana*, in part, is

also a well and carefully written quarto. The writing is of the angular character between red marginal lines. It is remarkable in this respect that it is only a selection of the Psalms, and those selected are not taken in order, but variously transposed, giving the idea that they had been selected and arranged for some special use. In another hand there is an attempt to divide them into portions [qy.—for singing?] at morning and evening prayer throughout the month; but the attempt is irregular and partial. Of Sidney's it only contains from Psalm i. to xxvi. inclusive. Both end Ps. xxii. as does Trinity College, without the original stanza of Woodford and Davies. In Ps. xxiii. both give the stanza and a half of Trinity College as crossed out in Woodford, but they agree with Woodford in having the two-feet, not the three-feet lines. In Ps. xxvi. 12,048 gives the fully developed two stanzas, but 12,047 the crossed-out stanza and a half of Woodford. In the rest 12,048 gives, like Trinity College, the crossed-out stanza and a half of Woodford in Ps. xxix., and the stanza and a half, and not the developed two stanzas of Ps. xxxi. in Trinity College, and it agrees with Trinity College in the version of the last four lines of Ps. xlii. Bp. Butler's *Sidneiana* (Roxburgh Club) is a most uncritical and errorful book.

Finally: it has hitherto been thought (e. g. Dr. Macdonald in *Antiphon*) that it was impossible to determine which Psalms belonged to Sidney and which to the Countess of Pembroke. But the evidence is multiplied that to Sidney belong only the first xliii., e. g. Lord Brooke's Letter given in our Essay (vol. i.) names 'about forty psalms ': Woodford, at end of Ps. xliii., notes from the autograph-corrected Sidney MS. 'Thus far Sir Philip Sidney': British Museum MS. 12,048 writes there, 'Hactenus Sir Philip Sidney '; and so elsewhere. I should gladly have welcomed more as Sir Philip's, for there can be no question that the Countess's portion is infinitely in advance of her brother's in thought, epithet, and melody. Her most remarkable poetry is found in these Psalms. G.

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# THE PSALMES OF DAVID.

## PSALM I.

*Beatus vir.*

1. **H**E blessed is who neither loosely treades  
The straying steps as wicked counsaile leades;  
Ne for badd mates in waie of sinning wayteth,  
Nor yet himself with idle scorners seateth;  
But on God's lawe his harte's delight doth binde,  
Which, night and dale, he calls to marking minde.
2. He shall be lyke a freshly planted tree,  
To which sweet springs of .waters neighbours be;  
Whose braunches fails not timelie fruite to nourish,  
Nor with'red leafe shall make it faile to flourish:  
So all the things whereto that man doth bend  
Shall prosper still with well-succeeding end.
3. Such blessings shall not wycked wretches see,  
But lyke vyle chaffe with wind shall scattred be;  
For neither shall the men in sin delighted  
Consist, when they to highest doome are cited,

Ne yet shall suff'red be a place to take  
Where godly men do their assembly make.

4. For God doth know, and knowing doth approue,  
The trade of them that iust proceedings loue;  
But they that sinne in sinnfull breast do cherish,  
The way they go shalbe their waie to perish.

PSALM II.

*Quare fremuerunt gentes?*

WHAT ayles this Heathenish rage? what do theis people meane,  
To mutter murmurs vaine?  
Why do these earthly kings and lords such meeting make,  
And counsel jointly take  
Against the Lord of lords, the Lord of ev'ry thing,  
And His anoynted king?  
Come, let us break their bonds, say they,—and fondly say,  
And cast their yoakes away.  
But He shall them deride who by the Heav'n's is borne,  
He shall laugh them to scorn,  
And after speake to them with breath of wrathful fire,  
And vex them in His ire;  
And say, O Kings, yet have I set My King vpon  
My holy hill Syon;  
And I will (sayeth his king) the Lord's decree display,  
And say,—that He did say,—  
Thou art My Son indeed, this day begott by Me:  
Ask, I will giue to Thee  
The heathen for Thy child's-right, and will Thy realme extend  
Farr as world's farthest end.  
With iron scepter bruse Thou shalt and peecemeale breake  
These men like potshards weake.  
Therefore, O kings, be wise; O rulers, rule your mind,  
That knowledg you may find.  
Serue God, serue Him with feare, rejoyce in Him, but so  
That joy with trembling go;  
With loving homage kisse that only Son He hath,  
Least you enflame His wrath,  
Whereof if but a sparke once kindled be, you all  
From yor way perish shall;  
And then they that in Him their only trust do rest,  
O, they be rightly blest!

PSALM III.

*Domine, quid multiplici?*

1. **L**ORD, how do they encrease,  
That hatefull never cease  
To breed my grievous trouble  
How many ones there be,  
That all against poor me  
Their numbrous strength redouble?
2. Even multitudes be they  
That to my soul do say,  
No help for you remaineth  
In God, on whom you build.  
Yet, Lord, Thou art my shield,  
In Thee my glory raigneth.
3. The Lord lifts vp my head,  
To Him my voyce I spread;  
From holy hill He heard me:  
I layd me down and slept,  
While He me safely kept,  
And safe from sleep I rear'd me.
4. I will not be afraid  
Though legions round be layd,  
Which all against me gather:  
I say no more but this,  
Vp, Lord, now time it is;  
Help me, my God and Father!
5. For Thou, with cruel blowes  
On jaw-bone of my foes,  
My causeless wrongs hast wroken;  
Thou, those men's teeth which byte,  
Venom'd with godless spight,  
Hast in their malice broken.
6. Salvation doth belong  
Unto the Lord most strong;  
For He alone defendeth:  
And on those blessed same  
Which beare His people's name  
His blessing He extendeth.

PSALM IV.  
*Cum invocarem.*

1. **H**EARE me, O, heare me when I call,  
O God, God of my equity!  
Thou setd'st me free when I was thrall,  
Haue mercy therfore still on me,  
And hearken how I pray to Thee.
2. O men, whose fathers were but men,  
Till when will ye My honour high  
Staine with your blasphemys; till when  
Such pleasure take in vanity,  
And only hunt where lyes do ly?
3. Yet know this too that God did take,  
When He chose me, a godly one;  
Such one, I say, that when I make  
My crying plaints to Him alone,  
He will giue good eare to my moane.
4. O, tremble then with awfull will,  
Sinne from all rule in you depose,  
Talk with yor heart and yet be still;  
And when your chamber you do close  
Your selues, yet to your selues disclose.
5. The sacrifices sacrifice  
Of just desires, on justice stayd;  
Trust in the Lord that cannot ly.  
Indeed full many folk haue said,  
From whence shall come to us such ayd?
6. But, Lord, lift thou vpon our sight  
The shining clearness of Thy face,  
Where I haue found more heart's delight  
Than they whose stoare in harvest space  
Of grain and wine fills stoaring-place.
7. So I in peace and peacefull blisse  
Will lay me down and take my rest;  
For it is Thou, Lord, Thou it is,  
By power of whose owne only brest  
I dwell, layd vp in Safetie's neast.

PSALM V.  
*Verba mea auribus.*

1. **P**ONDER the words, O Lord, that I do say,

Consider what I meditate in me:

O, hearken to my voice, which calls on Thee,  
My King, my God, for I to Thee will pray.  
So shall my voice clime to Thyne eares betime,  
For unto Thee I will my prayer send  
With earlyest entry of the morning prime,  
And will my waiting eyes to Thee-ward bend.

2. For Thou art that same God, far from delight  
In that which of fowle wickedness doth smel  
No, nor with Thee the naughty ones shall dwel,  
Nor glorious fooles stand in Thy awfull sight.  
Thou hatest all whose works in evil are plac't,  
And shalt root out the tongues to lying bent;  
For Thou, the Lord, in endless hatred hast  
The murd'rous man, and so the fraudulent.
3. But I my self will to Thy house addresse  
With passe-port of Thy graces manyfold;  
And in Thy feare, knees of my heart will fold,  
Towards the temple of Thy holyness.  
Thou Lord, Thou Lord, the saver of Thyne owne,  
Guide me, O, in Thy justice be my guide,  
And make Thy wayes to me more plainly known,  
For all I neede, that with such foes do byde.
4. For in their mouth not one cleere word is spent,  
Their soules' fowl sinns for inmost lieing haue;  
Their throat it is an open swallowing graue,  
Wherto their tongue is flattring instrument.  
Giue them their due unto their guiltiness,  
Let their vile thoughts their thinkers ruin be:  
With heaped weights of their own sinns, oppresse  
These most ungratefull rebels unto Thee.
5. So shall all they that trust on Thee do bend,  
And loue the sweet sound of Thy name, rejoyce;  
They ever shall send Thee their praysing voyce,  
Since ever Thou to them wilt succour send.  
Thy work it is to blesse, Thou blessest them  
The just in Thee, on Thee and justice build:  
Thy work it is such men safe in to hemm  
With kindest care, as with a certain shield.

PSALM VI.

*Domine, ne in furore.*



1. **L**ORD, let not me, a worme, by Thee be shent,  
While Thou art in the heat of Thy displeasure;  
Ne let Thy rage of my due punishment  
Become the measure.
2. But mercy, Lord, let mercy Thyne descend,  
For I am weake, and in my weakness languish:  
Lord, help, for even my bones their marrow spend  
With cruel anguish.
3. Nay, ev'n my soul fell troubles do appall:  
Alas! how long, my God, wilt Thou delay me?  
Turn Thee, sweet Lord, and from this ougly fall,  
My deare God, stay me.
4. Mercy, O mercy, Lord, for mercy's sake,  
For death dos kill the witness of Thy glory;  
Can of Thy prayse the tongues entombed make  
A heavnly story?
5. Lo, I am tir'd, while still I sigh and groane:  
My moystned bed proofes of my sorrow showeth,  
My bed, while I with black Night mourn alone,  
With my teares floweth.
6. Woe, lyke a moth, my face's beauty eates,  
And age, pul'd on with paines, all freshness fretteth,  
The while a swarm of foes with vexing feates  
My life besetteth.
7. Get hence, you evill, who in my evill rejoyce,  
In all whose workes vainness is ever raigning,  
For God hath heard the weeping sobbing voice  
Of my complaining.
8. The Lord my suite did heare, and gently heare  
They shall be sham'd and vext that breed my crying,  
And turn their backs, and strait on backs appeare  
Their shamefull flying.

PSALM VII.

*Domine, Deus meus.*

1. **O** LORD, my God, Thou art my trustfull stay;  
O, saue me from this persecution's showre,  
Deliver me in my endangerd way.

2. Least lion like he do my soule devoure,  
And cruely in many peices teare,  
While I am voyd of any helping power.
3. O Lord, my God, if I did not forbear  
Ever from deed of any such desart;  
If ought my hands of wyckednes do beare;
4. If I have been unkynd for friendly part;  
Nay, if I wrought not for his freedome's sake,  
Who causeless now yeelds me a hatefull heart,—
5. Then let my foe chase me, and chasing take,  
Then let his foot vpon my neck be set,  
Then in the dust let him my honour rake.
6. Arise, O Lord, in wrath Thy self vp sett  
Against such rage of foes; awake for me  
To that high doome which I by Thee must get.
7. So shall all men with laudes environ Thee  
Therefore, O Lord, lift vp Thy self on high,  
That evry folk Thy wondrous acts may see.
8. Thou, Lord, the people shalt in judgment try;  
Then, Lord, my Lord, giue sentence on my side,  
After my clearness and my equity.
9. O, let their wickedness no longer bide  
From coming to their well-deserved end;  
But still be Thou to just men justest guide.
10. Thou righteous proofes to hearts and reines dost send,  
All, all my help from none but Thee is sent,  
Who dost Thy saving-health to true men bend.
11. Thou righteous art, Thou strong, Thou patient,  
Yet each day art provoakt Thyne ire to show  
For this same man will not learn to repent
12. Therefore Thou whet'st Thy sword and bend'st Thy bow,  
And hast Thy deadly armes in order brought,  
And ready art to let Thyne arrowes go.
13. Lo, he that first conceiv'd a wretched thought,  
And great with child of mischeif travaild long,  
Now brought a-bed, hath brought nought out but nought.
14. A pitt was digg'd by this man vainly strong;

But in the pitt he ruind first did fall,  
Which fall he made to do his neighbor wrong.

15. He against me doth throw; but down it shall  
Vpon his pate, his pain employed thus,  
And his own evill his own head shall appall.

16. I will giue thanks unto the Lord of vs,  
According to His heavnly equity,  
And will to highest name yeild prayses high.

### PSALM VIII.

*Domine, Dominus noster.*

1. **L**ORD, that rul'st our mortall lyne,  
How through the world Thy name doth shine;  
That hast of Thy unmatched glory  
Vpon the heavns engrav'd Thy story.

2. From sucklings hath Thy honour sproong,  
Thy force hath flow'd from infant's tongue,  
Whereby Thou stop'st Thyne enemy's prating,  
Bent to revenge and ever hating.

3. When I vpon the heavns do look,  
Which all from Thee their essence took  
When moone and starrs my thought beholdeth,  
Whose light no light but of Thee holdeth:

4. Then think I,—ah, what is this man,  
Whom that great God remember can?  
And what the race of him descended,  
It should be ought of God attended.

5. For though in lesse than angel's state  
Thou planted hast this earthly mate,  
Yet hast Thou made even him an owner  
Of glorious croune and crouning honour.

6. Thou placest him vpon all lands  
To rule the works of Thyne own hands  
And so Thou hast all things ordained,  
That even his feet haue on them raigned.

7. Thou under his dominion plac't  
Both sheep and oxen wholly hast,  
And all the beasts for ever breeding,

Which in the fertile fields be feeding.

8. The bird, free burgesse of the ayre,  
The fish of seas the natiue heire,  
And what thing els of waters traceth  
The unworn paths, his rule embraceth.  
O Lord, that rulest our mortall lyne,  
How through the world Thy name doth shine!

PSALM IX.  
*Confitebor tibi.*

1. **W**ITH all my heart, O Lord, I will prayse Thee,  
My speeches all Thy mervailes shall descry;  
In Thee my joyes and comforts ever be,  
Yea, ev'n my songs Thy name shall magnify,  
O Lord most high!
2. Because my foes to fly are now constraind,  
And they are fain, nay, perisht at Thy sight;  
For Thou my cause, my right Thou hast maintaind,  
Setting Thy self in throne, which shined bright,  
Of judging right.
3. The Gentiles Thou rebuked sorely hast,  
And wyked folk from Thee to wrack do wend,  
And their renoune, which seemd so long to last,  
Thou dost put out, and quite consuming send  
To endles end.
4. O bragging foe, where is the endles wast  
Of conquerd states, wherby such fame you gott?  
What! doth their memory no longer last—  
Both ruines, miners, and ruin'd plott  
Be quite forgott?
5. But God shall sit in His eternal chaire,  
Which He prepar'd to giue His judgments high;  
Thither the world for justice shall repare,  
Thence He to all His judgments shall apply  
Perpetually.
6. Thou, Lord, also th' oppressed wilt defend,  
That they to Thee in troublous time may flee;  
They that know Thee on Thee their trust will bend,  
For Thou, Lord, found by them wilt ever be  
That seek to Thee.

7. O prayse the Lord, this Syon-dweller good,  
Shew forth His acts, and this as act most high,  
That He, inquiring, doth require just blood,  
Which He forgetteth not, nor letteth dy  
Th' afflicted cry.
8. Haue mercy, mercy, Lord, I once did say;  
Ponder the paines which on me loaden be  
By them whose minds on hatefull thoughts do stay:  
Thou, Lord, that from death gates hast lifted me,  
I call to Thee,
9. That I within the ports most beautyfull  
Of Syon's daughter may sing foorth Thy prayse;  
That I, even I, of heavnly comfort full,  
May only joy in all Thy saving wayes  
Throughout my days.
10. No sooner said, but lo, myne enemyes sink  
Down in the pitt which they themselues had wrought;  
And in that nett, which they well hidden think,  
Is their own foot, ledd by their own ill thought,  
Most surely caught
11. For then the Lord in judgment shewes to raigne,  
When godless men be snar'd in their own snares;  
When wycked soules be turn'd to hellish paine,  
And that forgetfull sort which never cares  
What God prepares.
12. But, of the other side, the poore in sprite  
Shall not be scrap'd out of the heavnly scoare,  
Nor meek abiding of the patient wight  
Yet perish shall, although his paine be sore,  
For ever more.
13. Vp, Lord, and judg the Gentylys in Thy right,  
And let not man haue vpper hand of Thee:  
With terrors great, O Lord, do Thou them fright,  
That by sharp proofes the heathen them selues may se  
But men to be.

PSALM X.  
*Ut quid, Domine?*

1. **W**HY standest Thou so farr,

O God, our only starr,  
In time most fitt for Thee  
To help who vexed be?

For lo, with pride the wicked man  
Still plagues the poore the most he can;  
O, let proud him be throughly caught  
In craft of his own crafty thought.

2. For he himself doth prayse,  
When he his lust doth raise;  
Extolling ravenous gain,  
But doth God self disdain.

Nay, so proud is his puffed thought,  
That after God he never sought,  
But rather much he fancys this,—  
That name of God a fable is.

3. For while his wayes do proue  
On them he sets his loue,  
Thy judgments are too high,  
He cannot them espy.

Therefore he doth defy all those  
That dare themselues to him oppose,  
And sayeth in his bragging heart,  
This gotten blisse shall ne're depart.

4. Nor he removed be,  
Nor danger ever see;  
Yet from his mouth doth spring  
Cursing and cosening;

Vnder his tongue do harbour'd ly  
Both mischeif and iniquity.  
For proof, oft lain in wait he is,  
In secret by-way villages,

5. In such a place vnknown  
To slay the hurtless one:  
With winking eyes aye bent  
Against the innocent,

Like lurking lion in his denn,  
He waites to spoyle the simple men:  
Whom to their losse he still dos get,  
When once he drawth his wily nett.

6. O, with how simple look  
He oft layeth out his hook!  
And with how humble shows  
To trapp poore soules he goes

Then freely, saith he in his sprite,  
God sleeps, or hath forgotten quite;  
His farr off sight now hood winkt is,  
He leasure wants to mark all this.

7. Then rise, and come abroad,  
O Lord, our only God;  
Lift up Thy heavnly hand,  
And by the sylly stand.  
Why should the evill so evill despise  
The power of Thy through-seeing eyes?  
And why should he in heart so hard  
Say Thou dost not Thyn own regard?

8. But naked, before Thine eyes,  
All wrong and mischeife lyes,  
For of them in Thy hands  
The ballance evnly stands.  
But who aright poor-minded be,  
Commit their cause, themselues to Thee,  
The succour of the succourless,  
The Father of the fatherlesse.

9. Breake Thou that wyked arm,  
Whose fury bends to harme  
Search him, and wyked he  
Will straight-way nothing be.  
So, Lord, we shall Thy title sing,  
Ever and ever to be King,  
Who hast the heath'ney folk destroy'd  
From out Thy land, by them anoy'd.

10. Thou openest heavnly doore  
To prayers of the poore;  
Thou first prepar&dst their mind,  
Then eare to them enclin'd:  
O, be Thou still the orphan's aide,  
That poore from ruine may be stayd,  
Least we should ever feare the lust  
Of earthly man, a lord of dust.

PSALM XI.  
*In Domino confido.*

1. **S**INCE I do trust Iehova still,  
Your fearfull words why do you spill?  
That like a byrd to some strong hill

I now should fall a flying.

2. Behold the evill haue bent their bow,  
And set their arrows in a rowe,  
To giue unwares a mortall blow  
To hearts that hate all lying.
3. But that in building they began,  
With ground plots fall shall be undone  
For what, alas, haue just men done  
In them no cause is growing.
4. God in His holy temple is;  
The throne of heav'n is only His;  
Naught His all-seing sight can miss,  
His eyelidds peyse our going.
5. The Lord doth search the just man's reines,  
But hates, abhorrs the wyked braines;  
On them storms, brimstone, coales He raines,  
This is their share assigned.
6. But of so happy other-side,  
His louely face on them doth bide,  
In race of life their feet to guide,  
Who be to God enclined.

PSALM XII.  
*Salvum me fac.*

1. **L**ORD, help, it is high time for me to call,  
No men are left that charity do loue;  
Nay, even the race of good men are decay'd.
2. Of things vain they with vaine mates bable all;  
Their abiect lips no breath but flattery moue,  
Sent from false heart, on double meaning staid.
3. But Thou, O Lord, giue them a thorough fall;  
Those lying lipps from cousening head remoue,  
In falsehood wrapt, but in their pride display'd.
4. Our tongues, say they, beyond them all shall go;  
Wee both haue power, and will our tales too tell  
For what lord rules our braue emboldned breast?
5. Ah! now even for their sakes that taste of woe,  
Whom troubles tosse, whose natures need doth quell;



Even for their sighs, true sighs, of man distrest,

6. I will get vp, saith God, and My help show  
Against all them that against him do swell;  
Maugre his foes, I will set him at rest.
7. These are God's words, God's words are ever pure;  
Yea, purer than the silver throughly tryed,  
When fire seven times hath spent his earthy parts.
8. Then thou, O Lord, shalt keep the good stil sure,  
By Thee preserued, in Thee they shall abide:  
Yea, in no age Thy blisse from them departs.
9. Thou seest each side the walking doth endure  
Of these bad folk, more lifted vp with pride,  
Which if it last, woe to all simple hearts.

PSALM XIII.

*Usque quo, Domine?*

1. **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I forgotten be?  
What, ever?  
How long wilt Thou Thy hidden face from me  
Dissever?
2. How long shall I consult with carefull sprite  
In anguish?  
How long shall I with foes' triumphant might  
Thus languish?
3. Behold me, Lord, let to Thy hearing creep  
My crying;  
Nay, giue me eyes and light, least that I sleep  
In dying:
4. Least my foe bragg, that in my ruin hee  
Prevailed,  
And at my fall they joy that trouble me  
Assailed.
5. No, no! I trust on Thee, and joy in Thy  
Great pity;  
Still, therefore, of Thy mercies shall be my  
Song's ditty.

PSALM XIV.

*Dixit insipiens.*

1. **T**HE foolish man by fleshe and fancy led,  
His guilty heart with this fond thought hath fed;  
There is no God y<sup>t</sup> raigneth.
2. And so thereafter he and all his mates  
Do works which earth corrupts and Heaven hates  
Not one that good remaineth.
3. Even God Himself sent down His peircing ey,  
If of this clayey race He could espy  
One that His wisdom learneth.
4. And lo, He finds that all a straying went  
All plung'd in stinking filth, not one well bent,  
Not one that God discerneth.
5. O madness of these folks, thus loosely led  
These canibals, who, as if they were bread,  
God's people do devouere,
6. Nor ever call on God; but they shall quake  
More than they now do bragg, when He shall take  
The just into His power.
7. Indeed, the poore, opprest by you, you mock,  
Their counsells are your common jesting stock;  
But God is their recomfort.
8. Ah, when from Syon shall the Saver come,  
That Jacob, freed by Thee, may glad become,  
And Israel full of comfort?

PSALM XV.

*Domine, quis habitabit.*

**I**N tabernacle Thyne, O Lord, who shall remayne?  
Lord, of Thy holy hill who shall the rest obtayne?  
Even he that leads of life an uncorrupted traine,  
Whose deeds of righteous heart, whose hearty words be plain;  
Who with deceitfull tongue hath never usd to faine,  
Nor neighbour hurts by deed, nor doth wth slaunder staine;  
Whose eyes a person vile do hold in high disdain,  
But doth, with honour great, the godly entertaine;  
Who oath and promise given doth faithfully maintain,  
Although some worldly losse therby he may sustaine;

From biting vsury who ever doth refrain;  
Who sells not guiltlesse cause for filthy loue of gain:  
Who thus proceeds, for aye in sacred mount shall raign.

PSALM XVI.

*Conserva me.*

1. **S**AUE mee, Lord, for why, Thou art  
All the hope of all my heart:  
Witness thou, my soule, with me,  
That to God, my God, I say,—  
Thou, my Lord, Thou art my stay,  
Though my works reach not to Thee.
2. This is all the best I proue,  
God and godly men I loue,  
And foresee their wretched paine  
Who to other gods do run;  
Their blood offrings I do shun;  
Nay, to name their names disdain.
3. God my only portion is,  
And of my child's-part the blisse;  
He then shall maintayn my lott.  
Say then, is not my lot found  
In a goodly pleasant ground?  
Haue not I fair partage gott?
4. Ever, Lord, I will blesse Thee,  
Who dost ever counsell mee;  
Ev'n when Night with his black wing,  
Sleepy Darkness dos orecast,  
In my inward reynes I taste  
Of my faults a chastening.
5. My eyes still my God regard,  
And He my right hand doth guard;  
So can I not be opprest,  
So my heart is fully glad,  
So my ioye in glory clad,  
Yea, my flesh in hope shall rest.
6. For I know the deadly graue  
On my soul no power shall haue;  
For I know Thou wilt defend  
Even the body of Thyne own  
Deare beloved holy one,

From a foule corrupting end.

7. Thou life's path wilt make me know,  
In whose vieu with plenty grow  
All delights that soules can craue;  
And whose bodys placed stand  
On Thy blessed-making hand,  
They all joyes like endless haue.

PSALM XVII.

*Exaudi, Domine, justitiam.*

1. **M**Y suite is just, just Lord, to my suite hark;  
I plain, sweete Lord, my plaint for pittie mark;  
And since my lipps feign not with Thee,  
Thyne eares vouchsafe to bend to me.
2. O, let my sentence passe from Thyne own face,  
Show that Thy eyes respect a faithfull case,  
Thou that by prooffe acquainted art  
With inward secrets of my heart.
3. When silent Night might seeme all faults to hide,  
Then was I by Thy searching insight try'd,  
And then by Thee was guiltless found  
From ill word and ill-meaning sound.
4. Not weighing ought how fleshly fancys run,  
Led by Thy word, the rav'ners' stepps I shun,  
And pray that still Thou guide my way,  
Least yet I slip or goe astray.
5. I say again that I haue call'd on Thee,  
And boldly say Thou wilt giue eare to me;  
Then let my words, my crys ascend,  
Which to Thy self my soul will send.
6. Shew Thou, O Lord, Thy wondrous kindness show,  
Make us in mervailles of Thy mercy know  
That Thou by faithfull men wilt stand,  
And saue them from rebellious hand.
7. Then keep me as the apple of an eye,  
In Thy wings' shade then let me hidden ly  
From my destroying wicked foes,  
Who for my death still me enclose.

8. Their eyes doe swim, their face doth shine in fatt,  
And cruel words their swelling tongues do chatt;  
And yet their high hearts look so low,  
As how to watch my overthrow;
9. Now like a lion gaping for his preyes,  
Now like his whelp in den that lurking staves:  
Up, Lord, prevent their gaping jawes,  
And bring to naught their watching pawes.
10. Saue me from them Thou usest as Thy blade,  
From men, I say, and from men's worldly trade,  
Whose state doth seeme most highly blest,  
And count this life their portion best.
11. Whose bellyes so with daintys Thou dost fill,  
And soe with hidden treasure grant their will,  
That they in riches flourish do,  
And children haue to leaue it to.
12. What would they more? And I, would not their case:  
My joy shall be pure, to enjoy Thy face,  
When waking of this sleep of mine,  
I shall see Thee in likeness Thine.

PSALM XVIII.

*Diligam te.*

1. **T**HEE will I loue, O Lord, with all my heart's delight,  
My strength, my strongest rock, which my defence hast been;  
My God and helping God, my might and trustfull might,  
My never pierced shield, my ever-saving horn,  
My refuge, refuge then when I am most forlorn:  
Whom then shall I invoke but Thee, most worthy prayse,  
On Whom against my foes my only safty staves?
2. On me the paines of death already gan to prey,  
The floods of wickedness on me did horrors throw;  
Like in a winding-sheet, wretch, I already lay,  
All-ready, ready to my snaring graue to go;  
This my distresse to God with wailfull cryes I show,  
My cryes clim'd vp; and He bent down from sacred throne  
His eyes unto my case, His eares unto my moane.
3. And so the earth did fall to tremble and to quake,  
The mountains proudly high, and their foundations, bent  
With motion of His rage, did to the bottom shake.

He came, but came with smoake, from out His nostrills sent,  
Flames issued from His mouth, and burning coales out went:  
He bow'd the heav'ns, and from the bowed heav'ns did descend  
With huyg darknes, which about his feet did wend.

4. The cherubymys their backs, the winds did yeild their wings  
To beare His sacred flight, in secret place then clos'd;  
About which Hee dimme clouds like a pavilion brings,  
Cloudes even of waters dark and thickest ayre compos'd:  
But straight His shining eyes this misty masse disclos'd;  
Then hayle, then firie coales, then thundred heavnly Sire,  
Then spake He His lowd voyce, then hailestones coales, and fire.
5. Then out His arrowes fly, and straight they scatterd been,  
Lightning on lightning He did for their wrack augment;  
The gulfs of water then were through their chanelns seen,  
The world's foundations then lay bare, because He shent  
With blasting breath, O Lord, that in Thy chiding went.  
Then sent He from aboue, and took me from below,  
Ev'n from the waters' depth my God preservd me so.
6. So did He saue me from my mighty furious foe,  
So did He saue me from their then prevailing hate;  
For they had caught me vp when I was weake in woe,  
But He, staffe of my age, He staid my stumbling state:  
This much; yet more, when I by Him this freedom gate,—  
By Him, because I did find in His eyesight grace,—  
He lifted me unto a largely noble place.
7. My justice, my just hands, thus did the Lord reward,  
Because I walk'd His wayes, nor gainst Him evely went;  
Still to His judgments lookt, still for His statutes car'd;  
Sound and vpright with Him, to wyckedness not bent.  
Therefore, I say again, this goodnes He me sent,  
As He before his eyes did see my justice stand,  
According as He saw the pureness of my hand.
8. Meeke to the meek Thou art, the good Thy goodness taste;  
Pure to the pure, Thou dealst with crooked crookedly.  
Vp then Thou liftst the poore, and down the proud will cast;  
Vp Thou dost light my light and cleare my darkned eye;  
I hosts o'recome by Thee, by Thee ore walls I fly:  
Thy way is soundly sure, Thy word is purely tryd;  
To them that trust in Thee Thou dost a sheild abide.
9. For who is God beside this great Iehova ours?  
And so, beside our God, who is indued with might?  
This God then girded me in His almighty powers,

He made my combrous way to me most plainly right;  
To match with lightfoot staggs He made my foot so light  
That I climb'd highest hills; He me warr points did show,  
Strengthening mine arms, that I could break an iron bow.

10. Thou gavest me saving shield, Thy right hand was my stay;  
Me in encreasing still Thy kindness did maintaine;  
Unto my strengthned steps Thou didst enlardge the way,  
My heeles and plants Thou didst from stumbling slip sustaine;  
What foes I did persue, my force did them attame,  
That I ere I return'd destroy'd them utterly  
With such braue wounds, that they under my feet did ly.

11. For why? my fighting strength by Thy strength strengthned was,  
Not I but Thou throw'st down those who 'gainst me do rise;  
Thou gavest me their necks, on them Thou madest me passe;  
Behold they cry, but who to them his help applys?  
Nay, unto Thee they cryd, but Thou heard'st not their cryes:  
I bett these folks as small as dust which wind dos rayse,  
I bett them as the clay is bett in beaten wayes.

12. Thus freed from envious men, Thou makest me to raign,  
Yea, Thou make me be serv'd by folks I never knew;  
My name their eares, their eares, their hearts to me enchaine:  
Even feare makes strangers shew much loue, though much untrue;  
But they do faile, and in their mazed corners rew.  
Then liue Iehova still, my rock still blessed be;  
Let Him be lifted vp that hath preserved me.

13. He that is my revenge, in Whom I realms subdue,  
Who freed me from my foes, from rebells guarded me,  
And rid me from the wrongs which cruel witts did brew:  
Among the Gentiles then, I, Lord, yeeld thanks to Thee;  
I to Thy name will sing, and this my song shall be:  
He nobly saues His king, and kindness keeps in store  
For David His anoynt' and his seed evermore.

PSALM XIX.  
*Cæli enarrant.*

1. **T**HE heavnly frame sets forth the fame  
Of Him that only thunders  
The firmament, so strangely bent,  
Shewes His hand-working wonders.

2. Day unto day doth it display,  
Their course doth it acknowledg,

And night to night succeeding right  
In darkness teach cleere knowledg.

3. There is no speech nor language which  
Is so of skill bereaved,  
But of the skyes the teaching cryes  
They haue heard and conceived.
4. There be no eyn but reade the line  
From so fair book proceeding;  
Their words be set in letters great,  
For ev'ry body's reading.
5. Is not he blind that doth not find  
The tabernacle builded?  
There by His grace, for sun's fair face,  
In beames of beauty guilded.
6. Who forth doth come, like a bridegrome,  
From out his veiling places;  
As glad is he as giants be  
To runn their mighty races.
7. His race is even from ends of heaven,  
About that vault he goeth;  
There be no rea'ms hidd from his beames,  
His heat to all he throweth.
8. O law of his, how perfect 'tis  
The very soul amending;  
God's witness sure for aye doth dure,  
To simplest, wisdom lending.
9. God's doomes be right, and cheere the sprite,  
All His commandments being  
So purely wise, as giue the eyes  
Both light and force of seing.
10. Of Him the feare doth cleanness beare,  
And so endures for ever;  
His judgments be self verity,  
They are unrighteous never.
11. Then what man would so soon seek gold,  
Or glittering golden mony?  
By them is past, in sweetest taste,  
Hony, or comb of hony.
12. By them is made Thy servant's trade



Most circumspectly guarded,  
And who doth frame to keep the same  
Shall fully be rewarded.

13. Who is the man that ever can  
His faults know and acknowledg?  
O Lord, cleanse me from faults that be  
Most secret from all knowledg.

14. Thy servant keepe, lest in him creep  
Presumptuous sins' offences;  
Let them not haue me for their slaue,  
Nor reign vpon my senses.

15. Soe shall my spryte be still vpright  
In thought and conversation;  
Soe shall I bide, well purify'd,  
From much abomination.

16. So let words sprung from my weake tongue,  
And my heart's meditation,  
My Saving Might, Lord, in Thy sight  
Receiue good acceptation.

PSALM XX.

*Exaudiat te Dominus.*

1. **L**ET God the Lord heare thee,  
Ev'n in the day when most thy troubles be;  
Let name of Jacob's God,  
When thou on it dost cry,  
Defend thee still from all thy foes abroad.

2. From sanctuary high  
Let Him come down, and help to thee apply  
From Syon's holy topp  
Thence let Him undertake,  
With heavnly strength, thy early strength to prop.

3. Let Him notorious make  
That in good part He did thy offrings take;  
Let fyre for triall burne—  
Yea, fire from Himself sent  
Thy offrings, so that they to ashes turn.

4. And soe let Him consent  
To grant thy will and perfect thy entent;

That in thy saving we  
May ioy, and banners raise  
Vp to our God, when thy suites granted be.

5. Now in mee knowledg sayes  
That God from fall His own anynted staves:  
From heavnly holy land  
I know that He heares mee,  
Yea, heares with powers and helps of helpfull hand.
6. Let trust of some men be  
In chariots, and some in chivalry;  
But let all our conceit  
Vpon God's holy name,  
Who is our Lord, with due remembrance wayte.
7. Behold their broken shame!  
Wee stand vpright while they their fall did frame.  
Assist us, Saviour deare;  
Let that King deine to heare  
When wee doe praie and call vpon His name.

PSALM XXI.

*Domine, In virtute tua.*

1. **N**EW joy, new joy unto our king,  
Lord, from Thy strength is growing;  
Lord, what delight to him doth bring  
His safety, from Thee flowing!
2. Thou hast given what his heart woulde haue,  
Nay, soon as he but moved  
His lips to craue what he should craue,  
He had as him behoved.
3. Yea, Thou prevent'st ere ask he could,  
With many liberall blessing,  
Croune of his head with croune of gold  
Of purest metal dressing.
4. He did but ask a life of Thee,  
Thou him a long life gavest;  
Lo, even unto eternity  
The life of him Thou savest.
5. Wee may well call his glory great  
That springs from Thy salvation

Thou, Thou it is that has him set  
In so high estimation.

6. Like storehouse Thou of blessings mad'st  
This man of everlasting;  
Unspeakably his heart Thou glad'st,  
On him Thy count'nance casting.

7. And why all this? Because our king  
In heaven his trust hath layed;  
He only leanes on highest thing,  
Soe from base slip is stayed.

8. Thy hand Thy foes shall overtake,  
That Thee so evill haue hated  
Thou as in fiery oven shalt make  
These mates to be amated.

9. The Lord on them with causefull ire  
Shall use destroying power:  
All flames of never-quenched fire  
Shall these bad wights devour.

10. Their fruit shalt Thou from earthly face  
Send unto desolation;  
And from among the humane race  
Root out their generation.

11. For they to overthrow Thy will  
Full wilily intended:  
But all their bad mischeivous skill  
Shall fruitlesly be ended.

12. For like a marke Thou shalt a-row  
Set them in pointed places,  
And ready make Thy vengefull bow  
Against their guilty faces.

13. Lord, in Thy strength, Lord, in Thy might,  
Thy honour high be raised;  
And so shall in our song's delight  
Thy power still be praised.

PSALM. XXII.  
*Deus, Deus, meus.*

1. **M**Y God, my God, why hast Thou me forsaken?

Woe me, from me why is Thy presence taken,  
So fair from seing myne unhealthfull eyes;  
So far from hearing to my roaring cryes?

2. O God, my God, I cry while day appeareth,  
But, God, Thy eare my crying never heareth:  
O God, the night in moane to Thee I spend,  
Yet to my plaint Thou dost no audience lend.
3. But Thou art holy, and dost hold Thy dwelling  
Where Israel Thy lawdes are ever telling;  
Our fathers still to Thee their trust did beare,  
They trusted, and by Thee deliver'd were.
4. They were set free when they vpon Thee called;  
They hop'd on Thee, and they were not appalled.  
But I a worm, and not of mankind am;  
Nay, shame of men, the people's scorning game.
5. The lookers now at me, poore wretch, be mocking,  
With mowes and nodd's they stand about me flocking:  
Let God help him, say they, whom He did trust;  
Let God saue him in whom was all his lust.
6. And yet even from the womb Thy self did take me:  
At mother's breasts Thou didst good hope betake me:  
No sooner my child eyes could look abroad  
Than I was given to Thee, my Lord, my God.
7. O, be not farr, since pain so nearly presseth,  
Since there is none, O God, who it redresseth:  
I am enclos'd with yong bulls' madd'd route,  
Nay, Basan-mighty bulls close me about.
8. With gaping mouth these folks on me haue charged,  
Like lions fierce, with roaring jawes enlarged:  
On me all this, who do like water slide,  
Whose loosed bones quite out of joint be wryde;
9. Whose heart, with these huge flames, like wax ore-heated,  
Doth melt away, though it be inmost seated:  
My moystning strength is like a potsherd dride,  
My cleaving tongue close to my rooffe doth bide.
10. And now am brought, alas, brought by Thy power  
Vnto the dust of my death's running hower;  
For bawling doggs haue compast me about,  
Yea, worse than doggs, a naughty wicked rout

11. My humble hands, my fainting feet they peirced;  
They look, they gaze, my boanes might be rehearsed.  
Of my poor weedes they do partition make,  
And do cast lots who should my vesture take.
12. But be not farr, O Lord, my strength, my comfort,  
Hasten to help me in this deep discomfort;  
Ah, from the sword yet saue my vital sprite,  
My desolated life from dogged might
13. From lions' mouths, O help, and shew to heare me,  
By aiding, when fierce vnicorns come neare me  
To brethren then I will declare Thy fame,  
And with these words, when they meet, prayse Thy name.
14. Who feare the Lord, all prayse and glory beare Him,  
You Israel's seed, you come of Jacob, fear Him;  
For He hath not abhorr'd nor yet disdain'd  
The seely wretch which foule affliction stain'd
15. Nor hidd from him His face's faire appearing,  
But when he calld this Lord did giue him hearing.  
In congregation great I will prayse Thee;  
Who feare Thee shall my vowes performed see.
16. The afflicted then shall eat, and be well pleased;  
And God shall be by those His seekers prayed;  
Indeed, O you, you that be such of mind,  
You shall the life that ever liveth find.
17. But what? I say, from earth's remotest border,  
Vnto due thoughts, mankind his thoughts shall order,  
And turn to God, and all the nations be  
Made worshipers before almighty Thee.
18. And reason, since the croune to God pertaineth,  
And that by right vpon all realmes He raigneth,  
They that be made even fatt with earth's fatt good  
Shall feed, and laud the giver of their food.
19. To Him shall kneel even who to dust be stricken,  
Even he whose life no help of man can quicken;  
His service shall from child to child descend,  
His doomes one age shall to another send.

PSALM XXIII.  
*Dominus regit me.*

1. **T**HE Lord, the Lord my shepheard is,  
And so can never I  
Tast misery.  
He rests me in green pastures His;  
By waters still and sweet  
He guides my feet.
2. Hee me revives, leads me the way  
Which righteousness doth take,  
For His name's sake:  
Yea, tho I should thro vallys stray  
Of death's dark shade, I will  
No whit feare ill.
3. For Thou, deare Lord, Thou me besetst,  
Thy rodd and Thy staffe be  
To comfort me:  
Before me Thou a table setst,  
Even when foes' envious ey  
Doth it espy.
4. Thou oylst my head, Thou filst my cup;  
Nay, more, Thou endlesse good,  
Shalt giue me food:  
To Thee, I say, ascended vp,  
Where Thou, the Lord of all,  
Dost hold Thy hall.

PSALM XXIV.  
*Domini est terra.*

1. **T**HE earth is God's, and what the globe of earth containeth,  
And all that in that globe doth dwell,  
For by His power the land vpon the ocean raigneth,  
Through Him the floods to their beds fell.
2. Who shall climb to the hill which God's own hill is named?  
Who shall stand in His holy place?  
He that hath hurtless hands, whose inward heart is framed  
All pureness ever to embrace;
3. Who, shunning vanity and works of vaineness leaving,  
Vainly doth not puff vp his mind;  
Who never doth deceiue, and much lesse his deceaving  
With periury doth falsly bind.

4. A blessing from the Lord, from God of his salvation,  
Sweet righteousness shall he receive;  
Jacob, this is thy seed, God-seeking generation,  
Who search of God's face never leave.
5. Lift up your heads, you gates, and you, doors ever bidding,  
In comes the King of Glory bright:  
Who is this glorious King, in might and power riding?  
The Lord, whose strength makes battails fight
6. Lift up your heads, you gates, and you, doors ever bidding,  
In comes the King of Glory bright:  
Who is this glorious King, the Lord of armies guiding?  
Even He, the King of Glory high.

PSALM XXV.

*Ad te, Domine.*

1. **T**O Thee, O Lord most just,  
I lift my inward sight  
My God, in Thee I trust,  
Let me not ruin quite:  
Let not those foes that me annoy  
On my complaint build up their joy.
2. Sure, Lord, who hope in Thee  
Shall never suffer shame;  
Let them confounded be  
That causeless wrongs do frame.  
Lord, unto me Thy ways now show,  
Teach me, thus vexed, what path to go.
3. Guide me as Thy truth guides;  
Teach me for why Thou art  
The God in whom abides  
The saving me from smart;  
For never day such changing wrought  
That I from trust in Thee was brought.
4. Remember, only King,  
Thy mercy's tenderness;  
To Thy remembrance bring  
Thy kindness, lovingness:  
Let those things Thy remembrance grace,  
Since they eternal essence have.
5. But, Lord, remember not

Sins brew'd in youthfull glasse,  
Nor my rebellious spot,  
Since youth and they do pass;  
But in Thy kindness me record,  
Even for Thy mercy's sake, O Lord.

6. Of grace and righteousness  
The Lord such plenty hath,  
That He deigns to express  
To sinnefull men His path:  
The meek He doth in judgment lead,  
And teach the humble how to tread.
7. And what, think you, may be  
The paths of my great God?  
Even spotless verity  
And mercy spredd abroad,  
To such as keep His covenaut,  
And on His testimonys plant
8. O Lord, for Thy name's sake,  
Let my iniquity  
Of Thee some mercy take,  
Though it be great in me.  
Oh, is there one with His feare fraught?  
He shall be by best teacher taught.
9. Lo, how His blessing budds,  
Inward, an inward rest;  
Outward, all outward goods  
By His seed eke possest:  
For such He makes His secret know,  
To such He dos His cov'nant show.
10. Where, then, should my eyes be  
But still on this Lord set?  
Who doth and will set free  
My feet from tangling net.  
O look, O help; let mercy fall,  
For I am poore and lest of all.
11. My woes are still encreast;  
Shield me from these assaults;  
See how I am opprest,  
And pardon all my faults:  
Behold my foes, what store they be,  
Who deadly hatred beare to me.



12. My soul which Thou didst make,  
Now made, O Lord, maintain,  
And me from these ills take,  
Least I rebuke sustain  
Lord, let not mee confusion see,  
Because my trust is all in Thee.

13. Let my vprightness gaine  
Some safty unto me;  
I say, and say again,  
My hope is all in Thee;  
And let Thy Israel still increasse,  
From all his troubles live in peace.

PSALM XXVI.  
*Judica me, Domine.*

1. **L**ORD, judg me and my case,  
For I haue made my race  
Within the bounds of innocence to byde;  
And setting Thee for scope  
Of all my trustfull hope,  
I held for sure that I should never slyde.
2. Proue me, O Lord most high,  
Me with thy touch-stone try;  
Yea, sound my reines, and in most of my heart;  
For so Thy loving hand  
Before my eyes did stand,  
That from Thy truth I will not depart.
3. I did not them frequent  
Who be to vaineness bent,  
Nor kept with base dissemblers company;  
Nay, I did even detest  
Of wicked wights the nest,  
And from the haunts of such bad folks did fly.
4. In th' innocence of me  
My hands shall washed be,  
And with those hands about Thy altar waite  
That I may still expresse  
With voyce of thankfulness  
The works performed by Thee, most wondrous great.
5. Lord, I haue loved well  
The house where Thou dost dwell,

Ev'n where Thou makest Thy honour's biding-place:  
Sweet Lord, write not my soul  
Within the sinners' roll,  
Nor my life's cause match with blood-sucker's case;

6. With hands of wicked shifts,  
With right hands staid with gifts.  
But while I walk in my unspotted ways,  
Redeem and shew me grace,  
So I in public place,  
Set on plain ground, will Thee Jehova prayse.

PSALM XXVII.  
*Dominus illuminatio.*

1. **T**HE shining Lord He is my light,  
The strong God my salvation is,  
Who shall be able me to fright?  
This Lord with strength my life doth blisse;  
And shall I then  
Feare might of men?
2. When wicked folk, even they that be  
My foes, to utmost of their pow'r,  
With rageing jawes environ me,  
My very flesh for to devoure,  
They stumble so,  
That down they go.
3. Then though against me arrays were,  
My courage should not be dismayd;  
Though battaile's brunt I needs must beare,  
While battaile's brunt on me were laid,  
In this I would  
My trust still hold.
4. One thing in deed I did, and will  
For euer craue: that dwell I may  
In house of high Jehova still,  
On beauty His my eyes to stay,  
And look into  
His temple too.
5. For when great griefes to me be ment,  
In tabernacle His I will  
Hide me, ev'n closely in His tent  
Yea, noble hight of rocky hill

He makes to be  
A seat for me.

6. Now, now shall He lift vp my head

On my beseiging enemyes;  
So shall I sacrifices spred,  
Offerings of joy in Temple His,  
And songes accord,  
To prayse the Lord.

7. Heare, Lord, when I my voice display,

Heare to haue mercy eke on me;  
'Seek ye My face,' when Thou didst say,  
In truth of heart I answerd Thee:  
O Lord, I will  
Seek Thy face still.

8. Hide not therfore from me that face,

Since all my ayd in Thee I got;  
In rage Thy servant do not chase,  
Forsake not me, O, leaue me not,  
O God of my  
Salvation high.

9. Though father's care and mother's loue

Abandond me, yet my decay  
Should be restor'd by Him aboue:  
Teach, Lord, Lord, lead me Thy right way,  
Because of those  
That be my foes.

10. Vnto whose ever hating lust,

Oh, giue me not, for there are sproong  
Against me witnesses unjust,  
Ev'n such, I say, whose lying tongue  
Fiercly affords  
Most cruel words.

11. What had I been, except I had

Beleivd God's goodness for to see,  
In land with living creatures clad?  
Hope, trust in God, bee strong, and He  
Unto thy hart  
Shall joy impart.

PSALM XXVIII.

*Ad te, Domine clamabo.*

1. **T**O Thee, O Lord, my cry I send;  
O my strength, stop not Thine eare,  
Least if answer Thou forbear,  
I be like them that descend  
To the pitt, where flesh doth end.
2. Therefore while that I may cry,  
While I that way hold my hands,  
Where Thy sanctuary stands,  
To Thy self those words apply,  
Which from suing voice do fly.
3. Link not me in self same chain  
With the wicked-working folk,  
Who their spotted thoughts do cloak.  
Neighbors friendly entertain,  
When in hearts they malice meane.
4. Spare not them, giue them reward,  
As their deeds haue purchas'd it,  
As deserues their wicked witt;  
Fare they as their hands haue far'd,  
Even so be their guerdon shar'd.
5. To Thy works they glue no ey;  
Let them be thrown down by Thee,  
Let them not restored be;  
But let me giue prayes high  
To the Lord that heares my cry.
6. That God is my strength, my shield,  
All my trust on Him was sett,  
And so I did safety gett;  
So shall I with joy be filld,  
So my songs His lauds shall yeeld.
7. God on them His strength doth lay  
Who His anoynted helped haue;  
Lord, then still Thy people saue,  
Blesse Thyne heritage, I say,  
Feed and lift them vp for aye.

PSALM XXIX.  
*Afferte Domino.*

1. **A**SCRIBE unto the Lord of light,

- Ye men of power by birth-right,  
Ascribe all glory and all might.
2. Ascribe due glory to His name,  
And in His ever glorious frame  
Of sanctuary, do the same.
3. His voice is on the waters found,  
His voyce doth threatning thunders sound,  
Yea, through the waters doth resound.
4. The voice of that Lord ruling us  
Is strong, though He be gracious,  
And ever, ever glorious.
5. By voice of high Jehova we  
The highest cedars broken see,  
Even cedars which on Liban be.
6. Nay, like young calves in leapes are born,  
And Liban's self with nature's scorn,  
And Shirion, like young vnicorn.
7. His voice doth flashing flames divide,  
His voice haue trembling deserts tyd,  
Even deserts where the Arabs byde.
8. His voice makes hinds their calves to cast,  
His voice makes bald the forest wast;  
But in His church His fame is plac't.
9. He sitts on seas, He endlesse raigns,  
His strength His people's strength maintains,  
Which blest by Him in peace remains.

PSALM XXX.

*Exaltabo te, Domine.*

1. **O** LORD, Thou hast exalted me,  
And sav'd me from foes' laughing scorn;  
I owe Thee prayse, I will prayse Thee.
2. For when my heart with woes was torn,  
In cryes to Thee I shewd my cause,  
And was from evill by Thee vpborn.
3. Yea, from the graue's most hungry jawes  
Thou would'st not set me on their score,

Whom death to his cold bosom drawes.

4. Prayse, prayse this Lord then evermore,  
Ye saints of His, remembring still  
With thanks His holyness therfore.
5. For quickly ends His wrathfull will,  
But His deare favour, where it lyes,  
From age to age life joyes doth fill.
6. Well may the evening cloath the eyes  
In clouds of teares; but soon as sun  
Doth rise again, new joyes shall rise.
7. For proof, while I my race did run,  
Full of successe, fond I did say  
That I should never be undone;
8. For then my hill, good God, did stay;  
But O, He strait His face did hide,  
And what was I but wretched clay?
9. Then thus to Thee I praying cry'd,  
What serues, alas, the blood of me,  
When I within the pitt do bide?
10. Shall ever earth giue thanks to Thee?  
Or shall Thy truth on mankind layd  
In deadly dust declared be?
11. Lord, heare; let mercy Thine be staid  
On me, from me help this annoy.  
Thus much I said; this being said,
12. Lo, I that waild now daunce for joy;  
Thou didst ungird my dolefull sack,  
And madest me gladsom weeds enjoy.
13. Therefore my tongue shall never lack  
Thy endless prayse: O God, my King,  
I will Thee thanks for ever sing.

PSALM XXXI.

*In te, Domine, speravi.*

1. **A**LL, all my trust, Lord, haue I put in Thee,  
Never, therefore, let me confounded be,  
But saue me, saue me in Thy righteousness:

Bow down Thy eare to heare how much I need;  
Deliver me, deliver me in speed  
Be my strong rock, be Thou my forteress.

2. In deed Thou art my rock, my forteress;  
Then since my tongue delights that Name to blesse,  
Direct me how to go, and guide me right;  
Preserue me from the wyly trapping net  
Which they for me with privy craft haue set,  
For still I say Thou art my only might

3. Into Thy hands I do commend my sprite,  
For it is Thou that hast restord my light,  
O Lord, that art the God of verity.  
I hated haue those men whose thoughts do cleaue  
To vanitys, which most trust most deceaue,  
For all my hope fixt vpon God doth ly.

4. Thy mercy shall fill me with jollity,  
For my annoyes haue come before Thyne eye;  
Thou well hast known what plung my soul was in,  
And Thou hast not for aye enclosed me  
Within the hand of hatefull enmity,  
But hast enlargd my feet from mortall ginn.

5. O Lord, of Thee let me still mercy winn,  
For troubles of all sides haue me within;  
My eye, my gutts, yea my soul, grief doth wast;  
My life with heavyness, my yeares with moane,  
Do pine; my strength with pain is wholly gon,  
And even my bones consume where they be plac't

6. All my fierce foes on me reproach did cast,  
Yea, neighbors; more, my mates were sore agast,  
That in the streets from sight of me they fled:  
Now I, now I my self forgotten find,  
Ev'n like a dead man dreamed out of mind,  
Or like a broken pott in myer tredd.

7. I understand what rayling great men spred;  
Feare was each where, while they their counsells led  
All to this point, how my poore life to take;  
But I did trust in Thee. Lord, I did say,  
'Thou art my God, on Thee my time doth stay;'  
Saue me from foes who for my bane do seake.

8. Thy face to shine vpon Thy servant make,  
And saue me in and for Thy mercy's sake;

Let me not tast of shame, O Lord most high;  
For I haue call'd on Thee; let wicked folk  
Confounded be, and pass away like smoake  
Let them in bedd of endless silence dy.

9. Let those lips be made dumb which loue to ly,  
Which, full of spight, of pride, and cruelty,  
Do throw their words against the most vpriht.  
Oh, of thy grace what endlesse pleasure flowes  
To whom feare Thee! what Thou hast done for those  
That trust in Thee, ev'n in most open sight!
10. And when neede were, from prowde in privy plight  
Thou hast hid them, yet leaving them Thy light,  
From strife of tongues, in Thy pavilions plac't  
Then prayse, then prayse I do the Lord of vs,  
Who was to me more than most gracious,  
Farr, fair more sure then walls most firmly fast.
11. Yet I confess in that tempestuous hast  
I said that I from out Thy sight was cast;  
But Thou didst heare when I to Thee did cry.  
Then loue the Lord, all ye that feel His grace,  
For this our Lord preserues the faithfull race;  
Be strong in hope, His strength shall you supply.

PSALM XXXII.

*Beati, quorum remissa sunt.*

1. **B**LESSED is he whose filthy stain  
The Lord with pardon dos make cleane,  
Whose fault well hidden lyeth;  
Blessed indeed to whom the Lord  
Imputes not sins to be abhord,  
Whose spirit falshood flyeth.
2. Thus I, prest down with weight of pain,  
Whether I silent did remain  
Or roar'd, my bones still wasted  
For so both day and night did stand  
On wretched me Thy heavy hand,  
My life hott torments tasted.
3. Till my self did my faults confess,  
And open'd mine own wickedness  
Wherto my heart did giue me:  
So I my self accus'd to God,



And His sweet grace streight eas'd the rod,  
And did due pain forgiue me.

4. Therefore shall evry godly one  
In fitt time make to Thee his moane,  
When Thou wilt deign to heare him;  
Sure, sure the floods of straying streames,  
How ever they putt in their claimes,  
Shall never dare come neare him.

5. Thou art my safe and secret place,  
Who savest me from troblous case,  
To songs and joyfull byding;  
But whoso will instructed be,  
Come, come, I will the way teach thee,  
Guide thee, by my eyes guiding.

6. Oh, be not like a horse or mule,  
Wholy devoyd of reason's rule,  
Whose mouths thy self dost bridle,  
Knowing full well that beasts they be,  
And therefore soon would mischeif thee,  
If thou remainest idle.

7. Woes, woes shall come to wicked folks,  
But who on God his trust invokes  
All mercys shall be swarmed.  
Be good, you good, in God haue joy,  
Joy be to you who do enjoy  
Yor heartes with clearness armed.

PSALM XXXIII.

*Exultate, justi*

1. **R**EJOYCE in God, O ye  
That righteous be;  
For cherfull thankfulness,  
It is a comely part  
In them whose heart  
Doth cherish rightfulness.

2. O, prayse with heart the Lord;  
O, now accord  
Viols with singing voice;  
Let ten-stringd instrument,  
O, now be bent  
To witness you rejoice.

3. A new, sing a new song  
    To Him most strong,  
Sing lowd and merrily:  
Because that word of His  
    Most righteous is,  
And His deeds faithfull bee.
4. Hee righteousness approues,  
    And judgment loues;  
God's goodness fills all lands:  
His word made heavnly coast,  
    And all that host  
By breath of His mouth stands.
5. The waters of the seas  
    In heapes He layes,  
And depths in treasure His;  
Let all the earth feare God,  
    And who abroad  
Of world a dweller is.
6. For He spake not more soone  
    Than it was done;  
He badd, and it did stand.  
He doth heath'n counsell breake,  
    And maketh weak  
The might of peoples hand.
7. But ever, ever shall  
    His counsells all  
Throughout all ages last;  
The thinking of that mind  
    No end shall find  
When time's time shall be past.
8. That realm indeed hath blisse  
    Whose God He is,  
Who Him for their Lord take:  
Ev'n people that, ev'n those  
    Whom this Lord chose  
His heritage to make.
9. The Lord looks from the sky,  
    Full well His ey  
Beholds our mortall race;  
Ev'n where He dwelleth, Hee  
    Throughout doth see

Who dwell in dusty place.

10. Since He their hearts doth frame,  
He knowes the same,  
Their works He understands.  
Hosts do y<sup>e</sup> king not saue,  
Nor strong men haue  
Their help from mighty hands.

11. Of quick holp is an horse,  
And yet his force  
Is but a succour vaine;  
Who trusts him sooner shall  
Catch harmfull fall  
Than true deliverance gain.

12. But lo, Jehova's sight  
On them doth light  
Who Him do truly feare,  
And them who do the scope  
Of all their hope  
Vpon His mercy beare.

13. His sight is them to saue,  
Even from the graue,  
And keep from famin's paine.  
Then on that Lord most kind  
Fix we our mind,  
Whose shield shall us maintaine.

14. Our hearts sure shall enjoy  
In Him much joy,  
Whose hope on His name just:  
O, let Thy mercy great  
On us be set;  
We haue no plea but trust.

PSALM XXXIV.  
*Benedicam Domino.*

1. **I**, EV'N I, will always  
Giue hearty thanks to Him on high,  
And in my mouth continually  
Inhabit shall His prayse:  
My soul shall glory still  
In that deare Lord with true delight;  
That, hearing it, the hearts contrite

May learn their joyes to fill.

2. Come, then, and join with me  
Some worth to speake of His due praise;  
Striue we, that in some thankfull phrase  
His Name may honourd be.  
Thus I begin; I sought  
The Lord, and He did heare my cry,  
Yea, and from dreadfull misery  
He me, He only brought.
3. This shall men's fancys frame  
To look and run to Him for aid  
Whose faces on His comfort staid  
Shall never blush for shame.  
For lo, this wretch did call,  
And lo, his call the skyes did clime;  
And God freed him in his worst time  
From out his troubles all.
4. His angels, armys round  
About them pitch who Him do feare;  
And watch and ward for such do beare,  
To keep them safe and sounde.  
I say, but tast and see  
How sweet, how gracious is His grace;  
Lord, he is in thrice blessed case  
Whose trust is all on Thee.
5. Feare God, ye saints of His,  
For nothing they can ever want  
Who faithfull feares in Hym do plant;  
They haue, and shall haue, blisse.  
The lions oft lack food,  
Those raveners' whelps oft starved be;  
But who seek God with constancy  
Shall need nought that is good.
6. Come, children, lend yor eare  
To me, and mark what I do say;  
For I will teach to you the way  
How this our Lord to feare.  
Among you, who is here,  
That life and length of life requires,  
And blessing such, with length desires,  
As length may good appeare.
7. Keep well thy lipps and tongue,

Least inward evils doe them defile,  
Or that by words enwrap in guile  
Another man be strong:  
Do good, from faults decline,  
Seek peace, and follow after it;  
For God's own eyes on good men sit,  
His eares to them encline.

8. So His high heavnly face  
Is bent, but bent against those same  
That wicked be, their very name  
From earth quite to displace.  
The just, when harms approach,  
Do cry; their cry of Him is heard;  
And by His care from them is barr'd  
All trouble, all reproach.

9. To humble broken minds,  
This Lord is ever, ever neare,  
And will saue whom His sight cleere  
In sprite afflicted finds.  
Indeed the very best  
Most great and grievous paines doth beare  
But God shall him to safety reare,  
When most he seemes opprest.

10. His bones He keepeth all,  
So that not one of them is broke  
But malice shall the wicked choake,  
Who hate the good shall fall.  
God doth all soules redeeme  
Who weare His blessed livery:  
None, I say still, shall ruind be  
Who Him their trust esteeme.

PSALM XXXV.

*Judica, Domine.*

1. SPEAKE Thou for me against wrong-speaking foes,  
Thy force, O Lord, against their force oppose;  
Take vp Thy shield, and for my succour stand,  
Yea, take Thy lance, and stop the way of those  
That seek my bane; O, make me understand  
In sprite that I shall haue Thy helping hand.

2. Confound those folks, thrust them in shamefull hole  
That hunt so poore a prey as is my soule;

Rebuke and wreck on those wrong doers throw,  
Who for my hurt each way their thoughts doe roll,  
And as vile chaff away the wind doth blow,  
Let angel Thine a-scattring make them go.

3. Let angel Thine persue them as they fly,  
But let their flight be dark and slippery;  
For causeless they both pitt and net did sett,  
For causeles they did seek to make me dy:  
Let their sly witts unware destruction get,  
Fall in self pitt, be caught in their own nett.

4. Then shall I joy in Thee, then sav'd by Thee,  
I both in mind and bones shall gladded be;  
Even bones shall say, O God, who is Thy peere,  
Who poore and weake from rich and strong dost free?  
Who helpst those whose ruin was so neere,  
From him whose force did in their spoiles appeere?

5. Who did me wrong, against me witness beare,  
Laying such things as in me never were:  
So my good deeds they pay this evill share,  
With cruel wordes my very soul to teare.  
And whose? ev'n his, who when they sickness bare  
With inward wo, an outward sackcloth weare.

6. I did pull down my self, fasting for such,  
I prayd with prayers which my breast did touch;  
In summe I shew'd that I to them was bent  
As brothers, or as friendes beloved much.  
Still, still for them I humbly mourning went,  
Like one that should his mother's death lament

7. But lo, soon as they did me staggering see,  
Who joy but they when they assembled bee!  
Then abjects, when I was unwitting quite,  
Against me swarm, ceaseless to raile at me  
With scoffers false; I was their feasts' delight,  
Ev'n gnashing teeth to witness more their spight.

8. Lord, wilt Thou se, and wilt Thou suffer it?  
Oh! on my soul let not these tumults hitt;  
Saue me, distrest, from lion's cruel kind:  
I will thank Thee where congregations sitt,  
Even where I do most store of people find,  
Most to Thy lawes will I my speeches bind.

9. Then, then let not my foes unjustly joy;

Let them not fleere who me would causless 'stroy,  
Who never word of peace yet utter would,  
But hunt with craft the quiet man's annoy,  
And said to me, wide mowing, as they could  
Aha, Sir, now we see you where we should.

10. This Thou hast seen: and wilt Thou silent be?

O Lord, do not absent Thy self from me,  
But rise, but wake, that I may judgment gett.  
My Lord, my God, even to my equity,  
Judg, Lord, judg, God, even in Thy justice great,  
Let not their joyes vpon my woes be sett.

11. Let them not, Lord, within their hearts thus say:—

'O soule, rejoyce, we made this wretch our prey.'  
But throw them down, put them to endlesse blame,  
Who make a cause to joy of my decay;  
Let them be cloath'd in most confounding shame  
That lift themselues my ruin for to frame.

12. But make such glad and full of joyfulness

That yet beare loue unto my righteousness;  
Yea, let them say, Laud be to God alwayes,  
Who loues with good His servants good to blesse.  
As for my tongue, while I haue any dayes,  
Thy justice witness shall, and speake Thy prayse.

PSALM XXXVI.

*Dixit injustus.*

1. **M**E thinks amid my heart I heare

What guilty wickedness doth say,  
Which wicked folks do hold so deare  
Ev'n thus it self it doth display,  
No feare of God doth once appeare  
Before his eyes that doth so stray.

2. For those same eyes his flatterers be,

Till his known evill do hatred get:  
His words deceit, iniquity  
His deeds; yea, thought all good forgett;  
A-bed, on mischief museth he;  
Abroad his stepps be wrongly sett

3. Lord, how the heavn's Thy mercy fills,

Thy truth aboue the clouds most high,  
Thy righteousness like hugest hills,

Thy judgments like the depths do ly;  
Thy grace with safety man fullfills,  
Yea, beasts made safe Thy goodness try.

4. O Lord, how excellent a thing  
Thy mercy is, which makes mankind  
Trust in the shadow of Thy wing!  
Who shall in Thy house fatness find,  
And drink from out Thy pleasures' spring  
Of pleasures, past the reach of mind.
5. For why? the well of life Thou art,  
And in Thy light shall we see light  
O, then extend Thy loving heart  
To them that know Thee and Thy might;  
O, then Thy righteousnes impart  
To them that be in soules vpright.
6. Let not proud feet make me their thrall,  
Let not evill hands discomfit me;  
Lo, there I now foresee their fall  
Who do evill works; lo, there I see  
They are cast down, and never shall  
Haue power again raysed to be.

PSALM XXXVII.

*Noli æmulari.*

1. **F**RETE not thy self if thou do see  
That wicked men do seeme to flourish;  
Nor envy in thy bosome nourish,  
Though ill deeds well-succeeding be.
2. They soone shall be cutt down like grasse,  
And wither like green herb or flower  
Do well, and trust on heavnly power,  
Thou shalt haue both good food and place.
3. Delight in God, and He shall breed  
The fulness of thy own hearts lusting;  
Guide thee by Him, lay all thy trusting  
On Him, and He will make it speed.
4. For, like the light, He shall display  
Thy justice in most shining luster,  
And of thy judgments make a muster  
Like to the glory of noone day.



5. Wait on the Lord with patient hope,  
Chafe not at some man's great good fortune,  
Though all his plotts, without misfortune,  
Attain unto their wished scope.
6. Fume not, rage not, frett not, I say,  
Least such things sin in thee doe cherish,  
For those badd folks at last shall perish:  
Who stay for God, in blisse shall stay.
7. Watch but a while, and them shalt see  
The wicked by his own pride bannisht;  
Look after him, he shall be vannisht,  
And never found again shal be.
8. But meek men shall the earth possesse,  
In quiet home they shall be planted,  
And this delight to them is granted,  
They shall haue peace in plenteousness.
9. Evill men work ill to utmost right,  
Gnashing their teeth full of disdeigning;  
But God shall scorn their moody meaning,  
For their short time is in His sight.
10. The ev'll bent bowes and swords they drew,  
To haue their hate on good soules wroken;  
But lo, their bowes they shall be broken,  
Their swords shall their own hearts embrew.
11. Small good in good men better is  
Then of bad folks the wealthy wonder  
For wycked arms shall breake asunder,  
But God vpholds the just in blisse.
12. God keeps account of good men's dayes,  
Their heritage shall last for ever;  
In perill they shall perish never,  
Nor want in dearth their want to ease.
13. Badd folks shall fall, and fell for aye;  
Who to make warr with God presumed,  
Like fatt of lambs shall be consumed,  
Even with the smoake shall wast away.
14. The naughty borrowes, paying not,  
The good is kind and freely giveth  
Whom God doth blesse, he blessed liveth;

Whom He doth curse, to nought shall rott.

15. The man whom God directs doth stand  
Firm in his way, his way God loveth;  
Though he do fall, no wreck he proveth,  
He is vpheld by heavnly hand.
16. I haue been young, now old I am,  
Yet I the man that was betaken  
To justice, never saw forsaken,  
Nor that his seed to begging came.
17. He lends, he giues; more he dos spend,  
The more his seed in blessing flourish;  
Then fly all evill, and goodness nourish,  
And thy good state shall never end.
18. God, loving right, doth not forsake  
His holy ones, they are preserved  
From time to time; but who be swerved  
To evill, both they and theirs shall rack
19. I say, I say the righteous minds  
Shall haue the land in their possessing,  
Shall dwell therin, and this their blessing  
No time within his limites binds.
20. The good mouth will in wisdom bide,  
His tongue of heavnly judgments telleth,  
For God's high law in his heart dwelleth:  
What comes thereof? he shall not slide.
21. The wicked watch the righteous much.  
And seek of life for to bereaue him;  
But in their hand God will not leaue him,  
Nor let him be condemn'd by such.
22. Wait, then, on God, and keep His way,  
He will exalt thee unto honour,  
And of the earth make thee an owner;  
Yea, them shalt see the evill decay.
23. I haue the wicked seen full sound,  
Like laurell fresh him self out spreading;  
Lo, he was gon; print of his treading,  
Though I did seek, I never found.
24. Mark the vpright, the just attend,  
His end shall be in peace enjoyed;

But strayers vile shall be destroyed,  
And quite cutt off with helpless end.

25. Still, still the godly shall be staid  
By God's most sure and sweet salvation;  
In time of greatest tribulation  
He shall be their true strength and aid.

26. He shall be their true strength and aid,  
He shall saue them from all the fetches  
Against them usd by wicked wretches,  
Because on Him their trust is laid.

PSALM XXXVIII.

*Domine, ne in furore.*

1. **L**ORD, while that Thy wrath doth bide,  
Do not chide,  
Nor in anger chastise me  
For Thy shafts haue pierc't me sore,  
And yet more  
Still Thy hands vpon me be.

2. No sound part causd by Thy wrath  
My flesh hath,  
Nor my sins let my bones rest;  
For my faults are highly spred  
On my head,  
Whose foule weights haue me opprest

3. My wounds putrify and stink,  
In the sinck  
Of my filthy folly laid:  
Earthly I do bow and crooke,  
With a look  
Still in mourning cheare arayd.

4. In my reines hot torment raignes,  
There remains  
Nothing in my body sound;  
I am weake and broken sore,  
Yea, I roare,  
In my heart such grief is found.

5. Lord, before Thee I do lay  
What I pray,  
My sighs are not hid from Thee;

My heart pants, gon is my might,  
Even the light  
Of mine eyes abandons me.

6. From my plague, kinn, neighbour, friend,  
Fair of wend;  
But who for my life do waite,  
They lay snares, they nimble be  
Who hunt me,  
Speaking evill, thinking deceit

7. But I, like a man become  
Deaf and dumb,  
Little hearing, speaking lesse,—  
I, ev'n as such kind of wight,  
Senseles quite,  
Word with word do not repress.

8. For on Thee, Lord, without end,  
I attend;  
My God, Thou wilt heare my voice,  
For I sayd, heare, least they be  
Glad on me,  
Whom my fall doth make rejoyce.

9. Sure I do but halting go,  
And my woe  
Still my orethwart neighbor is.  
Lo, I now to mourn begin  
For my sin,  
Telling mine iniquities.

10. But the while they liue and grow  
In great show,  
Many mighty wrongfull foes,  
Who do evill for good, to me  
Enemys be;  
Why? because I virtue chose.

11. Do not, Lord, then me forsake,  
Do not take  
Thy deare presence fair from me:  
Hast, O Lord, that I be stayd  
By Thy aid;  
My salvation is in Thee.

PSALM XXXIX.

1. **T**HUS did I think, I well will mark my way,  
Least by my tongue I hap to stray  
I muzzle will my mouth while in the sight  
I do abide of wicked wight.  
And so I nothing said, I muet stood,  
I silence kept, ev'n in the good.
2. But still the more that I did hold my peace,  
The more my sorrow did encrease;  
The more me thought my heart was hott in me,  
And as I mus'd such world to see,  
The fire took fire, and forcibly out breake  
My tongue would needs, and thus I spake:
3. Lord, unto me my times just measure giue,  
Shew me how long I haue to liue.  
Lo, Thou a span's length madest my living line;  
A span? nay, nothing in Thyne eyne.  
What do we seeke? the greatest that I see,  
At best, is merely vanity.
4. They are but shades, not true things where we liue;  
Vain shades and vain, in vain to grieue.  
Look but on this; man still doth riches heape,  
And knowes not who the fruits shall reap.  
This being thus, for what, O Lord, wait I?  
I wait on Thee with hopefull ey.
5. O, help me, help me, this farr yet I craue,  
From my transgressions me to saue;  
Let me not be thrown down to so base shame,  
That fooles of me may make their game.  
But I do hush, why do I say thus much?  
Since it is Thou that makest me such.
6. Ah! yet from me let Thy plagues be displac't,  
For with Thy handy stroakes I wast.  
I know that man's foule sin doth cause Thy wrath,  
For when his sin Thy scourging hath,  
Thou mak'st his beauty moth-like fading be;  
So what is man but vanity?
7. Heare, Lord, my suits and cryes: stop not Thyn eares  
At these my words all cloath'd in teares,  
For I with Thee on earth a stranger am,  
But baiting, as my fathers came.

Stay then Thy wrath, that I may strength receiue,  
Ere I my earthly being leaue.

P[S]ALM XL.  
*Expectans expectavi.*

1. **W**HILE long I did, with patient constancy,  
The pleasure of my God attend,  
He did Himself to me-ward bend,  
And harkned how and why that I did cry.  
And me from pitt bemir'd,  
From dungeon He retir'd,  
Where I in horrors lay;  
Setting my feet vpon  
A steadfast rocky stone,  
And my weake step did stay.
2. So in my mouth He did a song afford  
New song unto our God of prayse,  
Which many seeing hearts shall rayse  
To feare with trust, and trust with feare the Lord.  
Oh, He indeed is blessed  
Whose trust is so addressed;  
Who bends not wand'ring eyes  
To great men's peacock pride,  
Nor ever turns aside  
To follow after lyes.
3. My God, Thy wondrous works how manifold!  
What man Thy thoughts can count to Thee?  
I fain of them would speaking be,  
But they are more then can by me be told.  
Thou sacrifice nor offering,  
Burnt offering nor sin ofiring,  
Didst like, much lesse didst craue:  
But Thou didst peirce my eare,  
Which should Thy lessons beare,  
And witness me Thy slaue.
4. Thus bound, I said, lo, Lord, I am at hand,  
For in Thy book's roll I am writt,  
And sought with deeds Thy will to hitt;  
Yea, Lord, Thy law within my heart doth stand.  
I to great congregation,  
Thou know'st, made declaration  
Of Thy sweet righteousness;  
My lipps shall still reveale,

My heart shall not conceale  
Thy truth, health, graciousness.

5. Then, Lord, from me draw not Thy tender grace,  
Me still in truth and mercy saue;  
For endless woes me compast haue,  
So prest with sins I cannot see my case.

But tryall well doth teach me,  
Foul faults, sore pains, do reach me,  
More than my head hath haire;  
So that my surest part,  
My life-maintaining heart,  
Failes me with ugly feares.

6. Vouchsafe me help, O Lord, and help with hast:  
Let them haue shame, yea, blush with shame,  
Who jointly sought my bale to frame;  
Let them be cast away that would me wast.

Let them with shame be cloyed,  
Yea, let them be destroyed,  
For guerdon of their shame,  
Who so unpitteous be,  
As now to say to me,  
Aha! this is good game.

7. But fill their hearts with joy who bend their wayes  
To seek Thy beauty past conceit;  
Let them that loue Thy saving seat,  
Still gladly say, vnto our God bee prayse!

Tho I in want be shrinking,  
Yet God on me is thinking:  
Thou art my help for aye,  
Thou, only Thou, art Hee  
That dost deliver me;  
My God, O make no stay.

PSALM XLI.

*Beatus qui intelligit.*

1. **H**E blessed is who with wise temper can

Judg of th' afflicted man,  
For God shall him deliver in the time  
When most his troubles clime.  
The Lord will keep his life yet safe and sound  
With blessings of the ground;  
And will not him unto the will expose

Of them that be his foes.

2. When bedd, from rest, becomes his seat of woe,  
In God his strength shall grow,  
And turn his couch, where sick he couched late,  
To well recoverd state;  
Therefore I said, in most infirmity,  
Haue mercy, Lord, on me;  
O, heale my soule; let there Thy care begin  
Where 'gainst Thee lay my sin.
3. My foes' evill words their hate of me display,  
While thus, alas, they say,—  
When, when will death o'retake this wretched wight,  
And his name perish quite?  
Their courteous visitings are courting lyes,  
They inward evills disguise,  
Even heapes of wicked thoughts, which streight they show,  
As soon as out they go.
4. For then their hatefull heads close whispring be,  
With hurtfull thoughts to me:  
Now is he wrackt, they say; lo, there he lyes  
Who never more must rise.  
O, yee, my friend, to whom I did impart  
The secrets of my heart,—  
My friend, I say, who at my table sate,  
Did kick against my state.
5. Therefore, O Lord, abandon'd thus of all,  
On me let mercy fall,  
And rayse me vp, that I may once haue might  
Their merits to requite.  
But what? this doth already well appeare  
That I to Thee am deare,  
Since foes, nor haue, nor shall haue cause to be  
Triumphing over me.
6. But triumph well may I, whom Thou dost stay  
In my sound rightfull way:  
Whom Thou, O place of places, all dost place,  
For aye, before Thy face.  
So then be blest now, then, at home, abroad,  
Of Israel the God:  
World without end, let still this blessing flow;  
Oh so, oh be it so.



PSALM XLII.  
*Quem admodum.*

1. **A**S the chased hart, which brayeth  
Seeking some refreshing brook,  
So my soul in panting playeth,  
Thirsting on my God to look.  
My soul thirsts indeed in mee  
After ever living Thee;  
Ah, when comes my blessed being,  
Of Thy face to haue a seing.
2. Daye and night my teares out flowing  
Haue been my ill-feeding food,  
With their dayly questions throwing,  
Where is now thy God so good?  
My heart melts remembring so,  
How in troops I want to go:  
Leading them, His prayes singing,  
Holy daunce to God's house bringing.
3. Why art thou, my soul, so sorry.  
And in me so much, dismay'd?  
Wait on God, for yet His glory  
In my song shall be display'd  
When but with, one look of His  
He shall me restore to blisse  
Ah, my soul it self appaaleth,  
In such longing thoughts it falleth.
4. For my mind on my God bideth,  
Ev'n from Hermon's dwelling led,  
From the grounds where Jordan slideth,  
And from Mizzar's hilly head.  
One deep with noyse of his fall  
Other deeps of woe doth call:  
While my God, with wasting wonders,  
On me, wretch, His tempest thunders,
5. All Thy floods on me abounded,  
Over me all Thy waues went:  
Yet thus still my hope is grounded  
That, Thy anger being spent,  
I by day Thy loue shall tast,  
I by night shall singing last,  
Praying, prayers still bequeathing,  
To my God that gaue me breathing.

6. I will say, O Lord, my tower,  
Why am I forgott by Thee?  
Why should grief my heart devower,  
While the foe oppresseth me?  
Those vile scoffes of naughty ones  
Wound and rent me to the bones,  
When foes ask, with foule deriding,  
Where hath now yor God His bidding?

7- Why art thou, my soul, so sorry,  
And in me so much dismaid?  
Wait on God, for yet His glory  
In my song shall be displayd.  
Vnto Him a songe of praise  
Still my thankfull heart shall raise;  
He who helpes my case distressed,  
Even my God for ever blessed.

PSALM XLIII.  
*Judica me, Deus.*

1. **J**UDG of all, judg me,  
And protector bee  
Of my cause, oppressed  
Of most cruel sprites;  
Saue me from bad wights  
In false colours dressed.

2. For, my God, Thy sight  
Giveth me my might;  
Why then hast Thou left me?  
Why walk I in woes,  
While prevayling foes  
Haue of joyes bereft me?

3. Send Thy truth and light,  
Let them guide me right  
From the paths of folly;  
Bringing me to Thy  
Tabernacles high,  
In Thy hill most holy.

4. To God's altars tho  
I will boldly go,  
Shaking off all sadnes;  
To that God that is

God of all my blisse,  
God of all my gladness.

5. Then lo, then I will,  
With sweet musick's skill,  
Gratefull meaning show Thee:  
Then, God, yea, my God,  
I will sing abroad  
What great thanks I ow Thee.

6. Why art thou, my soul,  
Cast down in such dole?  
What ayles thy discomfort?  
Wait on God, for still  
Thank my God, I will,  
My onely aide and comfort.

