Psalm Paraphrases (1673 ed.)

John Milton

These translated Psalms follow Comus: A Mask in the 1673 text of Poems &c. Upon Several Occasions.

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P S A L. I. Done into Verse, 1653.

Less'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and ith' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sate. But in the great
Jehovahs Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,

And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their tryal then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruine must.

P S A L. II. Done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzetti.

W

Wy do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' earth upstand
With power, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear.
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe

Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I saith hee
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
On Sion my hol' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd
Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earths utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse
Like to a potters vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son least he appear
In anger and ye perish in the way
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

**PSAL. 3. Aug. 9. 1653.**

*When he fled from Absalom.*

Ord how many are my foes
How many those
That in arms against me rise
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my shield my glory,
Thee through my story
Th' exalter of my head I count

Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not though incamping round about
They pitch against me their Pavillions.
Rise Lord, save me my God for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

**PSAL. IV. Aug. 10. 1653.**

Nswer me when I call
Psalm Paraphrases

God of my righteousness;
In straights and in distres
Thou didst me disenthall
And set at large; now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prai'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in scorn
How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose
Chose to himself a part
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chuse he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie.
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say
Who yet will shew us good?
Talking like this worlds brood;
But Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put
Then when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where ere I lie
As in a rocky Cell
Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.
Psalm 12:1-31

To my words give ear
My meditation waigh
The voyce of my complaining hear
My King and God for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah thou my early voyce
Shalt in the morning hear
Ith' morning I to thee with choyce
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes

In wickedness delight
Evil with thee no biding makes
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly
The bloodi' and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy house; I in thy fear
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
Lord lead me in thy righteousness
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress,
Set thy wayes right before, where my step goes.
For in his faltring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend' st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

P S A L. VI. Aug. 13. 1653.

Lord in thine anger do not reprehend me
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me Lord for I am much deject
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,
For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore;
And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake
For in death no remembrance is of thee;

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Weared I am with sighing out my dayes,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eie
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
Ith' mid'st of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquitie.
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't
With much confusion; then grow red with shame,
They shall return in hast the way they came
And in a moment shall be quite abash't.


Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

Lord my God to thee I flie
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I crie
Psalm Paraphrases

Least as a Lion (and no wonder)
He hast to tear my Soul asunder
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought

Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not fre'd my foe for naught;

Let th’ enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth and roul
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust and there out spread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire

Rouze thy self amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their furi' asswage;
Judgment here thou didst ingage
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each Nation
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright

All people from the worlds foundation.

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast

My defence, and in him lies
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

God is a just Judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he

For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanitie,
Trouble he hath conceav'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made,
His mischief that due course doth keep
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd

Fall on his crown with ruine steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise
And sing the Name and Deitie
Of Jehovah the most high.

O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set

Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avengers brow
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set,
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot
That him thou visit'st and of him art found;
Scarce to be less then Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,

All beasts that in the field or forrest meet.

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide. And know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

April. 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all
but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the Original.

P S A L.   LXXX.
Hou Shepherd that dost Israel keep
Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep

Thy loved Josephs seed,
That sitt'st between the Cherubs bright
Between their wings out-spread
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
And on our foes thy dread.

1

2

And in Manasse's sight
Awake* thy strength, come, and be seen
To save us by thy might.

* Gnorera.

3

Turn us again, thy grace divine
To us O God vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine
And then we shall be safe.

* Gnashanta.

4

Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy *smoaking wrath, and angry brow
Against thy peoples prayer.

* Shalish.

5

Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them* largely drink the tears
Wherwith their cheeks are wet.

* Jilgnagu.

6

A strife thou mak'st us and a prey
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they *laugh, they *play,
And flouts at us they throw.

* Jilgnagu.

7

Return us, and thy grace divine,
O God of Hosts vouchsafe
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

* Shalish.

8

A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out Nations proud and haut
To plant this lovely Vine.

8

9

Thou did'st prepare for it a place
And root it deep and fast
That it began to grow apace,
And fill'd the land at last.

10

With her green shade that cover'd all,
The Hills were over-spread
Her Bows as high as Cedars tall
Psalm Paraphrases

Advanc'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches on the western side
    Down to the Sea she sent,
And upward to that river wide
    Her other branches went.
12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low
    And brok'n down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
    With rudest violence?
13 The tusked Boar out of the wood
    Up turns it by the roots,
Wild Beasts there brouze, and make their food
    Her Grapes and tender Shoots.
14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
    From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
Behold us, but without a frown,
    And visit this thy Vine.
15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
    Hath set, and planted long,
And the young branch, that for thy self
    Thou hast made firm and strong.
16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
    And cut with Axes down,
They perish at thy dreadfull ire,
    At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
    Let thy good hand be laid,
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
    Strong for thyself hast made.
18 So shall we not go back from thee
    To wayes of sin and shame,
Quick'n us thou, then gladly wee
    Shall call upon thy Name.
Return us, and thy grace divine
    Lord God of Hosts voutsafe,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
    And then we shall be safe.

P S A L.   LXXXI.

O God our strength sing loud, and clear,
Psalm Paraphrases

1 T
Sing loud to God our King,
To Jacobs God, that all may hear
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song
The Timbrel hither bring
The cheerfull Psaltry bring along
And Harp with pleasant string.

3 Blow, as is wont, in the new Moon
With Trumpets lofty sound,
Th' appointed time, the day wheron
Our solemn Feast comes round.

4 This was a Statute giv'n of old
For Israel to observe
A Law of Jacobs God, to hold
From whence they might not swerve.

5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, not to change,
When as he pass'd through Ægypt land;
The Tongue I heard, was strange.

6 From burden, and from slavish toyle
I set his shoulder free;
His hands from pots, and mirie soyle
Deliver'd were by me.

7 When trouble did thee sore assaile,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee did not faile,
And led thee out of thrall.

8 Be Sether ragnam.
I answer'd thee in thunder deep
With clouds encompass'd round;
I tri'd thee at the water steep
Of Meriba renown'd.

9 Through out the land of thy abode
Thou antient flock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to mee,
No alien God shall be
Nor shalt thou to a forein God
In honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Ægypt land
Ask large enough, and I, besought,
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not hear,
   Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel whom I lov'd so dear
   Mislik'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will
   And to their wandring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still
   Their own devises blind.
13 O that my people would be wise
   To serve me all their daies,
And O that Israel would advise
   To walk my righteous waies.
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes
   That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against all those
   That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain
   To bow to him and bend,
But they, His people, should remain,
   Their time should have no end.
16 And he would feed them from the shock
   With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfie them from the rock
   With Honey for their Meat.

**PSAL. LXXXII.**

1  God in the *great *assembly stands

   Of Kings and lordly States,
Among the gods+ on both his hands
He judges and debates.
2 How long will ye *pervert the right
   With *judgment false and wrong
Favouring the wicked by your might,
   Who thence grow bold and strong?
3 Regard the *weak and fatherless
   *Dispatch the *poor mans cause,
And +raise the man in deep distress
   By +just and equal Lawes.
4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.
5 They know not nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on,
The Earths foundations all are mov'd
And out of order gon.
6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
The Sons of God most high
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other Princes die.
8 Rise God, judge thou the earth in might,

This wicked earth redress,
For thou art he who shalt by right
The Nations all possess.

P S A L. LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou silent now at length
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou still O God of strength
We cry and do not cease.

2 For lo thy furious foes now swell
And storm outrageously,
And they that hate thee proud and fell
Exalt their heads full hie.

3 Against thy people they contrive
Their Plots and Counsels deep,
*Them to ensnare they chiefly strive
*Whom thou dost hide and keep.

4 Come let us cut them off say they,
Till they no Nation be
That Israels name for ever may
Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult +with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite
And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood

* Jimmotu. 20

* Shiphta.

This wicked earth redress,
For thou art he who shalt by right
The Nations all possess.

P S A L. LXXXIII.

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5 For they consult +with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite
And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood

* Jehemajun.

+ Jagnarimu
+ Sod.
* Jithjagnatsu
* Tsephuneca.

+ Lev
jachdau.

20
Psalm Paraphrases

Of scornful Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagars blood
*That in the Desart dwell,*

7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,
And hateful Amalec,
The Philistims, and they of Tyre
*Whose hounds the Sea doth check.*

8 With them great Asshur also bands
*And doth confirm the knot,*
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the Sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian bold
*That wasted all the Coast.*
To Sisera, and as is told
*Thou didst to Jabins hoast,*
When at the brook of Kishon old
*They were repulst and slain,*

10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
As dung upon the plain.

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped
So let their Princes speed
As Zeba, and Zalmunna bled
So let their Princes bleed.

12 For they midst their pride have said
By right now shall we seize
Gods houses, and *will now invade* +Neoth
Their stately Palaces.

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel
*No quiet let them find,*
Giddy and restless let them reel
Like stubble from the wind.

14 As when an aged wood takes fire
*Which on a sudden straies,*
The greedy flame runs hier and hier
Till all the mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;

16 *And till they *yield thee honour due,
Lord fill with shame their face.

17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be,
Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, and *scape it never.*

*They seek thy Name.* *Heb.*

http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/%7Erbear/psalms.html (15 of 23)4/10/2005 7:38:06 AM
Then shall they know that thou whose name
   Jehova is alone,
Art the most high, and thou the same
O're all the earth art one.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
   O Lord of Hoasts, how dear
The pleasant Tabernacles are!
   Where thou do'st dwell so near.

2 My Soul doth long and almost die
   Thy Courts O Lord to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do crie,
   O living God, for thee.

3 There ev'n the Sparrow freed from wrong
   Hath found a house of rest,
The Swallow there, to lay her young
   Hath built her brooding nest,
Ev'n by thy Altars Lord of Hoasts
   They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coasts
   Toward thee, My King, my God.

4 Happy, who in thy house reside
   Where thee they ever praise,
5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
   And in their hearts thy waies.

6 They pass through Baca's thirstie Vale,
   That dry and barren ground
As through a fruitfull watry Dale
   Where Springs and Showrs abound.

7 They journey on from strength to strength
   With joy and gladsom cheer
Till all before our God at length
   In Sion do appear.

8 Lord God of Hoasts hear now my praier
   O Jacobs God give ear,
9 Thou God our shield look on the face
   Of thy anointed dear.
10 For one day in thy Courts to be
   Is better, and more blest
Then in the joyes of Vanity,
   A thousand daies at best.
Psalm Paraphrases

I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a dore,
Then dwell in Tents, and rich abode
With Sin for evermore.

1 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
Gives grace and glory bright,
No good from them shall be with-held
Whose waies are just and right.

12 Lord God of Hoasts that raign'st on high,
That man is truly blest
Who only on thee doth relie.
And in thee only rest.

P S A L. LXXXV.

1 Thy Land to favour graciously
Thou hast not Lord been slack,
Thou hast from hard Captivity
Returned Jacob back.

2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their Sin, that did thee grieve
Hast hid where none shall know.

3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
And calmly didst return
From thy +fierce wrath which we had prov'd
Far worse then fire to burn.

4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, and chide no more.

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?

6 Wilt thou not *turn, and hear our voice
And us again* revive,
That so thy people may rejoyce
By thee preserv'd alive.

7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,
Psalm Paraphrases

To us thy mercy shew
Thy saving health to us afford
And life in us renew.

8 And now what God the Lord will speak
I will go strait and hear,
For to his people he speaks peace
And to his Saints full dear,
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, but surcease
To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand
And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our Land.

10 Mercy and Truth that long were miss'd
Now joyfully are met
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd
And hand in hand are set.

11 Truth from the earth like to a flowr
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her heavenly bowr
Look down on mortal men.

12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good
Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits to be our food.

13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His Royal Harbinger,
Then* will he come, and not be slow
His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. He will set his steps to the way.

P S A L.   LXXXVI.

1 Hy gracious ear, O Lord, encline,
O hear me I thee pray,
For I am poor, and almost pine

With need, and sad decay.

2 Preserve my soul, for* I have trod
Thy waies, and love the just,
Psalm Paraphrases

Save thou thy servant O my God
Who still in thee doth trust.

3 Pitty me Lord for daily the
I call; 4 O make rejoyce
Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my soul and voice,

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou alone
To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication Lord
Give ear, and to the crie
Of my incessant prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.

7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee for aid;
For thou wilt grant me free access
And answer, what I pray'd.

8 Like thee among the gods is none
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy glorious works.

9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee Lord,
And glorifie thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou in thy everlasting Seat
Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me O Lord thy way most right,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite
So shall it never slide.

12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God
Thee honour, and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for ever more.

13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast free'd my Soul
Eev'n from the lowest Hell set free
From deepest darkness foul.

14 O God the proud against me rise

+ Heb. I am good, loving, a doer of good
and holy things.
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
15 But thou Lord art the God most mild
    Readiest thy grace to shew,
    Slow to be angry, and art stil'd
    Most mercifull, most true.
16 O turn to me thy face at length,
    And me have mercy on,
    Unto thy servant give thy strength,
    And save thy hand-maids Son.
17 Some sign of good to me afford,
    And let my foes then see
    And be asham'd, because thou Lord
    Do'st help and comfort me.

P S A L.   LXXXVII.

1 Among the holy Mountains high
    Is his foundation fast,
    There Seated in his Sanctuary,
    His Temple there is plac't.
2 Sions fair Gates the Lord loves more
    Then all the dwellings faire
    Of Jacobs Land, though there be store,
    And all within his care.
3 City of God, most glorious things
    Of thee abroad are spoke;
4 I mention Egypt, where proud Kings
    Did our forefathers yoke,
    I mention Babel to my friends,
    Philistia full of scorn,
    And Tyre with Ethiops utmost ends,
    Lo this man there was born:
5 But twise that praise shall in our ear
    Be said of Sion last
    This and this man was born in her,
    High God shall fix her fast.
6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
    That ne're shall be out-worn
When he the Nations doth enrowle
That this man there was born.
7 Both they who sing, and they who dance
* With sacred Songs are there,
In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance
* And all my fountains clear.

P S A L. LXXXVIII.

1 LOrd God that dost me save and keep,
   All day to thee I cry;
   And all night long, before thee weep
   Before thee prostrate lie.
2 Into thy presence let my prayer
   With sighs devout ascend
   And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
   Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
   Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,
   My life at death's uncherful dore
   Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass
   * Heb. A man without manly strength.
   Down to the dismal pit
   I am a *man, but weak alas
   And for that name unfit.
5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
   Among the dead to sleep,
   And like the slain in bloody fight
   That in the grave lie deep.
   Whom thou rememberest no more,
   Dost never more regard,
   Them from thy hand deliver'd o're
   Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the lowest pit profound
   Hast set me all forlorn,
   Where thickest darkness hovers round,
   In horrid deeps to mourn.
7 Thy wrath from which no shelter saves
   Full sore doth press on me;
   *Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
*And all thy waves break me.
8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
   And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, for they change,
   And I here pent up thus.
9 Through sorrow, and affliction great
   Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord all the day I thee entreat,
   My hands to thee I spread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd arise
   And praise thee from their loathsom bed
   With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
   On whom the grave hath hold,
Or they who in perdition dwell
   Thy faithfulness unfold?
12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
   Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the gloomy land
   Of dark oblivion?
13 But I to thee O Lord do cry
   E're yet my life be spent,
And up to thee my prayer doth hie
   Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruised, and +shake
   With terror sent from thee;
Bruzd, and afflicted and so low
   As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
   Astonish'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow
   Thy threatenings cut me through.
17 All day they round about me go,
   Like waves they me persue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd
   And sever'd from me far.
They fly me now whom I have lov'd,
   And as in darkness are.
FINIS.

Transcribed by Judy Boss of Omaha, Nebraska. HTML conversion by R.S. Bear of Eugene, Oregon.

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