

# Renascence Editions

[Return to  
Renascence Editions](#)

## Psalm Paraphrases (1673 ed.)

**John Milton**

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

---

Note on the e-text: this [Renascence Editions](#) text was transcribed by Judy Boss of Omaha, Nebraska, and is presented by Renascence Editions with her kind permission. This presentation copyright © 1998 The University of Oregon. For nonprofit and educational uses only.

---

| [Psalm I.](#) | [Psalm II.](#) | [Psalm III.](#) | [Psalm IV.](#) | [Psalm V.](#) | [Psalm VI.](#) |

| [Psalm VII.](#) | [Psalm VIII.](#) | [Psalm LXXX.](#) | [Psalm LXXXI.](#) | [Psalm LXXXII.](#) |

| [Psalm LXXXIII.](#) | [Psalm LXXXIV.](#) | [Psalm LXXXV.](#) | [Psalm LXXXVI.](#) |

| [Psalm LXXXVII.](#) | [Psalm LXXXVIII.](#) |

---

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

**B** 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 scorers 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.

10

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

**W**Hy 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 holi' 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

10

20

With trembling; kiss the Son lest 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.

P S A L. 3. Aug. 9. 1653.

*When he fled from Absalom.*

**L**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 10  
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 20  
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.

P S A L. IV. Aug. 10. 1653.

Answer me when I call

**A** God of my righteousness;  
 In straits and in distres  
 Thou didst me disinthrall  
 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, 10  
 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, 20  
 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 30  
 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 40  
 Me safe where ere I lie  
 As in a rocky Cell  
 Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

*P S A L. V. Aug. 12. 1653.*

**J**ehovah 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 10  
 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. 20  
 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; 30  
 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.

40

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

**L**ord 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?  
Wearied 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.

10

20

*P S A L. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.*

*Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.*

**L**ord my God to thee I flie  
Save me and secure me under  
Thy protection while I crie

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;

10

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.

20

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.

30

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 40  
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 50  
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. 60

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

*P S A L. VIII. Aug. 14. 1653.*

**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 beareth,

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,

10

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.

20

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.

- 1 **T**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.*
- 2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins,  
  
 And in Manasse's sight  
 Awake\* thy strength, come, and *be seen*  
*To save us by thy might.* \* *Gnorera.* 10
- 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.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
 How long wilt thou declare  
 Thy \*smoking wrath, *and angry brow*  
 Against thy peoples praire. \* *Gnashanta.* 20
- 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.* \* *Shalish.*
- 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* 30  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.
- 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*.
- 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.* 40
- 10 With her *green shade that cover'd all*,  
 The Hills were *over-spread*  
 Her Bows as *high* as Cedars tall

- 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, 50  
 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. 60
- 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,* 70  
 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. 80

P S A L. LXXXI.

O God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*

- 1 **T** Sing loud to God *our King*,  
 To Jacobs God, *that all may hear*  
 Loud acclamations ring. 10
- 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. 20
- 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.
- I answer'd thee in \*thunder deep  
 With clouds encompass'd round; \* *Be Sether*  
 I tri'd thee at the water *steep* *ragnam.* 30  
 Of Meriba *renown'd*.
- 8 Hear O my people, *heark'n well*,  
 I testifie to thee  
 Thou *antient flock of Israel*,  
 If thou wilt list to mee,
- 9 Through out the land of thy abode  
 No alien God shall be  
 Nor shalt thou to a forein God  
 In honour bend thy knee. 40
- 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; 50  
 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. 60
- 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*.

P S A L. LXXXII.

- <sup>1</sup> **G**Od in the \*great \*assembly stands  
*Of Kings and lordly States*, \* *Bagnadath-*  
 Among the gods+ on both his hands *el.*  
 He judges and debates. + *Bekerev.*
- 2 How long will ye \*pervert the right  
 With \*judgment false and wrong \**Tishphetu[\*]*  
 Favouring the wicked *by your might*, *gnavel.*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong?*
- 3 Regard the \*weak and fatherless  
 \*Dispatch the \*poor mans cause, \* *Shiphthu-*  
 And +raise the man in deep distress *dal.* 10  
 By +just and equal Lawes.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
 + *Hatzdiku.*

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*,

\* *Jimmotu.* 20

\* *Shiphtha.*

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

P S A L. LXXXIII.

**1** **B**E 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.

\* *Jehemajun.*

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

+ *Jagnarimu*

+ *Sod.*

\* 10

*Jithjagnatsu*

*gnal.*

\**Tsephuneca.*

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.

+ *Lev*

*jachdau.*

20

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood

Of <i>scornful</i> Ishmael, Moab, with them of Hagers blood <i>That in the Desert dwell,</i>	
7 Gebal and Ammon <i>there conspire,</i> And <i>hateful</i> Amalec, The Philistims, and they of Tyre <i>Whose hounds the Sea doth check.</i>	
8 With them <i>great</i> Asshur also bands <i>And doth confirm the knot,</i> <i>All these have lent their armed hands</i> To aid the Sons of Lot.	30
9 Do to them as to Midian <i>bold</i> <i>That wasted all the Coast.</i> To Sisera, and as <i>is told</i> <i>Thou didst to Jabins hoast,</i> <i>When at the brook of Kishon old</i> <i>They were repulst and slain,</i>	
10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd As dung upon the plain.	40
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped So let their Princes speed As Zeba, and Zalmunna <i>bled</i> So let their Princes <i>bleed.</i>	
12 <i>For they amidst their pride</i> have said By right now shall we seize Gods houses, and <i>will now invade</i> +Their stately Palaces.	+ <i>Neoth</i>
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel <i>No quiet let them find,</i> Giddy and <i>restless</i> let <i>them reel</i> Like stubble from the wind.	<i>Elohim</i> <i>bears both.</i> 50
14 As <i>when</i> an <i>aged</i> wood takes fire <i>Which on a sudden straiies,</i> The <i>greedy</i> 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.	* <i>They seek</i> <i>thy Name.</i>
17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be, Troubl'd and sham'd for ever, Ever confounded, and so die With shame, <i>and scape it never.</i>	<i>Heb.</i> 60

18 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*.

P S A L. LXXXIV.

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*, 10  
 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. 20

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, 30

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*.



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

40

11 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 rain'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 **T**Hy 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.

+ Heb. *The*  
*burning* 10  
*heat of thy*  
*wrath.*

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.

\* Heb. 20  
*Turn to*  
*quicken*  
*us.*

7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,

- 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, 30  
 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.* 40
- 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 50  
 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 **T** 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,

Save thou thy servant O my God Who <i>still</i> in thee doth trust.	+ Heb. <i>I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.</i>
3 Pitty me Lord for daily the I call; 4 O make rejoyce Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee I lift my soul <i>and voice</i> ,	10
5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone To pardon, thou to all Art full of mercy, thou <i>alone</i> To them that on thee call.	
6 Unto my supplication Lord Give ear, and to the crie Of my <i>incessant</i> praier afford Thy hearing graciously.	20
7 I in the day of my distress Will call on thee <i>for aid</i> ; For thou wilt <i>grant</i> me <i>free access</i> <i>And</i> answer, <i>what I pray'd</i> .	
8 Like thee among the gods is none O Lord, nor any works <i>Of all that other Gods have done</i> Like to thy <i>glorious</i> works.	
9 The Nations all whom thou hast made Shall come, <i>and all shall frame</i> To bow them low before thee Lord, And glorifie thy name.	30
10 For great thou art, and wonders great By thy strong hand are done, Thou <i>in thy everlasting Seat</i> Remainest God alone.	
11 Teach me O Lord thy way <i>most right</i> , I in thy truth will bide, To fear thy name my heart unite <i>So shall it never slide</i> .	40
12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God <i>Thee honour, and adore</i> 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 <i>From deepest darkness foul</i> .	
14 O God the proud against me rise	

And violent men are met 50  
 To seek my life, and in their eyes  
 No fear of thee have set.  
 15 But thou Lord art the God most mild  
 Radiest 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. 60  
 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 **A**mong 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; 10  
 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. 20  
 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 **L**ord 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 praier  
*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.

10

4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass  
 Down to the *dismal* pit  
 I am a \*man, but weak alas  
 And for that name unfit.

\* Heb. *A man  
 without manly  
 strength.*

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.*

20

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, <i>for they change</i> , And I here pent up thus.	* <i>The Heb.</i> 30 <i>bears both.</i>
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.	40
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead, Shall the deceas'd arise And praise thee <i>from their loathsom bed</i> <i>With pale and hollow eyes?</i>	
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell On whom the grave <i>hath hold</i> , Or they <i>who</i> in perdition <i>dwell</i> Thy faithfulness <i>unfold?</i>	
12 In darkness can thy mighty <i>hand</i> <i>Or</i> wondrous acts be known, Thy justice in the <i>gloomy</i> land Of <i>dark</i> oblivion?	50
13 But I to thee O Lord do cry <i>E're yet my life be spent</i> , And <i>up to thee</i> my praier <i>doth hie</i> Each morn, and thee prevent.	
14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake, And hide thy face from me,	
15 That am already bruis'd, and +shake With terror sent from thee; Bruz'd, and afflicted and <i>so low</i> As ready to expire, While I thy terrors undergo Astonish'd with thine ire.	+ <i>Heb. Prae</i> <i>Concussione.</i>  60
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow Thy threatnings 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 <i>fly me now</i> whom I have lov'd, And as in darkness are.	70

*FINIS.*

---

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

