

A
PARAPHRASE
UPON THE
PSALMS of DAVID.

By GEORGE SANDYS.

Set to New TUNES for
PRIVATE DEVOTION:
And a *Thorough-Base*, for *Voice*, or *Instrument*.

By HENRY LAWES,
Gentleman of His Majesties Chappel Royal.

And in this Edition carefully Revised and
Corrected from many Errors which passed
in former Impressions,

By John Playford.

LONDON:

Printed by W. Godbid, for Abel Roper, at the Sign
against St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, 1676.

Eliza Walrond

APR 18 1936
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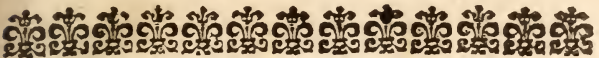
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To the KING.

OUr graver *Muse* from her long *Dream*
awakes,
Peneian Groves, and Cirrha's Caves
forsakes:
Inspir'd with Zeal, she climbs th' Æthereal hills
Of Solyma, where bleeding Balm distills;
where Trees of Life unfading Youth assure,
And Living Waters all Diseases cure:
Where the Sweet Singer, in cœlestial Laies,
Sung to his solemn Harp Jehovah's Praise.
From that faln Temple, on her wings she bears
Those Heavenly Raptures to your sacred Ears:
Not that her bare and humble Feet aspire
To mount the Threshold of th' harmonious Quire;
But that at once she might Oblations bring
To God; and Tribute to a god-like King.
And since no narrow Verse such Mysteries,
Deep Sense, and high expressions could comprise;
Her labouring Wings a larger compass flie,
And Poesie resolves with Poesie:
Lest she, who in the Orient clearly rose,
Should in your western World obscurely close.

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To the QUEEN.

O You, Who like a fruitful Vine ;
To this our Royal Cedar joyne :
Since it were impious to divide ,
In such a Present, Hearts so ty'd ;
Urania your chaste Ears invites
To these her more sublime Delights.
Then, with your zealous Lover, daign
To enter *Davids* numerous Fane.
Pure thoughts his Sacrifices are ;
Sabean Incense, fervent Prayer ;
This holy Fire fell from the Skies ;
The holy Water from his eyes.
O should You with your Voice infuse
Perfection, and create a Muse !
Though mean our Verse, such Excellence
At once would ravish Soul and Sense :
Delight in Heavenly Dwellers move ;
And, since they cannot envy, Love :
When they from this our Earthly Sphear
Their own Cœlestial Musick hear.

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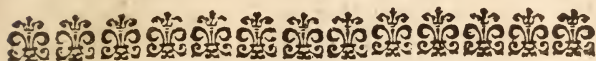
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To my Noble Friend,

Mr. GEORGE SANDYS,

Upon his Excellent Paraphrase on the PSALMS.

HAd I no Blushes left, but were of Those,
Who Praise in Verse, what they Despise in Prose:
Had I this Vice from Vanity or Youth;
Yet such a Subject would have taught me Truth:

Hence it were Banish'd, where of Flattery

There is nor Use, nor Possibility.

Else thou hadst cause to fear, lest some might Raise

An Argument against thee from my Praise.

I therefore know, Thou canst expect from me

But what I give, Historick Poetrie.

Friendship for more could not a Pardon win;

Nor think I Numbers make a Lie no Sin.

And need I say more than my Thoughts indite,

Nothing were easier, than not to write.

Which now were hard; for where'soe're I Raise

My thoughts, thy several Pains extort my Praise.

First, that which doth the Pyramids display:

And in a work much lasting longer than they,

And more a wonder, scorns at large to show,

What were Indifferent if True or No:

Or from its lofty Flight, stoop to declare

What All men might have known, had all been There.

But by thy learned Industry and Art,

To Those, who never from their Studies part,

His Tra-
vels, wher-
in he re-
lates the
History of
the Pyra-
mids.

*Doth each Lands, Laws, Belief, Beginning show ;
Which of the Natives but the Curious know :
Teaching the frailty of all Humane things ;
How soon great Kingdoms fall, much sooner Kings :
Prepares our Souls, that Chance cannot direct
A Machin at us, more than we expect.*

Athens. *We know, That Town is but with Fishers Fraught ,
Where Theseus Govern'd, and where Plato Taught :*

Greece. *That Spring of Knowledge, to which Italy
Ows all her Arts, and her Civility ,
In Vice and Barbarism supinely rowls ;
Their Fortunes not more slavish than their Souls.*

Eastern Churches. *Those Churches, which from the first Hereticks war
All the first Fields, or led (at least) the Van ;
In whom those Notes, so much required, be ;*

Of Doctrine. *Agreement, Miracles, Antiquitie :
Which can a Never-broke Succession show*

Of Persons. *From the Apostles down ; (Here bragg'd of so :)
So best confute Her most Inmodest claim ,*

As Antioch. *Who scarce a Part, yet to be All doth aim ;
Lie now distrest, between two Enemy-Powers ,
Whom the West damns, and whom the East devours.*

*What State than Theirs can more Unhappy be ,
Threatned with Hell, and sure of Poverty.
The small Beginning of the Turkish Kings ,
And their large Growth, shew us that different Things
May meet in One Third ; what most Disagree ,
May have some Likeness : For in this we see ,
A Mustard-seed may be resembled well
To the Two Kingdoms, both of Heaven and Hell.*

Turks. *Their Strength, and wants this work hath both unwound ;
To teach how these d' increase, and that confound :
Relates their Tenets ; scorning to dispute
With Errors, which to tell, is to confute :*

Shews how even there, where Christ vouchsaf'd to
Teach,

Their Dervices dare an Impostor Preach.

Priests;

For whilst with private Quarrels we Decaid,

We way for them, and Their Religion made :

And can but Wishes now to Heaven prefer ,

May they gain Christ, or We his Sepulchre.

Next Ovid calls me ; which though I admire ,

Ovids Me-
tamorpho-
sis.

For Equalling the Authors quickning Fire ,

And his pure Phrase : yet More ; remembring It

Was by a Mind so much distracted Writ :

Bus'ness and War, Ill Midwives to produce

The Happy Off-spring of so sweet a Muse :

Whilst every unknown Face did Danger Threat ;

For every Native there was twice a Gete.

More ; when (return'd) thy Work review'd, expos'd

Com-
mentar.

What Pith before the hiding Bark inclos'd :

And wish it that Essay, which lets us see

Virg. Aen.
lib. 1.

What by the Foot, what Hercules would be.

All fitly offer'd to his Princely Hands ;

By whose Protection Learning chiefly stands :

Whose Virtue move more Pens , than his Power
Swords ;

And Theme to those, and Edge to these affords.

Who could not be displeas'd that his great Fame ,

Panegy-
rick.

So pure a Muse, so loudly should proclaime :

With his Queens praise in the same Model cast ;

Which shall not less, than all their Annals, last.

Yet, though we wonder at thy Charming Voice ;

Perfection still was wanting in thy Choice :

And of a Soul, which so much Power possessest ,

That Choice is hardly Good, which is not Best.

But though thy Muse were Ethnically Chast ,

When most Fault could be found ; yet now Thou hast

Diverted

Diverted to a Purer Path thy Quill;
 And chang'd Parnassus Mount to Sions-Hill;
 So that blest David might almost Desire
 To hear his Harp thus Echo'd by thy Lyre.
 Such Eloquence, that though it were abus'd,
 Could not but be (though not Allow'd) excus'd.
 Joyn'd to a Work so choice, that though Ill-done,
 So Pious an Attempt Praise could not shun.
 How strangely doth it darkeſt Texts diſcloſe,
 In Verſes of ſuch ſweetneſs; that even Thoſe,
 From whom the unknown Tongue conceals the Senſe,
 Even in the Sound, muſt find an Eloquence.
 For though the moſt bewitching Muſick could
 Move Men, no more than Rocks; thy Language would.
 Thoſe who make wit their Curſe, who ſpend their Brain,
 Their Time, and Art, in looſer Verſe, to gain
 Damnation, and a Miſtreſs; till they ſee
 How Conſtant that is, how Inconſtant ſhee;
 May from this great Example learn, to ſway
 The Parts th'are Bleſt-with, ſome more Bleſſed way.
 Fate can againſt Thee but two Foes advance;
 Sharp-ſighted Envy, and Blind Ignorance:
 The firſt (by Nature like a ſhadow, near
 To all great Acts) I rather Hate than Fear:
 For them, (ſince whatſoever moſt they Raiſe
 In Private, That they moſt in Throngs Diſpraiſe;
 And know the Ill they Act Condemn'd within)
 Who envies Thee, may no man envy Him.
 The laſt I Fear not much, but Pity more:
 For though they cannot the leaſt Fault explore;
 Yet, if they might the high Tribunal Clime,
 To Them thy Excellence would be thy Crime:
 For Eloquence with things Prophane they joyn;
 Nor count it fit to Mix with what's Divine;

ΑΥΤΗΝ
 ΤΗΝ ΕΛΕΥΣΙΝ.

Like

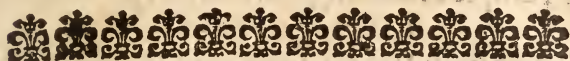
Like Art and Paintings laid upon a Face,
 Of it self sweet; which more Deform than Grace.
 Yet, as the Church with Ornaments is Fraught,
 Why may not That be too, which There is Taught?
 And sure that Vessel of Election, Paul,
 Who Judais'd with Jews, who All to All:
 So, to Gain some, would be (at least) Content,
 Some for the Curious should be Eloquent:
 For since the Way to Heaven is Rugged, who
 Would have the Way to that Way be so too?
 Or thinks it fit, we should not Leave obtain,
 To learn with Pleasure, what we Act with Pain?
 Since then Some stop, unless their Path be Even,
 Nor will be led by Solæcismes to Heaven;
 And (through a Habit scarce to be control'd)
 Refuse a Cordial, when not brought in Gold;
 Much like to them to that Disease Inur'd,
 Which can be no way, but by Musick cur'd;
 I Joy in Hope, that no small Piety
 Will in their Colder Hearts be Warm'd by Thee.
 For as none could more Harmony dispense;
 So neither could thy flowing Eloquence
 So well in any Task be us'd, as this:
 To Sound His Praises forth, whose Gift it is.

Tarantula

— Cui non certaverit ulla
 Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos. *Virg. Georg. 2.*

FALKLAND.

An



An ODE to my worthy Kinsman,

Mr. *GEORGE SANDYS*,

Upon his excellent Paraphrase on the PSALMS.

O Breath again ! that holy Lay
Did convey,
Unto my soul so sweet a Fire,
I desire,
That all my Senses charm'd to Ear,
Should fix there.
O might this sacred Anthem last,
'Till Time's past:
Until we warble forth a higher,
In the Quire
Of Angels, till the Sphears keep time,
To your Rime.
Amphion did a City raise,
By his Layes:
The Stones did dance into a Wall,
At his call.
But your divinely-tuned Air
Doth repair
Ev'n Man himself, whose stony Heart,
By this Art,
Rebuildeth of its own accord,
To the Lord,

A Temple breathing holy Songs,
In strange Tongues.
You fit both *Dauids* Lyre, and Notes;
To our Throats.
See, the green Willow now not wears,
Of their Tears.
The sadly silent Trophyes, we
From the Tree,
Take down the *Hebrew* Harps, and reach,
In our speech,
Whatever we do hate, what fear,
What love dear.
Now in faint Accents praising God;
For his Rod:
Since that his punishing a Child,
Must be stil'd
A Blessing. But our thankful Layes
Do his Praise
Sound in the loudest Key, when e're
He draws near
In Mercy, not affrighting Power;
In that Hour,
New Life approacheth: Then our Joy
Doth employ
Each Faculty, and Tune each Air
To a Prayer.
But by and by our Sins do cause
A sad Pause.
Our Hands lift-up, and cast-down Eyes;
Our faint Cryes,

Do in their sadly-pleasing Tones
Speak our Mones.
In stead of Harps we strike our Breasts :
All the Rests
Attend his Musick, are a Tear,
Which Sighs bear,
In their soft Language, up on high,
To the Skie;
Whence God, delighted with our Grief,
Sends Relief.
Thus unto You we owe the Joys,
The Sweet Noise
Of our ravish'd Souls; we borrow
Hence our Sorrow;
Repentant Sorrow, which doth glad;
Not make sad.
We weep in your Lines, we rejoyce
In your Voyce :
Whose pleasing Language fans the Fire
Of Desire,
Which flames in Zeal, and calmly fashions
All our Passions.
Which you so sweetly have exprest,
Some have guest,
We Hallelu-jahs shall rehearse,
In your Verse.

Then be secure, your well-tun'd Breath
Shall now out-live the Date of Death;

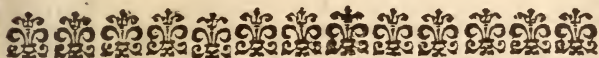
And

And when Fate pleases, you shall have
Still-Musick in the silent Grave :
You from Above shall hear each day
One Dirge dispatch'd unto your Clay ;
These your own Anthems shall become
Your lasting Epicedium.

Dudly Digges.

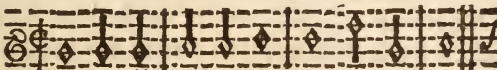
To the Reader.

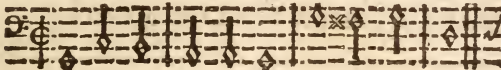
THe Paraphrase upon the Psalms, though here
rank'd according to the Chronology, was first
Writ and Published, and therefore, these Verses do
in time precede those that are fixt in the Front of the
Volume.

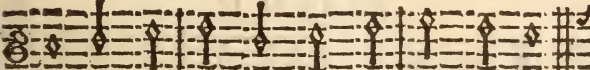


A
PARAPHRASE
 Upon the FIRST BOOK
 OF THE
PSALMS of DAVID.

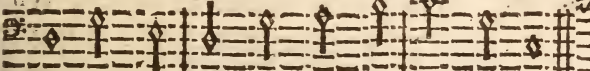
PSALM I.

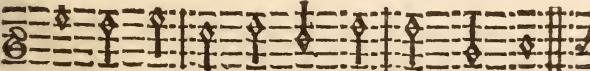
T  *Cantus.*
 That Man is truly blest, who never strays

 *Bassus.*

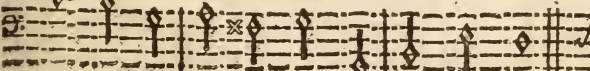


By false advice, nor walks in Sinners ways;



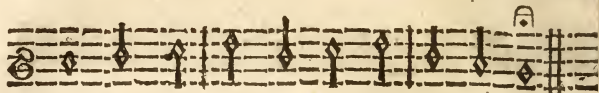


Nor sits infected with their scornful pride,

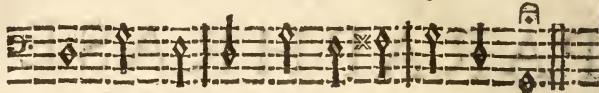


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Why



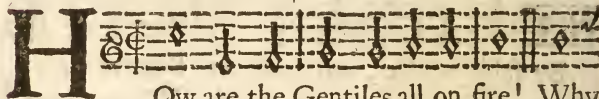
Who God contemn, and Pi-e-ty deride.



But wholly fixeth his sincere delight
On heav'nly Laws; those studies day and night.
He shall be like a Tree that spreads his Root
By living Streams, producing timely Fruit:
His Leaf shall never fall: the Lord shall bless
All his indeavours with desir'd success.
Men lost in Sin, unlike rewards shall find,
Disperst like Chaff, before the furious Wind:
Their guilt shall not that horrid day indure,
Nor they approach th' Assemblies of the Pure:
For God approves those ways the Righteous tread;
But Sinful Paths to sure Destruction lead.

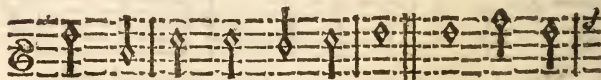
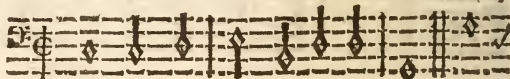
PSALM II.

Cantus

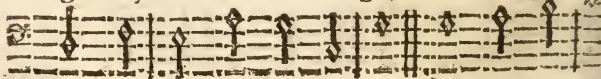


Ow are the Gentiles all on fire! Why

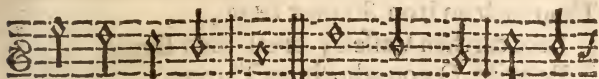
Bassus



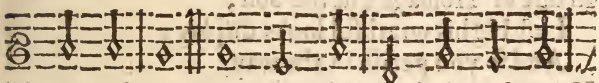
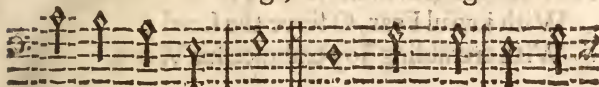
rage they with vain menacings; Earths haughty



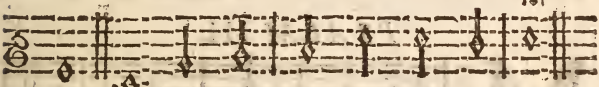
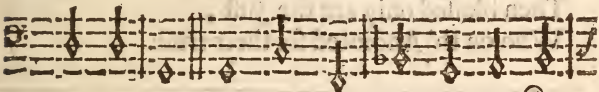
Potentates



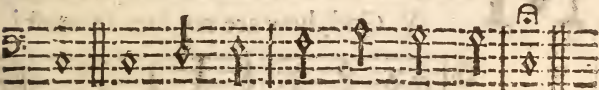
Potentates and Kings, 'Gainst God against his



Christ conspire: Break we, say they, their servile



bands, And cast their cords from our free hands.



But God from his Cœlestial Throne

Shall laugh, and their attempts deride;

Then high incense, thus check their pride;

(His Wrath in their confusion shown)

Loe, I my King have Crown'd, and will

Inthroned on Sions sacred Hill.

That great Decree I shall declare:

For thus I heard Jehovah say;

Thou art my Son begot this day:

Request, and I will grant thy Prayer;

Subject all Nations to thy Throne;

And make the Sea-bound Earth thine own.

Thou shalt an Iron Scepter sway,
 Like earthen Vessels, break their Bones.
 Be wise, O you who sit on Thrones;
 And Judges grave advice obey:
 With joyful Fear, O serve the Lord;
 With trembling Joy embrace his Word.

In due of Homage kiss the Son,
 Lest He his wrathful looks display;
 And so you perish in the way,
 His anger newly but begun:
 Then blessed only are the Just,
 Who on th' Anointed fix their trust.

PSALM III.

Cantus.

MY God, how are my foes increast!

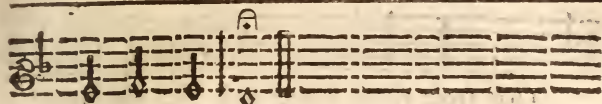
Bassus.

What multitudes against me rise! Who say, give

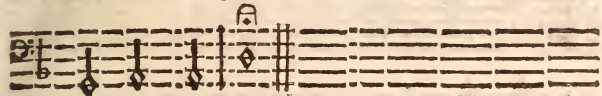
we his Soul no rest; Whom God forsakes,

and

and



and Men despise.



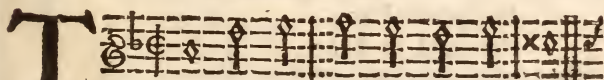
But thou art my Support, my Tower,
My Safety, my choice Ornament.
Before thy Throne my Prayers I pow'r,
Heard from thy Sions high ascent.

No fears affright my soft repose;
Thou my Night-watch, my Guard by Day;
Not Miriads of Armed Foes,
Nor Treasons secret hands dismay.

Arise, O vindicate my Cause!
My Foes, whom wicked Hate provoke,
Thou, Lord, hast smit their cankred Jaws,
And all their Teeth afunder broke.

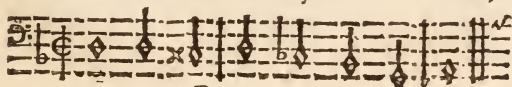
Thou, Lord, the only Hope of those,
Who thee with Holy Zeal adore;
Whose all-protecting Arms inclose
Their Safety, who thy Aid implore.

PSALM IV.



Cantus.

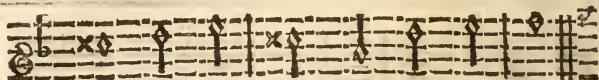
Hou Guardian of my Truth and me,



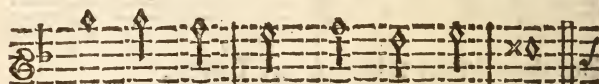
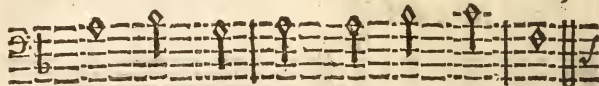
Bassus.

B 3

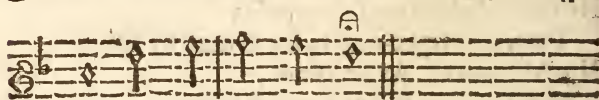
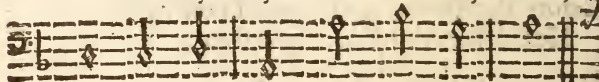
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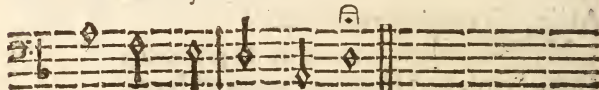
That from these straits hast set me free,



O hear my Pray'r ! Be I Thy Care ;



For Mercy lives in Thee.



You Sons of Men , how long will you
Eclipse my Glory , and pursue

Lov'd Vanities ;

Delight in Lies ,

To Man , to God untrue ?

Know, God my innocence hath blest ,
And will with soveraignty invest :

His gentle Ear

Prepar'd to hear

My never vain request.

Sin not, but fear; surcease, and try
Your Hearts, as on your Beds you lie:

Pure gifts present
With pure intent,
And place your hopes on high.

But Earthly Minds false Wealth admire,
And toil with uncontrol'd desire.

With clear aspect
Thy Beams reflect,
And Heavenly Thoughts inspire.

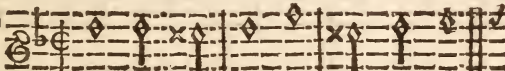
O let my Joy, exempt from Fears,
Their Joys transcend, when Autumn bears

His pleasant Wines
On clustred Vines,
And Grain-replenish'd Ears.

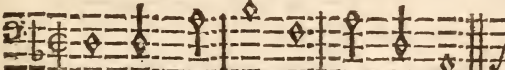
Now shall the peaceful hand of Sleep
In heavenly Dew my senses steep;

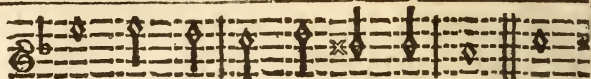
Whom thy large wings,
O King of Kings,
In shades of Safety keep.

PSALM V.

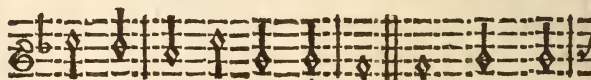
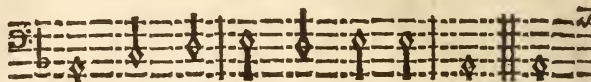
T  *Cantus.*

O hear me, Lord, be thou inclin'd;

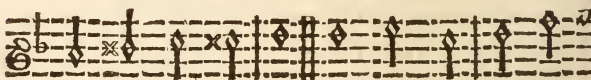
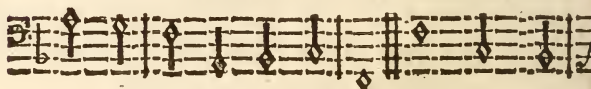
 *Bassus.*



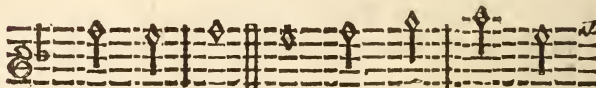
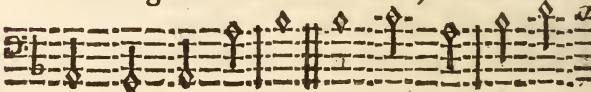
My thoughts O ponder in thy mind : And



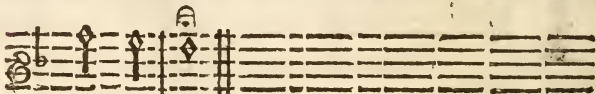
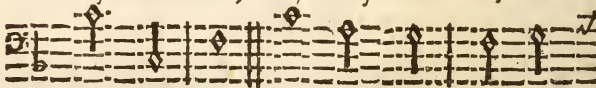
let my cries acceptance find. Thou hear'st my



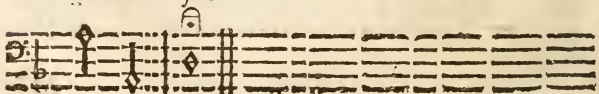
Morning Sacrifice : To thee, before the



Day-Star Rise, My Pray'rs ascend, with



stedfast eyes.



Thou

Thou lov'st no vice ; none dwells with thee ;
Nor glorious Fools thy Beauty see ;
All Sin-defil'd detested be
Lyars shall sink beneath thy hate ;
Who thirst for Blood, and weave deceit ,
Thy Rage shall swiftly ruinate.

I to thy Temple will repair ,
Since Infinite thy Mercies are ;
And thee adore with Fear and Prayer.
My God, conduct me by thy Grace ;
For many have my Soul in chase.
Set thy strait Paths before my Face.

False are their Tongues, their Hearts are hollow ,
Like gaping sepulchres they swallow ;
Fawn, and betray even those they follow.
With Vengeance girt these Rebels round ;
In their own counsels them confound ;
Since their Transgressions thus abound.

Joy they with an exalted Voice ,
That trust in thee , who guard'st thy Choice :
Let those who love thy Name rejoyce.
Thy Blessings shall in show'rs descend ;
Thy favour as a shield defend
All those, who righteousness intend.

PSALM VI.

Lord , thy deserved Wrath assuage ;
Nor punish in thy burning Ire ;
Let Mercy mitigate thy Rage ,
Before my fainting Life expire.

As the 3d.

O heal ! my Bones with anguish ake ;
 My penfive Heart with sorrow worn.
 How long wilt thou my foul forfake !
 O pity, and at length return !

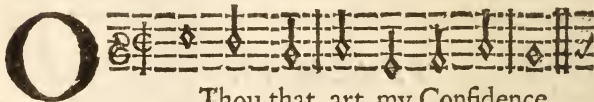
O let thy Mercies comfort me ,
 And thy afflicted Servant save !
 Who will in death remember thee ?
 Or praise thee in the filent Grave ?

Vext by insulting enemies ,
 My Groans disturb the peaceful Night ;
 My Bed wash'd with my streaming Eyes :
 Through Grief grown old, and dim of fight,

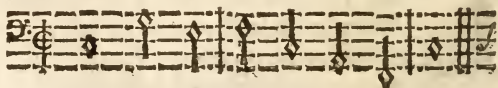
All you of wicked life depart ;
 The Lord my God hath heard my cry :
 He will recure my wounded Heart ,
 And turn my Tears to tides of Joy.

Who hate me, let dishonour wound ,
 Let fear their guilty souls affright ;
 With shame their haughty looks confound ,
 And let them vanish from my fight.

PSALM VII.

Cantus.

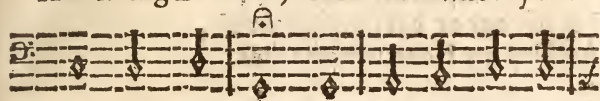
Thou that art my Confidence ,

Bassus.

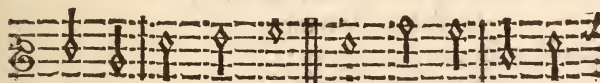
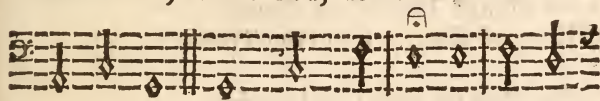
And



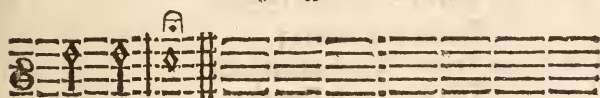
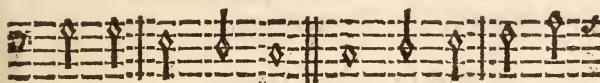
And strong Defence ; From those who my sad



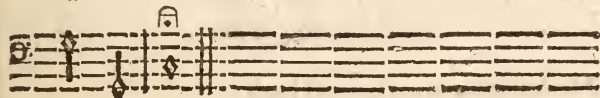
fall intend , Great God, defend : Left Lion-



like, if none controul , They tear my perfe-



cuted Soul.



If I am guilty ; if there be

Deceit in me ;

If Ill I ever to my Friend

Did but intend ;

Or rather have not succour'd those

Who were my undeserved foes :

Let

Let them my stained Soul pursue,
 With hate subdue;
 Let their proud feet in Triumph tread
 Upon my head:
 My life out of her mansion thrust,
 And lay my Honour in the dust.

Against my dreadful Enemies,
 Great God, arise.
 Just Judge, thy sleeping Wrath awake,
 And Vengeance take:
 Then all shall Thee adore alone.
 O King of Kings, ascend thy Throne!

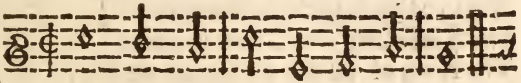
Part 2. Judge thou my Foes; as I am free,
 So judge thou me:
 Declare thou my integrity;
 For thou dost try
 The Heart and Reins; The Just defend;
 The Malice of the Wicked end.

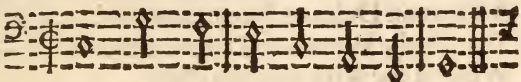
God is my Shield; he help imparts
 To sincere hearts;
 The Good Protects, but menaceth
 The Bad with Death;
 Nor will, unless they change, relent:
 He whets his Sword, his Bow is bent.

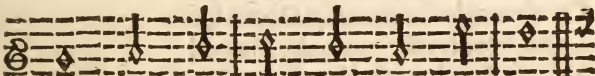
Dire Instruments prepared hath
 Of deadly Wrath:
 And will at those, who persecute,
 swift Arrows shoot:
 Who wicked thoughts conceiv'd; now great
 With Mischief, travel; hatch Deceit.

Who digg'd a pit, first fell therein,
 Caught by his Sin;
 On his own head his outrage shall
 Like ruins fall.
 But I, O thou eternal King,
 Will of thy Truth and Justice sing.

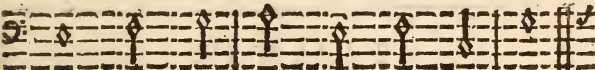
PSALM VIII.

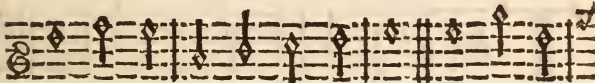
L  *Cantus.*
 Ord, how Illustrious is thy Name!

 *Bassus.*

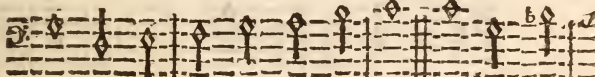


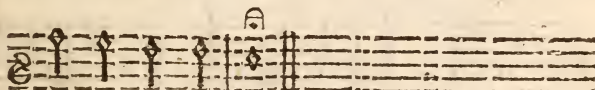
Whose Pow'r both Heav'n and Earth proclaim!



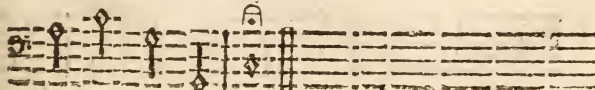


Thy Glory thou hast set on high, Above the





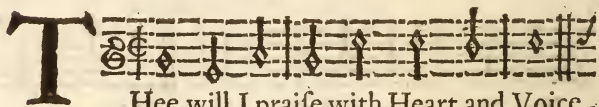
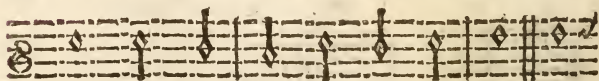
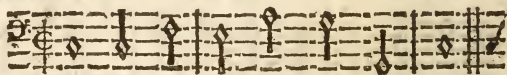
Marble-arched Sky.



The

The wonders of thy Power thou hast
 In Mouths of Babes and Sucklings plac'd :
 That so thou might'st thy Foes confound ;
 And who in malice most abound.
 When I pure Heav'n, thy Fabrick, see ,
 The Moon and Stars dispos'd by thee ;
 O what is Man, or his frail Race ,
 That thou should'st such a Shadow grace !
 Next to thy Angels most renown'd ;
 With Majesty and Glory crown'd :
 The King of all thy Creatures made ;
 That all beneath his feet hath laid :
 All that on Dales or Mountains feed ,
 That shady Woods or Deserts breed ;
 What in the Airy Region glide ,
 Or through the rowling Ocean slide.
 Lord, how illustrious is thy Name !
 Whose Pow'r both Heav'n and Earth proclame.

PSALM IX.

Cantus.*Bassus.*

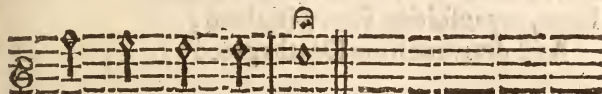
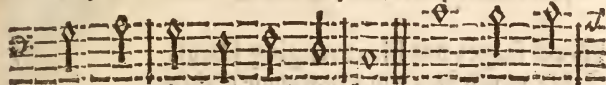
Thy wondrous Works aloud resound : In



thee ;



thee, O Lord, will I rejoyce ; Thy Name with



Zealous Praises Crown'd.



My Foes fell by inglorious flight ;

Before thy terrible Aspect :

Thy powerful Hands support my Right ;

Thou Judgement justly dost direct.

The Proud are falln, the Heathen fly ;

Oblivion shall their names Intomb :

Destruction, O thou Enemy,

Hath now reciev'd a final Doom.

Thou Towns and Cities hast destroy'd ;

Their memory with them decays :

But God for ever shall abide,

And high his Throne of Justice raise.

A righteous Scepter shall extend ;

And Judgement distribute to all :

He will oppressed Souls defend,

That in the time of Trouble call.

Who know thy Name in thee will trust ;
 Thou never wilt forsake thine Own.
 Praise Sions King, O praise the Just,
 And make his noble Actions known.

Blood scapes not his revenging Hand ;
 He vindicates the Poor mans Cause.
 Lord, my insulting Foes withstand ,
 And draw me from Deaths greedy Jaws ;

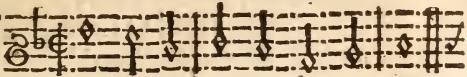
That I may in the Royal Gate
 Of Sions Daughter, raise my Voice ;
 Thy ample Praises celebrate ,
 And in thy saving health rejoice.

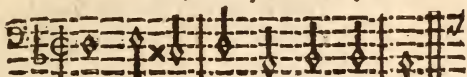
They (falsn into the Pit they made)
 Are caught in Nets themselves prepar'd.
 The Lord his Judgements hath display'd :
 The Wicked in their works insnar'd :

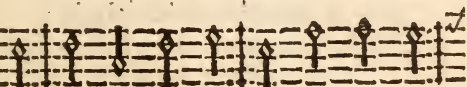
The Wicked down to Hell shall sink ,
 And all that do the Lord disdain.
 But God will on the Needy think ;
 Nor shall the Poor expect in vain.

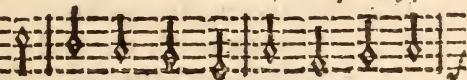
Lord, let not Man prevail ; arise ;
 Th' Insulting Heathen judge : O then
 Let trembling Fear their heart surprize ;
 That they may know they are but Men.

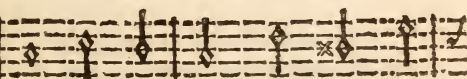
PSALM X.

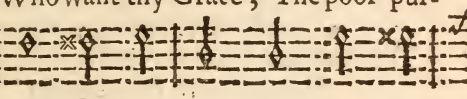
W  *Cantus.*
 Ithdraw not, O my God, my guide:

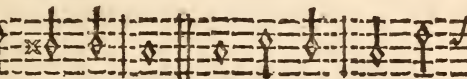
 *Bassus.*

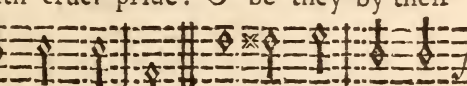


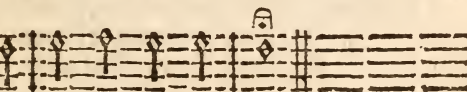
In time of Trouble dost thou hide thy cheerful


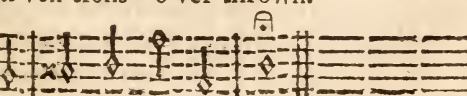


face? Who want thy Grace, The poor pur-




sue with cruel pride: O be they by their




own In-ven-tions o-ver-thrown.


The wicked boast of their success;
 The covetous profanely bless,
 By Thee, O Lord;
 So much abhorr'd.

Their pride will not thy pow'r confess;
 Nor have thy favour sought,
 Or had of thee a thought.

They in oppression take delight;
 Thy Judgements far above their sight:
 Their enemies
 Scoff and despise:

Who say in heart, No opposite
 Can us remove, nor shall
 Our greatness ever fall.

Their mouths detested curses fill
 Fraud, mischief; ever prone to ill:
 In secret they
 Lurk to betray;

The Innocent in corners kill:
 His eyes with fierce intent
 Upon the poor are bent.

Part 2.

He like a Lion in his den,
 Awaits to catch oppressed men,
 Who unaware
 Light in his snare.

His couched limbs contracts, that then
 With all his strength he may
 Rush on his wretched prey.

His heart hath said, God hath forgot;
 He hides his face; he minds it not.

Arise,

Arise, O Lord ,
Draw thy just sword ,
Nor out of thy remembrance blot
The poor and desolate :
O shield them from his hate !

Why should the wicked God despise ,
And say he looks with careless eyes ?
Their well seen spight
Thou shalt requite.
The poor, O Lord, on Thee relies ;
Thou help'st the Fatherless ,
Whom cruel men oppress.

Afunder break the arms of those ,
Who ill affect, and good oppose :
Their crimes explore ,
Untill no more
Lurk in their bosoms to disclose.
Eternal King, thy Hand
Hath chac'd them from thy Land.

Lord, thou hast heard thy Servants prayer ;
Thou wilt their humble hearts prepare :
Thy gracious Ear
Inclin'd to hear.
The Fatherless, and worn with care
Judge thou ; that Mortals may
No more with outrage sway.

PSALM XI.

As the 9th.

MY God, on Thee my hopes relie :
 Why say they to my troubled Soul ,
 Arise, up to your Mountain flie ;
 Flie, quickly, like a chased Fowl ?

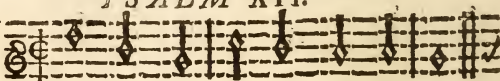
For loe, the Wicked bend their bows ,
 Their arrows fit with secret Art ;
 That closely they may shoot at those ,
 Who are upright and pure in heart.

If their foundation be destroy'd ,
 What can the Righteous build upon ?
 God in his Temple doth abide ;
 Heav'n is the Great Jehovah's Throne.

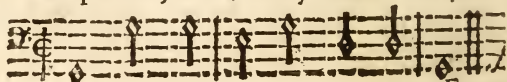
His Eyes behold, his Eye-lids try
 The Sons of Men ; allows the best :
 But such as joy in cruelty
 The Lord doth from his Soul detest.

Snares, horrid Tempest, Brimstone, Fire ,
 (Their portion) on their heads shall light :
 Th' intirely Just affects th' Intire ;
 For ever precious in his sight.

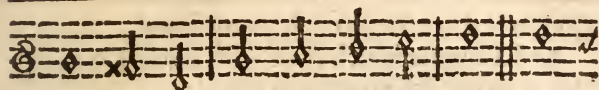
PSALM XII.

*Cantus.***H**

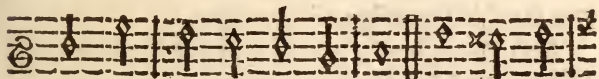
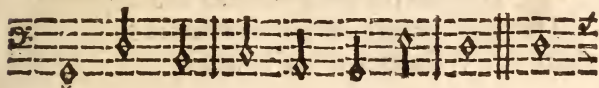
Elp Lord, for Godly men decay ;

Bassus.

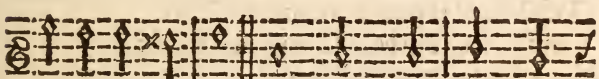
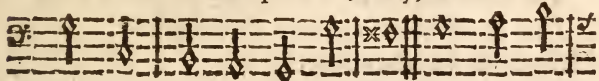
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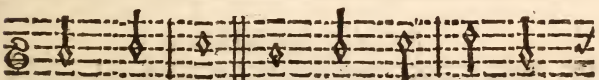
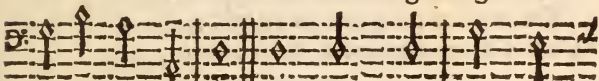
From Mortals Faith, enforced, flies : And



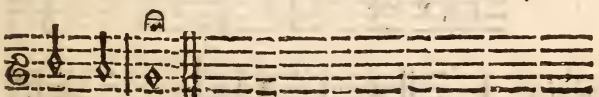
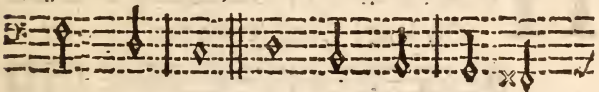
with their sins Companions, they, Talk of af-



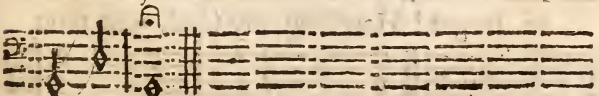
fectd Vanities : Their flattering Tongues a-



bound with Lies ; Their double Hearts bent



to betray.



God shall those flattering Lips confound,
 And Tongues which swell with proud Disdain:
 Whose boastings arrogantly sound;
 Our Tongues the conquest shall obtain;
 They are our own, who shall restrain?
 Or to our Wills prescribe a bound?

But for th' Oppression of the Poor,
 And Wretches sighs which pierce the Skies,
 Who pity at his Throne implore,
 The Lord hath said, I will arise,
 And from their Foes, who them despise,
 Deliver all that me adore.

Gods Word is pure; as pure as Gold
 In melting Furnace seven times try'd:
 His Arms for ever shall infold
 All those, who in his truth abide.
 The wicked range on ev'ry side,
 When vitious men the Scepter hold,

PSALM XIII.

Cantus.

How long! Lord, let me not for e-ver

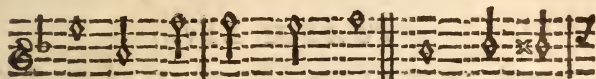
Bassus.

be forgot! How long, my God, wilt thou

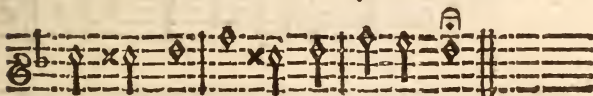
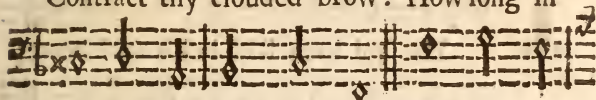
be forgot! How long, my God, wilt thou

be forgot! How long, my God, wilt thou

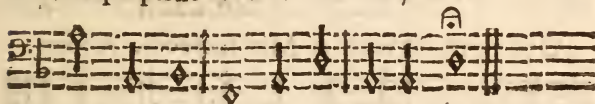
Con-



Contract thy clouded brow! How long in



mind perplext Shall I be daily vext.

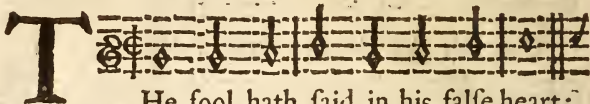


How long shall he controul,
Who persecutes my soul!
Consider, hear my cries;
Illuminate mine eyes;
Left with exhausted breath
I ever sleep in Death;

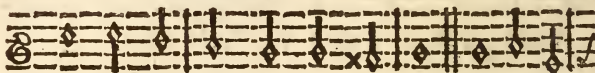
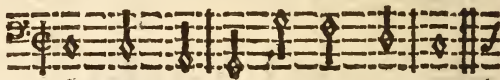
Left my insulting Foe
Boast in my overthrow;
And those who would destroy,
In my subversion joy.
But I, Thou ever Just,
Will in thy Mercy trust;

And in thy saving Grace
My constant Comfort place:
My Songs shall sing thy Praise,
That hast prolong'd my Dayes.

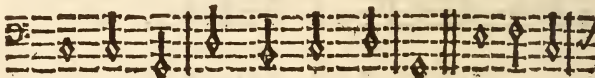
PSALM XIV.

Tantus.

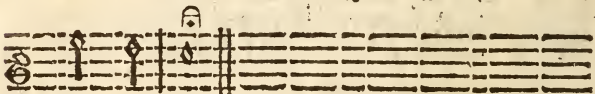
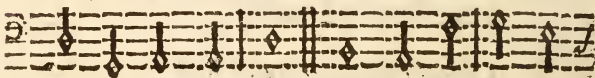
He fool hath said in his false heart;

Bassus.

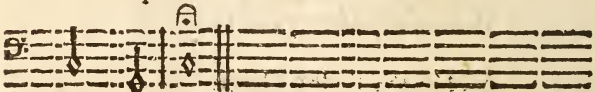
God cares not what to Man succeeds. Abomi-



nable are their deeds; All Ill affects from



Good depart.



Jehovah Maps rebellious Race
 Beheld from his celestial Throne ;
 To see if there were any one
 That understood, or sought his Face.

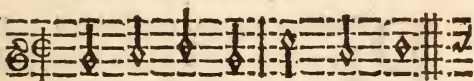
All from forsaken Truth are flown ;
Corrupt in Body, such in Soul ,
Defil'd within , without as foul ;
None Good indeavours, no, not One.

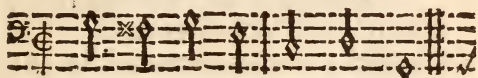
Are all, that work Iniquity ,
By Ignorance so blindly led ?
My People they devour like Bread ;
Nor call on him who sits on high.

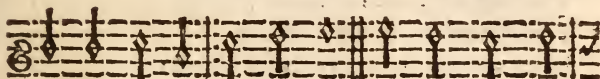
Their Consciences with terrour quake ;
Since God doth with the Just abide :
For Poor mens Counsels they deride ,
Who him for their Protection take.

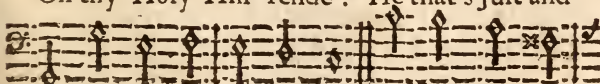
O that unto thy Israel
Salvation might from Sion Spring !
When God shall us from Bondage bring ,
No joy shall *Jacob's* joy excel.

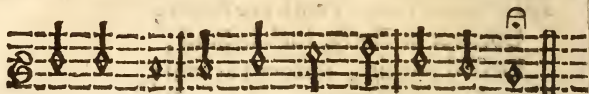
PSALM XV.

W  *Cantus.*
Ho shall in thy Tent a-bide ?

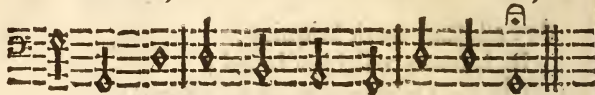
 *Bassus.*



On thy Holy Hill reside ? He that's Just and

Innocent,



Innocent ; Tells the truth of his intent ;



Slanders none with venomb'd Tongue ;
 Fears to do his Neighbour wrong ;
 Fosters not base Infamies ;
 Vice beholds with scornful Eyes ;
 Honours those who fear the Lord ;
 Keeps, though to his loss, his Word ;
 Takes no Bribes for wicked ends ,
 Nor to Use his Money lends :
 Who by these directions guide
 Their pure steps, shall never slide.

PSALM XVI.

As the 8th

P Reserve me, my undoubted Aid :
 To whom, thou, O my Soul, hast said,
 Thou art my God ; no good in me ,
 Nor Merit can extend to Thee ;
 But to thy blessed Saints that dwell
 On Earth , whose Graces most excell :
 Those Ravish me with pure Delight.
 Their sorrows shall be infinite ,
 Who other Gods with Gifts adore :
 Their bloody Off'rings I abhor ;
 Nor shall their Names my Lips profane.
 But God my Lot will still maintain :

He is my Portion, he bestows
 The Cup that with his Bounty flows.
 I have a pleasant Seat obtain'd,
 A fair and large Possession gain'd.
 The Lord will I for ever praise,
 Whose Counsels have inform'd my Wayes:
 And my inflamed Zeal excite
 To serve him in the silent Night.
 He is my Object; by his Hand
 Confirm'd, immoveable I stand.
 Joy hath my Heart and Tongue possess'd:
 My Flesh in constant Hope shall rest.
 Thou wilt not leave my Soul alone
 In Hell; nor let thy Holy One
 Corruption see: But that High-way
 To Everlasting Life display.
 Thy Presence yields intire delight:
 At thy Right hand Joys infinite.

PSALM XVII.

Lord, grant my just Request; O hear my cry, *As the 31.*
 And Pray'rs that lips, untoucht with guile un-
 My Cause before thy High Tribunal try, (fold!
 And let thine Eyes my Righteousness behold.

Thou prov'it my Heart even in the Nights recess,
 Like Mettal try'it me, yet no Dross hast found:
 I am resolv'd, my Tongue shall not transgress;
 But on thy Word will all my Actions ground.

So shall I from the Paths of Tyrants fly:
 O, lest I slip, direct my Steps by Thine!
 I Thee invoke; for Thou wilt hear my Cry:
 Thine Ear to my afflicted Voice incline.

O show thy wondrous Love ! Thou from their Foe
 Preservest all that on thy Aid depend.
 Lord, as the Apple of the Eye inclose,
 And over me thy shady Wings extend.

Ps. 1. For Impious Men, and such as deadly hate
 My guiltless Soul, have compass me about ;
 Who swell with Pride, inclos'd with their own fat,
 And words of contumely thunder out.

Our traced steps intrap as in a Toil ;
 Low-conched on the Earth with flaming Eyes ;
 Like famish'd Lions eager of their Spoil,
 Or Lions Whelps ; close lurking to surprize.

Arise ! prevent him, from his Glory hurl'd ;
 My pensive Soul, from the Devourer save :
 From men which are thy scourge, men of the world,
 Who in this Life alone their Portion have.

Fill'd with thy secret Treasure, to their Race
 They their accumulated Riches leave :
 But I with Righteousness shall see thy Face ;
 And rising, in thy Image, joy receive.

PSALM XVIII.

At the 72. **M**Y Heart on Thee is fix'd, my Strength my
 Power,
 My steadfast Rock, my Fortrefs, my high
 Tower,
 My God, my Safety, and my Confidence,
 The Horn of my Salvation, my Defence.
 My Songs shall thy deserved Praise resound :
 For at my Prayers thou wilt my Foes confound.

Sorrows

Sorrows of Death on every side assail'd,
And dreadful floods of Impious Men prevail'd:
Sorrows of Hell my compass Soul dismay'd;
And to intrap me, deadly Snares were layd.
In this Distress I cry'd, and call'd upon
The Lord, who heard me from his Holy Throne.
He trembling Earth in his fierce Anger strook;
Th' unfixed roots of airy Mountains shook;
Smoke from his Nostrils flew; devouring Fire
Brake from his Mouth; Coles kindled by his Ire.
In his Descent bow'd Heaven with Earth did meet,
And gloomy Darknes roll'd beneath his Feet,
A Golden-winged Cherubin bestrid,
And on the swiftly flying Tempest rid.

He Darknes made his secret Cabinet;
Thick Fogs, and dropping Clouds about him set:
The Beams of his bright Presence these expell;
Whence showers of burning coles and hailstones fell.
From troubled Skies loud claps of Thunder brake;
In Hail and darting Flames th' Almighty spake:
Whose Arrows my amazed Foes subdue;
And at their scattred Troops his Lightning threw.
The Ocean could not his deep Bottom hide;
The Worlds conceal'd Foundations were descri'd
At thy rebuke, Jehovah; at the blast
Even of the breath which through thy Nostrils pass.
He with extended arms his Servants saves,
And drew me sinking from th' enraged waves:
From my proud foes by his assistance freed,
Who sworn with hate, no less in strength exceed.
Without his Aid, I in that stormy Day
Of my affliction, had become their prey:
Who from those straits of danger by his Might
Enlarg'd my Soul; for I was his delight.

PART 2.

Part 3.

The Lord according to my innocence,
 And Justice, did his saving grace dispence.
 The narrow Path by him prescrib'd, I took;
 Nor like the wicked, my Great God forsook.
 For all his Judgements were before mine eyes;
 I with his statutes daily did advise,
 And ever walk'd before him, void of guile:
 No act or purpose did my soul defile.
 For this he recompenc'd my righteousness
 And crown'd my innocence with fair success.
 The merciful shall flourish in thy Grace;
 Thy Righteousness the Righteous shall embrace:
 Thou to the Pure thy Purity wilt show;
 And the perverse shall thy averseness know.
 For thou wilt thy afflicted People save;
 The proud cast down, down to the greedy grave.
 Thou Lord wilt make my taper to shine bright,
 And clear my darkness with celestial Light.
 Through Thee I have against an Host prevail'd;
 And by thy aid, a lofty Bulwark scal'd.

Part 4.

Gods Path is perfect, all his Words are just;
 A Shield to those that in his promise trust.
 What God is their in Heav'n or Earth but ours!
 What Rock but He, against assailing Powers!
 He breath'd new strength and courage in the day
 Of Battel, and securely cleer'd my way.
 He makes my feet outstrip the nimble Hind,
 Up to the Mountains, where I safety find.
 'Tis he that teacheth my weak hands to fight:
 A Bow of steel is broken by their might.
 Thou didst thy ample Shield before me set;
 Thy Arm upheld, thy Favour made me great.
 The passage of my steps on ev'ry side,
 Thou hast enlarged, lest my feet should slide.

I followed, overtook ; nor made retreat ,
Untill victorious in my Foes defeat ;
So charg'd with wounds, that they no longer stood ;
But at my feet lay bathed in their blood.
Thou arm'st me with prevailing Fortitude ,
And all that rose against me hast subdu'd :
Their stubborn necks subjected to my Will ,
That I their blood, who hate my Soul, might spill.
They cry'd aloud ; but found no succour near :
To thee, Jehovah ; but thou wouldst not hear.

I pounded them like dust, which Whirle-winds raise: *Part 3.*
Trode under-foot as dirt in beaten wayes.
From Popular Fury thou hast set me free ;
Among the Heathen hast exalted me ;
Whom unknown Nations serve : as soon obey
As hear of me ; and yield unto my sway.
The Stranger-born, beset with horror, fled ;
And in their close Retreats betray their dread.
O praise the living Lord, the Rock whereon
I build ; the God of my Salvation !
'Tis he who rights my wrongs ; the People bends
To my Subjection ; from my Foe defends.
Thou raisest me above their proud controul ;
And from the violent Man hast freed my Soul.
The Heathen shall admire my Thankfulness :
My Songs shall thy immortal Praise express.
A great and manifold Deliverance
God gives his King : his mercy doth advance
In his Anointed ; and will show'r his Grace
Eternally on *David* and his Race.

PSALM XIX.

As the 86th.

Gods Glory the vast Heav'ns proclame ;
 The Firmament, his mighty Frame.
 Day unto Day, and Night to Night
 The wonders of his Works recite.

To these nor speech nor words belong,
 Yet understood without a Tongue.
 The Globe of Earth they compass round ;
 Through all the world disperse their sound.
 There is the Suns Pavillion set ;
 Who from his Rosie Cabinet ,
 Like a fresh Bride-groom shews his face ;
 And as a Giant, runs his race.
 He riseth in the dawning East ,
 And glides obliquely to the West :
 The World with his bright Rayes repleat ;
 All Creatures cherish'd by his heat.
 Gods Laws are perfect, and restore
 The Soul to life, even dead before.
 His Testimonies, firmly true ,
 With Wisdom simple men indue.

Part 2.

The Lords Commandments are upright ,
 And Feast the Soul with sweet delight.
 His Precepts are all Puritie ,
 Such as illuminate the Eye ,
 The fear of God, foil'd with no stain ,
 Shall everlastingly remain.
 Jehovah's Judgements are Divine ;
 With Judgement he doth Justice joine :
 Which men should more than Gold desire ,
 Then heaps of Gold refin'd by Fire :
 More sweet than Honey of the Hive ,
 Or Cels where Bees their Treasure live.

Thy Servant is inform'd from thence :
 They, their Observers recompence.
 Who knows what his Offences be ?
 From secret sins O cleanse thou me !
 And from presumptuous Crimes restrain ;
 Nor let them in thy Servant reign :
 So shall I live in Innocence ,
 Not spotted with that great Offence.
 My Fortrefs, my Deliverer ;
 O let the Prayers my Lips prefer ,
 And Thoughts which from my Heart arise ,
 Be acceptable in thine Eyes.

PSALM XX.

As the 7^o

THe Lord in thy Adversity
 Regard thy cry ;
 Great *Jacobs* God with Safety arm ,
 And shield from harm :
 Help from his Sanctuary send ,
 And out of Sion thee defend.

Thy Odors, which pure flames consume ,
 Be his Perfume :
 May he accept thy Sacrifice ,
 Fir'd from the Skies.
 For ever thy indeavours bless ;
 And crown thy Counsels with success.

We will of thy Deliverance sing ,
 Triumphant King :
 Our Ensigns in that pray'd-for Day
 With Joy display ;
 Even in the Name of God, O still
 May he thy just Desires fulfil !

Now know I his Anointed He
 Will hear, and free ;
 With saving Hand and Mighty Power ,
 From his high Tower.
 These trust in Horse ; in Chariots those ;
 Our trust we in our God repose.

Their wounded limbs with anguish bend ,
 To Death descend :
 But we in fervour of the fight
 Have stood upright.
 O save us, Lord ; thy Suppliants hear :
 And in our aid , Great King , appear.

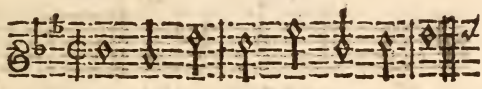
PSALM XXI.

As the 15.

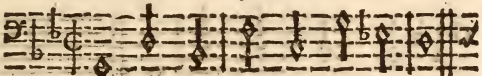
LOrd, in thy Salvation ,
 In the Strength which thou hast shown ,
 Greatly shall the King rejoyce.
 How will Joy exalt his Voice !
 Thou hast granted his request ;
 Of his Hearts desire possessest ;
 Blest with Blessings manifold ;
 Crown'd with sparkling Gems and Gold.
 Praid-for Life thou granted hast ;
 Length of Days which never waste ;
 By thy Safe-guard glorious made ;
 With high Majesty array'd :
 Of resistless Pow'r possessest ;
 By thy favours ever blest.
 Lo ! his Joys are infinite ;
 Joy reflected from thy sight :
 For the King in God did trust.
 Through the Mercy of the Just ,

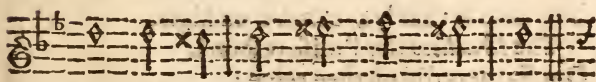
He shall ever fixed stand.
 For thy Hand, thy own right Hand,
 Shall thy Enemies destroy,
 Who would in thy ruin joy.
 When thy Anger shall awake,
 Them a flaming Furnace make.
 God shall swallow in his Ire,
 And devour them all with fire.
 From the Earth destroy their Fruit;
 Never let their Seed take root.
 Mischievous was their intent;
 All their Thoughts against me bent;
 Thoughts, which nothing could perform:
 Let thy Arrows, like a Storm,
 Put them to inglorious flight;
 On their daunted faces light.
 Lord, aloft thy Triumphs raise,
 While we sing thy Power and Praise.

PSALM XXII.

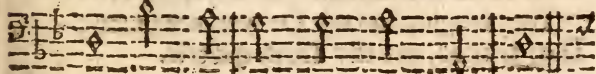
M  *Cantus.*

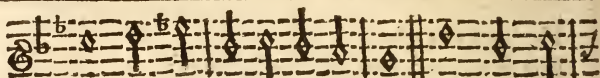
Y God! O why hast thou forsook!

 *Bassus.*

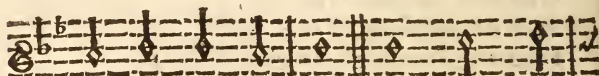
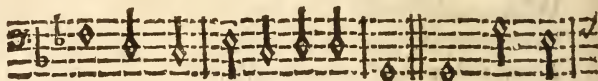


Why, O so far, withdrawn thine Aid!

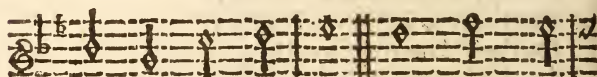
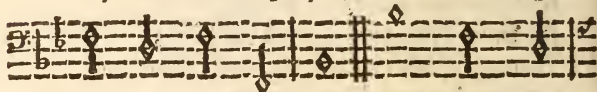




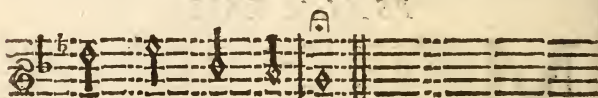
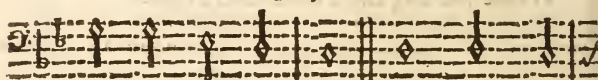
Nor when I roared, pity took! My God, by



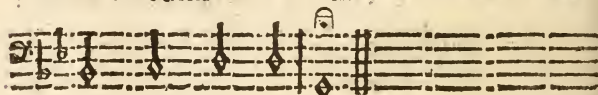
day to Thee I pray'd, And when Nights



Curtains were display'd : Yet would'st not



Thou vouchsafe a look.



Yet thou art Holy ; thron'd on high ;

The *Israelites* thy Praise resound.

Our Fathers did on thee relye ;

Their Faith with wreaths of Conquest crown'd :

They fought, and thy Deliverance found ;

They trusted, and thy Truth did trie.

But I, a worm, no man, am made
 The scorn of men; despis'd by all :
 Who shake their Heads, make mouths, upbraid.
 Let God, say they, redeem from thrall,
 On whom thy Hopes so vainly call :
 Now let him his Beloved aid.

Thou drew'st me from the Womb ; by Thee
 Confirmed at my Mothers breast :
 When born, Thou took'st the charge of me ;
 Even from my Birth, my God profeſt.
 O succour me with fear diſtreſt !
 Thou canſt alone thy Servant free.

Incenſed Bulls about me ſtare ;
 Strong Bulls of Baſhan girt me round :
 Who their inflamed mouths prepare ,
 Like ravenous Lions, to confound.
 I'm ſpilt like water on the ground ;
 And all my Bones diſjointed are.

Part 2.

My Heart like Wax within me thaws ;
 My vigour as a Pot-ſheer dry'd :
 My thirſty Tongue cleaves to my jaws ;
 In duſt of Death thou do'ſt me hide :
 Dogs compaſs me on ev'ry ſide ;
 And multitudes, who hate thy Laws.

My Hands and Feet tranſfixed are ;
 Bones, to be told, with anguiſh waſte :
 This ſeen with joy, my robes they ſhare ;
 Lots on my ſeamleſs garment caſt.
 My Strength, to my redemption haſte !
 Nor O be deaf to my ſad prayer !

Let not the Sword thy Servant wound ;
 My Dearling from the Dog protect :
 From Lions that in rage abound ;
 From Unicorns guard thy Elect.
 I then my Brethren will direct ;
 Among the Saints thy Praise resound.

Part 3. O praise him you who fear the Lord ;
 You Sons of *Jacob*, God adore :
 Let *Israels* Seed his praise record ;
 For from their crys who help implore ,
 His Face he hides not, nor the Poor
 In their Affliction hath abhorr'd.

I in the great Assembly shall
 Declare his Works, which words exceed ;
 And pay my Vows before them all.
 The Meek abundantly shall feed ;
 The Faithful praise their Help at need ,
 Nor by the stroke of Death shall fall.

All who behold the Suns Up-rise ,
 Shall God profess , and serve alone :
 And all the Heathen Families
 Shall cast themselves before his Throne ;
 Because the Kingdom is his own :
 For over all his Empire lies.

Who in prosperity abound ,
 Nor undeserved Honours gain ;
 Who poorly creep upon the ground ,
 And scarce their needy lives sustain ;
 Shall eat, and to his easie reign
 Submit, with joys eternal crown'd.

Their sanctifi'd Posteritie
 Shall ever celebrate his Name ;
 Adopted Sons of the most High :
 They shall his Righteousness proclame ,
 And Works of everlasting fame ,
 To their believing Progeny.

PSALM XXIII.

THe Lord my Shepherd, me his Sheep
 Will from consuming Famine keep.
 He fosters me in fragrant Meads ,
 By softly-sliding waters leads ;

As the 8.

My Soul refresh'd with pleasant juice :
 And lest they should his Name traduce ,
 Then when I wander in the Maze
 Of tempting sin , informs my ways.

No terrour can my courage quail ,
 Though shaded in Deaths gloomy vail ;
 By thy Protection fortifi'd :
 Thy Staff my Stay, thy Rod my Guide.

My Table thou hast furnished ;
 Powr'd pretious Odors on my head :
 My Mazer flows with pleasant Wine ,
 While all my Foes with envy pine.

Thy Mercy and Beneficence
 Shall ever joyn in my Defence ;
 Who in thy House will sacrifice ,
 Till aged Time close up mine eyes.

PSALM XXIV.

As the 8.

THe round and many-peopled Earth,
 What from her womb extract their birth,
 And whom her foodful breast sustains,
 Are his, who high in glory reigns.
 The Land in moving Seas hath plac'd,
 By ever-toiling Floods imbrac'd.
 Who shall upon his Mountain rest?
 Who in his Sanctuary feast?
 Even he, whose hands are innocent;
 His heart unsoil'd with foul intent;
 Whom swollen Ambition, Avarice,
 Nor tempting Pleasures can intice:
 Who only their infection fears;
 And never fraudulently swears:
 The Lord his Saviour him shall bless,
 And cloth him with his Righteousness.
 Such are of *Jacobs* Faithful Race,
 Who seek him, and shall find his Face.
 You lofty Gates, your Leaves display;
 You everlasting Doors, give way;
 The King of Glory comes. O sing
 His Praise! Who is this glorious King?
 The Lord in Strength, in Pow'r compleat;
 The Lord in Battail more than great.
 You lofty Gates, your Leaves display;
 You everlasting Doors give way;
 The King of Glory comes. O sing
 His praise! Who is this glorious King?
 The Lord of Hosts, of Victory,
 Is King of glory; thron'd on high.

PSALM XXV.

ON Thee with Confidence I call ;
 To thee my troubled Soul erect :
 Lord, let not shame my look deject ,
 Nor Malice triumph in my fall.
 Thy Servants save ; but those confound ,
 Who Innocence with slander wound.

As the 2.

In thy disclosed paths direct ;
 Thy Truth, that leading Star display :
 O my Redeemer ! every day
 My dangers thy relief expect.
 Think of thy Mercies shown of old ;
 Thy Mercies more than can be told.

The sins of my unbridled Youth ,
 Nor frail Transgressions call to mind :
 Let those that seek, thy Mercy find ,
 Even for the honour of thy Truth.
 God, ever just and good, the way
 Of life will shew to such as stray.

The Meek in righteousness shall guide ;
 To such his heavenly Will express :
 Which shall with Truth and Mercy bless
 All such as in his Laws abide.
 My sins, so numerous and great
 O for thy honour, Lord, forget !

What's he who fears The ever-Blest ?
 To him shall he his Paths disclose :
 His Soul refresh'd with calm repose ;
 The Land by his fair Race possess :

Part 2.

To him his Counsels shall impart,
And seal his Covenants in his heart.

On thee with fixed Eyes I wait :
My feet enlarge thou from their snares.
O pittie me so worn with cares ;
Despised, poor, and desolate !
The troubles of my mind increase ;
Lord, from their galling yoke release !

Behold thou my affliction,
The toil and straits, wherein I live :
My sins, so infinite, forgive.
Behold my Foes, how potent grown !
How are they multiply'd of late,
Who hate me with a deadly hate !

Deliver, O! from shame protect ;
Since from my Faith I never swerve :
Let Innocence and Truth preserve,
Who constantly thy aid expect.
Redeem thy chosen *Israel*,
And sorrow from his breast expell.

PSALM XXVI.

As the 4th.

LOrd, judge my cause : thy piercing Eye
Beholds my Souls integritie.
How can I fall ;
When I, and all
My hopes on thee relie ?

Examine, try my reins and heart ;
Thou, Mercies Source, my object art :

Nor from thy Truth
Have I in Youth,
Or will in Age depart.

Men fold to sin offend my sight;
I hate the two-tongu'd Hypocrite:
Those who devise
Malicious lies,
And in their crimes delight.

But will, with hands immaculate,
And offerings, at thy Altar wait:
Thy Praise disperse
In grateful verse;
Thy Noble Acts relate.

Thy House, in my esteem, excels:
The Mansion where thy Glory dwells.
My life O close
Not up with those,
Whose sin thy Grace expells!

Who guiltless blood with pleasure spill:
Subverting bribes their right-hands fill;
Bold in offence.
But Innocence
And Truth shall guard me still.

Redeem; O with thy Grace sustain!
My feet now stand upon the plain.
Thy Justice I
Will magnifie,
With those who fear thy Name.

PSALM XXVII.

As the 10. **G**Od is my Saviour, my clear light :
 Who then can my repose affright ?
 Or what appear
 Worth such a fear ,
 My life protected by his Might ?
 Vain hatred, vain their power ,
 That would my life devour.

These fell, when they against me fought :
 The Wicked suffer'd what they sought.
 Though troops of foes
 At once inclose ,
 Of fear I would not lodge a thought :
 Should Armies compass me ;
 So confident in thee.

One thing I have, and shall request ;
 That I may in thy Mansion rest ,
 Till Death surprize
 My closing eyes :
 That they may on thy beauty feast ;
 That in thy Temple still
 I may enquire thy Will.

When storms arise on ev'ry side ,
 He will in his Pavillion hide :
 How ever great ,
 In that retreat
 I shall conceal'd and safe abide.
 He, to resist their shock ,
 Hath fixt me on a Rock.

Now is my head advanc'd, renown'd
Above my foes, who gird me round;
That in my Tent
I may present

My sacrifice with Trumpets sound:
There I thy praise will sing,
Set to a well-tun'd string.

O hear thou my afflicted cry;
Extend thy pity, and reply.

Part 2.

When thus the Lord
In sweet accord;

Seek thou my Face with searching Eye.
Directed by thy Grace,
Lord, I will seek thy Face.

Thy Face O therefore never hide!
Nor in thine anger turn aside

From him that hath
Serv'd thee with faith.

For sake me not, my ancient Guide;
So oft in dangers known:
O leave me not alone.

Although my Parents should forsake;
Yet, Lord, thou wouldst to Harbour take.

O lest I stray,
Teach me the Way,

And in thy Precepts perfect make:
Because my enemies
Watch like so many Spies.

Expose me not to their desire;
For lying witnesses conspire,

Who in their breath
Bear Wrath and Death.

My

My Soul had sunk beneath their ire ,
 But that I did relye
 On thy benignity.

In hope to see (within the Land
 Of those that live) thy saving hand.
 He shall impart
 Strength to thy heart.

Wait on the Lord, undaunted stand ;
 His heav'nly Will attend ,
 Who timely aid will send.

PSALM XXVIII.

As the 5th.

MY God, my Rock, regard my Crie ;
 Lest I unheard, like those that die ,
 In shades of dark Oblivion lie.

To my ascending Grief give ear ,
 When I my hands devoutly rear
 Before thy Mercy-seat with fear.

With wicked men mix not my Fate ;
 Nor drag me with the Reprobate ,
 Who speak of Peace, but foster hate.

Such as their works, their dire intent ,
 And practices to circumvent ;
 Such be their dreadful punishment.

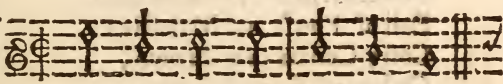
Since they will not thy Choice renown ,
 But hate whom thou intend'st to crown ;
 O build not up, but pull them down !


He hears! His Name be magnifi'd!
My Strength, secur'd on ev'ry side,
Since all my hope on him rely'd.

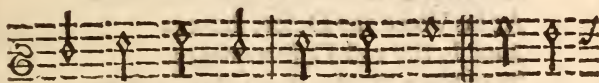
These Seas of Joy my Tears devour.
My Songs shall celebrate thy Power,
O thou that art to thine a Tower.

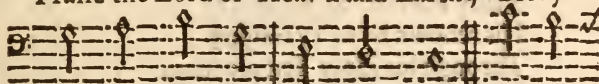
O thou my strong Deliverance,
Thy People, thine Inheritance,
Bless, feed, preserve, and still advance.

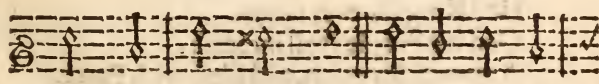
PSALM XXIX.

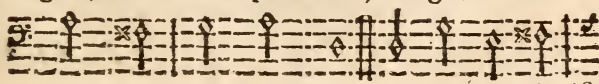
Y  *Cantus.*
Ou that are of Princely Birth,

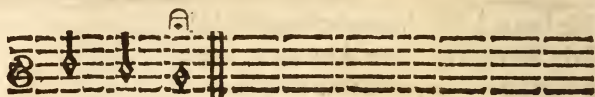
 *Bassus.*


Praise the Lord of Heav'n and Earth; Glory

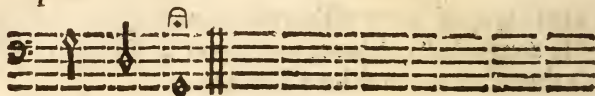



give, his Pow'r proclame; Magnifie and


Praise



praise his Name.



Worship; in the Beauty bless,
 Beauty of his Holiness.
 From a dark and show'ring Cloud,
 On the floods that roar aloud,
 Hark! his Voice with terrour breaks:
 God, our God in Thunder speaks.
 Powerful in his Voice on high,
 Full of Pow'r and Majestie:
 Lofty Cedars overthrown,
 Cedars of steep *Libanon*,
 Calf-like skipping on the ground.
Libanon and *Sirion* bound,
 Like a youthful Unicorn,
 Lab'ring Clouds with Light'ning torn.
 At his Voice the Desert shakes;
Kadish, thy vast Desert quakes.
 Trembling Hindes then calve for fear;
 Shady Forrests bare appear:
 His renown by ev'ry tongue
 Through his Holy Temple sung.
 He the raging Floods restrains:
 He a King for ever reigns.
 God his People shall increase,
 Arm with Strength, and bless with Peace.

PSALM XXX.

MY Verse shall in thy praises flow : *As the 14.*
 Lord, thou hast rais'd my head on high ;
 Nor suffer'd the proud Enemy
 To triumph in my overthrow.

I cry'd aloud ; thy Arm did save ;
 Thou drew'st me from the shades of Death ;
 Repealing my exiled breath ,
 When almost swallow'd by the Grave.

You Saints of his, oh sing his praise !
 Present your Vows unto the Lord ;
 His perfect Holiness record ,
 Whose Wrath but for a Moment stays.

His quick'ning Favour life bestows :
 Tears may continue for a night ;
 But Joy springs with the Morning Light ;
 Long-lasting Joys, soon-ending Woes.

In my Prosperity I said , *Part 2.*
 My feet shall ever fixt abide :
 I, by thy favour fortifi'd ,
 Am like a stedfast Mountain made.

But when thou hid'st thy cheerful Face ;
 How infinite my Troubles grew !
 My cries then with my grief renew ,
 Which thus implor'd thy saving Grace :

What profit can my blood afford,
 When I shall to the Grave descend?
 Can senseless Dust thy Praise extend?
 Can Death thy living Truth record?

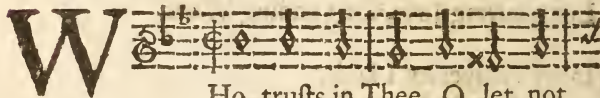
To my Complaints attentive be;
 Thy Mercy in my aid advance:
 O perfect my Deliverance,
 That have no other Hope but Thee!

Thou, Lord, hast made th' Afflicted glad;
 My Sorrow into Dancing turn'd:
 The Sack-cloth torn wherein I mourn'd,
 And me in Tyrian Purple clad:

That so my Glory might proclaim
 Thy Favours in a joyful Verse;
 Unceasingly thy Praise rehearse,
 And magnifie thy sacred Name.

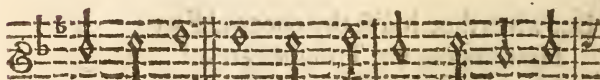
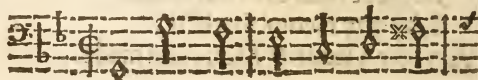
PSALM XXXI.

Cantus.



Ho trusts in Thee, O let not

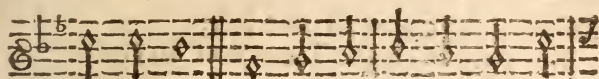
Bassus.



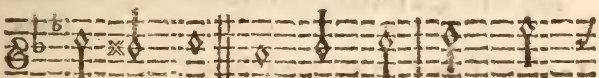
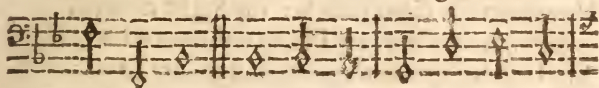
shame deject! Thou ever Just, my chafed



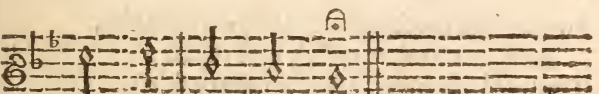
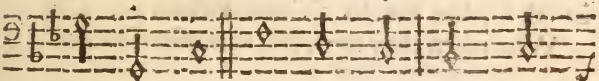
Soul



Soul secure: Lord, lend a willing ear, with



speed protect; Be thou my Rock; with



thy strong Arm immure.



My Rock, my Fortrefs, for thy Honour aid ,
And my ingaged feet from Danger guide :
Pull from their subtil Snares in secret laid ,
O thou my only Strength so often try'd.

To thy safe Hands my Spirit I commend ,
O my Redeemer, O thou God of Truth.
Who Lies invent, or unto Idols bend ,
I have abhorr'd, but lov'd Thee from my Youth.

I will rejoice, and in thy Mercy boast,
That in his trouble wouldst thy Servant know :

Deliver, when in expectation lost;
Nor yield him to the Triumph of his Foe.

Part 2. Now help the Comfortless: my Sight decays,
My Spirits faint, my Flesh consumes with care:
My Life is spent with grief, in sighs my Days;
My Strength through Sin dissolves, my Bones im-
(pare.

To all my Foes I am become a scorn;
Nor least to those, who seem'd in love most near:
By all my late familiar Friends forlorn;
Who when they meet me, turn aside for fear.

Forgot like those, who in the Grave abide,
And, as a broken vessel, past repair:
Traduc'd by many, (fear on every side)
Who counsel take, and would my life insnare.

But, Lord, my Hopes are on thee fixt: I said,
Thou art my God; my Days are in thy Hand:
Against my furious Foes oppose thy Aid;
And those, who persecute my Soul, withstand.

O let thy Face upon thy Servant shine;
Save for thy Mercies sake; from Shame defend.
Shame cover those who keep no Laws of thine;
And undeplored to the Grave descend.

Part 3. The lying lips in endless silence close,
That with despite and pride traduce the Just.
What Joy hast thou reserv'd! what wrought for
(In sight of all) who fear, and in thee trust! (those

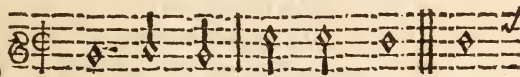
Those shalt Thou in thy secret Presence hide
 From their Oppressors violence and wrongs ;
 They in thy close Pavilion shall abide ,
 Secured from the strife of envious Tongues.

Blest he ! who in a walled City hath
 To me his wonderful Affection shown.
 I rashly said, I am the food of Wrath ;
 Cut off ; for ever from his Presence thrown.

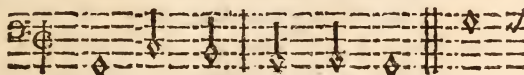
Yet thou, O ever blessed, heard'st my Prayer ,
 When to thy Mercy I address my Cry.
 O love the living Lord, all you that are
 His chosen Saints, and on his Aid rely.

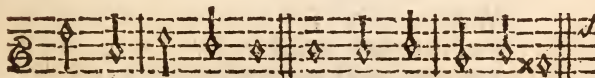
For he the Faithful ever will preserve ;
 And render to the Proud their full deserts.
 Courageous be all you, who hope, and serve
 The Lord of Life, who will confirm your hearts.

PSALM XXXII.

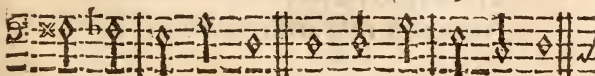
B  *Cantus.*

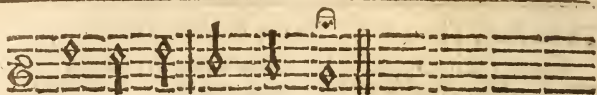
Least, O thrice blest is he, Whose

 *Bassus.*

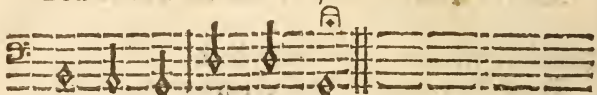


Sins remitted be ; And whose Im-pi-e-ties





God covers from his Eyes.



To whom his Sins are not
Imputed, as forgot :
His Soul with guile unstain'd.
While silent I remain'd ,
My bones consum'd away ;
I roared all the day :
For on me day and night
Thy Hand did heavy light.
My moisture dry'd throughout ,
Like to a Summers drought.
I then my Sins confest ,
How far I had transgress'd :
When all I had reveal'd ,
Thy Hand my Pardon seal'd.
For this, who Godly are
Shall seek to Thee by Prayer ;
Seek, when thou may'st be found ;
In Deluges undrown'd.
Thou art my safe Retreat ;
My Shield, when dangers threat ;
Shalt my Deliverance
With Songs of Joy advance.
I will instruct, and show
The way which thou shouldst goe ;
The way to Pietie ;
And guide thee with mine eye.

Be not like Mule and Horse,
 Whose reason is their Force;
 Whose mouth the Bit and Rein,
 Lest they rebel, restrain.
 Innumerable Woes
 The Wicked shall inclose:
 But those who God affect,
 His Mercy shall protect.
 O you, who are upright,
 In God your God delight:
 You Just, his blessed Choice,
 In Him with Songs rejoice.

PSALM XXXIII.

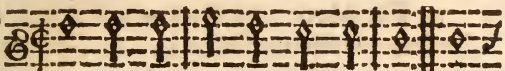
TO God, you Just, your Voices raise;
 It you be seems to sing his Praise.
 O celebrate the King of kings
 On Instruments strung with ten Strings:

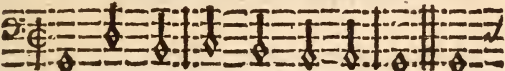
As the 8th.

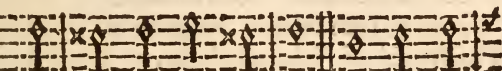
To Harp and Lute new Ditties sing:
 Sing loud with skillful fingering.
 His Words are crown'd by their event;
 And all his Works are permanent.
 Justice and Judgement he affects:
 His Bounty upon all reflects.
 His Word the arched Heav'ns did frame;
 His Breath, the Stars eternal Flame.
 He the collected Seas confines,
 And folds the Deep in Magazines.
 The Lord, O all you Nations, fear;
 All whom the Earths round shoulders bear.
 He spake, 'twas done as soon as said;
 At his Commandmen stood fast made.

The People counsel take in vain;
Their Projects no success obtain.
The Counsels of the Lord are sure;
His Purposes no Change endure.
Blest they, whose God Jehovah is;
The Nation set apart for his.
The Lord looks from the lofty Skies;
On careful Mortals casts his Eyes:
The Lord looks from his Residence;
The Sons of men beholds from thence.
He fashioned their hearts alone:
To him their Thoughts and deeds are known.
No King is saved by an Host;
No Giant in his strength should boast:
There rests no Safety in a Horse;
None are deliver'd by his force.
Gods eyes are ever on the Just;
Who fear, and in his Mercy trust;
To free their Souls from swallowing Earth,
And keep alive in time of Dearth.
Our fervent Souls on God attend,
Our help, who only can defend:
In whom our Hearts exult for joy;
Because we on his Name rely.
Great God to us propitious be,
As we have fixt our Hopes on thee.

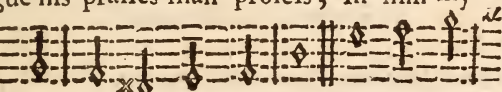
PSALM XXXIV.

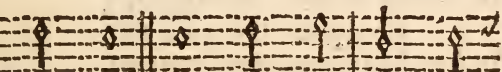
T  *Cantus.*
He Lord I will for ever bless; My

 *Bassus.*

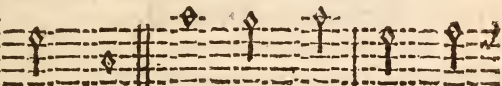


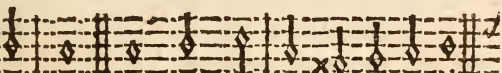
Tongue his praises shall profess, In him my



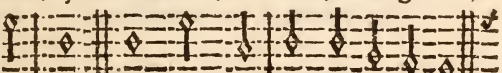


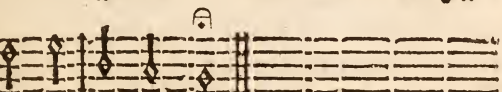
Soul shall boast: The Meek shall hear the



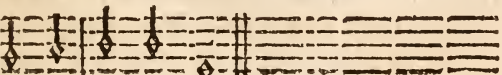


same, and joy: His Name, with me, O magnifie;





Extoll the Lord of Hosts.



My

My Prayers ascending pierc'd his ear ;
 Who snatch'd me from those storms of fear.

The Meek who God expect ,
 Who flow to him like living Brooks ,
 Shame never shall distain their looks ,
 Nor with foul guilt infect.

This Wretch in his adversity
 (Then men shall say) to God did cry ,
 Whose Mercy him secur'd.
 The Angels of Jehovah those ,
 Who fear him, with their Tents inclose ,
 By Strength divine immur'd.

How good our God, O taste and see!
 Who trust in him thrice happy be ;
 You Saints, O fear him still :
 Such feel no want ; the Lions rore
 For hunger ; but who God implore ,
 He shall with Plenty fill.

Come children, with attention hear ,
 I will instruct you in his fear.
 What man delights in life ?
 Seeks to live happily and long ?
 From evil guard thy wary Tongue ,
 Thy lips from fraud and strife.

Do good, and wicked deeds eschew ;
 Seek sacred Peace, her steps pursue.
 Gods Eyes are on the Just ;
 Their cries his open Ear attends :
 But on the Bad his wrath descends ,
 Their Names reduc'd to dust.

He hears the Righteous, and their cry;
Preserv'd in their adversity :

A broken heart affects,
And Souls contrite which in Him trust.
Great are the afflictions of the Just;
But He in all protects :

Keeps every bone of theirs intire.
The Wicked swallows in his Ire,
And who the Righteous hate.
The Lord his Servants shall redeem;
Those ever dear in his esteem,
Who on his Promise wait.

PSALM XXXV.

Lord, plead my cause against my foes;
With such as fight against me, fight :
Arise, thy ample Shield oppose,
And with thy Sword defend my right.

As the 3.

Address thy Spear ; those in their way
Encounter, who my Soul invade :
To her O let thy Spirit say,
I am thy God, and saving Aide.
Let those, who my disgrace contrive,
Hang down their heads, for flight design'd :

Who seek my fall, let Angels drive
Like Chaff before the blustering wind.
Obscure and slippery be their path ;

Let winged Troops pursue their foil ;
Since they for me with causeless wrath
Have dig'd a pit, and pitch'd a Toil ;
Let suddain ruin them destroy ;

Mesht in the Nets themselves had laid :

Then

Then in the Lord my Soul shall joy,
 And glory in his timely Aid.
 My Bones shall say, O who like thee,
 That arm'st the Weak against the Strong;
 That do'st the Poor and Needy free
 From outrage, and too powerful wrong?

Part 2. False witnesses against me stood,
 Who unknown accusations brought:
 That Evil rendered for Good,
 And closely my confusion sought.
 I in their sickness did condole;
 Unfainedly in Sack-cloth mourn'd:
 With fasting humbled my sad Soul,
 And often to my Prayers return'd:
 Him visited both Night and Day,
 As if an ancient Friend or Brother:
 In Black upon the Earth I lay,
 And wept as for my dying Mother.
 Yet these rejoiced in my woe,
 False Comforters about me croud;
 And least I should their cunning know,
 They rent their Cloths, and cry'd aloud.
 Like Hypocrites at Feasts, they jeer;
 Whose gnashing teeth their hate profess:
 O Lord, how long wilt thou forbear,
 And only look on my distress?
 O save from those, who smile, and kill;
 My Dearling from the Lions Jaws:
 I in the great Assembly will
 Then praise thy Name with full applause.

Part 3. Let not my causeless Enemies
 Rejoyce in my afflicted state:
 Nor wink at me with scornful eyes,
 Who swell with undeserved hate.

Of Peace they speak not ; rather they
 The peaceable with fraud pursue :
 Who wry their mouths at me, and say ;
 Ha, Ha ! our eyes thy ruin view.
 This seen, O stand no longer mute ;
 Nor, Lord, desert my Innocence:
 Awake, arise : O prosecute
 My Cause, and plead in my Defence.
 With Justice Judge : nor let them say
 In triumph ; We our wish possess :
 Not in their mirthful hearts, Ha, Ha !
 W' have swallow'd him in his distress.
 Wrath and confusion seize on those,
 Who in my tribulation joy :
 Let them who glory in my woes,
 Be cloth'd with shame and infamy.
 Let those eternally rejoyce,
 Who favour and assist my right :
 For ever with exalted voice
 The goodness of our God recite.
 And say, O magnifie his Name,
 Who glories in his servants peace.
 My tongue his Justice shall proclaim ;
 Nor ever in his praises cease.

PSALM XXXVI.

WHen I the bold Transgressor see,
 My thoughts thus whisper unto me ;
 He never fear'd the Lord :
 He smooths himself in his own eyes,
 'Till his secure impieties
 Become of all abhorr'd.

As the 34.

Their

Their words are vain, and full of guile :
 They Wildom from their hearts exile ;
 Forfaken Virtue hate :
 Who mischief on their Beds contrive ;
 Through by-ways to bad ends arrive ;
 And vices propagate.

Thy Mercy, Lord, is thron'd on high ;
 And thy approv'd Fidelity
 The lofty Skie transcends :
 Thy Justice like a Mountain steep ;
 Thy Judgements an unfathom'd Deep ;
 Who man and beast defends.

O Lord, how precious is thy Grace !
 The fons of men, their comfort place ,
 Beneath thy shady wings :
 They with thy Household dainties shall
 Be fully satisfi'd, and all
 Drink of thy pleafant Springs:

For O ! from thee the Fountain flows ,
 Which endless Life on thine bestows ;
 Inlight'ned with thy Light.
 On fuch as know thee show'r thy Grace ;
 O let thy Justice those embrace ,
 Who are in heart upright.

Let not the feet of Pride defeat ;
 Nor fuch as are in mischief great
 My guiltless Soul furprize.
 The workers of iniquity
 Are faln like Meteors from the skie :
 Cast down, no more to rife.

PSALM XXXVII.

VEx not thy self at the impiety
Of wicked men, nor their frail height envy.
For they shall soon be mow'd, like Summers Hay;
And as the verdure of the Herb decay.
Trust thou in God; do good, and long in peace
Possess the Land; refresh'd by her increase.
Be he thy sole delight; He shall inspire
Thy raised thoughts, and grant thy hearts desire.
Relye, and to his care thy ways commend,
Who will produce them to a happy end.
He shall thy Justice, like the Light display,
And make thy Judgement as the Height of Day.
Rest on the Lord, and patiently attend
His Heavenly Will: nor let it thee offend,
Because the wicked in their courses thrive;
And prosperously at their desires arrive.
Abstain from anger, heady wrath eschew:
Nor fret thou, lest ill Deeds ill Thoughts pursue:
God will cut off the Bad, the Faithful bless;
Who shall the ever-fruitful Land possess.

As the 1.

After a while th' Unjust shall cease to be;
Thou shalt his place consider, but not see.
The Meek in heart shall reap the Lands increase,
And solace in the multitude of Peace.
Against the Godly wicked Men conspire,
Gnash their malicious Teeth, and foam with ire;
But God shall laugh at their impiety;
Because he knows their Day of Doom is nigh.
They draw their bloody Swords, their Bows are bent
To kill the Needy, Poor, and Innocent.

Part 2.

But

But their proud hearts shall perish by the stroke
 Of their own Steel, their Bow's asunder broke.
 That little which the Righteous hath, excels
 Th' abundant wealth, wherein the Wicked swells.
 For God the arms of violent Men will break :
 But shield the Righteous, and support the Weak.
 His eyes behold the sufferings of the Poor :
 Their firm possessions ever shall endure.
 They in the time of danger shall not dread ;
 But shall in Famine's rage be fill'd with Bread.
 When vitious men shall speedily decay :
 And those who slight Jehovah, melt away
 As fat of Lambs, which sacred Fires consume ;
 And forthwith vanish like the rising fume.

Part 3.

The Wicked borrow, never to restore :
 The Just are gracious and relieve the Poor.
 Whom God shall bless, they shall the Land enjoy :
 Whom God shall curse, them vengeance shall destroy.
 The steps of Righteous men the Lord directs ;
 For He, even He, their ordred paths affects.
 Although they fall ; yet fall to rise again :
 For his His Care and powerful Hand sustain.
 I have been young, am old ; yet never saw
 The Just abandon'd ; nor those, who draw
 From him their birth, with beggary oppress.
 He lends in mercy, and his Seed are blest.
 Do good, shun evil, and remain unmov'd ;
 For Righteous Souls are of the Lord belov'd :
 His undeferted Saints protecting still ;
 Their Plants up-rooting, who transgress his Will.
 Just men inherit shall the promis'd Land ;
 And dwell therein, while Mountains stedfast stand.

The Righteous Soul of sacred Judgement speaks, *Part 4.*
 And from his Lips a spring of Wisdom breaks.
 Gods Law is in his Heart; his Light, his Guide;
 Nor shall his Feet in slippery places slide.
 Men seek his blood; but God defends: nor shall
 He by the sentence of the Wicked fall.
 Wait on the Lord, nor his straight paths transgress;
 And evermore this pregnant Soil possess.
 But those who in iniquity delight,
 Shall be cut off, and perish in thy sight.
 The Wicked I have seen in wealth to flow,
 Exceed in power, and like a Laurel grow:
 Yet vanish hence, as he had never been;
 I sought him, but he was not to be seen.
 Observe the perfect, and the pure of heart;
 They die in peace, and happily depart.
 But the Ungodly are at once cut down,
 And perish without pity, or renown.
 The Lord is the salvation of the Just;
 Their strength in trouble, since in him they trust:
 Will those assist, who on his aid depend;
 Deliver, and from impious Foes defend.

PSALM XXXVIII.

NOT in thy wrath against me rise;
 Nor in thy fury, Lord, chastise:
 Thy Arrows wound,
 Nail to the Ground,
 Thy hand upon me lies.

As the 4.

No Limb from pain and anguish free;
 Because I have incensed thee:

Nor rest can take,
 My bones so ake;
 Such sin abounds in me.

Like Billows they my head transcend ;
Beneath their heavy load I bend :

My Ulcers swell ,
Corrupt, and-smell ;
Of Folly the sad end.

Perplex in mind I pine away ,
And mourning waste the tedious day ;

My Flesh no more
Then all one Sore ;
All parts at once decay.

Much broken ; all my strength o're-thrown ;
Through anguish of my Soul I groan.

Lord, thou dost see
My thoughts and me ;
My Sighs to thee are known.

My sad Heart pants, my nerves relent ,
My Sight grows dim ; and to augment

My miseries,
All my Allies
And Friends themselves absent.

Part 2. Who seek my life, their Snares extend ;
Their wicked thoughts on Mischief bend :

Calumniate,
And lye in wait
To bring me to my end.

But I as deaf to them appear ,
As mute, as if I tongueless were :

My passion rul'd ,
Like one that could
At all not speak nor hear.

Because my hopes on thee relye :
My God, I said, O hear my cry;
Lest they should boast,
Who hate me most,
And in my ruin joy.

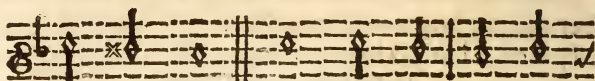
For O! I droop, with struggling spent :
My thoughts are on my sorrows bent.
My sins excess
I will confess;
In show'rs of tears repent.

My foes are full of strength and pride ;
Who causeless hate, are multiply'd :
Who good with ill
Repay ; would kill,
Because I just abide.

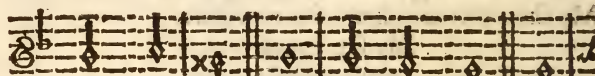
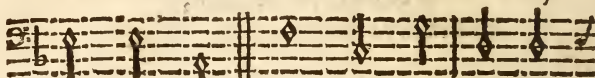
Depart not, Lord ; O pitty take !
Nor me in my extreames forsake !
Salvation
Is thine alone ;
Hast to my succour make.

PSALM XXXIX.

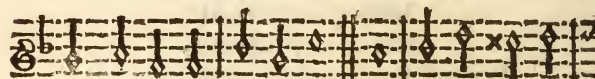
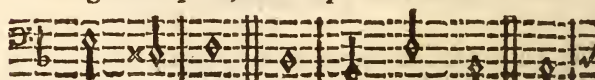
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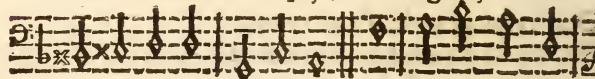
I should swerve : With Bit and Reins my



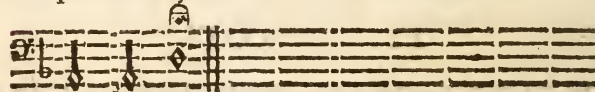
Tongue keep in, Too prone to Sin. Nor



to their Calummie reply , Who glory in Im-



pi --- e --- ty.



I, like a Statue, silent stood ,

Dumb even to good :

My Sorrows boyling in my breast

Exil'd my rest:

But when my Heart incens'd with wrong

Grew hot, I gave my Grief a tongue.

Of those few days I have to spend,
And my last End;
Inform me, Lord; that I may so
My Frailty know.
My time is made short as a Span;
As nothing is the Age of man.

Man nothing is but Vanitie,
Though thron'd on high;
Walks like a shadow, and in vain
Turmoils with pain:
He heaps up wealth with wretched care,
Yet knows not who shall prove his Heir.

Lord! what expect I? thou the Scope
Of all my Hope:
Him from his loath'd Transgressions free,
Who trusts in Thee:
Nor O subject me to the Rule,
And proud derision of a Fool!

With silence, since thy Will was such,
I suffered much:
O now forbear! lest instant Death
Force my faint breath.
When thou dost with thy Rod chastise
Offending man, his courage dies.

His Beauty wasted, like a cloth
Gnawn by the Moth:
Himself a short-liv'd vanitie,
And born to dye.
Lord, to my Prayers incline thine Ear,
And thy afflicted Servant hear.

Nor these salt rivers of mine Eyes,
 My God, despise:
 A Stranger, as my Fathers were,
 I sojourn here.
 O let me gather strength, before
 I pass away, and be no more.

PSALM XL.

As the 2.

FOr God I patiently did look;
 He to my crys inclin'd his Ear:
 And when invironed with fear,
 From that Abyss of horror took:
 Drew from the Mud, and on a Rock
 Establish'd, to indure the shock.

Then did into my mouth convey
 Songs of his Praise, un-sung before.
 Many shall see, with fear adore;
 And trusting in th' Almighty, say:
 Who on the Lord depend, are blest;
 Who Liers, and the Proud detest.

Many, and full of wonder, are
 The Works, O Lord, which Thou hast wrought:
 What Thou to raise our joyes hast thought,
 O who in order can declare!
 'Twere lost endeavour to express
 Their number, that are numberless.

Thou Gifts, nor Offerings dost desire;
 But pierced hast thy Servants ear:
 To Thee Oblations are not dear,
 Nor Sacrifice consum'd with fire.

Then

Then said I; Lo, I come: thus it
Is of me in Thy Volume writ.

Thy Laws are written in my Heart:
My Joy Thy Pleasure to fulfil.
I in the great Assembly still
Thy Righteousness to all impart.
My lips are unrestrain'd by me,
Which, Lord, is only known to Thee.

Thy Justice I have not conceal'd
Within the closure of my breast:
But Thy Fidelity profess;
And saving health at large reveal'd:
Amidst the Congregation
Thy constant Truth and Mercy shown.

Withdraw not, Lord, thy long'd for Aid;
With Truth and Mercy still inclose:
For O! innumerable woes
On every side my Soul invade:
So changed with Iniquities,
That they ev'n blind my fearful eyes.

Part 2.

In number they my hairs exceed;
My fainting heart pants in my breast:
Be pleas'd to succour the Distrest;
And Lord deliver me with speed.
Let shame at once confound them all,
That seek my Soul, and plot my fall.

Be they repulst with Infamy,
Who persecute with deadly hate:
Deservedly left desolate,
Who Ha, Ha! in derision cry.

Let all who seek thy Help, rejoyce,
And praise Thee with a cheerful Voice.

Let them, who thy Salvation love,
Still say; The Lord be magnifi'd!
Though I be poor, and cast aside;
Yet he regards me from above.
My Safety, my Deliverer,
No longer thy relief defer.

PSALM XLI.

As the 7th.

WHo duly shall the Poor regard,
Hath his Reward:
The Lord in time of Trouble, shall
Prevent his fall:
He shall among the Living rest,
And with the Earths increase be blest.

Lord, render him not up to those,
Who are his Foes:
When he in sorrow languisheth,
Near unto Death;
Let him by Thee be comforted,
And in his Sicknes make his bed.

I said, O Lord, thy Mercy show,
And Health bestow:
For O! my Soul the lothsome stains
Of Sin retains.
My Foes have said, When shall he die,
And yet out-live his Memory?

If

If any visit, they devise
 Deceitful Lies:
 Their hollow Hearts with Mischief load,
 Divulg'd abroad:
 Who hate me, whisper, and contrive,
 How they may swallow me alive.

Behold, say they, this Punishment
 From Heav'n is sent:
 He from the bed whereon he lies,
 Shall never rise.

Yea, even my Friend, my Confident,
 My Guest, his heel against me bent.

But, Lord, thy Mercy I implore;
 My Health restore:
 O raise me! that forthwith I may
 Their Hate repay.

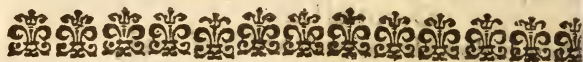
In this thy Love thou dost express,
 That none triumph in my distress.

For thou art of my Innocence
 The strong Defence.

I shall, inlightned by the Grace,
 Behold thy Face.

Jehovah, Israels God, be blest;
 While Day and Night the World invest.

Amen, Amen.



A
PARAPHRASE
 Upon the Second BOOK
OF THE
PSALMS of DAVID.

PSALM XLII.

As the 34.

Lord! as the Hart, imboist with heat,
 Braies after the cool Rivulet :
 So sighs my Soul for thee.
 My Soul thirsts for the living God :
 When shall I enter his Abode,
 And there his Beauty see!

Tears are my Food both Night and Day ;
 While, Where's thy God ; they daily say.
 My Soul in plaints I shed ;
 When I remember, how in throngs
 We fill'd thy House with Praise and Songs ;
 How I their Dances led.

My Soul, why art thou so deprest !
 Why O thus troubled in my breast !

With

With Grief so overthrown !

With constant Hope on God await :

I yet his Name shall celebrate ,

For Mercy timely shown.

My fainting Heart within me pants :

My God, consider my Complaints ;

My Songs shall praise thee still :

Even from the Vale where *Jordan* flows ;

Where *Hermon* his high Fore-head shows ,

From *Mitsars* humble Hill.

Deeps unto Deep's intraged call ,

When thy dark Spouts of waters fall ,

And dreadful Tempest raves :

For all thy Floods upon me burst ,

And billows after billows thrust

To swallow in their Graves.

Part 2.

But yet by Day the Lord will charge

His ready Mercy to enlarge

My Soul, surpris'd with cares :

He gives my Songs their Argument ;

God of my life, I will present

By night to thee my prayers.

And say ; My God, my Rock, O why

Am I forgot, and mourning die ,

By Foes reduc'd to Dust !

Their words like weapons pierce my bones ;

While still they Eccho to my Groans ,

Where is the Lord thy Trust ?

My Soul, why art thou so deprest !

O why so troubled in my breast !

Sunk

Sunk underneath thy Load !
 With constant Hope on God await :
 For I his Name shall celebrate ;
 My Saviour, and my God.

PSALM XLIII.

As the 34.

MY God, thy Servant vindicate :
 O plead my Cause against their hate ,
 Who seek my utter spoil !
 Deliver from the Merciless ,
 Who with bold Injuries oppress ,
 And prosper in their guile.

For of my Strength thou art the Lord,
 Why like to one by thee abhorr'd
 Dost thou my Soul expose !
 Why wander I in black araid !
 My body worn, my mind dismaid !
 Pursu'd by cruel Foes !

Thy Favour and thy Truth extend ;
 Let them into my Soul descend ,
 Conducted by their light ;
 Conducted to thy holy Hill ,
 And House blest with thy Presence still ;
 There to injoy thy fight.

Then will I to thy Altar bring
 An acceptable offering ,
 That dost such Joys afford :
 There on a tuneful Instrument ,
 With Songs that joyn in sweet consent ,
 Thy sacred praise record.

My Soul, why art thou so deprest !
 Why O thus troubled in my breast !
 Sunk underneath thy load !
 With constant hope on God await ;
 For I his Name shall celebrate ,
 My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XLIV.

Lord ! we have heard our Fathers tell As the 3.
 The Wonders wrought by thee of old ,
 To them by their great Grandfires told ;
 How by thy Hand the Heathen fell ;

Of fruitfull *Canaan* dispossess't ,
 And *Israel* planted in their room ;
 They perish'd by a fearful Doom ,
 While ours in growth and strength increas't.

Not their own Swords that pleasant Land
 Did conquer, and their Foes eject ;
 Nor did their arms their lives protect ;
 It was thy Arm and powerful Hand ;

It was the Splendor of thy Face ;
 And by thy Favour they o're-came.
 My King, my God, O still the same !
 Salvation send to *Jacobs* Race.

For by thy Aid our Enemies
 Lay bleeding on the stained ground ;
 And in thy Name we did confound
 Who ever durst again't us rise.

Our Sword's unable to defend ;
We will not trust in our weak Bows.
Thou, Lord, hast fav'd us from our Foes ;
And brought them to a shameful end.

Part 2. For this with praises we adore ,
And ever celebrate thy Name :
But now Thou casts us off to shame ,
Nor lead'st our Armies as before.

Our faces from our Foes reverst ;
A Spoil to such as hunt for blood :
Thou giv'st us up as Sheep for food ,
Among th' uncircumcis'd disperst.

For nought thou dost thy People sell ,
Nor art enriched by their price ;
Our Neighbours in our fall rejoice ;
A Scorn to all that near us dwell.

A By-word to the Heathen grown ,
Who shake their heads in our disgrace :
My shame is still before my face ;
My Eyes to Earth with blushes thrown.

Sprung from the bold blasphemers taunts ,
And proud Avengers threatning look :
Yet, Lord, we have not thee forlook ,
Nor falsify'd thy Covenants.

Part 3. Our hearts have not their Faith dissolv'd ;
Our Steps the Path prescribed keep :
Though Thou hast crusht us in the Deep ,
And with the shades of Death involv'd.

For should we from the Lord depart,
 Or to strange Gods our hearts uprear;
 O would not this to him appear,
 Who knows the Secrets of our Heart?

Yet for thy sake are daily slain;
 For slaughter mark'd like butcher'd Sheep.
 Awake, O Lord, why dost thou sleep?
 Rise, nor for ever Us disdain.

O to thy Own at length return!
 Why dost Thou hide thy chearful face?
 With-drawing thy accustom'd Grace
 From such as in Affliction mourn?

For lo! our Souls, are wrapt in dust;
 Our bellies to the Centre cleave:
 O, for thy Mercies sake receive,
 And succour those who in Thee trust!

PSALM XLV.

With heat divine inspir'd, I sing
 A Panegyrick to the King:
 High Raptures in a numerous stile
 I with a ready Pen compile.

As the 8.

Much fairer than our Humane Race;
 Whose lips like Fountains flow with Grace:
 For this the Lord thy Soul shall bless
 With everlasting Happiness.
 Gird, O most Mighty, on thy Thigh
 Thy Sword of Awe and Majestie:
 In triumph, arm'd with Truth, ride on;
 By Clemency and Justice drawn.

No

No mortal vigour shall withstand
 The fury of thy dreadful Hand.
 Thy piercing Arrows in the Kings
 Opposers hearts shall dye their wings.
 Thy Throne no wast of Time decays;
 Thy Scepter sacred Justice sways.
 Thou Virtue lov'st; but hast abhorr'd
 Deformed Vice: for this, the Lord
 Hath thee alone preferr'd, and shed
 The Oyl of Joy upon thy head.
 Thy Garments, which in Grace excell,
 Of Aloës, Myrrh, and Cassia smell;
 Brought from the Ivory Palaces:
 Which more than other Odors please.
 Kings Daughters to augment thy State,
 Among thy noble Damsels wait.
 The Queen inthron'd on thy right hand,
 Adorn'd with Ophyr's golden Sand.

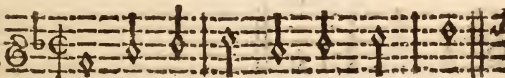
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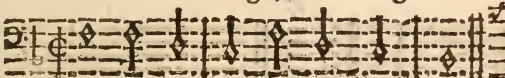
Hark Daughter, and by me be taught;
 Thy Countrey banish from thy thought,
 Thy House and Family forget;
 His Joy upon thy Beauty set.
 He is thy Lord; O bow before,
 And him eternally adore!
 The Daughters of Sea-circled Tyre
 Shall bring their Purple, and desire
 (Even they whom Wealth and Honour grace)
 To see the sweetness of thy Face.
 Her Mind all Beauties doth infold;
 Her fair limbs clad in purpled Gold,
 She shall unto the King be brought;
 In Robes with *Phrygian* Needle wrought:
 While Virgins on her Train attend,
 Whose Faith and Friendship know no end:

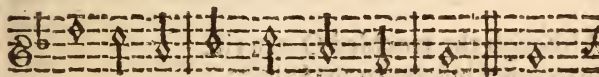
Whom

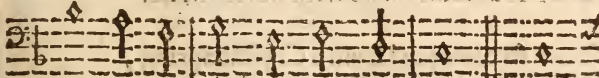
Whom they with joy shall lead along;
Eterniz'd in a Nuptial Song :
And with renew'd Applauses bring
Unto the Palace of the King.
Thou in thy Royal Father's place,
Of Sons shalt see a numerous Race;
Who over all the Earth shall sway,
While the cleer Sun directs the Day.
My Song shall celebrate thy Name,
And to the World divulge thy Fame.

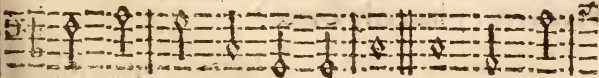
PSALM XLVI.

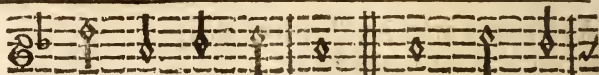
G  *Cantus.*
Od is our Refuge, our strong Tow'r;

 *Bassus.*

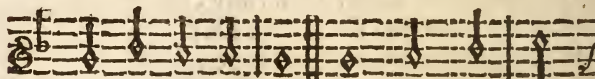
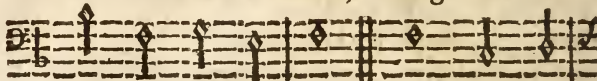

Securing by his Mighty Pow'r, When


Dangers threaten to devour. Thus Arm'd, no

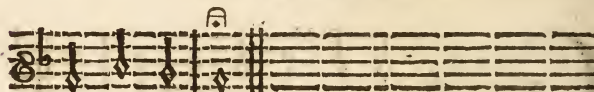
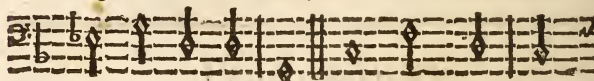




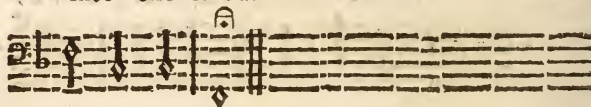
fears shall chill our blood ; Though Earth no



longer steadfast stood, And shook her Hills



into the flood.



Although the troubled Ocean rise
In foaming billows to the Skies ;
And Mountains shake with horrid noise.

Clear streams purl from a Crystal Spring ,
Which Gladness to Gods City bring ,
The Mansion of th' eternal King.

He in her Centre takes his place :
What Foe can her fair Towers deface ,
Protected by his early Grace ?

Tumultuary Nations rose,
And armed Troops our walls inclose;
But his fear'd Voice unnerv'd our Foes.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side;
The God by *Jacob* magnifi'd;
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

Come, see the wonders he hath wrought;
Who hath to desolation brought
Those Kingdoms, which our ruin sought.

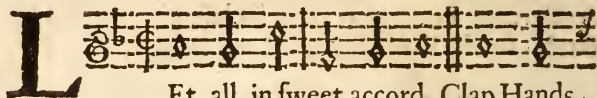
He makes destructive War surcease;
The Earth, deflowr'd of her Increase,
Restores with universal Peace.

He breaks their Bows, unarms their Quivers,
The bloody Spear in pieces shivers,
Their Chariots to the Flame delivers.

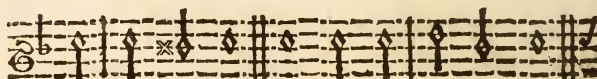
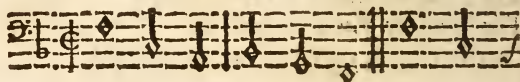
Forbear, and know, that I the Lord
Will by all Nations be ador'd;
Prais'd with unanimous accord.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side;
The God by *Jacob* magnifi'd;
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

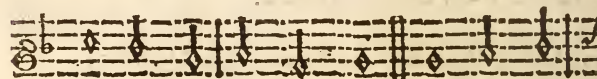
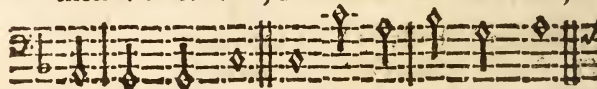
PSALM XLVII.

Cantus.

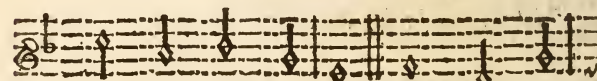
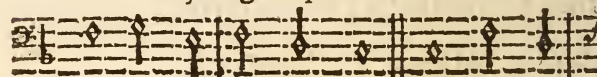
Et all in sweet accord Clap Hands,

Bassus.

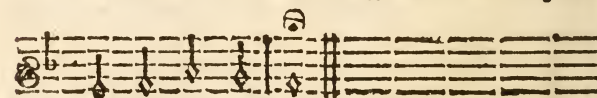
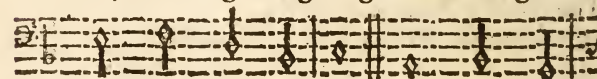
their Voices raise, In Honour of the Lord;



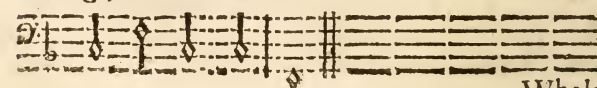
And loudly sing his praise: Who from a-



bove, Dire Lightning flings: The King of



kings, Of all that move.



Whole

Whole Nations of our Foes
 Beneath our Feet hath thrown;
 A fair Possession chose,
 For us that are his Own:
 The dignitie
 Of *Israel*;
 Belov'd so well
 By the most High,

In Triumph God ascends,
 With Trumpet shrill, and Shalmes;
 Praise him, who his defends;
 O praise our King with Psalms!
 For God is King
 Of all the Earth;
 With sacred Mirth
 His Praises sing.

God o're the Heathen reigns;
 Sits on his Holy Throne:
 All whom the Earth sustains,
 Shall worship him alone.
 His Shield extends
 In their Defence;
 His Excellence
 All height transcends.

PSALM XLVIII.

THe Lord is most Majesticall;
 Most highly to be prais'd by all,
 Within the City of our God,
 And Mansion blest by his abode.
 Fair *Sion* hath a pleasant Site;
 Of Earth the Beauty and Delight:

As the 8.

Upon the North-side bordering,
 The City of the Mighty King.
 God dwells within her lofty Towers;
 Secur'd from all assailing Powers.
 Conspiring Kings her ruin sought;
 Who armed Troops before her brought.

Part 2.

At once they saw, admir'd, and fled;
 Their hearts surpriz'd with sudden Dread.
 Such fear, such pangs possess our foes,
 As women suffer in their Throws.
 At thy command black *Eurus* rores,
 And spreads his wracks on *Tbar*sian shores.
 We, what we heard our Fathers tell,
 Have seen, who in this City dwell;
 The City of our God, which Hee
 Shall ever from destruction free.
 Thy Favours, Lord, with Thankfulness
 We in thy Temple still profess.
 As is thy Name, thou God of Might,
 So are thy Praises infinite;
 And stretch to Earths remotest Bound:
 Thy Hand for Justice far renown'd.
 O *Sion*, *Judah*'s Diadem,
 You Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
 Unite your Joys, and glory in
 His Judgement, which your eyes have seen.
 Go walk the Round of *Sion*; tell
 Her Towers; observe her Bulwarks well:
 On her fair Buildings cast thine eye;
 Declare it to Posteritie.
 For God will still our God remain,
 And us unto our Last sustain.

PSALM XLIX.

ALL you who dwell upon the foodful Earth; *As the 1.*
 Both Rich and Poor; of base and noble birth;
 Attend: my Tongue deep wisdom shall impart;
 And knowledge from the fountain of my heart.
 I unto light dark Parables will bring,
 And to my solemn Harp Ænigmæ's sing.
 In Misery and Age why should I fear,
 When Sin pursues my steps, and Death draws near?
 O you, who Riches as your God adore,
 And glory in your scarce possessed Store:
 Who can redeem his Brother for one Day,
 Or to the Lord his high-prais'd Ransome pay?
 (For O, not all the Gold, which Streams conceal,
 Or Hills inclose, can banish'd Life repeal,)
 That he might live unto Eternitie,
 Nor in the Earths corrupting Entrails lye.
 They see the Wise, and Fools, to Death descend,
 While others their congested treasures spend:
 Yet hoping to perpetuate their fame,
 Proud Structures raise, and call them by their name.

But Man in honour is a Vanitie,
 That fleets away; and as a Beast must die.
 In this vain course, they circularly move,
 And their Posterity their words approve.
 Death shall as Sheep devour them in the Dust;
 Till that great Day subject them to the Just.
 Their Strength and Beauty shall to nothing waste:
 All naked, from their sumptuous Houses cast.
 But God shall from the greedy Sepulchre
 My Soul redeem, and to his Joys prefer.

Part 2.

Despair not, when a man grows Opulent,
 And that the Glories of his House augment:
 For with his thread of Life his Riches end;
 Nor shall his Honours with his Soul descend.
 Though here he live in luxury and ease;
 And those are prais'd, who their own Genius please;
 Yet as his Fathers, he shall set in Night;
 Nor ever rise to see the cheerful Light.
 Man high in honour, whose ignoble breast
 No knowledge holds, shall perish like a beast.

PSALM L.

As the 1.

THe God of gods, Jehovah, shall convent
 All from the Orient to the Suns descent.
 From *Sions* Towers (of Beauty the Divine
 And full Perfection) shall his Glory shine.
 Nor silent comes: devouring flames before,
 And round about him horrid Tempests rore.
 The righteous Judge, to judge his People, shall
 High Heav'n and conscious Earth to witness call.
 Assemble all my Saints, who with one mind
 My Testaments with Sacrifice have sign'd.
 Then thund'ring Skie shall make his Justice known;
 When he our God ascends his Judgements Throne.
 My People, hear; Thy God, O *Israel*!
 Will thee convince, and thy Transgressions tell.
 I blame not thy unfrequent Sacrifice,
 Nor fumes, which rarely from my Altars rise:
 I from thy Stall will take no well-fed Steer,
 Nor from thy Folds a Male-goat of that year:
 For all are Mine, that Woods or Deserts breed,
 And Herds which on a thousand mountains feed:

I know all Fowl, which Hill or Valleys yield,
And number all the Cattel of the Field.

Will I, if hungry, unto Thee complain,
When all is Mine which Sea and Land contain?
Will I eat flesh of Bulls? or canst thou think,
That I the blood of shaggy Goats will drink?
A thankful heart upon my Altar lay;
And righteous Vows to high Jehovah pay.
Then call on me in trouble; I will raise
Thy Soul from Death, and thou my Name shall praise.
But O thou Hypocrite! Dar'st thou explain
My Law; My Covenants with thy lips prophane?
That scorn'st instruction; dost my Word despise;
Consent'st with Theeves, and hast adulterous eyes?
Deceit, and slander tip thy impious tongue:
Thy brother woundst with Infamy and Wrong.
Thus didst thou; this did I with silence see,
So as thou thought'st, that I was like to thee.
But I will thy Hypocrisie uncase;
And lay thy ugly crimes before thy face.
Consider this, O you, who God neglect:
Lest I destroy you, when none can protect.
Who praise for Incense offer, honour Me;
And upright Souls shall my Salvation see.

Part 2.

PSALM LI.

LOrd, to a sinner Mercy show:
Which since in Thee so infinite;
Let all thy streams of Mercy flow,
And purifie me in thy sight.

As the 3.

O wash thou my polluted Soul !
 O cleanse me from my bloody Deed !
 That to my self appears so foul ;
 And now in true Contrition bleed.
 My sins, unmask'd, before Thee lye ;
 Who have deserv'd thy wrath alone :
 Which I confess, to testifie
 Thy Truth, and make thy Justice known.
 In sin conceiv'd, brought forth in sin ;
 Sin suck'd I from my Mothers breast :
 Thou lov'st a heart sincere within ,
 Where Wisdom is a constant guest.
 With Hyssop purge, from blemish clear ;
 O wash, then falling Snow more white !
 Lord, let me thy remission hear :
 The Bones, which thou hast broke, unite.
 Blot out my crimes ; O separate
 My trembling Guilt far from thy view !
 A clean Heart in my breast create ;
 A Mind, to Thee confirm'd, renew.

Part 2.

Nor cast me from thy Presence, Lord ;
 Nor O thy holy Spirit withdraw !
 But thy life-quick'ning Grace afford ;
 Inlarge my Will t' imbrace thy Law.
 Then Sinners I with heav'nly Food
 Will feed, directed in thy Wayes :
 O my Redeemer, cleanse from blood
 The Soul, that will thy Mercy praise.
 Give thou my Verse an argument ;
 And they thy Goodness shall resound.
 No Sacrifice will Thee content ;
 Nor Altars with Oblations crown'd.
 Else, I would Hecatombs impart :
 True sorrow is thy Sacrifice.

A broken and a contrite Heart ,
 My God, Thou never wilt despise.
 Thy *Sion* with accustom'd Grace,
 (Lest my foul crimes her shame procure)
 In thy protecting Arms imbrace ;
 And fair *Jerusalem* immune.
 Then we, with due Solemnity ,
 To Thee our grateful Vows will pay ;
 And Bulls, which never Yoke did try ,
 Upon thy flaming Altar lay.

PSALM LII.

O Thou in Mischief great , *As the 32.*
 Why boasts thou in deceit ?
 Gods greater Mercy will
 Protect his Servants still.
 Thy Tongue with fraud abounds ,
 And like a Rasor wounds ;
 All evil dost affect ;
 All that is good neglect.
 Lies are thy low delight ;
 To Virtue opposite :
 Thy words with treachery
 The innocent destroy.
 God shall repay thy hate ,
 Thy Structures ruinate ;
 And make thee curse thy birth :
 Then tear thee from the Earth.
 The Just thy fall shall see ,
 Fear Him, and laugh at thee.
 Lo he, who God forsook ,
 Nor for his refuge took ;

Self-strength'ning with excess
 Of Wealth, and Wickedness.
 But I shall planted be,
 Like a green Olive-tree,
 In Gods own House; and will
 Trust in His Mercies still.
 For this, I evermore
 Shall thy great Name adore:
 Thy Promises expect;
 The joy of thy Elect.

PSALM LIII.

As the 12.

FOols, flattering their own vices, say
 Within their hearts; God is a Name
 Devis'd to make the Strong obey;
 To fetter Nature; quench her flame:
 When all this Universal Frame
 The hands of potent Fortune sway.

Secure and prosperous in ill,
 The fear and thought of God exile,
 To follow their rebellious will;
 Think nothing that delights them vile:
 Their Souls with wicked thoughts defile;
 And all their foul Desires fulfill.

God from the Tow'r of Heav'n his Eyes
 On men, and their endeavours, threw:
 Not one beheld beneath the Skies,
 That sought him, or his Statutes knew:
 All Vice with winged Feet pursue;
 But none forsaken Virtue prize.

O deaf to good ! in knowledge blind !
 By Sin through clouds of error led !
 Dull sensual Forms, without a Mind !
 Not slow, though certain, Vengeance dread !
 The Righteous they devour like bread ;
 All piety at once declin'd.

These, idle terrors shall affright ;
 Their sleeps disturb'd by guilty fear.
 God shall their Bones asunder smite ,
 Who impious Arms against him bear ;
 Nor they their Infamy out-wear ;
 Since despiseable in his sight.

O that unto thy *Israel*
 The Day-star might from *Sion* spring !
 And all the shades of Night expel !
 When Thou shalt us from Bondage bring ,
 How would we Lord thy Praises sing !
 No joy shall *Jacobs* joy excell.

PSALM LIV.

LOrd, for thy Promise sake defend ,
 And Thy All-saving Shield extend :
 O hear my cries ,
 Which with wet Eyes
 And sighs to Thee ascend !

As the 4.

For cruel men my life pursue ;
 And who thy Statutes never knew.
 Suppress my Foes :
 O side with those ,
 Who to my soul are true !

With

With vengeance recompence their Hate,
And in an instant ruinate.

Then will I bring
My Offering,
And thy great Acts relate.

Thy Name for ever praised be;
Who from those snares hast set me free:

For loe, these eyes
My Enemies
Desir'd subversion see.

PSALM LV.

As the 39.

LOrd, to my Prayers incline thine Ear;
Th' afflicted hear:
Nor be thou Deaf to my complaint;
For O I faint!

Regard the sighs, the groans, the cries,
Which from my pensive Soul arise.

Rais'd by the threatnings of my Foe,
Which storm-like grow;
And by blood-thirsty Violence;
Truth my offence:
Who slander with their wounding Tongues,
And press me unto Death with wrongs.

My heart, a stranger unto rest,
Throbs in my breast:
The terrors of approaching Death
Exhaust my breath.
My sinews trembling Fear dissolves,
And Horror all my Powers involves.

O that with Dove-like wings I might
 Take my swift flight,
 To calm Retreats of rest, where I
 Conceal'd might lie!
 Then would I find some Wilderness,
 Removed far from mans access.

Then all these Tempests, which arise
 With hideous noise;
 And with their dreadful Tumults make
 My Heart to quake;
 I would, far swifter than the Wind,
 Or winged Lightnings leave behind.

Lord, swallow those, who swell with pride;
 Their Tongues divide:
 For Strife, and Violence, bent to kill,
 The City fill:
 Both Day and Night they walk the Round;
 Rape, Mischief, Tears, within abound.

Part 2.

Wild Outrages her streets profane,
 And boldly reign:
 Fraud lurking in her Palaces,
 Conspires with these.
 For I, had he his hate profess'd,
 Had shunn'd, or should his wrongs digest.

But thou, my Friend, even of my Heart
 The better Part;
 To so intire a union grown,
 As if but one:
 Gods House we daily visited,
 Both sweetly by one Counsel led.

Let Death devour them ; let them dive
To Hell alive.

With mischief their proud roofs abound
Their hearts unsound :

But God my Soul shall dis-enthral ;
For I upon his Name will call.

Part 3.

My Prayers shall with the Suns uprise,
Ascend the Skies ;

Renew'd, when he at Noon displays
His fervent Rays ;

When he behind the Earth descends,
And Day, out-worn with labour, ends.

My Cries shall penetrate the Sphears,
And pierce his Ears.

He shall my captive Soul release,
And crown with Peace.

For in the Fervor of the Fight,
His Angels shall protect my Right.

Th' Eternal Judge, Jehovah, shall
Confound them all ;

Who only change from bad to worse,
Nor fear his Curse.

Sweet Peace he violated hath,
And broken his obliged Faith.

His Words than Butter smother farr ;
His Thoughts of Warr :

Words softer than the fluent Oil ;
Yet bent to Spoil.

But thou, my Soul, thy cares impose
On God, who will redress thy woes.

The Just he shall confirm with Joy ;
 Th' Unjust destroy.
 Those who in blood and fraud delight ,
 Shall set in Night ,
 Before their Noon of Life be past.
 But I on God my hopes have plac'd.

PSALM LVI.

As the 4.

O Lord, protect me by thy Power ,
 From such as would my Life devour ;
 Who merciless
 Strive to oppress ;
 Nor grant me Truce one hour.

That would devour me every Day ,
 And make my chafed Life their prey :
 Yet, Lord, will I
 On thee relie ;
 When Dangers most dismay.

Thy Promise I will celebrate ;
 In constant hope thy Pleasure wait ;
 With patience bear
 Thy Stay ; nor fear
 Frail man, or his vain hate.

My words and deeds they daily wrest ,
 And in their thoughts my fall digest ;
 Unite in ill ,
 And lurk to kill :
 My Feet can find no rest.

O shall they with impunity
Escape, and thus their sins enjoy !
Let Death thy rage
Alone assuage ;
Them in their guilt destroy.

My Wand'rings thou hast numbered ;
Even every Tear mine Eyes have shed
Thy Vial holds :
All in the Folds
Of thy large Volume read.

Assur'd, that when on God I call ,
My Foes shall by his Fury fall.
His Promise I
Will magnifie ;
His Truth divulge to All.

To him my ready Vows will pay ;
My Vows of Thanks, both night and day :
In whom I trust :
Nor shall th' Unjust
My stedfast Hopes dismay.

For he hath snatch'd me from the Night
Of Death, and kept my foot upright :
That I may still
Observe his Will ,
And see the cheerful Light.

PSALM LVII.

O Thou, from whom all Mercy springs, *As the 10.*
Compassionate my Sufferings;
And pity me,
That trust in Thee!

O shelter with thy shady Wings,
Until these storms of Woe
Clear-up, or over-blow!

Thee I invoke, O thou Most High,
Thou All-performer! from the Skie
Thy Angels send;
Let them defend:

My Soul from him that would destroy:
O fend thy Mercy down;
With Truth thy Promise crown!

For Salvage Lions girt me round,
And they whose Malice knows no bound;
Their cruel Words
More sharp than Swords;
Their Teeth like Spears and Arrows wound.
To Heav'n thy Glory raise;
Let Earth resound thy Praise.

They subtil snares prepared have,
And bow'd my Souleven to the Grave:
With wicked wit
Have digg'd a pit,
From which themselves they could not save:
But justly fell therein,
Intrapt by their own Sin.

My ravish'd Heart flames with desire ;
 I to the Musick of my Lyre ,
 Eternal King ,
 Thy Praise will sing.
 Awake my Glory ! Zeal inspire !
 Awake my Harp and Lute ,
 Nor in his Praise be mute !

To thee, before the Morning rise ,
 My Lips their Calves shall sacrifice :
 Thy Mercy far
 The highest Star ,
 Thy Truth transcends the lofty Skies.
 To Heaven thy Glory raise ;
 Let Earth resound thy Praise.

PSALM LVIII.

As, tho 46.

Pernicious Counsellors ! Give you
 Sincere advice ? to Justice true ?
 Or Virtue but in show pursue ?

Your Hearts are still on Mischief bent ;
 Your Hands impure and violent ;
 Nor favour Truth, nor Wrong prevent.

Even from the womb they blindly stray ;
 Born, and perverted in one day ;
 Lie, slander, flatter, and betray :

Like Serpents, with black poyson swell ;
 And charm th' Inchanter ne're so well ,
 More deaf than Asps, his Charms repel.

Lord, slit their Tongues, before they speak;
Strike out their Teeth, which tear the Weak;
And the young Lions grinders break.

As Sun-beat Snow, so let them thaw;
And when their weak'ned Bows they draw,
Let their crack'd Arrows flie like straw.

Let them like Snails consume away;
And as untimely Births decay,
Which never saw the cheerful Day,

Before their pots can feel the brier,
God in the Whirl-wind of his Ire,
Shall blast alive, and burn with fire,

Sin with Revenge at length shall meet;
The Godly shall rejoyce to see't;
And in their blood shall wash their feet.

Then erring Mortals shall confess,
There are Rewards for Righteousness,
And Plagues for such as do transgress.

PSALM LIX.

LOrd, save me from mine Enemies;
From those, who thus against me rise,
Like an incensed Flood:
From those, who in Impietie
Place their delight, and long to die
Their hands in guiltless blood.

As the 34th

Lo! for my Soul they lie in wait:
 The Mighty joyn their power and hate,
 Without my blame or crime.
 Without my crime they weapons take;
 And persecute my soul. Awake
 My God! assist in time.

Great God of Hosts, of *Israel*,
 These all-oppressing Tyrants quest;
 Nor be to Mercy won:
 At night their mischief they begin;
 Incenst like snarling Dogs they grin,
 And through the City run.

Behold! they vomit bitter words;
 Between their lips they brandish swords;
 Yet say; Can these be known?
 But, Lord, thou shalt their threats deride;
 The empty terrour of their pride
 And Malice, vainly shown.

Part 2. I and my strength are in thy Power.
 In thee I trust, my Shield! my Tower!
 Thy Mercy, Lord, how great!
 My Foes subjectest to my will:
 Subdue, and scatter; but not kill,
 Lest we thy Truth forget.

O be they in their Pride surpris'd!
 Even for the Lies they have devis'd,
 Their curses, and close Arts.
 Consume them, from the Land expel:
 To shew, God reigns in *Israel*,
 To Earths remotest parts.

Hopeless let them return with Night ;
 Like grinning Dogs bark, but not bite ;
 About the City rome :
 Pale, meager, and half famished ;
 Like vagabonds howl they for bread ;
 Without or food, or home.

But I, before the Day-star spring,
 Will of thy Power and Mercy sing ;
 My Safety in distress.
 Thou art my Rock, my strong Defence ;
 My living Verse thy Excellence
 And Bounty shall express.

PSALM LX.

Cast off, and scattered in thine Ire :
 Lord on our woes with pity look.
 The Lands inforc'd Foundations shook ;
 Whose yawning ruptures Sighs expire.
 O cure the Breaches Thou hast rent ,
 And make Her firmly permanent !

As the 2;

Our Souls thou hast with sorrow fed ;
 And mad'st us drink of deadly Wine :
 Yet now thy Ensigns giv'it to Thine ,
 Even when beset with trembling dread ;
 That we thy Banner may display ,
 Whil'st Truth to Conquest makes our way.

O hear us, who thy Aid implore ;
 Lord, with thy own Right hand defend :
 To thy Beloved succour send.
 God by his Sanctity thus swore ;

I *Succoths* Valley will divide;
In *Shechems* Spoils be magnifi'd.

Mine *Gilead* is, *Manasseh* mine;
Ephraim my strength, in battel bold;
Thou *Judah* shalt my Scepter hold:
I will triumph on *Palastine*.
Base servitude shall *Moab* waste;
O're *Edom* I my shooe will cast.

Who will our forward Troops direct,
To *Rabbah* strongly fortifi'd?
Or into sandy *Edom* guide?
Lord, wilt not thou, that did'st reject,
Nor would'st before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Host against the Foe?

O then, when Dangers most affright,
Do thou our troubled Souls sustain!
For loe! the help of Man is vain.
Through Thee we valiantly shall fight:
Our flying Foes thou shalt tread down;
And Thine with wreaths of Conquest crown.

PSALM LXI.

As the 13.

MY God, thy Servant hear;
O lend a willing ear!
In exile my sad heart,
From Earths remotest part,
O'whelm'd with Miseries,
To Thee for succour cries.
To that High Rock O lead,
So far above my head!
That wert, and art my Tower,
Against oppressing Power.

For

For to thy sacred Court
 I ever shall resort ;
 Secure beneath thy wings ,
 From all their menacings :
 Even Thou my suit hast sign'd ;
 A King by Thee design'd ,
 To govern such as will
 Thy Holy Law fulfill.
 Whom Thou long life wilt give ,
 His Ages shall out-live ;
 He Throne shall stand before
 Thy Face for evermore.
 Thy Mercy, Lord, extend ;
 Him for thy Truth defend.
 Then I in chearful Layes
 Will celebrate thy praise ;
 And to Thee every day
 My Vows devoutly pay.

PSALM LXII.

LOrd, thou art the only Scope
 Of my never-fainting Hope ;
 My Salvation, my Defence ,
 Refuge of my Innocence :

As the 15.

Thou the Rock I build upon ,
 Not by man to be o're-thrown.
 How long will you machinate !
 Persecute with causeless hate !
 You shall like a tott'ring wall ,
 Like a batter'd Bulwark, fall.
 All conspire to cast me down ;
 From my brows to tear my Crown :
 Full of fraud, they bless in show ,
 When their Thoughts with curses flow.

Yet

Yet my Soul on God attends ;
 All my Hope on him depends ;
 He the Rock I built upon ,
 Not by man to be o're-thrown.
 He my Glory, he my Tower,
 Guards me by his saving Power.
 You, who are sincere and just ,
 In the Lord for ever trust :
 Powr your Hearts before his Throne ;
 His, who can protect alone.
 All that are of high Descent ,
 To the Poor and Indigent ,
 Nothing are but Vanity ;
 Nothing but deceive and lye :
 Balanc'd, altogether they
 Lighter than a Vapour weigh.
 In Oppression trust thou not ;
 Nor in Wealth by Rapine got :
 If thy Riches multiply ,
 See thou prize them not too high.
 God said once ; twice have I heard ;
 Power is his, by Him conferr'd :
 His is Mercy, He rewards ,
 And, as we deserve, regards.

PSALM LXIII.

As the 34.

TO Thee, O God, my God, I pray ,
 Before the dawning of the Day.
 My Soul and wasting flesh ,
 With thirsty Ardor Thee desire ,
 In Soils scorch'd with æthereal Fire ,
 Whose draught no show'rs refresh :

That

That in thy Sanctuary I
 May see thy Power and Majesty,
 Once more with ravish'd eyes:
 My lips shall celebrate thy Praise;
 Thy Goodness, more than length of daies,
 Or life it self, I praise.

Extoll'd while I have utterance:
 To Thee will I my Palmes advance;
 That wilt with marrow feast.
 My Verse thy Wonders shall recite;
 Remembred in the silent Night,
 As on my Bed I rest.

Secur'd beneath thy shady Wing,
 I will in sacred Raptures sing;
 And to thy Promise cleave.
 Thy Hand upholds; but who with hate
 My Soul seek to precipitate
 Hells entrails shall receive.

The raging Sword shall shed their blood;
 A prey for Wolves; for Foxes, food.
 Yet God his King shall bless;
 And such as swear by his great Name:
 But those, whose Tongues the Just defame,
 Confusion shall suppress.

PSALM LXIV.

As the 10.

THou great Protector, hear my Cry;
 Save from my dreadful Enemy:
 O vindicate
 From their close hate,
 Who for my Soul in ambush lie.
 From their blind Rage protect,
 Who Truth and Thee reject.

Who whet their Tongues, more sharp than Swords,
 Their Arrows draw, even bitter words;
 To wound th' Upright,
 With fierce delight,
 When Time to their desire accords:
 Then on a sudden shoot;
 Nor fear divine pursuit.

Confirm'd in skilful Malice; they
 Conspire, their Nets in secret lay:
 And say; What eye
 Can this descry?
 First counsel take; and then betray:
 On mischief set their hearts,
 Pursu'd by wicked Arts.

But God shall let his Arrows flie;
 Wound in the twinkling of an Eye:
 Each deadly stung
 By his own Tongue,
 Shall with that fatall Poison die.
 Who this behold, or hear,
 Shall tremble with cold fear.

Men shall their Eyes with wonder raise,
Rehearſe his Deeds, and ſing his Praise.

Eternity

Shall crown their Joy,

Who walk in his preſcribed ways.

He to the Pure of Heart

His Glory ſhall impart.

PSALM LXV.

Due Honours, Lord, on Thee attend;
Where *Sions* ſacred Towers aſcend:
There thy devoted *Iſraelites*
Shall pay their Vows, with ſolemn Rites.

As the 8.

To Thee ſhall all Man-kind repair:
Since thou vouchſaf'ſt to hear our Prayer.
Our Sins thy Mercies expiate,
When burthen'd with their loathed weight.
Thrice happy he, of whom thou mak'ſt
Thy Choice; and to thy ſervice tak'ſt;
That may within thy Courts reſide;
There with thy Goodneſs ſatisf'd;
And taſte of that ſincere Delight,
Which never cloyſ the Appetite.
From thee, O God, our Safety ſprings;
Thy Judgement threatens dreadful things.
Their Hope, whom Soils remote ſuſtain;
Who ſtole upon the toiling Main.
Great is thy Power: propt by thy Hand,
Cloud-touching Mountains ſtedfaſt ſtand.
Thou with thy Scepter doſt appeaſe
The roaring of the high-wrought Seas:
And the tumultuary jarrs
Of People breathing Blood and Warrs.

Who

Part 2. Who dwell upon the Earth's Confines,
 They tremble at thy fearful Signs.
 Where first the Sun his beam displays;
 And where he sets his golden Rayes,
 They triumph in the fruits of Peace;
 Inriched by the Earth's increase.
 He Rain upon her Bosom pow'rs;
 His swelling Clouds abound with Show'rs:
 And so prepares the lusty Soil
 To recompence the Reapers toil.
 Mellows the Glebe with fatning juyce,
 Whose furrows hopeful blades produce:
 With Plenty crowns the smiling Years,
 Shed from the influence of the Sphears:
 The Desert with sweet Claver fills;
 And richly shades the joyful Hills.
 Flocks cover all the higher Plain:
 The rancker Vallies cloth'd with Grain.
 These in Abundance solacing,
 Without a tongue thy Praises sing.

PSALM LXVI.

As the 29.

H Appy Sons of *Israel*,
 Who in pleasant *Canaan* dwell,
 Fill the Air with shouts of Joy;
 Shouts redoubled from the Skie.
 Sing the great Jehovah's Praise;
 Trophees to his Glory raise:
 Say; How wonderful thy Deeds!
 Lord, thy Power all power exceeds!
 Conquest on thy sword doth fit;
 Trembling Foes through fear submit.

Let

Let the many-peopled Earth,
All of high and humble birth,
Worship our eternal King;
Hymns unto his honour sing.
Come, and see what God hath wrought;
Terrible to humane thought.
He the Billows did divide;
Wall'd with waves on either side,
While we pass'd safe and dry:
Then our souls were wrap'd with joy.
Endless his Dominion;
All beholding from his Throne.
Let not those, who hate us most;
Let not the Rebellious boast.
Bless the Lord; his Praise be sung,
While an Ear can hear a Tongue.
He our feet establisheth;
He our souls redeems from Death;

Part 2.

Lord, as silver purifi'd,
Thou hast with Affliction try'd;
Thou hast driv'n into the net;
Burthens on our shoulders set:
Trod on by their Horses hooves;
Theirs, whom Pity never moves.
We through fire, with flames imbrac'd;
We through raging floods have pass'd:
Yet by thy conducting hand,
Brought into a wealthy Land.
I will to thy House repair;
Worship, and thy Power declare:
Off'rings on thy Altar lay;
All my vows devoutly pay,
Utter'd with my heart and tongue,
When oppress'd with powerful Wrong.

Fatlings

Fatlings I will Sacrifice;
 Incense in perfumes shall rise;
 Bullocks, shaggy Goats and Rams
 Offer'd up in sacred flames.
 You, who great Jehovah fear,
 Come, O come, you blest, and hear
 What for me the Lord hath wrought;
 Then, when neer to ruin brought.
 Fervently to Him I cry'd;
 I his Goodness magnifi'd.
 If I Vices should affect,
 Would not He my Prayers reject:
 But the Lord my Prayers hath heard,
 Which my tongue with tears preferr'd.
 Source of Mercy, be Thou blest,
 That hast granted my Request.

PSALM LXVII.

As the 47.

Lord, show'r on us thy Grace,
 Inrich with Gifts divine:
 Let thy illustrious Face
 Upon thy Servants shine:
 That all below
 The arched Skie,
 May Thee, and thy
 Salvation know.

Let all thy Praise rehearse,
 With one united Voice:
 Sing in melodious Verse;
 Eternally rejoyce.

Thy Power obey ,
 Whose Justice shall
 Dispose of All ;
 All Scepters sway.

Let all extol thy Worth :
 Then shall the smiling Earth
 Her pleasant fruits bring forth ;
 Nor ever mourn in Dearth.
 We who implore ,
 Thy Blessings find ;
 And all Mankind
 With fear adore.

PSALM LXVIII.

L Et God, the God of Battail, rise ;
 And scatter his proud Enemies.
 O let them flee before his face ,
 Like smoak, which driving tempests chace.
 As Wax dissolves with scorching Fire ;
 So perish in his burning Ire.
 But let the Just with joy abound :
 In joyful Songs his Praise resound :
 Who riding on the rowling Sphears ,
 The Name of great Jehovah bears.
 Before his Face your joys expresse :
 A Father to the fatherless.
 He wipes the tears from Widows eyes ;
 The single Plants in Families ;
 Inlarging those who late were bound :
 While Rebels starve on thirsty Ground.
 When he our numerous Army led ,
 And march'd through Deserts, full of dread ;

As the 8.

Heaven melted, and Earths Centre shook,
 With his majestick Presence strook.
 When *Israels* God in Clouds came down,
 High *Sinai* bow'd his trembling Crown.

Part 2. He in th' approach of meager Dearth,
 With show'rs refresh'd the fainting Earth:
 Where his own Flock in safety fed;
 The Needy unto plenty led.
 By Him we conquer: Virgins sing
 Our Victories, and Timbrels ring.
 He Kings with their vast Armies foils;
 While women share their wealthy spoils.
 You who among the Pots have lain
 In Soot and Smoak, shall shine again;
 Bright, as the silver-feather'd Dove,
 Whose wings with golden Splendor move.
 When he the Kings had overthrown,
 Our Land like snowy *Salmon* shone.
 Gods Mountain *Bashans* Mount transcends;
 Though he his many Heads extends.
 Why boast you so, ye meaner Hills?
 God with his Glory *Sion* fills:
 This his beloved Residence;
 Nor ever will depart from hence.

Part 3. His Chariots twenty thousand were,
 Which Myriads of Angels bear;
 He in the midst, as when he crown'd
 High *Sinai's* sanctified ground.
 Lord, Thou thy Self hast rais'd on high;
 Thou captivat'st Captivity.
 Deck'd with the trophies of his Foes,
 The gifts receiv'd on his bestows:

Reducing those who did rebell ;
That both might in his *Sion* dwell.
O praised be the God of gods ,
Who his with daily blessings loads :
The God of our Salvation ,
On whom our hopes depend alone.
The Controverse of Life and Death
Is arbitrated by his Breath.
He on their heads his Foes shall wound ;
Their hairy scalps, whose sins abound ,
And in their trespasses proceed.
Thus spake Jehovah ; *Jacobs* Seed
I will from *Bashan* bring again ,
And through the bottom of the Main :
That Dogs may lap their enemies blood ;
And they wade through a crimson Flood.

We in thy Sanctuary late ,
My God, my King, beheld thy State.
The sacred Singers march'd before ;
Who instruments of Musick bore ,
In order followed : Every Maid
Upon her pleasant Timbrel plaid.
His Praise in your Assemblies sing ,
You, who from *Israels* Fountain spring.
Nor little *Benjamin* alone ,
But *Judah* from his Mountain-throne ;
The far removed *Zebulun* ;
And *Naphtali* which borders on
Old *Jordan*, where his stream dilates ;
Joyn'd all their Powers and Potentates.
For us his winged Souldiers fought :
Lord, strengthen, what thy hand hath wrought.
He that supports a Diadem ,
To Thee, divine *Jerusalem* ,

Part 4.

Shall in Devotion treasure bring,
To build the Temple of his King.

Part 5. Break through their Pikes; the multitude
Of Bulls, with savage strength indu'd;
Till they with gifts sweet Peace invite:
But scatter those, whom Wars delight.
Far off from Sun-burnt *Meroë*,
From falling *Nilus*; from the Sea
Which beats on the *Egyptian* shore,
Shall Princes come, and here adore.
You Kingdoms, through the World renown'd,
Sing to the Lord; his praise resound:
He who Heavens upper Heaven bestrides,
And on her aged shoulders rides:
Whose voice the Clouds asunder rends;
In Thunder terrible descends.
O praise his Strength; whose Majesty
In *Israel* shines, his Power on high.
He from his Sanctuary throws
A trembling horror on his Foes:
While us his Power and Strength invest.
O *Israel*, praise the Ever-blest.

PSALM LXIX.

As the 22.

Lord, snatch me from the raging Floud;
Now in deep Eddies almost drown'd:
That struggle in the yielding mud,
There, where no bottom can be found:
The rising waves my head surround,
And with their terrors chill my Blood.

Tir'd with complaining; hoarse, and fore;
Sight fails my long-expecting Eyes;
My Hairs are not in number more
Than my uninjur'd Enemies.
The great in wrong against me rise;
I, what I never took, restore.

My God, Thou know'st my Innocence:
Let not the faithful blush for me,
Traduc'd by slanderous Impudence:
Nor O! let those that call on Thee,
Their shame in my Confusion see;
Since Thou art our profest Defence.

For Thee I suffer Calumnies;
To Men become a general scorn;
Deserted by my near Allies;
By children of my Mother born:
Through zeal unto thy Honour worn,
While thy reproach upon me lies.

I fasted, wept, in Sack-cloth mourn'd;
My anguish in my looks exprest:
Yet this to my derision turn'd;
By Drunkards sung at every Feast:
Even Judges at my sorrow jest;
My Innocence by slander spurn'd.

Yet shall my Prayers and Sighs ascend
Even in an acceptable hour.
Thy Mercy, gracious Lord, extend;
And save by thy Almighty Power.
Let not the swallowing mud devour:
Preserve from such a shameful end.

Part 2.

Deliver from th' insulting Foe ;
 My struggling Feet from sinking keep :
 Let not the Billows overflow ,
 Nor Whirl-pits suck into their Deep.
 O pity Thou the Eyes that weep :
 And thy Transcendent Mercy show.

Hear, and redeem without delay ;
 Nor in my trouble hide thy Face :
 Left I become a wretched prey
 To such as have my Soul in chase.
 My shame, indignities, disgrace
 And all their crimes before Thee lay.

Reproach my bleeding heart hath pierc'd :
 Was ever Sorrow half so great !
 Compassion hath her Eyes averst ;
 My Grief no comfort could intreat :
 They gave me bitter Gall to eat ;
 And Vinegar to quench my Thirst.

O be their board a snare to those !
 Prosperity it self a Bait !
 Their Eyes in clouds of darkness close ;
 And let them fall by their own weight :
 Pour on them thy Eternal hate ;
 With vengeance multiply their woes.

Part 3. In Ruins let their Houses lie ;
 None in their silent Tents be found ;
 That would, whom thou hast smit, destroy ;
 And wounded Souls with slander wound.
 Let their Iniquities abound ,
 Nor ever in thy Mercy joy.

Their names out of thy Volume blot;
Nor with the Just inthroned their Daies.
Though poor; to misery begot;
Yet Thou shalt my dejection raise:
Then will I celebrate thy Praise:
My thankful Heart no time shall spot.

This will Jehovah more delight,
Than Bulls prepar'd for Sacrifice:
Their gilded Horns with Garlands dight.
This shall the Meek with pleas'd Eyes
Behold, and centuple their joys:
Their Day shall never set in Night.

For God the Poor regards, and those,
Who for his sake affliction try.
Round Earth, deep Seas, what Seas inclose;
You Orbs, that move so orderly;
Our great Jehovah magnify,
Who crowns his Saints with sweet Repose.

For God his *Sion* shall immure,
And *Judah's* Cities build again:
Where they shall ever live secure;
A fair inheritance obtain:
There shall their blessed Seed remain;
And safely that rich Soil manure.

PSALM LXX.

As the 5.

HAst, Lord; from such as would devour,
 Defend by thy almighty Power:
 Delay not in so fear'd an Hour.

But let confusion seize on those,
 Who seek my soul; to shame expose:
 Be sudden in their overthrows.

Let those with infamy return;
 Dejected, and unpityed, mourn;
 Who laugh, and blast me with their scorn.

Who love thy Name, with joy invest:
 Let them in shades of Safety feast;
 And ever say, The Lord be blest.

But I am poor, and full of need:
 Hast, Lord; deliver me with speed;
 Our Strength, our Help, from Thee proceed.

PSALM LXXI.

As the 34.

ITo thy Wing for refuge flie;
 Protect me from foul Infamie;
 Lord, in thy Justice save.
 Deliver from their treacherous Snares:
 O favourably hear my Prayers;
 Snatch from the yawning Grave.

Be thou my Fortrefs of Defence;
There let me fix my Residence.

O Thou, my Rock! my Tower!
Who haft thy Angels given in charge,
That they thy Servants fhould enlarge
From circumventing Power.

Deliver from their cruel might,
Whofe wicked hands in blood delight:
Left I their pray become.

Thou art my hope; even from my Youth
Have I rely'd upon thy Truth;
By Thee kept in the womb:

From thence extracted by thy Care.
Though, as a Prodigy they ftare
On me with wondring eyes;
Yet Thee, my ftrength, my Song fhall praife,
And to the Stars thy glory raife,
While Suns fhall fet and rife.

O caft not off, when full of days;
Forfake not, when my Strength decays:
Watch'd by confpiring Foes.
God hath abandon'd him; fay they;
Now let us make his life our prey:
Who fhall our power oppofe?

Part 2.

My God, clofe to thy fervant ftand,
And help him with a fpeedy hand:
Thofe in their pride confound,
Who perfecute my wretched Soul;
Let Death their impious rage controul,
And with difhonour wound.

But

But I will ever hope, and raise
 My Voice to multiply thy Praise;
 Thy Righteousness display,
 Thy manifold Deliveries:
 Which O! no number can comprize;
 Thus spend the harmless Day.

I in thy Strength, though old and weak,
 Will walk, and of thy Justice speak;
 Of thine, even thine alone.
 Thou hast inform'd me from my Youth:
 I, to this hour, with single Truth,
 Thy wondrous works have shown.

Part 3. Now in the Winter of my years;
 When Time hath snow'd upon my hairs,
 Abandon not, O Lord;
 Till I unto this Age proclame
 Thy Mighty Power; in Songs the same
 Unto the next record.

Thy Counsels depth our search exceeds:
 How admirable are thy Deeds!
 O who is like to Thee!
 Thou hast afflictions on me lain;
 Yet shalt thou quicken me again,
 And from Earths entrails free.

Still thou my glory wilt increase,
 And comfort with the joys of Peace.
 I, in a living verse,
 Unto my warbling Harp will sing
 Thy praises, O eternal King;
 Thy noble Acts rehearse.

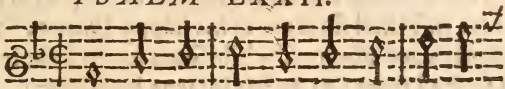
Unto my Voice, and Instrument
Shall my exalted Soul consent ;

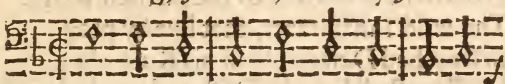
By Thee redeem'd from Death :

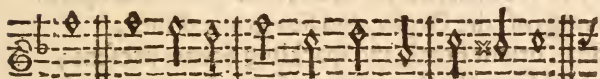
Thy Justice every Day proclame :

That now hast cloth'd my Foes with Shame ,
Dispersed by thy breath.

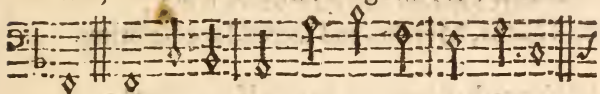
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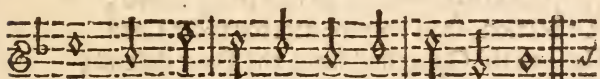
T  *Cantus.*
He King, Jehovah, with thy Justice

 *Bassus.*

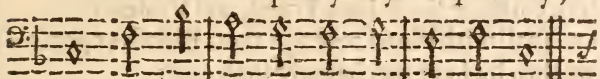


crown ; And in a God-like reign his Son renown.



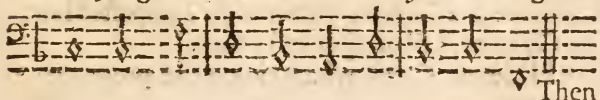


He shall with e-qui-ty thy People sway ;





And Judgement in the scales of Justice weigh.


Then

Then little Hills shall riot with increase ;
 And Mountains flourish in the fruits of Peace.
 He shall the Poor from Violence protect ;
 Exalt the Humble, and the Proud deject,
 They, while the restless Sun directs the Year ;
 While Moons increase and wain, thy Name shall fear.
 He shall descend like plenty-dropping Showers ,
 Which cloath the earth, and fill her lap with flowers.
 The Just shall flourish in his happy Dayes ,
 And Peace abound, while Stars extend their Rayes.
 He shall from Sea to Sea inlarge his Reign ;
 From swift *Euphrates* to the farthest Main.
 The wild Inhabitants, that live by prey
 In scorched Deserts, shall his Rule obey.
 His Foes shall lick the Dust, rich with their Spoils.
 Kings of the Ocean, and Sea-grasped Isles ,
 Shall orient Pearl, and sparkling Stones present ;
 Gold from the Sun-burnt *Aethiopians* sent.
 The swart *Sabeans* and *Panchaia's* King ,
 Shall Cassia, Myrrhe, and sacred Incense bring.

Part 2.

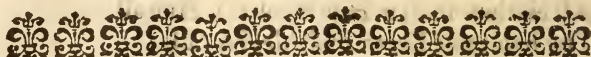
All Kings shall homage to this King afford ;
 All Nations shall receive him for their Lord.
 He shall th' Oppressed hear, the Poor defend ;
 The Needy save, and such as have no friend :
 Redeem their Souls from Fraud, and Violence ;
 And shall with Blood revenge their Bloods expense.
 For this, he long and happily shall live :
 To him they shall the Gold of *Sheba* give.
 The People for their King shall hourly pray :
 His Praises sing, and bless him day by day.
 Rank crops of Corn shall on high Mountains grow,
 And shake like Cedars, when rough Tempests blow.
 The Citizens shall prosper and abound ;
 Like blades of Grass, which cloath the pregnant
 ground.

His

His Name shall last to all Eternitie :
Even while the Sun illuminates the Skie.
All Nations shall in Him be blest : Him all
The habitable Earth shall blessed call.
O praised be our God ! that King of kings,
Who only can accomplish wondrous things !
For ever celebrate his glorious Name ,
And fill the World with his illustrious Fame.

Amen, Amen.

Here end the Prayers of David the Son of Jesse.



A
PARAPHRASE
 Upon the Third BOOK
 OF THE
PSALMS of DAVID.

PSALM LXXIII.

As the 1.

THat Power of powers, who *Israel* protects,
 The Pure of heart eternally affects.
 Yet I began to stagger in my Faith;
 My Feet almost had swerved from his Path,
 When I the Fool beheld with envious eyes;
 Saw prosperous Vice to Wealth and Honour rise.
 Their Thread of Life is close and firmly spun;
 Whom feeble Age, and pale Diseases shun.
 They, while we suffer, surfeit in content;
 As if alone exempt from punishment.
 Pride hangs like precious Chains about their necks;
 And Violence in robes of Purple decks.
 Their swollen eyes shine with uncontroll'd excess;
 Who more, than what their hearts can wish, possess.
 Even

Even glory in their foul Impiety ;
And speak like Thunder from the troubled Sky.
Dire Blasphemies against high Heaven they cast ;
The suffering Earth their Pride and Slander blast.
The Good not seldom through their Scandal stray ,
And prest with Miseries, in Passion say ;
O how can we the Lord All-seeing call !
Or think he cares what unto men befall !
When lo ! the Wicked with success are crown'd ,
And in the pleasures of this world abound.
I to no end have purg'd my heart of stain ;
In Innocence have cleans'd my hands in vain ;
That thus with daily punishments am worn ,
And still chastised with the rising Morn.

If I gave words unto such thoughts as these ,
I should th' assemblies of thy Saints displease :
For then, what were it to be just, or good ?
My Soul this secret never understood ;
Till I into thy Sanctuary came ,
And there beheld their Honour end in Shame.
Thou hast on slippery heights their greatness plac'd ;
Down Head-long from their Noon of glory cast.
How are they unto Desolation brought !
Consumed in the moment of a thought !
Such as a pleasant dream when Sleep forsakes
Our flattered sense ; so, when thy Wrath awakes,
Thou in thy dreadful fury shalt destroy
Their empty and Imaginary joy.
These former thoughts did my weak Soul molest ;
So ignorant ; so vain ; so like a beast.
Yet I by thy Divine supportance stand :
Thou held'st me up by thy Almighty hand.
Thou by thy counsel shalt direct my waies ;
And after to eternal Glory raise.

Part 2.

For

For whom have I but Thee in Heaven above?
 Or what on Earth can my Affections move?
 My Thoughts and Flesh are frail: yet Lord, thou art
 My Portion, and the Vigour of my Heart.
 Who thee abandon, shall to Death descend;
 And they whose knees to curst Idols bend.
 I as my duty, will to God repair;
 On Him rely, and his great Acts declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

As the 14.

Lord; why hast Thou abandoned!
 O why for ever! shall thine Ire
 Consume, like a devouring Fire,
 The Sheep which in thy pastures fed!

© think of those, who were thy own;
 By Thee of old from bondage brought:
 Th' Inheritance which thou hast bought,
 And *Sion* thy affected Throne.

Come, O come quickly, and survey
 What spoil the barbarous Foe hath made.
 Lo! all in heaps of ruins laid;
 Thy Temple their accursed prey.

Like Lions, with sharp Famine whet,
 They in thy Sanctuary roar;
 All purple in thy Peoples gore;
 And there their conquering Ensigns set.

It was esteem'd a great renown
 With Ax to square the Mountain Okes:
 Now they demolish with their strokes,
 And hew the carved Fabrick down.

Who

Who lo! with all-infolding flame,
The beauty of the Earth devour:
Profanely prostrate on the floor
That Temple sacred to thy Name.

Now (said they) with a sudden hand;
Give we a general End to all.
By Fire the holy structures fall,
Through this depopulated Land.

No Miracles amaze our Foes;
There are no Prophets to divine,
That might our miseries decline;
None know the period of our woes.

Part 2;

Ah! how long shall our Enemies
Exult, and glory in our shame!
How long shall they Blaspheme thy Name,
Great God, and thy slow Wrath despise!

Thy hand out of thy Bosome draw;
Nor longer thy Revenge with-hold:
My God, thou wast our King: The old
Amazed World thy Wonders saw.

Thou struck'st the Erythæan waves,
When Seas from Seas in tumult fled;
Brak'st the *Ægyptian* Dragons head,
And mad'st the joyning Floods their Graves.

That great Leviathan of Nile,
To Beasts and Serpents, which possess
The dry and foodless Wilderness,
By Thee delivered for a Spoil.

Thou clav'st the Rock, from whose green wound
 The thirst expelling Fountain brake :
 Thou mad'st the heady Streams forsake
 Their Channels, and become dry ground.

Part 3. The cheerful Day, Night cloth'd in shade ;
 The Moon and radiant Sun are Thine :
 Thy Bounds the swelling Seas confine ;
 Summer and Winter by Thee made.

Great God of gods, forget not those
 Who Thee reproachfully despise.
 Remember, Lord, the Blasphemies,
 Cast on thee by our frantick Foes.

O ! to the wicked Multitude
 Surrender not thy Turtle-dove :
 Nor from thy tender care remove
 The Poor, by powerful Wrong pursu'd.

Thy Cov'nant, bound by Oath, maintain :
 For Darkness over-spreads the Face
 Of all the Land ; in every place
 Destruction, Rape, and Slaughter reign.

Let not th' oppress'd return with shame ;
 But crown thee with deserv'd applause :
 O patronize thy proper Cause :
 Remember, Fools revile thy Name.

O let their Sorrows never cease,
 Who blast Thee with their Calumnies.
 The tumults of their Pride, who rise
 Against Thee, every day increase.

PSALM LXXV.

Thy Praises; O eternal King,
 Our Souls in sacred Verse will sing.
 The wonders of thy Works declare;
 Thy Presence in thy Power and Care.

When I shall wear the *Hebrew* Crown,
 High Justice shall my Reign renown.
 The Land with weak'ning Discord rent,
 The People without Government,
 Faint and dissolve. Her Pillars I
 Support, her Breaches fortifie.
 Proud Man, I said, renounce thy Pride;
 Thou Fool, thy Folly cast aside:
 Do not so high your Horns erect;
 Nor bellow, as with yoke unchecked.
 Preferment from the Orient,
 Nor from the Evening-Suns Descent,
 Nor Desert comes: God guides our Fates;
 He raiseth, and He ruins.
 A cup of red and mingled Wine
 He poureth out to me and mine:
 But every Rebel in the Land
 Shall drink the Dregs, squeez'd by his Hand.
 His noble Acts I will relate;
 The God of *Jacob* celebrate;
 Suppress the Wicked, and their ways;
 The Just to Wealth and Honour raise.

PSALM LXXVI.

As the 29. **G**Od in *Judah* is renown'd ;
Salem with his Temple crown'd :
 He in sacred *Sion* dwells ;
Israel his wonders tells.

He their flying Ensigns tears ;
 Shivers the *Assyrian* Spears.
 He their Swords, Shields, Arrows, broke ;
 Kill'd, subdu'd, without a stroke.
 Thou more excellent than they ,
 That on *Jurists* Mountains prey :
 Who the Great in battel foil'd ;
 Of their lives and honours spoil'd.
 Not the Mighty could withstand ,
 Nor so much as find a hand.
 Princes, by thy only Breath ,
 With the Vulgar, sleep in Death.
 Terrible unto thy Foes :
 O, who can thy Wrath oppose !
 When as they thy Thunder hear ,
 Mortals stand amaz'd, and fear :
 When from thy eternal Rest
 Thou descend'st, to save th' Opprest.
 Malice but it self betrays ;
 And converts into thy praise.
 Future rage thou shalt restrain ,
 Making their indeavours vain.
Jacobs Seed, with one accord ,
 Pay your Vows unto the Lord.
 Holy Levites, Offerings bring ;
 Of his glorious Conquest sing.
 He, who Princes overthrows ,
 O, how fearful to his Foes !

PSALM LXXVII.

TO God I cry'd; He heard my cries:
Again, when plung'd in miseries,
Renew'd with raised hands and eyes.

As the 51

My festred wounds ran all the Night;
No comfort could my Soul invite
To relish long out-worn delight.

I call'd upon the Ever-blest:
And yet my troubles still increast;
Almost to Death by sorrow prest.

Thou keep'st my galled eyes awake:
Words fail my grief; sighs only spake,
Which from my panting bosom brake.

Then did my Memory unfold
The wonders, which thou wrought'st of old,
By our admiring Fathers told.

The Songs, which in the Night I sung;
When deeply by affliction stung:
These thoughts thus mov'd my desperate tongue;

Wilt thou for ever, Lord, forsake!
Nor pity on th' afflicted take!
O shall thy mercy never wake!

Wilt thou thy promise falsifie!
Must I in thy displeasure die!
Shall Grace before thy Fury flie!

This said; I thus my Passions check:
His changes on their ends reflect,
To punish and restore th' Elect.

Part 2. His great Deliverance shall dwell
In my Remembrance; I will tell
What in our Fathers days befell.

His counsels from our reach are set;
Hid in his sacred Cabinet.
What God like ours! so Good! so Great!

Who wonders can effect alone;
His Peoples great Redemption;
To Jacob's Seed, and Joseph's known.

The yielding Floods confess thy Might;
The Deeps were troubled at thy Sight;
And Seas recoil'd in their affright.

The Clouds in storms of rain descend;
The Air thy hideous Fragors rend;
Thy arrows dreadful flames extend.

Thy Thunders roarings rake the Skies;
Thy fatal Light'ning swiftly flies;
Earth trembles in her agonies.

Thy Ways even through the Billows lye:
The Floods then left their Channels dry;
No Mortal can thy steps descry.

Like Flocks through Wilderness of Sand;
Thou led'st us to this pleasant Land;
By Moses and by Arons hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

MY People, hear my Words; I will unfold *As the 42.*
 Dark Oracles, and Wonders done of old;
 By our great Ancestors both heard and
 known,

Successively unto their Children shown;
 Which we will to Posterity relate;
 That People, yet unknown, may celebrate
 Gods Power, his Praise, and glorious Acts: since He
 Will's this Tradition by Divine Decree;
 Until one Day shall give the World an end:
 That all their hopes might on his Help depend.
 Nor ever let his noble Actions sleep
 In dark oblivion, but his Statutes keep.
 Unlike their rebel Sires, a stubborn Race;
 Who fell from God, nor fought his slighted Grace.
 The *Ephraimites*, though expert in their Bows,
 Though arm'd, ignobly fled before their Foes:
 Who vainly brake the Cov'nant of their God;
 Nor in the ways of his prescription trod,
 Forgot his famous Acts, his Wonders shown
 In *Zoan*; and the Plains by *Nile* o'reflown.
 He brought them through the bowels of the Flood;
 The parted Waves like solid Mountains stood.
 By day with leading Clouds affords a shade;
 By night a flaming *Pyramis* displaid.
 Hard Rocks, He in the thirsty Deserts, clave,
 And drink out of their stony Entrails gave:
 Even from their barren sides the waters gusht,
 And down in rivers through the vallies rusht.

Yet still they sinn'd, and meat to satisfy
 Their Lust demand, provoking the most High.

Part 2.

Blaspheming thus; Can God our wants redress?
 A Table furnish in the Wilderness?
 Though from the cloven Rocks fresh Currents drill,
 Can he give Bread? with Flesh the hungry fill?
 Thus tempted by their hourly murmurings,
 He to his long retarded Wrath gives wings:
 Their infidelity inrag'd the Just,
 That would not to his sure Protection trust.
 Who all the Curtains of the Skies withdrew,
 And made the clouds resolve into a dew.
 With Manna, Food of Angels, Mortals fed;
 And fill'd with plenty of cælestial Bread.
 Then caus'd the early Eastern winds to rise,
 And bad the dropping South obscure the Skies:
 Whence show'rs of Quails descend; as thick as sand
 On Sea-wash'd shores, or dust on Sun-dry'd Land;
 Which fell among their Tents: They their delights
 Injoy, and feast their deadly appetites.
 For lo! while they those fatal Dainties chew,
 And their inordinate Desires pursue;
 The Wrath of God surpriz'd them, and cut down
 The choice of all; even those of most renown.
 Nor, by their own mis-haps admonished,
 Would they his Works believe, or Judgments dread.
 So he their spirits quench'd with daily fears;
 In Vanity and Toil consum'd their years.

Part 3.

But when by Slaughter wasted, the forlorn
 Return'd, and sought Him in the early Morn:
 They then confest, and said; Thou art our Tower,
 Our Strength; alone protectest by thy Power.
 Yet their flie Tongues did but their Souls disguise;
 Full of deluding flatteries and lies.
 Their faithless hearts revolted from his Will;
 Nor ever would his just Commands fulfill,

How

How oft would He, whose Mercy hath no bound,
Their pardon sign! nor in their Sins confound!
How oft did He his burning wrath assuage!
How oft divert the fury of his Rage!
Consider'd them as flesh, in frailty born;
A passing Wind, that never can return.
Yet still would they his sacred Laws transgress;
Provok'd him in th' unpeopled Wilderness:
Confin'd the Holy One of *Israel*;
Against their Saviour frantickly rebel:
Forgetful of his Power, nor ever thought
Of that great day, when from long bondage brought.
His dreadful Miracles to *Aegypt* known,
And Wonders in the Field of *Zoan* shown.
The River chang'd into a Sea of Blood;
Men faint for thirst, t' avoid th' infected Flood.
Huge swarms of unknown Flies display their wings,
Which wound to death with their invenom'd stings.
Loath'd Frog even in their Palaces abound;
And with their filthy slime pollute the ground.

Their early Fruits the Caterpillers spoil:
And Grasshoppers devour the Plow-mans toil.
Long Vines with storms their dangling burdens lost:
The broad-leav'd Sycamores destroy'd with frost.
Their Flocks beat down with Hail-stones, breathless
Their Cattel by the stroke of Thunder die. (lie:
The Vengeance of his Wrath all forms of woes,
More Plagues, then could be fear'd, upon them throws
Whom evil Angels to their sins betray.
He to the Torrent of his Wrath gave way;
Nor would with man or sinless beasts dispense;
Shot by the Arrows of his Pestilence.
Slew all the flower of Youth; their First-born Sons;
There where old *Nilus* in seven chanel runs.

Part 4.

But

But like a flock of Sheep his People led ;
 Safe and secure through Deserts, full of dread :
 Even through unfathom'd Deeps : which part and
 close

Their tumbling waves to swallow their proud Foes.
 Then brought them to his consecrated Land ;
 Even to his Mountain purchas'd by his Hand.
 Cast out the Giant-like Inhabitants ;
 And in their rooms the Tribes of *Israel* plants.
 Yet they (O most ingrateful !) falsifie
 Their vows, and still exasperate the most High :
 Who in their faithless Fathers traces goe ;
 And start aside ; like a deceitful Bow.
 Their Altars on the tops of Mountains blaze ,
 While they their hands to curfed Idols raise.

Part 5. These objects fuel to his wrath afford :
 Whose Soul revolted *Israel* abhor'd.
 The ancient Seat of *Shiloh* then forsook ;
 Nor longer would that hated Mansion brook.
 His Ark even to Captivity declin'd ;
 His Strength and Glory to the Foe resign'd :
 And yielded up his People to the Rage
 Of barbarous swords ; nor would his wrath assuage.
 Devouring flames their able Youth confound ;
 Nor are their Maids with Nuptial Garlands crown'd.
 Their Mitred Priests in heat of Battel fall ;
 No Widows weeping at their Funeral.
 Then as a Giant, folded in the Charms
 Of Wine and Sleep, starts up and cries, To arms :
 So rous'd, his Foes behind, Jehovah wounds ;
 And with Eternal Infamy confounds :
 Yet would in *Josephs* Tents no longer dwell ;
 Nor *Ephraim* chose, who from his Cov'nant fell :

But *Judah's* Mountain for his Seat elects;
 And sacred *Sion*, which he most affects.
 There our great God his glorious Temple plac'd,
 Firm as the Centre, never to be ras'd.
 And from the bleating Flocks his *David* chose;
 When he attended on the yeaning Ews;
 And rais'd him to a Throne, that he might feed
 His people; *Israel's* selected Seed:
 Who fed them faithfully; and all the Land
 Directed with a just and equal hand.

PSALM LXIX.

THe *Gentiles* waste thy *Canaan*, Lord, As the 39.
 With Fire and Sword.
 Thy holy Temple they prophane;
 With Slaughter stain.

Beneath her ruins *Salem* groans;
 Now nothing but a heap of Stones.

The dead no Funeral pomp attends,
 Nor weeping friends:

Their carcases our barbarous Foes
 To Beasts expose:

The ravenous Wolves become their tomb
 Or else the greedy Vultures womb.

With blood of Saints, the Streams grow red,
 Like Water shed:

Thy People now a general
 Reproach to all.

The *Syrian*, and base *Edomite*
 Deride, and in our woes delight.

How long, Lord, shall thy jealous ire
 Devour like Fire !
 Thy Anger, in a dreadful show'r
 Of vengeance, pow'r
 On those, who know not thy great Name :
 And think thy Worship but a shame.

Part 2. For they have laid our Country waste :

 Our Cities ras't.
 Lord, O remember not the crimes
 Of former times !
 But for thy tender mercy save
 Our souls ; now humbled to the grave.

Lord, for the glory of thy Name ,
 Redeem from shame.
 O purge us, and propitious be !
 From thraldom free.
 Why should the *Heathen* thus blaspheme ,
 And say, Your God is but a Dream !

Against them let thy Vengeance rise ;
 Before our eyes :
 And for our blood, shed by their guilt ,
 Let theirs be spilt.
 O hear the fighting Prisoners cry !
 And save, whom they have doom'd to die.

Our spiteful Neighbours, Lord, deride
 Thee, in their pride.
 With seven-fold vengeance recompense
 Their insolence.
 So we, thy flock, our God will praise ;
 And to the Stars thy Glory raise.

PSALM LXXX.

THOU Shepherd of thy *Israel*,
 That, Flock-like, leadeſt *Joſeph's* Race:
 Who 'twixt the Cherubims doſt dwell,
 O hear! ſhew thy inlightning Face.

As the 3.

Exalt thy ſaving power before
Manaſſeh, Ephraim, Benjamin:
 O from Captivity reſtore!

And let thy beams upon us ſhine.
 Great God of Battail, wilt thou ſtill
 Be angry, and our prayers deſpiſe?
 Bread, ſteep'd in tears, our ſtomachs fill;
 We drink the rivers of our eyes.
 Our ſcoffing Neighbours fall at ſtriſe
 Among themſelves, to ſhare our right:
 Great God, reſtore the dead to life;
 And comfort by the quick'ning light.

This Vine, from *Aegypt* brought, (the Foe
 Expel'd) was planted by thy hand:

Part 2.

Thou gav'ſt it room and ſtrength to grow,
 Untill her branches fill'd the Land.

The Mountains took a ſhade from theſe,
 Which like a grove of Cedars ſtood:
 Extending to the *Tyrian* Seas,
 And to *Euphrates* rowling Flood.

O why haſt thou her Fences raſ't?
 Whilſt every Stragler pulls her Fruit:
 The browsing Heard her branches waſte;
 And ſalvage Bears plow-up her root.

Great God, return; this trampled Vine
 From Heaven behold with mild aſpect:
 Once planted by that Hand of thine;
 The branches of thy own Elect,

Which

Which now cut down, wild Flames devour ;
 Through thy fierce wrath to ruin brought :
 Protect thy People by thy Power ;
 And perfect what thy self hath wrought.
 Reviv'd, we will thy Name adore ;
 Nor ever from thy Pleasure swerve.
 O from Captivity restore ,
 And by thy powerful grace preserve !

PSALM LXXXI.

As the 8.

TO God our Strength your voices raise :
 In sacred numbers sing his praise.
 The warbling Lute, sweet Viol bring ,
 And solemn Harp : loud Timbrels ring.
 The new Moon seen, shrill Trumpets sound ;
 Your sacred Feasts with Triumph crown'd.
 These Rites our God established ,
 When *Israel* He from *Egypt* led :
 Their necks with Yokes of bondage wrung ;
 Inured to an unknown tongue.
 Your burdens I have cast away ,
 Said he, and cleans'd your hands from clay :
 Then sav'd, when in your fears you cry'd ;
 And from the thundring Cloud reply'd.
 I try'd you ; heard your murmurings ,
 At *Meribah's* admired Springs.
 You Sons of *Israel*, give ear ;
 I will instruct you, would you hear.
 Beware ; no foreign gods adore ;
 Nor their adulterate Powers implore.

Part 2. I Thee alone brought from the Land
 Of Bondage, with a mighty Hand.

I know, and will supply thy need ;
 When naked, cloath ; when hungry, feed.
 Yet would not they my Counsel brook ;
 But desperately their God forfook :
 Whom I unto their lusts resign'd ,
 And errors of their wandring Mind.
 O that they had my voice obey'd ,
 Nor from the paths of Virtue straid !
 Then Victory their brows had crown'd :
 Their slaughter'd Foes had spread the ground :
 Then had I made their enemy
 Submit, and at their mercy lye :
 Themselves blest with eternal Peace ;
 Inriched with the Earths increase :
 With flour of Wheat, and Honey fill'd ,
 From breaches of the Rock distill'd.

PSALM LXXXII.

God sits upon the Throne of Kings ,
 And Judges unto judgement brings :
 Why then so long
 Maintain you wrong ,
 And favour Lawless things ?

As the 4.

Defend the Poor, the Fatherless ;
 Their crying injuries redress :
 And vindicate
 The Desolate ,
 Whom wicked men oppress.

For they of Knowledge have no Light ,
 Nor Will to know ; but walk in Night.

Earth's Bases fail ;
 No Laws prevail ;
 Scarce one in heart upright.

Though Gods, and Sons of the most High ;
 Yet you, like common men, shall die ;
 Like Princes fall.
 Great God, judge all
 The Earth, thy Monarchy.

PSALM LXXXIII.

As the 1.

Lord, sit not still, as deaf unto our cries :
 For lo ! our Enemies in tumults rise.
 Even those, who thy Omnipotence deny ,
 And hate thy Name, advance their Crests on high :
 Dark counsels take, and secretly contrive
 Their slaughter, whom thy Mercy keeps alive.
 Come, say they, let us with incessant strokes,
 Hew down this Nation, like a grove of Oakes,
 Till they no longer be ; and *Israel* die
 Both in his Race, and ruin'd Memory.
 They all, in one confederacy, have made
 A solemn League ; supply'd with foreign aid.
 Fierce *Idumeans*, who in *Nomades* stray ,
 And shaggy *Ismaelites*, that live by prey ;
 Th' incestuous Race, that border on the Lake
 Of salt *Asphaltis* : Savage Thieves, who take
 Their name from servile *Hagar* ; they, who dwell
 In *Gebal* ; *Ammonites*, who Peace expell ;
 Stern *Palestines* ; and wild *Amalekites* ;
 False *Tyrians* ; *Ashur* with *Lots* Sons unites.

Let them like *Midian* fall; by mutual wounds;
 Like *Sisera*; fall like *Jabin*, on the bounds
 Of *Endor*, where swift *Kison* takes his birth;
 Who lay like Dung upon the fatned Earth:
 Like *Zeb*, and *Orebs* Princes; made a prey
 For Wolves: like *Zeba* and proud *Zalmuna*:
 Who said, let us these *Israelites* destroy,
 And all the Cities of their God enjoy.
 O let them, like a wheel be hurried round;
 Like chaff, which whirlwinds ravish from the ground;
 As Woods grown dry with age, imbrac'd with fire,
 Whose flames above the singed Hills aspire:
 So in the Tempest of thy Wrath pursue;
 And with thy Storms thy trembling Foes subdue.
 O fill their hearts with grief; their looks with shame;
 Till they invoke thy late blasphemed Name.
 Confound them with eternal Infamie;
 That they, through anguish of their Souls, may die.
 That men Jehovah's Wonders may rehearse;
 The great Commander of this Universe.

Part 2.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O How amiable are
 Thy Abodes, great God of War!
 How I languish through restraint!
 How my longing Spirits faint!

As the 29.

Lord, for thee I daily crie;
 In thy absence hourly die.
 Sparrows there their young ones rear;
 And the Summers Harbinger
 By thy Altar builds her nest,
 Where they take their envy'd rest.

O my King ! O thou most High !
Arbiter of Victorie !
Happy men ! who spend their Days
In thy Courts ; there sing thy Praise !
Happy ! who on Thee depend !
Thine their Way, and thou their End.
Who through *Bacæ* travelling ,
Make that thirsty Vale a Spring ;
Or soft Show'rs from Clouds destill ,
And their empty Cisterns fill :
Fresh in strength, their course pursue ,
Till they thee in *Sion* view.
Lord of Hosts, incline thine Ear.
O thou God of *Jacob* hear !
Thou our Rock, extend thy Grace ;
Look on thy Anointed's Face.
One Day in thy Courts alone.
Far exceeds a Million.
Let me be contemn'd and poor ;
In thy Temple keep a Door :
Then with wicked men possess
All that they call Happiness.
O thou Shield of our Defence !
O thou Sun, whose influence
Sweetly glides into our Hearts !
Thou, who all to thine imparts !
Happy ! O thrice happy he ,
Who alone depends on Thee !

PSALM LXXXV.

AT length thou hast thy Mercy shown;
Drawn from the *Babylonian* yoke;
Our Sins remov'd, which did provoke
Thy Wrath; even that now overblown.
Great God, our ruin'd State restore;
And let thy Anger flame no more.

As the 2:

O shall it like a Comet reign!
Extending to the yet unborn!
Wilt thou not quicken the forlorn;
That thine in Thee may joy again!
O show'r thy Mercy from above;
Preserve, and fix us in thy love!

I will the Voice of God attend,
Who to his People speaks of Peace.
Such as in Sanctity increase;
Nor to their Sins again descend:
These soon with Freedom shall be blest,
That Glory may our Land invest.

Those Days shall consummate our Bliss:
Sweet Clemency with Truth shall meet;
High Justice gentle Peace shall greet,
Saluting with a holy Kiss:
For Truth shall from the Earth arise,
And Righteousness look from the Skies.

Then shall Jehovah distribute
His Blessings with a liberal Hand:
The rich, and ever grateful Land
Abundantly produce her fruit.
For Justice shall before him go,
And her fair steps to Mortals show.

PSALM LXXXVI.

As the 13.

MY God, thy Suppliant hear;
 Afford a gentle Ear:
 For I am comfortless;
 And labour in distress.

My righteous Soul relieve,
 So ready to forgive.
 Thy Servant, Lord, defend;
 Whose hopes on Thee depend.
 Me from the Grave restore,
 Who daily Thee implore:
 From wasting Sorrow free
 The Heart long vow'd to Thee.
 For thou art God alone,
 To tender pity prone,
 Propitious unto all,
 Who on thy Mercy call.
 O hear my fervent prayer,
 And take me to thy care:
 Then ready to be found,
 When troubles most abound.
 What God, like Thee, O Lord,
 Of all by men ador'd!
 Or underneath the Sun,
 Such miracles hath done.

Part 2.

Zeal shall all hearts inflame
 T'adore and praise thy Name.
 For thou art God alone;
 Thy Power in Wonders shown.
 Direct me in thy Way;
 So shall I never stray.

My thoughts from Tempests clear ;
 United in thy Fear.
 My Soul shall celebrate
 Thy Praise ; thy Power relate,
 That hast advanc'd my head ,
 And rais'd me from the Dead.
 The Proud against me rise ,
 And pow'rful Enemies
 (All Rebels to thy Will)
 My guiltless blood would spill,
 But, O thou King of kings,
 From Thee sweet Mercy springs ;
 Still gracious, slow to wrath ;
 True to thy Servants Faith.
 Lord, for thy Mercies sake ,
 Into thy Bosome take :
 Thy Hand-maid's Son O save
 From the devouring Grave !
 Some happy Sign expose
 To my ashamed Foes ;
 That they thy Hate may see
 To them ; thy Love to me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

THe Lord hath with his Temple crown'd
Moriah, by his Choice renown'd.
 Not all the Tents of *Israel* ,
 Or Mountains which in height excel ,
 He so affects, or celebrates ,
 As lofty *Sions* stately Gates.
Jerusalem, thou Throne of Kings,
 Of Thee they utter glorious things.

As the 8.

Not by *Judea's* narrow bounds
 Prescrib'd; the Land which *Nile* furrounds,
 Great *Babylon*, proud *Palastine*,
 Rich *Tyre*, which circling Seas confine;
 And black-brow'd *Aethiopians*,
 Shall yield thee Citizens and Sons.
 All sorts of People, foreign-bred,
 As Natives there indenized;
 In *Sion*, built by immortal Hands:
 Firm as the Mountain where it stands.
 The Lord in his eternal Scroll,
 Shall these, as Citizens, inroll.
 Their Musick shall the Affections raise,
 And Songs sung in *Jehovah's* praise;
 Whose Blessings on this City shall,
 Like Streams from Heavenly Fountains, fall.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

As the 39.

MY Saviour! both by night and day
 To Thee I pray.
MO let my Cries transcend the Sphears,
 And pierce thy Ears!
 Lest Sorrow stop my fainting breath;
 Now near the Jaws of greedy Death.

My light extinguish'd, numbered
 Among the Dead:
 Like men in battail slain; the womb
 Of Earth their Tomb:
 Forgotten, as if never known;
 By thy tempestuous Wrath o're thrown.

By Thee lodg'd in the lower Deepes ,
 Where Horrour keeps ;
 In Dungeons, where no Sun displaies
 His cheerful Raies.
 Crush'd by thy Wrath ; on me thy Waves
 Rush, like so many rolling Graves.

My old Familiars, now my Foes ,
 Deride my Woes.
 My House becomes my Goal ; where I
 In Fetters lie.
 Blind with my tears ; with crying hoarse ;
 Hands rais'd in vain ; a walking Coarse.

Wilt thou to those thy Wonders show ,
 Who sleep below ?
 The Dead from their cold Mansions raise ,
 To sing thy Praise ?
 Shall Mercy find us in the Grave ?
 Or wilt thou in Destruction save ?

Part. 2.

Wilt thou thy Wonders bring to light ,
 In Deaths long Night ?
 Or shall thy Justice there be shown ,
 Where none are known ?
 I have, and still to Thee will pray ;
 Before the Sun restore the Day.

O, why hast thou withdrawn thy Grace ,
 And hid thy Face ;
 From me, who from my Infancy
 But daily die ?
 Whilst I thy Terrours undergo ;
 Distracted by these storms of woe,

Thy Anger, like a Gulph, devours
 My trembling Powers:
 With troops of Terrours circled round;
 In Sorrow drown'd;
 Depriv'd of those, that lov'd me most;
 To all in dark oblivion lost.

PSALM LXXXIX.

As the 72.

O Ur grateful Songs, O thou eternal King,
 Shall ever of thy boundless Mercies sing:
 And thy unalterable Truth rehearse
 To after Ages, in a living verse.
 For what is by thy Clemency decreed,
 Shall orderly, and faithfully succeed:
 Even like those never resting Orbs above,
 Which on firm hinges circularly move.
 Thus God unto his servant *David* swore;
 This Cov'nant made: I will for evermore
 Thy seed establish, and thy Throne sustain;
 Whilst Seas shall flow, or Moons increase, and wain.
 The heavenly Hierarchy thy Truth shall praise;
 The Saints below thy glorious Wonders blaze.
 For who is like our God above the Clouds!
 Or who so great, whom humane frailty shrouds!
 He to his Angels terrible appears;
 And daunts the Tyrants of the Earth with fears.
 Great God! how great, when dreadful Armies joyn!
 What God so strong! what Faith so firm as thine!

Part 2.

Thy Bounds the Billows of the Sea restrain;
 Thou calm'st the tumults of th' incensed Main.
 Proud *Rahab*, like a Coarse, with blood imbru'd;
 Hew'n down: the strong with greater strength
 subdu'd. Thine

Thine are the Heavens ; those Lamps which guild
the Skies ;
Round earth, broad seas, and all which they comprise.
Thou mad'st the Southern and the Northern Pole,
Whereon the Orbs cœlestial swiftly rowl.
Hermion invested with the Morning Raies,
And *Tabor* with the Evenings, sing thy praise.
Thy Arm excells in Strength : thy hands sustain
The World they made : And guide it with a rein.
Justice with Judgement joyn'd, thy Throne uphold :
Mercy and Truth thy sacred brows infold.
Thrice happy they, who, when the Trumpet calls,
Throng to thy celebrated Festivalls !
They of thy Beauty shall injoy the sight,
And guide their Feet by that informing light :
Thy Name shall daily in their mouths be found ;
And in thy Justice shall their Joys abound.
Our Ornament in Peace, our Strength in Wars ; Part 3.
Thy Favour shall exalt us to the Stars.
Thou, Holy One of *Israel*, our King ;
Thou, our defence ; secure beneath thy Wing.
Thus spake Jehovah by his Prophets voice ;
Of strenuous *David* have I made my choice,
(On that Heroë powr'd my Sacred Oyl)
To guide my People, and preserve from spoil.
I will support him with my powerful Arm ;
No Foe shall tribute force : nor Treason harm :
His enemies before his Face shall flie,
And those, who hate his Soul, by slaughter die.
Our Truth and Clemency shall crown his Daies,
And to the Firmament his Glory raise.
He, from the Billows of the *Tyrian* Main,
To swift *Euphrates* shall extend his Reign.
Who in his oft renew'd Devotions shall,
Me Father, God, and great Protector call.

My Favorite he shall be, and my First birth;
 Rais'd above all the Princes of the Earth.
 My Mercy him for ever shall preserve:
 And from my Promise I will never swerve.
 His Seed shall alwaies reign; his Throne shall last,
 While days have light, and nights their shadows cast.

Part 4.

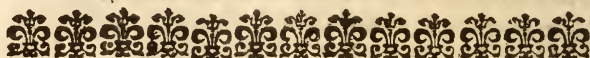
If they my Judgements flight, forsake my Law,
 My Rites neglect, and from my Rule withdraw;
 Then I with whips will their offences scourge,
 With labour, misery, and sorrows urge:
 Yet will not utterly my King forsake;
 My Vow infringe, or alter what I spake.
 I by my Sanctity to *David* sware,
 That he, and his should never want an Heir,
 To sway the *Hebrew* Scepter, while the Sun
 His usual Race should through the Zodiack run;
 While Men, the Moon and radiant Stars should see,
 The faithful witnesses of my Decree.
 But thou art angry with thy own Elect,
 And dost thy late affected King reject;
 Infringe the Cov'nant to thy Servant sworn;
 Thou from his Brows his Diadem hast torn,
 Cast down the Rampier, which his strength renown'd
 And all his Bulwarks levell'd with the ground:
 Whom now his Neighbours scorn; a common prey,
 And spoil to all that travail by the way.

Part 5.

Thou addest strength and courage to his Foes,
 Who now rejoyce and triumph in his woes;
 Rebatest his sharp Sword, unnerv'd his might,
 And mak'st him shrink in fervour of the fight:
 His splendor hast Eclipsed; his renown
 In ruins buried, and his Throne cast down:

His Youth consumed with untimely Age;
Mark'd out for shame; the object of thy Rage.
How long shall he in thy displeasure mourn!
Still shall thy Anger like a Furnace burn!
O call to mind the shortness of my daies;
That dream of Man, which like a Flow'r decays.
Who lives, that can the stroke of Death defend;
Or shall not to the silent Grave descend?
Where is thy ancient Love! thy plighted Troth,
Confirm'd to *David* by a solemn Oath!
Remember the Reproaches I have born;
Those of the Mighty; and their bitter scorn:
Traduced; by thy enemies abhorr'd.
Yet, O my pensive Soul, praise thou the Lord.

Amen, Amen.



A
PARAPHRASE
 Upon the Fourth BOOK
 OF THE
PSALMS of DAVID.

PSALM XC.

As the 34.

O Thou the Father of us all,
 Our refuge from th' Originall;
 That wert our God, before
 The aëry Mountains had their birth,
 Or Fabrick of the peopled Earth;
 And art for evermore.

But frail man, daily dying, must
 At thy Command return to Dust:
 Or should he Ages last;
 Ten thousand years are in thy sight
 But like a quadrant of the Night,
 Or as a Day that's past.

He by thy Torrent swept from hence;
An empty Dream, which mocks the Sense,
And from the Phansie flies:
Such as the beauty of the Rose,
Which in the dewy Morning blows,
Then hangs the head and dies.

Through daily anguish we expire:
Thy anger a consuming Fire,
To our offences due.
Our sins (although by Night conceal'd,
By shame, and fear) are all reveal'd,
And naked to thy view.

Thus in thy wrath our years we spend;
And like a sad discourse they end,
Nor but to seventy last:
Or if to eighty they arrive,
We then with Age, and Sicknes strive;
Cut off with winged hast.

Who knows the terror of thy wrath,
Or to thy dreadful anger hath
Proportion'd his due fear?
Teach us to number our frail Daies,
That we our hearts to Thee may raise,
And wisely sin forbear.

Lord, O how long! at length relent!
And of our miseries repent;
Thy Early Mercy shew:
That we may unknown comfort taste:
For those long daies in sorrow past,
As long of joy bestow.

Part 2.

The works of thy accustom'd Grace
 Shew to thy Servants: on their Race
 Thy chearful beams reflect,
 O let on us thy Beauty shine!
 Bless our attempts with aid divine,
 And by thy Hand direct.

PSALM XCI.

As the 9.

WHO makes th' Almighty his retreat,
 Shall rest beneath his shady Wings;
 Free from th' oppression of the Great,
 The rage of War, or wrath of Kings.
 Free from the cunning Fowlers train;
 The tainted airs infectious breath:
 His Truth in perils shall sustain,
 And shield thee from the stroke of Death.
 No terrors shall thy sleeps affright;
 Nor deadly flying Arrows slay:
 Nor Pestilence devour by Night,
 Or Slaughter massacre by Day.
 A thousand and ten thousand shall
 Sink on thy Right hand and thy Left:
 Yet thou secure shall see their fall;
 By vengeance, of their lives bereft.
 Since God thou hast thy Refuge made,
 And do'st to him thy Vows direct;
 No evil shall thy strength invade,
 Nor wasting plagues thy roof infect.
 Thee shall his Angels safely guide;
 Upheld by winged Legions,
 Lest thou at any time should'st slide.
 And dash thy Foot against the Stones.

Thou

Thou on the Basilisk shalt tread ;
 The Mountain Lion boldly meet ,
 And trample on the Dragons Head ;
 The Leopard prostrate at thy Feet.
 Since he hath fix'd his love on me ,
 Saith God, and walked in my wayes ;
 I will his Soul from danger free ,
 And from the reach of Envy raise.
 To him I his desires will give ;
 From danger guard ; in honour place :
 He long, long happily shall live ,
 And flourish in my saving Grace.

PSALM XCII.

THou, who art inthron'd above ;
 Thou, by whom we live, and move ;
 O how sweet, how excellent ,
 Is't with tongue and hearts consent ,
 Thankful hearts and joyful tongues ,
 To renown thy Name in Songs !
 When the Morning paints the Skies ,
 When the sparkling Stars arise ;
 Thy high favours to rehearse ,
 Thy firm faith, in grateful Verse.
 Take the Lute, and Violin ;
 Let the solemn Harp begin ;
 Instruments strung with ten strings ;
 While the Silver Cimbals ring.
 From thy Works my joy proceeds :
 How I triumph in thy Deeds !
 Who thy Wonders can express !
 All thy Thoughts are fathomless ;

As the 29.

Hid from Men in Knowledge blind;
Hid from Fools to Vice inclin'd.
Who that Tyrant Sin obey;
Though they spring like Flowers in *May*;
Parch'd with Heat, and nipt with Frost,
Soon shall fade, for ever lost.

Part 2. Lord, thou art most Great, most High;
Such from all Eternitie.
Perish shall thy Enemies,
Rebels that against thee rise.
All, who in their Sins delight,
Shall be scatter'd by thy Might.
But thou shalt exalt my Horn,
Like a youthful Unicorn;
Fresh and fragrant Odors shed
On thy crowned Prophets head.
I shall see my Foes defeat,
Shortly hear of their retreat:
But the Just like Palms shall flourish,
Which the Plains of *Judah* nourish:
Like tall Cedars mounted on
Cloud ascending *Lebanon*.
Plants set in thy Court, below
Spread their roots, and upwards grow;
Fruit in their Old-age shall bring;
Ever fat and flourishing.
This Gods Justice celebrates;
He, my Rock, Injustice hates.

PSALM XCIII.

As the 47.

Now great Jehovah reigns,
With Majesty array'd;
His Power all powers restrains,
By men and gods obey'd.
The round Earth hung
In liquid Air;
Establish'd there
But by his Tongue.

Thy Throne more old than Time,
And after, as before.
The Floods in billows clime,
And foming loudly rore.
With horrid Noise
The Ocean raves,
And breaks his Waves
Against the Skies.

But thou more to be fear'd,
More terrible than these:
Thy Voice in Thunder heard;
Thy Nod rebukes the Seas.
Thee Truth renowns;
Pure Sanctity
Eternally
Thy Temple crowns.

PSALM XCIV.

As the 10.

Great God of Hosts, revenge our Wrong
 On those, who are in Mischief strong.
 Upon thy Foes
 Inflict our woes:
 For Vengeance doth to Thee belong.
 Judge of the World, prevent
 The Proud and Insolent.

How long shall they the Just oppress,
 And triumph in their Wickedness!
 How long supplant!
 Ah! how long vaunt,
 And glory in their dire success!
 Thy Saints afunder break,
 Insulting o're the Weak!

Who Strangers, and poor Widows kill;
 The blood of wretched Orphans spill:
 And say, Can he
 Or hear, or see?
 Doth God regard what's good or ill?
 Brute Beasts, without a mind!
 O Fools in knowledge blind!

Shall not th' Almighty see and hear,
 Who form'd the Eye, and fram'd the Ear?
 Who Nations slew,
 Not punish you?
 Who taught, not know? to him appear
 Dark Counsels, secret Fires,
 Vain Hopes, and vast Desires.

But O! thrice blessed he, whom God
Chastiseth with his gentle Rod;
Informs, and awes
By sacred Laws.

In storms brought to a safe abroad:
While the Unrighteous shall
By winged Vengeance fall.

For he will not forsake th' Elect;
Nor who adore his Name reject:

But Judgement then
Shall turn again
To Justice, and her Throne Erect:
Who are in Heart upright
Shall follow that clear Light.

What mortal will th' Afflicted aid?
Defend when impious Foes invade?
Lord, hadst not thou,
My Soul e're now

In silent shades of Death had laid:
For he my Out-cries heard;
And from the Centre rear'd.

When Grief my labouring Soul confounds;
Thou powrest Balm into her wounds:

Shall Tyranny
With thee comply?
Who Mischief for a Law propounds?
Who swarm to circumvent,
And doom the Innocent.

But thou, O Lord, art my Defence,
 My Refuge, and my Recompence.
 The Vicious shall
 By Vices fall;
 By their own Sins be swept from hence.
 God shall cut off their breath,
 And give them up to Death.

P S A L M X C V.

As the 34.

Come Sing the great Jehovah's Praise,
 Whose Mercies have prolong'd our Dayes;
 Sing with a joyful voyce.
 With bending Knees, and raised Eyes
 Adore your God: O sacrifice;
 In sacred Hymns rejoyce.

Great is the God of our Defence,
 Transcending all in eminence:
 His Hand the Earth sustains;
 The Depths, the lofty Mountains made;
 The Land and liquid Plains displaid,
 And curbs them with his Reins.

O come, before his Foot-stool fall,
 Our only God, who form'd us all;
 Through Storms of danger led.
 He is our Shepherd, we his Sheep;
 His Hands from Wolves and Rapine keep,
 In pleasant Pastures fed.

The Voice of God thus spake this Day;
 Repine not as at *Meribah*,

As in the Wilderness:

Where your Fore-fathers tempted me;
Who did my Works of Wonder see,
And to their shame confess.

When vex'd for forty years, I said;
This People in their hearts have stray'd;
Rebellious to command:
To whom I in my Anger swore,
That Death should seize on them, before
They knew this pleasant Land.

PSALM XCVI.

As the 29.

New compos'd Ditties sing
To our Everlasting King:
You, all you of Humane birth,
Fed and nourish'd by the Earth,
Celebrate Jehovah's Praise,
Daily his Deliveries blase.
His Glory let the *Gentiles* know;
To the World his wonders show.
O how gracious! O how great!
Earth his Foot-stool, Heaven his Seat.
To be fear'd and honour'd more
Than those gods, whom Fools adore;
Idols by their Servants made:
But our God the Heavens display'd.
Honour, Beauty, Power Divine,
In his Sanctuary shine.
All, who by his Favour live,
Glory to Jehovah give;
Glory due unto his Name,
And his Mighty Deeds proclame.

Offerings on his Altar lay ;
There your Vows devoutly pay.

Part 2.

In his beauteous Holiness
To the Lord your Prayer address.
All, whom Earths round shoulders bear ,
Serve the Lord with Joy and Fear.
Tell Mankind, Jehovah reigns :
He shall bind the world in Chains ,
So as it shall never slide ;
And with sacred Justice guide.
Let the smiling Heavens rejoyce ;
Joyful Earth exalt her Voice :
Let the dancing Billows rore ;
Ecchoes answer from the Shore :
Fields their flowry Mantles shake ;
All shall in their Joy partake :
While the Woods Musicians sing
To the ever-youthful Spring.
Fill his Courts with sacred Mirth ;
He, He comes to judge the Earth.
Justly He the World shall sway ,
And his Truth to men display.

PSALM XCVII.

As the 8.

O Earth ! joy in Jehovah's Reign ;
You numerous Isles, clasp'd by the Main.
Him rolling Clouds and Shades infold.
Judgement and Truth his Throne uphold.
Who fiery Darts before him throws ;
With winged flames consumes his Foes.
His Lightning made a day of night ;
Earth trembled at so fear'd a sight.

The Mountains at his Presence sweat,
 Like pliant Wax dissolv'd with Heat;
 At his Descension from the Skie,
 Who rules the Worlds great Monarchie.
 The Heavens declare his Righteousness;
 His Glory wondering men confess:
 Let those with shame to Hell descend,
 Whose Knees to cursed Idols bend;
 Whose rocks for Deities implore:
 O all you gods, our God adore.
 Rejoycing *Sion* heard her King:
 Her Daughters of his Judgements sing.
 Thou art exalted above all
 Mankind, and Pow'rs Angelicall.
 Those Saints thy shady Wings protect,
 Who Sin abhor, and thee affect.
 For thou hast sown the Seeds of Light,
 And joy, which shall invest th' Upright.
 You Just, your joyful Hearts elate;
 His blest Memorial celebrate.

PSALM XCVIII.

Sing to the King of kings,
 Sing in unusual Laies;
 That hath wrought wondrous things,
 His Conquest crown with Praise:
 Whose Arms alone,
 And sacred Hands,
 Their impious Bands
 Have overthrown.

As the 47.

He Justice brings to light ;
His saving Truth extends,
Even in the *Gentiles* fight,
To Earths remotest Ends.
His Heavenly Grace
At full display'd,
And promise made
To *Jacobs* Race.

Let all that dwell on Earth
Their high Affections raise ,
With universal Mirth ,
And loudly sing his Praise :
To Musick joyn
The warbling Voice ,
Let all rejoyce
With Joy divine.

The sprightly Trumpet sound ;
The shrill-voic'd Cornet bring :
Let all with Joy abound
Before the Lord our King.
Rore out you Seas ,
You spangled Skies ,
All you comprise ,
Rejoyce with these.

Floods clap your thronging waves ;
You Hills exalt your mirth :
He, who his People saves,
Now comes to judge the Earth :
The round World shall
With Justice tric ;
His Equitie
Dispenst to all.

PSALM XCIX.

L Et our Foes with terrour quake ;
Let the Earths Foundations shake :
Now the Lord his Reign begins ,
Thron'd between the Cherubins.

As the 29.

O how great in *Sions* Towers !
High above all Mortal Powers.
Great and terrible his Name :
Since so holy, praise the same.
Judgement his great Power affects ;
Yet by Equity directs.

These celestial Twins imbrace ;
These reflect on *Jacobs* Race.

O how holy ! above all
Honour ; at his Foot-stool fall ,
Moses ; *Aaron* heretofore
Among those who Mitres wore :

Samuel by Vow desir'd ,
Among those who were inspir'd.
These to him their Prayers preferr'd ,
These by him as soon were heard.

These his Statutes rarely brake :
Into these th' Almighty spake
In the Pillar of a Cloud :

To his Service ever vow'd.
He did their Petitions hear ,
Merciful, and yet severe.
He Holy, on his Holy Hill
Glorifie, and worship still.

PSALM C.

As the 47.

ALL from the Suns uprise ,
 Unto his Setting Raies ,
 Resound in Jubilees
 The great Jehovah's Praise.
 Him serve alone ;
 In triumph bring
 Your Gifts, and sing
 Before his Throne.

Man drew from Man his Birth ,
 But God his noble Frame
 Built of the ruddy Earth ,
 Fill'd with cælestial Flame.
 His Sons we are ;
 Sheep by him led ,
 Preserv'd, and fed
 With tender care.

O, to his Portals press
 In your divine resorts :
 With Thanks his Power profess,
 And praise him in his Courts.
 How good ! how pure !
 His Mercies last :
 His Promise past
 For ever sure.

PSALM CI.

OF Justice I and Mercy sing, (spring; *As the 46.*
Which, Lord, from thee, their Fountain
The Graces that adorn a King.

Grave Wisdom shall my steps direct,
No Vice my heart nor Roof infect.
When wilt thou visit thine Elect !

No pleasure shall mine eyes misguide:
Who from the Tract of Virtue slide,
Just Hate shall from my Soul divide.

Who mischief in their Hearts contrive,
Delight in Wrong, in Factions strive,
I from my peaceful Court will drive.

Who hath his Friend with Slander strook,
I will cut off; nor ever brook
A proud Heart, and a haughty Look.

Mine Eyes the Faithful shall observe;
Those in my Family shall serve,
Who never from pure Virtue swerve.

But who are exercis'd in Guile,
Whose Tongues malicious Lies defile,
I from my Presence will exile.

And all the Wicked in the Land
Will cut off with a timely Hand;
Nor shall they in Gods City stand.

PSALM CII.

As the 22.

A Ccept my Prayers, nor to the Cry
 Of my Afflictions stop thine Ear :
 Lord, in the time of Misery
 And sad restraint serene appear :
 The Sighings of my Spirit hear ;
 And when I call, with speed reply.

As Smoak, so fleets my Soul away ;
 My marrow dry'd, as Hearths with heat :
 My heart struck down, like withered Hay ;
 Through Sorrow I forsake my meat ,
 While meagre cares my Liver eat :
 The clinging Skin my Bones display.

Like Desert-haunting Pelicans ;
 In Cities not less desolate :
 Like Screech-Owls, who with ominous strains
 Disturb the Night, and day-light hate :
 A Sparrow, which hath lost his Mate ,
 And on a Pinacle complains.

Reviling Foes my Honour blast ,
 And frantick men my ruin swear.
 For Bread, I roll'd-on ashes tast ;
 Each drop I drink mixt with a tear.
 For, Lord, O who thy Wrath can bear ,
 Thou raifest, and dost head-long cast.

My Dayes short, as the Evening shade ;
 As Morning dew consume away :
 As Glas cut down with Sithes, I fade ,

Or like a flower crop'd yesterday :
But, Lord, thou suffer'st no decay :
Thy Promises shall never vade.

For thou shalt from thy Rest arise ,
(Since now th' appointed time draws near)
And look on *Sions* miseries ,
Her Walls and batter'd Buildings rear ;
Whose ruins to thy Saints are dear ;
For they her Dust as sacred prize.

Thy Name then shall the *Gentiles* praise ;
All Kings thy Honour celebrate :
For when the Lord shall *Sion* raise ,
His Glory shall ascend in State :
So prone to hear the Desolate ,
And succour them in all assaies.

Part 2;

Unto eternal Memory
Our Histories shall this record ;
And all that are created by
His pow'rful Hand, shall fear the Lord ,
Who doth such Grace to his afford ,
And on the Earth looks from on high ;

To hear the penfive Captives grone ;
The Sons of Death by him unbound :
His Name again in *Sion* known ,
That *Salem* may his Praise resound :
When in his Service all the Round
Of Earth shall there be joyn'd in one.

Yet, Lord, amidst these Hopes thou hast
Consum'd my strength, abridg'd my years :
Before my Noon of Life be past

Let

Let me not die thus drown'd in tears.
 Time wafts not thee, which all out-wears ;
 Thy happy Daies for ever last.

Thou mad'st the Earth, thou didst display
 The Heavens in various motion roll'd :
 These and their Glories shall decay ;
 But thou shalt thy existence hold :
 They like a Garment shall grow old ,
 And in their changes pass away.

But thou art still the same : before
 The World, and after shalt remain.
 You blessed Souls, who God adore ,
 With Patient Hope your harms sustain :
 For you shall prosper in his Reign
 And yours, subsist for evermore.

PSALM CIII.

As the 8.

MY Soul, and all my Faculties
 Jehovah praise ; sing till the Skies
 Re-eccho his ascending Fame :
 My Soul, O celebrate his Name !
 Nor ever let the memory
 Of his surpassing Favours die.
 He gently pardons our misdeeds ;
 And cures the Wounds which inward bleeds :
 Hath from the Chains of Death unbound ;
 With Clemency and Mercy crown'd.
 With Food our Hunger he subdues :
 And Eagle-like our Youth renews.
 His Justice he extends to all ;
 Oppressors by his Vengeance fall.

His sacred Paths to *Moses* shown ;
His Miracles to *Israel* known :
From Him the Springs of Mercy flow ;
Swift to forgive, to anger slow.
For he will not for ever chide ;
Nor constant to his Wrath abide :
But mildly from his Rage relents ,
And shortens our due Punishments.
For as the Heavens in amplitude
Exceed the Centre they include :
So ample is his Clemency
To all who on his Grace rely.

Part 2.

As far as the bright Orient
Is distant from the Suns Descent ;
So far he sets from his Aspect
Their Guilt, who him with fear affect.
And as a Father to his Child ,
So soft, so quickly reconcil'd.
He knows the Fabrick of us all ;
That dust is our Original.
Man flourisheth like Grass, a Flower
That blows and withers in an hour :
By scorching heat, by blasting Wind
Deflower'd, and leaves no print behind.
But his firm Mercy shall imbrace
His Saints for ever, and their Race :
Those who his equal Laws fulfill ,
Remember, and perform his Will.
In Heaven the great Jehovah reigns ,
And governs all that Earth contains :
You Angels, who in strength exceed ,
Who him obey with winged speed ;
You ordred Hosts of radiant Stars ;
O you his flaming Ministers ;

All

All, whom his Wisdom did create ;
 Through his large Empire celebrate
 His glorious Name with sweet accord :
 Joyn thou, my Soul, to praise the Lord.

PSALM CIV.

As the 72.

MY ravish'd Soul, great God, thy praises
 sings ;
 Whom Glory circles with her radiant
 Wings,

And Majesty invests: then Day more bright ;
 Cloth'd with the beams of new-created Light.

He, like an all-infolding Canopy ,
 Fram'd the vast concave of the spangled Skie :
 And in the Air-imbraced Waters set
 The Basis of his hanging Cabinet.

Who on the Clouds, as on a Chariot, rides ;
 And with a reign the flying Tempest guides.
 Bright Angels his attendant Spirits made ;
 By flame-dispersing Seraphims obey'd.

The ever-fixed Earth cloth'd with the Flood ;
 In whose calm bosome unseen Mountains stood ;
 At his rebuke it shrunk with suddain dread ,
 And from his voices Thunder swiftly fled.

Then Hills their late concealed Heads extend ,
 And sinking Vallies to their Feet descend.

The trembling Waters through their bottoms wind,
 Till they the Sea, their Nurse and Mother, find.

He to the swelling Waves prescribes a bound ,
 Lest Earth again should by their rage be drown'd.

Springs

Springs through the pleasant Meadows pour their
drills ;
Which Snake-like glide between the bordering
Hills ;
Till they to Rivers grow ; where beasts of prey
Their thirst asswage, and such as man obey.

In neighbouring Groves the Ayr's Musicians sing, *Part 2.*
And with their Musick entertain the Spring.
He from celestial Casement showers distills,
And with renew'd increase his Creatures fills.
He makes the food-full Earth her fruit produce ;
For Cattel Grass, and Herbs for humane use.
The spreading Vine long purple clusters bears,
Whose juyce the hearts of pensive Mortals cheers :
Fat Olives smooth our brows with suppling Oyl ;
And strengthening Corn rewards the Reapers toil.
His Fruit affording trees with sap abound.
The Lord hath *Lebanon* with Cedars crown'd :
They to the warbling Birds a shelter yield,
And wandring Storks in lofty Fir-trees build.
Wild Goats to craggy Cliffs for refuge flee ;
And Conies in the Rocks dark entrails lie.
He guides the changing Moons alternate face :
The Suns diurnal and his annual Race.
'Twas he that made the all-informing Light ;
And with dark shadows cloaths the aged Night.
Then Beasts of prey break from their Mountain
Caves ;
The roaring Lion pinch'd with hunger craves
Food from his hand. But when Heavens greatest
Fire
Obscures the Stars, they to their Dens retire.
Men with the Morning rise, to labour prest ;
Toil all the Day, at Night return to rest.

Part 3.

Great God ! how manifold, how infinite
 Are all thy Works ! with what a clear fore-sight
 Didst thou create and multiply their birth !
 Thy riches fill the far extended Earth.
 The ample Sea ; in whose unfathom'd Deep
 Innumerable sorts of Creatures creep :
 Bright scaled Fishes in her Entrails glide ,
 And high-built Ships upon her bosome ride :
 About whose sides the crooked Dolphin plays ,
 And monstrous Whales huge spouts of water raise.
 All on the Land, or in the Ocean bred ,
 On Thee depend ; in their due season fed.
 They gather what thy bounteous Hands bestow ,
 And in the Summer of thy Favour grow.
 When thou contract'st thy clouded Brows, they
 mourn ;
 And dying, to their former dust return.
 Again created by thy quickning breath ,
 To re-supply the Massacres of Death.
 No Tract of Time his Glory shall destroy :
 He in th' Obedience of his Works shall joy :
 But when their wild revolts his Wrath provoke ,
 Earth trembles, and the airy Mountains smoke.
 I all my life will my Creator praise ;
 And to his Service dedicate my Daies.
 May he accept the Musick of my Voice ,
 While I with sacred Harmony rejoyce.
 Hence you profane, who in your Sins delight ;
 God shall extirp, and cast you from his Sight.
 My Soul, blest thou this all-commanding King :
 You Saints and Angels, Hallelujah sing.

PSALM CV.

TO God, O pay your vows; invoke his Name; *As the 72.*
 And to the World his noble Acts proclame!
 O sing his praises in immortal Verse,
 And his stupendious Miracles rehearse!

You Saints, rejoyce, and glory in his Grace;
 His power adore; for ever seek his Face.
 Old *Abrahams* Seed, you Sons of the Elect;
 You *Israelites*; O you, who God affect,
 Report the Wonders by his finger wrought,
 When in your cause th' inferiour creatures fought.
 Jehovah rules the many-peopled Earth;
 His judgement known to all of humane birth.
 He never will forget his Promise past;
 His Covenants inviolable last,
 Which he to faithful *Abraham* made before,
 And after to the holy *Isaac* swore:
 To *Jacob* sign'd, confirm'd to *Israel*;
 That their large Off-spring should in *Canaan* dwell.
 When they, but few in number, wandered
 In unknown Regions, and their Cattel fed:
 He did their lives from violence protect,
 And for their sakes even mighty Princes checkt.
 Touch not, said he, my Anointed; fear to wrong
 Those sacred Prophets, who to Me belong.

When raging Famine in these Climates reign'd, *Part 2.*
 He broke the Staff of Bread, which life sustain'd:
 But *Joseph* sent before them; sold to save
 His Brethren, by whose envy made a slave.
 There for th' Accusers guilt in prison thrown;
 With galling fetters bound, for crimes unknown;

Try'd with affliction, at the time decreed,
 At once by *Pharoah* both advanc'd and freed.
 He of his Household gave him the command,
 And made him Ruler over all his Land:
 His Princes to his government Subjects.
 The prudent Youth gave Senators directs.
 Then aged *Jacob* into *Egypt* came,
 And sojourn'd in the fruitful Fields of *Ham*.
 God in that Land his people multiply'd;
 Their Foes, which now their greater strength envy'd,
 Hate what they fear; he alienates their hearts,
 To seek their ruin by deceitful Arts.

Part 3.

Then *Moses* on a sacred Embassie
 And *Aaron* sent; th' Elect of the most High.
 There wrought his dreadful Wonders; from the
 Isle
 Of Sea-girt *Pharo's*, to the Falls of *Nile*.
 He bade *Cimmerian* darkness dim the Day:
 Th' assembled Vapours his commands obey.
 He their seven chanell'd Waters turn'd to Blood;
 The Fishes strangled in their native Flood.
 Frogs from the slimy Earth in Millions spring;
 And skip about the Chambers of the King.
 All parts with swarms of noisome Flies abound:
 And Lice, like quickned dust, crawl on the ground.
 He storms of killing Hail, for Showers, bestows;
 And from the breaking clouds his lightning throws:
 Blasts all the Vines, and Fig-trees in the Land;
 The Woods, with Tempests torn, or naked stand.
 Innumerable Locusts these succeed;
 And Caterpillars on their leavings feed:
 They bite the tender Herb, the bud, and flower;
 And all the verdure of the Earth Devour.

Their

Their Strength (the First-born) slew : which fill'd
their ears
With Female screeches, and their hearts with fears.

Then He the *Hebrews* out of *Goshen* brought, Part 4.
In able health, with Gold and Silver fraught.
Th' Inhabitants, whose tears augment the *Nile*,
At their departure Joy, and Fear exile.
A Cloud to shade them from the Sun was spread ;
And Nightly by a flaming Pillar led.
At their request he sends them showers of Quails ;
And Bread from Heaven, like Coriander, hails.
Cleaves the hard Rocks, from whence a Fountain
flows,
And unknown Rivers to those Deserts shows ;
For he his sacred Promise call'd to mind ,
To *Abraham* his Friend and Servant sign'd.
Thus he his People brought from servitude ,
Whose long-felt miseries in joy conclude.
From hence the *Heathen* by our Weapons chac'd ;
And us, his sons in their possessions plac'd :
That from his Statutes we might never swerve.
O praise the Lord, and him devoutly serve !

PSALM CVI.

With grateful hearts Jehovahs praise re- As the 72.
found ;
In goodness great ; whose Mercy hath
no bound.

What Language can express his mighty deeds ,
Or utter his due praise, which words exceeds !
Thrice blessed they, who his commands observe ,
Nor ever from the tract of Justice swerve.

Great God, O with benevolent aspect
 (Even with the love thou bear'st to thine Elect)
 Behold and succour; That my ravish'd Eyes
 May see a period of their miseries,
 Who Thee adore: that I may give a voice
 To thy great Acts, and in their joy rejoyce.
 We as our Fathers, have thy Grace exil'd;
 Revolted, and our Souls with Sin defil'd.
 They, of thy Miracles in *Egypt* wrought,
 So full of Fear and Wonder, never thought;
 Thy Mercies, than their hairs in number, more;
 But murmur'd on the *Erythraean* Shore.
 Yet for his Honour sav'd them from the Foe,
 That all the World his wondrous Power might
 know.

There the commanded Sea asunder rent,
 While *Israel* through his dusty Chancel went:
 Whom He from *Pharoah* and his Army saves;
 The swift-returning Floods their fatal Graves.

PART 2.

Then they his Word believ'd, and sung his Praise;
 Yet soon forgot: and wandred from his Waies.
 Who long for flesh to pamper their excess;
 And tempt him in the barren Wilderness.
 He grants their wish, and with a Flight of Fowls,
 Sent meager Death into their hungry Souls.
 They, *Moses* gentle Government oppose;
 And envy *Aaron*, whom the Lord had chose.
 The yawning Earth then in her silent womb
 Did *Dathan* and *Abiram's* Troops intomb.
 A swiftly-spreading Fire among them burns,
 And those Conspirators to Ashes turns.
 Yet they, the slaves of Sin, in *Horeb* made
 A Calf of Gold, and to an Idol pray'd.

The

The Lord, their Glory, thus exchanged they
 For th' Image of a Beast that feeds on Hey :
 Forgot their Saviour, all his Wonders shown
 In *Zoan*, and the Plains by *Nile* o're-flown ;
 The Wonders acted by his pow'rful Hand ;
 Where the Red-Sea obey'd his stern Command.
 God hath pronounc'd their ruin : *Moses* then ,
 His Servant *Moses*, and the best of Men ,
 Stood in the Breach, which their Rebellion made ;
 And by his Prayer the hand of Vengeance staid.

Yea they this fruitful Paradise despis'd ,
 Nor his so oft-confirmed Promise priz'd :
 But mutined against their faithful Guide ,
 And basely wish'd, they had in *Egypt* dy'd.
 For this, the Lord advanc'd his dreadful Hand ,
 To overthrow them on th' *Arabian* Sand ;
 To scatter their rebellious Seed among
 Their Foes ; expos'd to poverty and Wrong.
 Besides ; *Baal-Peor* they ador'd, and fed
 On Sacrifices offer'd to the Dead.
 Thus their Impieties the Lord incense ,
 Who sinote them with devouring Pestilence.
 But when with noble anger *Phineas* slew
 The bold Offenders, He his Plagues with-drew,
 This was reputed for a righteous Deed ,
 Which should for ever consecrate his Seed.
 So they at *Meribah* his Anger mov'd ;
 The sacred Prophet for their sakes reprov'd :
 Their Cries his Saint-like sufferance provoke ;
 Who rashly in his Souls distemper spoke ,
 Nor ever entred the affected Land.
 They, still rebellious to divine Command ,
 Preserv'd those Nations by his Wrath subdu'd ;
 Mixt with the *Heathen*, and their Sins pursu'd.

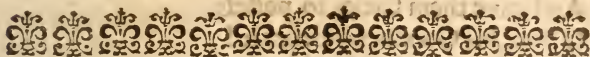
Part 3.

Their cursed Idols serve with Rites profane ,
(Snares to their Soul) and from no Crime abstain.

Part 4.

Their Sons and Virgin daughters sacrifice
To Devils; and look on with tearless eyes.
Defil'd the Land with innocent blood, which sprung
From their own loins, on flaming Altars flung.
Unto adulterate Deities they pray'd,
And worshipped those Gods their hands had made.
These crying Sins exasperate the Lord;
Who now his own Inheritance abhorr'd:
Given up unto the *Heathen* for a Prey;
Slaves to their Foes; who hate them most, obey.
Deliver'd oft; as oft his Wrath provoke,
And with increasing Sins renew their Yoke.
Yet he compassionates their miseries,
And with soft pity hears their mournful Cries:
His former Promise calls to mind, relents;
And in his Mercy, of his Wrath repents.
In salvage Hearts unknown Compassion bred,
By whom but lately into thraldome led.
Great God of gods, thy Votaries protect,
And from among the Barbarous recollect:
That we to Thee may dedicate our Daies,
And joyntly triumph in thy glorious Praise.
Blest, O for ever blest, be *Israels* King:
All your his People, Hallelujah sing.

Amen, Amen.



A

PARAPHRASE

Upon the Fifth BOOK

OF THE

PSALMS of DAVID.

PSALM CVII.

EXtoll, and our good God adore,
 Whose Sea of Mercy hath no Shore.
 O you by Tyrants late oppress'd,
 Now from your servile Yokes releas'd;
 Praise him, who your Redemption wrought,
 And home from barbarous Nations brought.
 From where the Morn her Wings displays;
 From where the Evening crowns the Dayes;
 Beneath the burning Zone, and near
 The Influence of the freezing Bear.
 They in unpeopled Deserts straid;
 The Heavens their Roof, the Clouds their shade:
 Their Souls with thirst and hunger faint;
 None by, to pity their Complaint:
 When to the Lord their God they cry'd,
 His Mercy their extreams suppli'd.

As the 8.

He

He led them through the Wildernes,
 And gave them Cities to possess.
 O you, his Goodness celebrate!
 His Acts to all the World relate!
 For he in foodless Deserts fed
 The Hungry with celestial Bread.
 From wondring Rocks new Currents roul,
 To satisfy the thirsty Soul.

Part 2.

Those Rebels, who his Counsel flight,
 Imprison'd in the shades of Night;
 Horrors of Guilt their Souls surprize:
 When humbled with their miseries,
 They to the Lord address their Prayers;
 His Mercy comforts their Despairs,
 From Darkness draws, dissolves their Grievs;
 And from Deaths Jaws preserves their lives.
 O you his Goodness celebrate!
 His Acts to all the World relate?
 He breaks Steel-bars, and Gates of Brass,
 To force a way for His to pass.
 Those Fools, whom pleasing Sins intice,
 Are punish'd by their darling Vice.
 Their Souls all sorts of Food distast:
 Whom Troops of pale Diseases waste.
 When they to God direct their Prayers,
 His Mercy comforts their Despairs.
 His Word restores them from their Graves,
 And from a dreadful Ruin saves.
 O you his Goodness celebrate!
 His Acts to all the World relate!
 Due Praises to his Altar bring,
 And of your great Redemption sing.

Who

Part 3.

Who sail upon the toiling Main,
And traffick in pursuit of Gain,
To such his Power is not unknown,
Nor wonders in the Ocean shown.
At his Command black Tempests rise;
Then mount they to the troubled Skies,
Thence sinking to the Depths below.
The Ship Hulls as the Billows flow;
And all Aboard at every feel,
Like Drunkards on the Hatches reel.
When they to God direct their Prayers,
His Mercy comforts their Despairs.
Forthwith the bitter Storms assuage,
And foming Seas suppress their Rage:
Then, singing, with a prosperous Gale,
To their desired Harbour sail.
O you his Goodness celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate!
His Fame in your Assemblies raise,
And in the sacred Senate praise.

Part 4.

He Rivers turns t' a Wilderness;
Springs dry'd up by the Suns access.
To scourge their Sins, he makes the Soil
Ungrateful to the Owners toil:
Turns sandy Deserts into Pools,
And parched Earth with Fountains cools:
There plants his hungry Colonies,
Where strongly-fenced Cities rise:
The Fields their yellow Mantles wear,
And spreading Vines full clusters bear.
They infinitely multiply:
Their Herds of no diseases die.
But when their Sins his Wrath incense,
Then Famine, War, and Pestilence,

Their

Their miserable Lives devour :
 Their Princes he deprives of Power ,
 Who in the Path-lesſs Wilderneſs
 Conceal'd themſelves from Mans acceſs.
 The Poor he raiſeth from the ground ;
 Their Families like flocks abound.
 The Juſt ſhall this with Joy behold ;
 Th' Unjuſt with fear and ſhame controll'd.
 The Wiſe theſe Changes will record ,
 That they may know and ſerve the Lord.

PSALM CVIII.

As the 1.

MY Thoughts the Lord their Object make ;
 Before the ruddy Morning ſpring ,
 My Glory of his Praise ſhall ſing :
 Awake, my Lute ; my Harp, awake ;
 While I to all the World rehearſe
 His praifes in a living Verſe.

Thy Mercy (O how great !) extends
 Above the Starry Firmament ;
 Still unto tender pity bent :
 Thy Truth the ſoaring clouds tranſcends.
 Thy Head above the Heavens erect ;
 Thy Glory on the Earth reflect.

O hear us, who thy aid implore ;
 And with thy own Right hand defend :
 To thy Beloyed Succour ſend.
 God by his Sanctity thus ſwore ;
 I *Sinacoths* Valley will divide :
 In *Sichems* Spoils be magnifi'd.

Manaſſeh ,

Manasseh, Gilead, both are mine :
Ephraim my Strength, in Battail bold.
 Thou *Judah*, shalt my Scepter hold.
 I will triumph o're *Palestine*.
 Base Servitude shall *Moab* waste.
 O're *Edom* I my Shooe will cast.

Who will our forward Troops direct
 To *Rabbah* strongly fortifi'd ?
 Or into sandy *Edom* guide ?
 Lord, wilt not thou, that didst reject,
 Nor wouldst before our Armies goe,
 Now lead our Host against the Foe ?

When Death and Horreur most affright,
 Do thou our troubled Souls sustain.
 For O, the help of Man is vain !
 Lead ; and we valiantly shall fight.
 Thy Feet our Foes shall trample down ;
 Thy Hands our Brows with Conquest crown.

PSALM CIX.

MY God, my Glory, leave not in Distress ; *As the 1.*
 Nor let prevailing fraud the truth oppress.
 They who delight in subtilties and wrongs,
 Afflict me with the poison of their tongues,
 With Slander and Detraction gird me round,
 And would, without a Cause, my life confound.
 Good turns with evil proudly recompence ;
 And Love with Hate ; my Merit, my offence.
 But I in these Extremes to thee repair,
 And pour out my perplexed Soul in Prayer.

Subject

Subject him to a Tyrants stern command ;
 Subverting Satan place at his Right hand ;
 Found guilty, when arraign'd : in that fear'd time
 Let his rejected Prayers augment his Crime.
 May he by violence untimely dye ,
 And let another his Command supply.
 Let his distressed Widow weep in vain ;
 His wretched Orphans to deaf Ears complain.
 Let them the wandering Paths of Exile tread ,
 And in unpeopled Deserts seek their bread.
 Let griping Usurers divide his spoil ;
 And Strangers reap the harvest of his toil.

Part 2.

In his long misery may he find no Friend ;
 None to his Race so much as Pity lend.
 Let his Posterity be overthrown ;
 Their Names to the succeeding Age unknown.
 Let not the Lord his Fathers Sins forget ;
 His Mothers Infamy before him set.
 O let them be the Object of his Eye,
 Till he out-root their hated Memory :
 That to the wretched would no Mercy show ;
 But cruelly pursu'd his Overthrow.
 Laid Trains to kill the Broken and Contrite.
 On his own head let his dire Curses light.
 He hated Blessing ; never be he blest :
 Let cursing like a Robe his Loins invest ;
 And like a fatal Girdle gird him round ;
 As he with Execrations did abound.
 Let them like Water in his Bowels boil ,
 And eat into his Bones like burning Oyl.
 Thus let the Lord reward my Enemies ,
 Who seek to blast me with malicious lies.

But,

Part 3: .

But, Lord, in my deliverance proclame
 Thy Mercy, for the honour of thy Name.
 For I am poor, with misery oppress'd;
 My wounded heart bleeds in my panting brest.
 I like the Evening shadow am declin'd,
 And like the Locust, toss'd with every wind.
 My feeble Knees beneath their burden bend;
 My Flesh with fasting falls, my Bones ascend.
 Reproach hath seiz'd on me; my Foes revile;
 And in derision, shake their heads, and smile.
 My God, O snatch me from the swallowing grave!
 Thy servant with accustom'd Mercy save:
 That they may know it was thy powerful Hand;
 And how I by divine Supportance stand.
 Still may they vainly curse whom thou dost bless;
 And pine with envy at my good success.
 Let them be cloth'd with shame: O be their own
 Confusion on them like a Mantle thrown.
 But I thy praise will duly celebrate;
 And to the multitude thy Deeds relate:
 That hast th' afflicted Soul from sorrow freed,
 And from their snares who had his death decreed.

PSALM CX.

THe Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
 Sit at my right hand, till I make
 A Foot-stool of thy Foes.
 He will thy Rod from *Sion* send,
 Unto whose Power all powers shall bend,
 That dare thy Rule oppose.

As the 34.

Thy

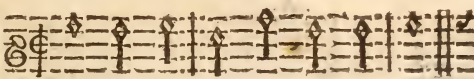
Thy People willingly shall pay
 Their vows in that triumphant Day,
 With their united Powers:
 Aray'd in Ephods; nor so few
 As are those Pearls of Morning-dew,
 Which hang on Herbs and Flowers.

He swore, who never Oath did break,
 Of th' order of *Melchisedeck*,
 That thou a Priest should'st raign:
 Even while the Sun disperst his Light;
 While Moons shall rule th' alternate Night,
 Or Stars their course maintain.


God, in that Day at thy right hand,
 Their Blood, who Tyrant-like command,
 Shall in his fury spill.
 He, in his Justice shall confound
 The *Heathen*, and the purple ground
 With heaps of slaughter fill.

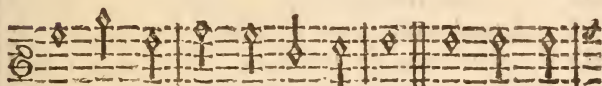
Who over many Nations sway,
 And only their own Wills obey,
 Shall sink beneath his rage.
 Then shall this all-subduing King
 With Water of the Crystal spring
 His burning thirst assuage.

PSALM CXI.

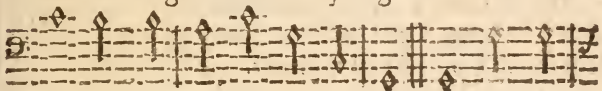
M  *Cantus.*

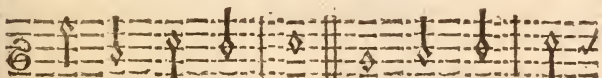
Y Soul the honour of our King,

 *Bassus.*

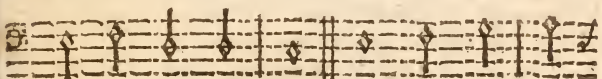


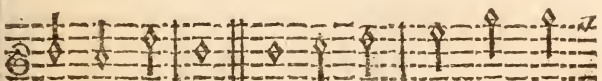
Shall in the great Assembly sing. Great are the



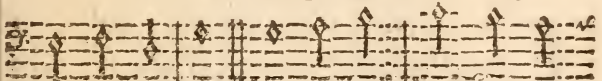


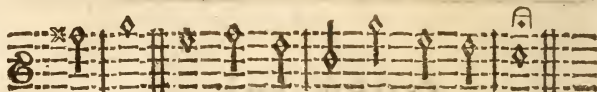
wonders He hath shown; With joy by their



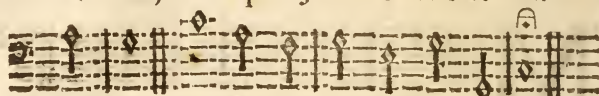


admirers known. His glorious deeds all praise





transcend; His equal Justice knows no end.



Left in eternal Monuments;
 Whose Mercy Death and Hell prevents:
 Feeds those who fear his Name, and will
 His Promise faithfully fulfill.
 Who planted with a powerful Hand
 His People in this pleasant Land.
 Just Judgement executes; directs
 By sacred Laws; and Truth affects.
 These fretting Time shall never waste;
 But squar'd by Justice ever last.
 His Word to us confirm'd by deed;
 So often from oppression freed.
 His Name is terrible to all:
 His fear is the Original
 Of Wisdom; and they only wise
 Who make his Laws their Exercise.
 His praise, while men have memory,
 And power of speech, shall never dye.

PSALM CXII.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 111

That man is blest who fears the Lord,
 And cheerfully obeys his Word.
 His Seed shall flourish on the Earth;
 Their Off-spring happy from their birth.

His

His House with riches shall abound :
 His truth with endless honour crown'd.
 To him in darkness light ascends :
 Mild, gracious, just in all his ends.
 His bounty for the poor provides :
 Discretion all his actions guides.
 No violence shall cast him down ;
 No time deface his just renown ;
 Nor rumours shake his confidence :
 The Lord his Hope, and strong Defence :
 Confirm'd in fearless fortitude ,
 Till he have all his Foes subdu'd.
 He the necessitated feeds.
 The honour of his vertuous Deeds
 Shall live in sacred memory ;
 His Glories shall ascend on high.
 Th' unjust inrag'd their teeth shall grinde ,
 And languish with the grief of minde :
 Pale envy shall their flesh consume ,
 And all their hopes convert to fume.

PSALM CXIII.

Hallelu-jah.

O You, who serve the living Lord ,
 Due praises to his Name afford :
 Now and for ever celebrate ;
 Let all his noble Acts relate.
 Even from the purple Morn's uprise ,
 To where the Evening flecks the Skies.
 All power to his Dominion bends :
 His Glory the bright Stars transcend.

As the III

What God can be compar'd with ours ?
 Who Thron'd in Heavens superiour towers
 Submits himself to guide and move
 All that is done in Heaven above :
 And from that height vouchsafes to throw
 His eyes on us, who creep below.
 The poor he raiseth from the Dust :
 Even from the Dunghill lifts the Just ;
 Whom he to height of honour brings ,
 And sets him in the Thrones of Kings.
 He fructifies the barren Womb ;
 The Childless, Mothers now become.

Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CXIV.

As the 111

When *Israel* left th' *Egyptian* Land ,
 Freed from a tyrannous command ;
 God his own People sanctifi'd ,
 And he himself became their Guide.
 Th' amazed Seas, this seeing, fled ;
 And *Jordan* thrunk into his Head :
 The cloudy Mountains skipt like Rams ;
 The little Hills like frisking Lambs.
 Recoyling Seas, what caus'd your dread ?
 Why *Jordan*, thrunk'st thou to the Head ?
 Why, Mountains, did you skip like Rams ?
 And why you little Hills, like Lambs ?
 Earth, tremble thou before his Face ;
 Before the God of *Jacobs* Race ;
 Who turn'd hard Rocks into a Lake ;
 When Springs from flinty intrails brake.

PSALM CXV.

WE nothing can of merit clame :
 Not for our sakes thy aid afford ;
 But for the honour of thy Name,
 Thy Mercy, and unfailing Word.

As the 9.

Why should th' insulting *Heathen* cry ;
 Where's now the God they vainly praise ?
 Our Lord inthron'd above the Skie ,
 All underneath at pleasure swaies.
 Their Gods but Gold and Silver be ,
 Made by a frail Artificer :
 For they have eyes, that cannot see ;
 Dumb mouths and ears, that cannot hear,
 Fools on their Altars incense throw ,
 Who nothing smell ; their Feet are bound ,
 Nor have they power to move or goe :
 Their throats give passage to no sound.
 Their hands can neither give nor take ;
 Unapt to punish or defend :
 As senseless they who Idols make ,
 Or to their carved Statues bend,

Your hopes on God, O *Israel*, place ;
 He is your Help, and strong Defence :
 Be he, you Priests of *Aarons* Race ,
 The object of your confidence.
 In him, all you that fear him, trust ;
 He shall protect you in distress.
 The Lord is of his Promise just ,
 And will his faithful Servants bless :

Part 2.

The House of chosen *Israel*,
 And *Aarons* holy Family:
 The poor, and who in power excel;
 That love, and on his aid rely.
 They shall a mighty People grow;
 Their Children happy from their birth:
 He will increase of gifts bestow,
 Whose hands created Heaven and Earth.
 He in the Heaven of Heavens resides,
 And over all his Creatures reigns:
 Among the sons of men divides
 The Earth, and all that Earth contains.
 Who sleep within the vaults of Death,
 No Offerings to his Altars bring:
 O praise his Name, while we have breath;
 And loudly Halelu-jah sing.

PSALM CXVI.

As the 4.

MY Soul intirely shall affect
 The Lord, whose ears my grones respect
 In misery
 He heard thy cry;
 To him thy Prayers direct.

Sorrows of Death my Soul assail'd;
 The greedy jaws of Hell prevail'd:
 Deprest with grief,
 When all relief,
 And humane pity fail'd;

I cry'd ; My God, O look on me ;
 Thou ever Just, th' afflicted free.
 O from the Grave
 Thy Servant save ;
 For mercy lives in thee.

The Innocent, and long distressed ;
 The humble mind by wrongs oppress'd ;
 Thy Favour still
 Preserves from ill :
 My Soul then take thy rest.

God staid my feet, and dry'd my tears ;
 Redeem'd from Death, and deadly fears :
 That still I might
 Walk in his sight,
 And number many years.

Thus with a firm belief I pray'd :
 Yet in extreams of trouble laid ;
 All on the Earth
 Of mortal birth,
 Even all of Lies are made.

Part 2.

What shall I unto God restore
 For all his Mercies ? Fall before
 His holy Throne,
 And him alone
 With sacred Rites adore.

I will perform my Vows this day,
 Where they frequent, who God obey.
 Right precious is
 The Death of His :
 He sees, and will repay.

Lord, I am thine, thy Hand-maids Seed ;
By Thee from raging Tyrants freed.

My Prayers shall rise
In Sacrifice ;
My thanks thy Altar feed.

I will perform my Vows this day ,
Where they frequent who God obey :
Even in his Court ;
Within thy Fort ,
Renowned *Solyma*.

PSALM CXVII.

As the 47.

YOU Nations of the Earth,
Our great Preserver praise.
All you of humane birth,
To Heaven his Glory raise :
Whose Mercy hath
No end, nor bound :
His Promise crown'd
With constant Faith.

PSALM CXVIII.

As the 111

PRaise our good God, that King of kings,
From whom eternal Mercy springs.
Let *Israel*, let *Aarons Race*,
Let all that flourish in his Grace,
Confess, that from the King of kings
Eternity of Mercy springs.
He in my trouble heard my Prayers,
And freed me from their deadly snares :

He

He fights my Battails; then how can
I fear the Power of feeble Man?
Assists my Friends; my Enemies
Shall with their slaughter feast mine eyes.
Far better to have Confidence
In God, than trust to mans Defence:
On him much safer to relie,
Than on the strength of Monarchy.
The Nations all at once assail'd;
But by his Aid my Sword prevail'd.
Their Armies had beset me round;
I with their Bodies strew'd the ground.
Though they like Bees about me swarm;
His holy Name and pow'rful Arm
Shall soon consume their numerous powers,
As Fire the crackling Thorn devours.

Mad men! his Fall you seek in vain,
Whom great Jehovah's Hands sustain.
He is my Strength; his Praise my Song:
By him preserv'd from powerful Wrong.
Our Tents with publick Joy shall ring:
The Just of their Deliverance sing.
He with his own Right hand hath fought;
His own Right hand hath Wonders wrought.
I shall not dye, but live to praise
The Lord, who hath prolong'd my Daies.
He with his Scourge my Sin corrects;
Yet from the Darts of Death protects.
You to his Service sanctifi'd,
The Temple Doors set open wide;
That I may enter in his Name,
And celebrate his glorious Fame.
Those are the Doors, at which all they
Shall enter, who his Will obey.

Part 2.

His

His Praise with Hymns immortalize!
My Saviour, who hath heard my Cries.

Part 3. That Stone the Builders from them cast;
Is highest on the corner plac't.
God hath reveal'd these Mysteries,
So full of Wonder, to our Eyes.
This is his Day; a Day of Joy;
Of everlasting Memory.
Great God of gods, thy King protect;
Propitious prove to thy Elect.
O blest be he, whom God shall send!
We, who within his Courts attend,
You from his Sanctuary blest;
And daily pray for your success.
God, even the Lord, hath shed his light
Into our Souls, and clear'd our sight.
Bind to the Altars horns, a Lamb,
New-weaned from the bleating Dam.
Thou art my God; my Songs shall praise,
And to the Stars thy Glory raise.
Praise our good God, The King of kings;
From whom eternal Mercy springs.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

As the 1.

Blest are the Undeild, who God obey;
Seek with their hearts, nor from his Precepts
stray.

No tempting Vice shall those from Virtue
draw,
Who with unfainting Zeal observe his Law.

Lord,

Lord, by thy sacred Rule my steps direct.
Those shall not blush who thy Commands affect.
Thy Justice learnt, my Soul shall sing thy Praise.
For sake me not, O guide me in thy Waies!

BETH.

Young man, thy Actions by his Precepts guide: *Part 2.*
From these let not thy zealous Servant slide.
Thy Word, writ in my heart, shall curb my Will.
O teach me how I may thy Laws fulfill!
Those, by thy Tongue pronounc'd, I will unfold.
Thy Testaments by me more pris'd than Gold.
On these I meditate, admire; there set
My Souls delight: these never will forget.

GIMEL.

O let me live t' observe thy Laws: mine Eyes *Part 3.*
Illuminate to view those Mysteries.
Me, a poor Pilgrim, with thy Truth inspire:
For whom my Soul even fainteth with desire.
The Proud is curst, who from thy Precepts straits.
Bless, and preserve my Soul, which these obeies.
No hate of Princes from thy Law deters:
My Study, my Delight, my Counsellors.

DALETH.

My down-cast Soul, as thou hast promis'd, raise. *Part 4.*
Thou know'st my Thoughts; direct me in thy waies.
Inform, and I thy Wonders will profess.
O strengthen me, that labour in Distress!
Shew thy clear Paths, false Errors mist remov'd.
I have thy chosen Truth and Judgements lov'd.

To these I cleave: O shield me from Disgrace.
Inlarge my heart to run that heavenly race.

HE.

Part 5. Teach thou, and I thy Statutes will observe;
Nor from that sacred Knowledge ever swerve.
My Soul to those delightful Paths confine:
From Avarice purge, and to thy Laws incline.
Divert from vain desires, my darkness clear:
Confirm the Soul devoted to thy Fear.
Free from fear'd shame: thy Judgements are upright.
O quicken me, who in thy Word delight.

VAU.

Part 6. His Soul protect, who on thy Word relies;
And silence my reproachful Enemies.
O thou my Hope, in me thy Truth preserve:
So I thy Laws for ever shall observe;
Will freely walk in thy affected way:
Will boldly before Kings thy Truth display.
For in thy Statutes I my comfort place;
Those study, love, and with my Soul imbrace.

ZAIN.

Part 7. Think of thy Promise, which my Hopes hath fed,
All storms appeas'd, and rais'd me from the Dead.
Nor for proud scoffs have I thy Laws declin'd:
Confirm'd, when I thy Judgements call to mind.
They, who thy Laws desert, incense my rage:
Sung in the mansion of my Pilgrimage.
Thy Name, great God, I prais'd, when others slept;
This comfort had, since I thy Statutes kept.

CHETH.

C H E T H.

Thou art my Portion: I will thee adore ,
Thy Laws observe, and promis'd Grace implore.
My Actions by thy sacred Rules direct ;
And thy Commands with forward Zeal effect.
The Wicked rob ; but I thy Statutes prize :
At Midnight to applaud thy Justice rise.
Who fear and keep thy Laws, such are my Friends.
Instruct ; thy Mercy through the World extends.

Part 8.

T E T H.

Thou to thy Servant hast perform'd thy Word :
Discerning knowledge to his Faith afford.
Thou Sea of Goodness, that my Soul conforms
Unto thy Statutes, by Afflictions storms.
The Proud, sat at the Heart, base Slanders raise :
But I will trust in thy affected Waies.
Me blest Affliction to thy Courts hath brought.
Thy Laws more pris'd than Ships with treasure
fraught.

Part 9.

J O D.

Inform me, my Creator, in thy Laws ;
That thine may see thy Observer with applause.
Thou ever just, in favour dost correct.
With promis'd Mercy comfort thine Elect.
That I may live, who in thy Precepts joy ;
Those keep: the Proud, who causeless hate, destroy.
Who fear and know thy Laws, to me unite :
O, lest I perish, guide me by their light !

Part 10.

CAPH.

Part 11. With Expectation faint, and blind; yet still
 My Soul expects. Thy Promise, Lord, fulfill.
 I, though a bladder, on thy Word depend.
 Confound my Foes: when shall my Sorrows end!
 The Proud have pitch'd their toils; infrin'g'd thy
 Laws:
 O sacred Justice, snatch me from their jaws.
 They had almost devour'd; but I affect
 Thy Precepts: quicken, and by those direct,

LAME D.

Part 12. Thy faithful Promises are fixt above;
 Firm as the Poles, or Earth; which never move:
 By thy eternal Ordinance dispos'd.
 Thy Laws my Life; else Grief my eyes had clos'd,
 Nor will I these forget; by these renew'd.
 Thy chosen save, who hath thy Truth pursu'd.
 The Wicked chase my Soul, which thee obeys.
 Thy Word shall last, when Heaven and Earth de-
 cays.

MEM.

Part 13. Oh how I love thy Laws! those exercise!
 By them made wiser than my Enemies.
 More than my Teachers know, more than the Old:
 With Virtue these inflame, from Vice with-hold.
 That they may guide me, I have cleans'd my Heart:
 And from thy Precepts never will depart:
 Then *Hermons* Honey to my taste more sweet.
 By-ways I hate; by thine become discreet.

NUN.

Thy Word, my Light; a Lamp to guide my way. *Part 14.*
 I swear t' observe thy Truth, and will not stray.
 My wounded Soul with promis'd mercy heal:
 Accept my offerings, and thy Will reveal.
 Although inclos'd with Death; though Foes have
 laid
 Snares for my Soul; yet have I thee obey'd.
 My comforts, my eternal Heritage.
 O may I keep them, till I die through age.

SAMECH.

I love thy Law; my hate to sin is great: *Part 15.*
 O thou my hope, my Shield, my safe retreat!
 My Will shall thine obey. Hence you prophane.
 Lord, save my Soul, nor let me hope in vain.
 Uphold; and I thy Justice shall applaud.
 Thou hast intrap'd thy Foes in their own fraud;
 Cast out like Drops. My heart affects thy path,
 Yet trembles with the horror of thy wrath.

AIN.

O leave me not to my outrageous Foes: *Part 16.*
 Nor to their scorn my righteous Soul expose.
 Mine Eyes even fail, while I thy aid expect.
 Be merciful, and in thy Wayes direct.
 Inlarge my mind, thy Wayes to understand:
 'Tis time; for they infringe thy just Command,
 Which more than Gold; than Gold refin'd I prize;
 In all upright. But hate deceitful lies.

P E.

- Part 17.* Thy Word, the Gate of Life, even Babes inspires
 With Knowledge: this my obsequious Soul ad-
 mires:
 This I with thirsty appetite devour.
 Thy streams of Mercy on thy Servant pour.
 Compose my steps: so shall not sin subject,
 Nor man oppress: for I thy Laws affect.
 Shine on my Soul; thy Statutes teach: mine Eyes
 Shed show'rs of tears, when men thy Laws despise;

TSADDI.

- Part 18.* As Thou thy Self, so all thy Laws are just:
 Faithful to those, who in thy Promise trust.
 Zeal hath consum'd me, for my Foes neglect
 Of thy pure Laws, which I in heart affect.
 Those to observe, though mean and scorn'd, intend.
 Truth crowns thy Word; thy Justice without end.
 These in my grief, and trouble comfort give.
 Inform with Knowledge, that my Soul may live.

COPH.

- Part 19.* O hear my cries! preserve his life, who will
 Thy Laws obey, and just Commands fulfill.
 My Eyes out-watch the Night; my cries prevent
 The early Morn, in due Devotion spent.
 Hear, and revive; thy Justice execute
 On lawless men: preserve from their pursuit.
 Thy oft-tri'd Mercy ever is at hand.
 Thy Judgements on eternal Bases stand.

R E S C H.

Behold my sorrows; patronize my cause. Part 20.
Thy Word perform to him, that keeps thy Laws.
Death shall devour, who thy Commands neglect.
Thou, great in Mercy, my sought life protect.
In all extreams I have thy Will observ'd:
Griev'd, when Transgressors from thy Statutes
fierv'd.
To me, who love thy Laws, thy Grace extend:
Thy Truth began with Time, and knows no end.

S C H I N.

Tyrants oppress; thy Word restrains my Mind: Part 21.
Wherein I joy, like those who Treasure find.
Fraud I abhor; inamour'd on thy Waies.
Seven times a Day my Lips thy Justice praise.
Who love thy Laws, sweet Peace, and Safety bless.
In Thee I hope, nor thy just Will transgress.
Thy Word observe: thy Statutes I affect;
Which through these humane Seas my course direct.

T A U.

Accept my Prayers: with Knowledge, Lord, indue; Part 22.
From Death redeem; since to thy Promise true.
Thy Statutes taught, I will thy Praise resound.
Thy Word extol, and Laws with Justice crown'd.
These are my choice: uphold with thy right Hand;
Who feed on Hope, and joy in thy Command.
Prolong my life, that I thy Praise may sing.
Lord, thy stray'd Sheep back to thy Pasture bring.

PSALM CXX.

As the 5.

Distrest, and in my mind dismay'd,
When destitute of humane aid,
To Thee successfully I pray'd.

Lord, shield me from the Fraudulent;
From those that are on malice bent;
Who envious Calumnies invent.

O thou false tongue, steep'd in the gall
Of Serpents! what reward, for all
Thy mischief, shall to thee befall!

Like Arrows shot from *Parthian* strings,
Fir'd Juniper, and Scorpions stings;
Such art thou, O thou worst of things!

Wo's me, that I from *Israel*
Exiled, must in *Mesech* dwell;
And in the Tents of *Ismael*!

O how long shall I live with those,
Whose savage minds sweet Peace oppose;
Where Fury by dissension grows:

PSALM CXXI.

As the 15.

TO the Hills thine Eyes erect,
Help from those alone expect.
He who Heaven and Earth hath made,
Shall from *Sion* send thee aid.

God

God thy ever-watchful Guide,
 Will not suffer thee to slide.
 He, even he, who *Israel* keeps,
 Never slumbers, never sleeps.
 He, thy Guard, with Wings display'd,
 Shall refresh Thee in their Shade :
 Suns shall not with heat infect,
 But their temperate beams reflect :
 Nor unwholsom Serene shall
 From the Moons moist influence fall.
 When thou travel'st on the way,
 When at home thou spend'st the Day,
 When sweet Peace thy life delights,
 When imbroyl'd in bloody Fights,
 God shall all thy steps attend,
 Now, and evermore defend.

PSALM CXXII.

O Happy Summons! to the Court
 And Temple of the Lord resort.
Jerusalem, our Feet shall tread
 Within thy Walls: O thou the Head
 Of all the Earth and *Judah's* Throne;
 Three Cities strongly joyn'd in one!
 The Tribes in throngs to Thee ascend;
 The Tribes which on the Lord depend:
 Fat Offerings to his Altar bring,
 And his immortal Praises sing.
 There shall be his Tribunal place,
 The Judgement-seat of *David's* Race.
 Your joys shall with your days increase,
 Who love and pray for *Salem's* Peace.

As the 111

May Peace within thy Walls abound;
 Thy Palaces with joy resound:
 Even for my Friends and Kindreds sake,
 May never War thy Bulwarks shake:
 Even for the hope of *Israel*,
 And House, where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

As the 34.

THOU mover of the rolling Sphears,
 I through the Glasses of my Tears,
 To Thee my Eyes erect:
 As Servants mark their Masters hands:
 As Maids their Mistresses commands,
 And liberty expect:

So we, deprest by enemies,
 And growing troubles, fix our Eyes
 On God, who sits on High:
 Till he in mercy shall descend
 To give our miseries an end,
 And turn our tear to joy.

O save us, Lord, by all forlorn;
 The subject of contempt and scorn.
 Defend us from their pride,
 Who live in fluency and ease;
 Who with our woes their malice please,
 And miseries deride.

PSALM CXXIV.

BUt that God fought for us, may *Israel* say ; *As the 72.*
 But that God fought for us, in that sad Day ;
 When men inflam'd with wrath ; against us
 rose :

We had alive been swallowed by our Foes :
 Then had we sunk beneath the roaring Waves,
 And in their horrid entrails found our graves :
 Then had their violence, like torrents pour'd
 From melting Hills, our wretched lives devour'd.
 O blest be God ! who hath not given our blood
 To quench their thirst, nor made our flesh their food.
 Our Souls, like Birds, have scap'd the Fowlers Net ;
 The snares are broke, which for our lives were set.
 Our only confidence is in his Name ,
 Who made the Earth, and Heavens immortal frame.

PSALM CXV.

THey, who the Lord their Fortrefs make , *As the 9.*
 Shall like the Towers of *Sion* rise ;
 Which dreadful Earth-quakes never shake ,
 Nor raging tumults of the skies.

Lo ! as the Hills of *Solyma*
 Divine *Jerusalem* enclose :
 So shall his Angels in the Day
 Of danger, shield them from their Foes.
 The Wicked shall not long subject
 Their holy Race ; lest through despair
 They should the Laws of God neglect ,
 And be as their Commanders are.

Lord, to the Good be good ; the Just
 Protest : Their punishments increase ,
 Who follow their rebellious lust :
 But crown thy *Israel* with Peace.

PSALM CXXVI.

As the 111

When God had our deliverance wrought,
 And *Sion* out of Bondage brought ;
 It seem'd to us a Dream ; who were
 Distracted between Hope and Fear.

Then sacred Joy fill'd every Breast :
 In flowing Mirth, and Songs express'd.
 The wondring *Heathen* oft would say ;
 How good ! how great a God have they !
 Great things for us the Lord hath wrought ;
 Above the reach of humane thought :
 We therefore will his praises sing.
 The Remnant, Lord, from Bondage bring ;
 As Rivers through the parched Sand ,
 Or show'rs which fall on thirsty land.
 Who sow in Tears, shall reap in Joy.
 We after long Captivity ,
 Unto our native Soil retire ;
 The scope and crown of our desire.

PSALM CXXVII.

As the 7.

Unless the Lord the house sustain ,
 They build in vain ;
 In vain they watch, unless the Lord
 The City guard.
 In vain you rise before the Light ,
 And break the slumbers of the Night.

In vain the bread of sorrow eat,
 Got by your sweat;
 Unless the Lord with good success
 Your labours bless:
 For he all good on his bestows,
 And crowns their eyes with sweet repose.

Increasing sons, his Heritage,
 Renew their age;
 The pledges of their fruitful love,
 Given from above:
 As formidable to the Foe,
 As Arrows from a Giants bow.

He is belov'd of God, and blest
 Above the rest;
 Whose Quivers with such Shafts abound;
 By men renown'd:
 Nor shall his adversary dread;
 When they at the Tribunal plead.

PSALM CXXVIII.

HAppy he, who God obeys,
 Nor from his direction strays:
 Thou shalt of thy labours feed;
 All shall to thy wish succeed:
 Like a fair and fruitful Vine,
 By thy House, thy Wife shall joyn:
 Sons, obedient to command,
 Shall about thy Table stand;
 Like green plants of Olives, set
 By the moistning rivulet.

As the 15.

He who fears the Power above ,
 Thus shall prosper in his love.
 God shall thee from *Sion* blefs ;
 Thou shalt joy in the fuccess
 Which the Lord will *Salem* give ,
 While thou hast a day to live :
 Thou shalt see our *Israels* peace ,
 And thy childrens large increafe.

PSALM CXXIX.

As the III

Oft from my early youth have they
 Afflicted me, may *Israel* say :
 Oft from my early youth assail'd ;
 As oft have their endeavours fail'd.
 My back with long deep furrows wound ;
 As Plow-shares ear the patient ground.
 The ever Just hath broke their bands,
 And say'd me from their cruel hands.
 Let *Sions* Foes with infamy
 Be clothed, and untimely dye.
 Be they like Corn on Houses tops ,
 Which Reapers sickle never crops ,
 Nor Binder in his bosome bears :
 But withers still before it ears.
 No Travailer their labours blefs ,
 Nor say, We wish you good fuccess,

PSALM

PSALM CXXX.

As the 10.

OUt of the horropr of the Deep ,
Where fear and sorrow never sleep ,
To the my cries
In sighs arise :
Lord from despair thy servant keep :
O lend a gracious ear ,
And my petitions hear .

For if thou should'st our sins observe :
And punish us, as we deserve :
Not one of all
But then must fall ;
Since all from their obedience swerve :
Yet art not thou severe ,
That we thy Name might fear .

Thy Mercies our misdeeds transcend :
My hopes upon thy Truth depend :
Disconsolate
On thee I waite ;
As weary Centinels attend
The chearful Morns uprise
With long-expecting eyes .

O you that are of *Jacobs* Race ,
In him your Hopes, and Comforts place ;
His praises sing ;
The living Spring
Of Mercy and redundant Grace :
For he will *Israel*
Redeem from Sin and Hell .

PSALM CXXXI.

As the 32.

THou Lord my witness art ;
 I am not proud of heart ;
 Nor look with lofty eyes ;
 None envy, nor despise ;
 Nor to vain pomp apply
 My thoughts, nor fore too high :
 But in behaviour mild ;
 And as a tender child ,
 Wean'd from his Mothers breast ,
 On thee alone I rest.
 O *Israel*, adoré
 The Lord for evermore :
 Be He the only scope
 Of thy unfainting hope.

PSALM CXXXII.

As the 72.

Remember *David*, Lord ; remember Thou
 His Troubles ; thy Redemptions ; and the
 Vow
 He to the mighty God of *Jacob* made ;
 Bound by an Oath ; and in these words convey'd :
 No Roof shall cover me, nor sweet repose
 Refresh my Limbs, or sleep my eye-lids close ,
 'Till I have found a place for his abode ;
 Even for the Temple of the living God.
 The Ark, we heard, in *Ephrata* long stood ;
 And found it in the valley cloth'd with Wood.
 We will into thy Tabernacle go ,
 And there our selves before thy Foot-stool throw.

Ascend

Ascend to thy eternal Rest at length ;
 Thou, and the Ark of thy admired strength.
 O let thy Priests be cloth'd with sanctity ,
 And all thy Saints sing with triumphant joy ;
 For *Dauids* sake, receive into thy Grace :
 From thy Anointed never turn thy Face.
 For thus thou swor'st who never wilt forget ;
 Thy Son shall long possess thy royal Seat :
 And if thy Children my commands observe ,
 Nor from the rules of my prescription swerve ;
 Their Off-spring shall the *Hebrew* Scepter sway ,
 Even while the Sun illuminates the Day.
 For *Sion* I have chosen ; *Sion* great
 In my affections ; my eternal Seat.
 I will abundantly increase her store ;
 And with the flow'r of Wheat sustain her poor :
 Her Priests shall blessings to her People bring ;
 Her joyful Saints in sacred measures sing.
 There shall the Horn of *David* freshly sprout ;
 Their lamp of glory never shall burn out :
 His *Diadem* shall flourish on his head :
 But Nets of shame his Foes shall over-spread.

PSALM CXXXIII.

O Blest estate ! blest from above !
 When Brethren joyn in mutual love.
 'Tis like the precious Odors shed
 On consecrated *Aarons* head :
 Which trickled from his Beard and Breast ,
 Down to the borders of his Vest.
 'Tis like the pearls of Dew that drop
 On *Hermans* ever-fragrant top :

As the 111

Or

Or which the smiling Heavens distill
 On happy *Sions* sacred Hill.
 For God hath there his favours plac't,
 And joy, which shall for ever last.

PSALM CXXXIV.

As the 47.

You, who the Lord adore,
 And at his Altar wait;
 Who keep your watch before
 The threshold of his Gate;
 His praises sing
 By silent Night,
 Till cheerful light
 In th' Orient spring.

Your hands devoutly raise
 To his divine Recess;
 The Worlds Creator praise,
 And thus the People bless;
 The God of Love,
 From *Sions* Towers,
 To you and yours
 Propitious prove.

PSALM CXXXV.

As the 72.

OYou, who Ephods wear and Incense bring
 On sacred flames; Jehovah's praises sing.
 You, who his Temple guard, O celebrate
 His glorious Name; his noble Acts relate.
 How great a joy with such sincere delight
 To crown the Day, and entertain the Night!

For

For *Israel* is his choice; and *Jacobs* Race
 His treasure, and the object of his Grace.
 In power how infinite! how much before
 Those mortal gods, whom frantick men adore!
 All on his Will depend; all homage owe,
 In Heaven, in Earth, and in the Depths below.
 At his command exhaled Vapors rise,
 And in condensed clouds obscure the Skies.
 From thence, in show'rs He horrid Lightning flings;
 And from their Caves the struggling Tempests brings.
 He the first-born of Men and Cattle slew;
 Fresh streams of blood the Towns and Plains imbrew.
 Th' Inhabitants that drink of *Nilus* flood,
 At his confounding Wonders trembling stood.

Part 2.

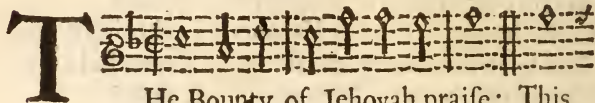
Great Princes, who excell'd in fortitude,
 And mighty Nations by his power subdu'd.
 Strong *Sihon*, whom the *Amorites* obey'd;
 And strenuous *Og*, who *Bashans* Scepter sway'd;
 With all the Kingdoms of the *Canaanites*,
 Who to the Conquerours resign their rights:
 To whom he their dismantled Cities grants,
 And in those fruitful fields his *Hebrews* plants.
 Thy Name shall last unto Eternity;
 And thy immortal Fame shall never dye.
 Thou dost thy Servant pardon and protect;
 Advance the Humble, and the Proud deject.
 Those helpless gods, ador'd in foreign Lands,
 Are Gold and Silver; wrought by humane hands:
 Blind Eyes have they, deaf Ears, still silent Tongues:
 Nor breath exhale from their unactive Lungs.
 Who made, resemble them; and such are those,
 Who in such senseless stocks their hopes repose.
 O praise the Lord, you who from *Israel* spring;
 His Praises, O you Sons of *Aaron*, sing:

You

You of the House of *Levi* praise his Name :
 All you who God adore, his Praise proclaim.
 From *Sion* praise the only Good and Great;
 Who in *Jerusalem* hath fixt his Seat.

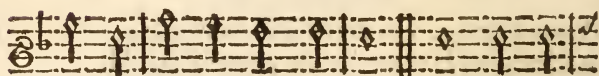
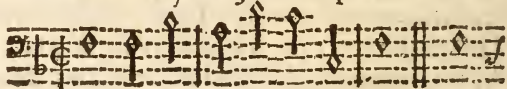
PSALM CXXXVI.

Cantus.

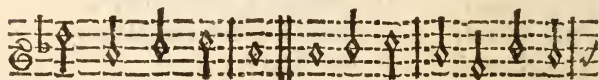
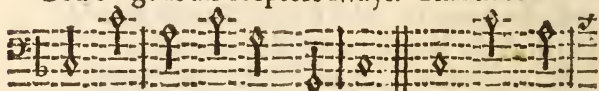


He Bounty of Jehovah praise: This

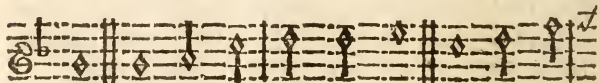
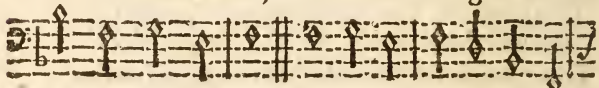
Bassus.



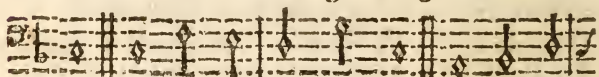
God of gods all Scepters sways. Thanks to the



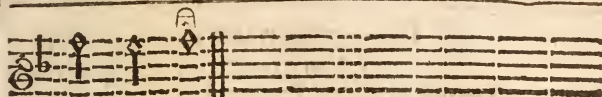
Lord of lords afford; And his amazing Wonders



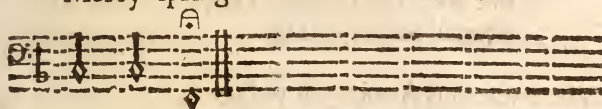
blaze: For from the King of kings E-ter-nal



Mercy



Mercy springs.



Him praise, who fram'd the arched Sky;
Those Orbs that move so orderly.

Firm Earth above,
The Floods that move
Display'd, and rais'd the Hills on high.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy springs.

Who Sun and Moon inform'd with Light,
To guide the Day, and rule the Night:

The fixed Stars,
And Wanderers
Created by divine fore-sight.
For from the King of kings:
Eternal Mercy springs.

The first-born of *Egyptians* slew;
Whose wounds the thirsty Earth imbrew:

And from that Land,
With powerful hand,
Th' oppressed sons of *Jacob* drew.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy springs.

The parted Seas before them fled,
Who in their empty chanel's tread:

The

The joyning waves,
Egyptian graves:
 And his through food-less Deserts led.
 For from the King of kings
 Eternal mercy springs.

Who numerous Armies put to flight,
 And mighty Princes slew in fight:
 Og prostrate laid,
 Who *Bashan* swai'd;
 And *Sihon* the crown'd *Amorite*.
 For from the King of kings
 Eternal Mercy springs.

By his strong hand those Giants fell;
 And gave their Lands to *Israel*:
 Confirm'd by deed
 Unto their Seed:
 Who in their conquer'd Cities dwell.
 For from the King of kings
 Eternal Mercy springs.

Remembred us in our distress;
 And freed from those, who did oppress.
 He food doth give
 To all that live.
 The God of Heaven, O *Israel*, bless.
 For from the King of kings
 Eternal Mercy springs.

PSALM CXXXVII.

As the 1.

AS on *Euphrates* shady banks we lay,
 And there, O *Sion*, to thy Ashes pay
 Our funeral tears: our silent Harps, unstrung,
 And unregarded, on the Willows hung. Lo,

Lo, they who had thy desolation wrought;
 And captiv'd *Judah* unto *Babel* brought,
 Deride the tears which from our Sorrows spring;
 And say in scorn, A Song of *Sion* sing.
 Shall we prophane our Harps at their command?
 Or holy Hymns sing in a forrein Land?
 O *Solyma*! thou that art now become
 A heap of stones, and to thy self a Tomb!
 When I forget thee, my dear Mother, let
 My fingers their melodious skill forget:
 When I a joy disjoyn'd from thine, receive;
 Then may my tongue unto my palate cleave:
 Remember *Edom*, Lord; their cruel pride,
 Who in the Sack of wretched *Salem* cry'd;
 Down with their Buildings, rase them to the ground,
 Nor let one Stone be on another found.
 Thou *Babylon*, whose Towers now touch the Skye,
 That shortly shalt as low in ruins lye;
 O happy! O thrice happy they, who shall
 With equal cruelty revenge our fall!
 That dash thy Childrens brains against the stones:
 And without pity hear their dying groans.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

MY Soul, applaud our glorious King;
 Before the Gods his praises sing:
 His Mercy an eternal Spring.

As the 46.

For this, on consecrated ground
 Will I adore; thy Truth resound;
 Thy Word above all Names renown'd.

Thou heard'st me, when to thee I cry'd;
 When Danger charg'd on every side;
 By thee confirm'd and fortifi'd.

All those, who awful Scepters bear,
When they of thy Performance hear,
Shall worship thee with reverent fear.

They shall his Truth and Mercy praise,
Who all the World with Justice swaies;
Whose Wonders Adoration raise.

Although inthron'd above the Skies,
He on the lowly casts his eyes,
But doth the Insolent despise.

Though storms of Troubles me inclose;
Yet thou shalt save me from my Foes,
And raise me in their overthrows.

For God his Promise will effect;
The Faithful faithfully protect;
Nor ever his own Choice reject.

PSALM CXXXIX.

As the III

THou know'st me, O thou only Wife;
Seest when I sit, and when I rise;
Can'st my concealed thoughts disclose;
Observ'st my Labours and Repose;
Know'st all my Counsels, all my Deeds,
Each word which from my Tongue proceeds:
Behind, before, by thee inclos'd;
Thy Hand on every part impos'd.
Such knowledge my capacity
Transcends; so wonderful, so high!
O which way shall I take my flight?
Or where conceal me from thy sight?
Ascend I Heaven; Heaven is thy Throne:
Dive I to Hell; there art thou known.

Should

Should I the Mornings wings obtain ,
And flie beyond th' *Hesperian* Main ;
Thy powerful Arm would reach me there ,
Reduce, and curb me with thy fear.
Were I involv'd in shades of Night ;
That Darknes would convert to Light.
What Clouds can from discovery free !
What Night, wherein thou canst not see !
The Night would shine likes Dayes clear flame ;
Darknes and Light, to Thee the same.
Thou sift'st my reins, even thoughts to come :
Thou cloth'dst me in my Mothers womb.
Great God, that hast so strangely rais'd
This Fabrick, be thou ever prais'd.

O full of Admiration

Part 2.

Are these thy Works ! to me well-known.
My Bones were to thy view displaid ,
When I in secret shades was made ;
When wrought by thee with curious art ,
As in the Earths inferiour part.
On me, an Embryon, didst thou look :
My members written in thy Book
Before they were : which perfect grew
In time, and open to the view.
Thy Counsels admirable are ;
And yet as infinite as rare.
O could I number them, far more
Than Sands upon the murmuring shore !
When I awake, thy Works again
My thoughts with wonder entertain.
The Wicked thou wilt surely kill.
Hence you, who blood with pleasure spill.
Their tongues thy Majesty profane ;
They take thy sacred Name in vain.

Lord, hate not I thy Enemies ?
 And grieve, when they against thee rise ?
 I hate them with a perfect hate ;
 And, as my Foes, would ruinate.
 Search and explore my heart : O try
 My thoughts, and their Integrity.
 Behold, if I from Virtue stray :
 And lead in thy eternal Way.

PSALM CXL.

As the 14.

Lord, save me from the Violent ;
 From him who takes delight in ill :
 Whose heart Deceit and Mischief fill ;
 On bloody War and Outrage bent.

Their wounding Tongues, like Serpents whet ;
 Poyson of Asps their Lips inclose.
 O save from fierce and Wicked Foes ;
 Who toils, to overthrow me, set !

The Proud have hid their cords and snares ;
 Spread all their Nets ; their Gins have laid.
 To God, Thou art my God, I said ;
 O gently hear thy Suppliant's prayers.

My strong Preserver in the fight ,
 As with a Helm, my head defends.
 Let not the Wicked gain their ends ;
 Lord, lest their pride rise with their might.

Themselves let their own Slanders wound :
 Destroy Him who their fury leads.
 Let burning coals fall on their heads ;
 And quenchless flames embrace them round.

Cast them into the Depths below ;
 From thence, O never let them rise !
 Let Death the Slanderer surprise ;
 And Mischief salvage Wrath o'rethrow.

God to th' Afflicted aid will give ;
 The Poor defend from Death and Shame.
 The Just shall celebrate thy Name ;
 And ever in thy Presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

TO Thee I cry ; Lord, hear my cries ;
 O come with speed unto my aid ;
 Let my sad Prayers before Thee rise ,
 Like Incense on the Altar laid ;
 Or as when I, with hands displaid ,
 Present my Evening Sacrifice.

As the 22.

Before my mouth a Guardian set ;
 My Lips with barrs of Silence close.
 O let me not thy Laws forget ;
 And wickedly combine with those ,
 Who Thee, and all that's good, oppose ;
 Nor of their deadly Dainties eat.

But let the Just wound and reprove ;
 Such stripes and checks, an argument
 Of their sincere and prudent love ;
 Like Odours of a fragrant Scent ,
 Pour'd on my head, no breaches rent.
 My prayers shall for their safety move.
 Mongst Rocks their Chiefs in ambush lye ,
 Yet have my suff'rings understood.

Our fevered bones are scattered by
 The mouths of graves, like clefts of Wood.
 Lord, save from those, that hunt for blood :
 On Thee with faith I cast mine eye.

O from their Machinations free ,
 That would my guiltless Soul betray ;
 From those who in my wrongs agree ,
 And for my life their engins lay.
 May they by their own craft decay ;
 But let me thy Salvation see.

PSALM CXLII.

As the 4.

With sighs and cries to God I praid ;
 To him my supplication made ;
 Pour'd out my tears ,
 My cares and fears ;
 My wrongs before him laid.

My fainting spirits almost spent :
 He knew the path in which I went.
 Yet in my way
 Their snares they lay ,
 With merciless intent.

My Eyes I round about me throw ;
 None see, that will th' Oppressed know ;
 No refuge left ;
 Of hope bereft ;
 Vain pity none bestow.

Then unto God I cry'd , and said ,
 Thou art my Hope, and only Aid ;
 The Portion
 I build upon ,
 While with frail flesh afraid.

O Source of Mercy, hear my cry,
Left I with wasting sorrow die:
 Shield from my foes,
 Who now inclose;
Since of more strength than I.

My Soul out of this Prison bring,
That I may praise thee, O my King.
 Who trust in thee,
 Shall compass me,
And of thy Bounty sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

Lord, to my cries afford an ear,
 Th' afflicted hear;
According to thy Equity,
 And Truth reply;
Nor prove severe: for in thy sight
None living shall be found upright.

As the 39th

The Foe my Soul besiegeth round,
 Strikes to the ground:
In darkness hath enveloped,
 Like men long dead:
My mind with sorrow overthrown;
My heart within me stupid grown.

I call to mind those ancient Daies
 Fill'd with thy praise:
Thy Works alone possess my thought,
 With wonder wrought.
To thee I stretch my zealous Hand;
Desir'd like rain by thirsty land.

Part 2. Approach with speed; my Spirits fail;
 Thy Face unveil:
 Least I forthwith grow like to those,
 Whom graves inclose.
 O let me of thy Mercy hear,
 Before the morning Sun appear.

My God, thou art the only scope
 Of all my hope:
 O shew me thy prescribed way,
 Lest I should stray.
 For to thy Throne I raise mine eyes;
 My Soul, and all my faculties.

Save from my Foes: to Thee loe I
 For refuge flie:
 Inform me, that I may fulfill
 Thy sacred Will.
 My God, let thy good Spirit lead,
 That in thy paths my Feet may tread.

O for thy Honour quicken me,
 Who trust in Thee:
 Out of these Straights, for Justice sake,
 Thy Servant take.
 In mercy cut thou off my Foes,
 Whose hate hath multiply'd my woes.

PSALM CXLIV.

As the III **T**He Lord, my Strength, be only prais'd;
 The Lord, who hath my courage rais'd:
 In doubtful Battle given me might,
 And skill how to direct, and fight.

My

My Fautor, Fortrefs, high-built Tower;
 My Rock, Redeemer, Shield and Power;
 My only Confidence; who still
 Subjects my People to my will.

Lord, what is Man, or his frail Race,
 That thou should'st such a vapour grace!

Man nothing is but vanity;
 A shadow swiftly gliding by.

Great God, stoop from the bending Skies,
 The Mountains touch, and Clouds shall rise;

From thence thy winged Lightning throw;
 Rout and confound the flying Foe;

Stretch down thy hand, which only saves,
 And snatch me from the furious Waves.

Free from rebellious Enemies,

Inur'd to perjuries and lies:

Their Hands defil'd with fraud and wrong.

Then will I in a new-made Song,

Unto the softly-warbling string,

Of thy Illustrious Praises sing.

Thou Kings preserv'st; hast me preserv'd;

Part 2.

Even *David*, who thy Will observ'd;

Free from rebellious Enemies,

Inur'd to perjuries and lies:

Foul deeds their violent hands defile;

Hands prone to treachery and guile:

That in their Youth our Sons may grow

Like Lawrel Groves; our Daughters show

Like polish'd pillars deck'd with Gold;

Which high and Royal roofs uphold:

Our Magazines abound with Grain,

Provision of all sorts contain:

Increasing Flocks our Pastures fill,

And well-fed Steers the Fallows till;

That

That no incurfions Peace affright ;
 No Armies joyn in dreadful fight ;
 No daring Foe our Walls inveft ,
 Nor fearful shrieks disturb our reft.
 Bleft People ! who in this eftate
 Injoy your felves without debate :
 And happy, O thrice happy they ,
 Who for their God, the Lord obey !

PSALM CXLV.

As the 111

I Still will of thy Glory fing ;
 Thy Name extoll, my God, my King.
 No day fhall pafs without thy praife ;
 Prais'd while the Sun his Beams difplays.
 Great is the Lord, whose praife exceeds :
 Infcutable are all his Deeds.
 One Age fhall to another tell
 Thy Works, which fo in power excell.
 The Beauty of thy Excellence ,
 And Oracles intrance my Senfe.
 Men fhall thy dreadful Acts relate ;
 My Verfe thy Greatnefs celebrate ;
 To memory thy Favours bring ,
 And of thy noble Juftice fing.
 For in Thee Grace and Pity live ;
 To anger flow, fwift to forgive.
 All on thy Goodnefs, Lord, depend :
 Thy Mercies all thy Works transcend ;
 Even all thy Works fhall praife thy Name ;
 Thy Saints fhall celebrate the fame :
 Of thy far-fpreading Empire fpeak ;
 Thy Power, to which all Powers are weak :

To make thy Acts to Mortals known,
And glory of thy awfull Throne.

Thy Kingdom never shall have end :
Thy Rule beyond Times flight extend.
The Lord shall those, who fall, sustain ;
And Souls dejected raise again.
All seek from Thee their livelyhood ;
Thou in due season giv'st them food :
Thy liberal Hand, Men, Birds, and Beasts,
Even all that live, with plenty feasts.
The Lord is Just in all his Waies,
Who Mercy in his Works displaies ;
Is present by his power with all,
Who on his Name sincerely call :
For he will their desires effect ;
Regard their cries ; from Foes protect.
Who love Him, Safety shall enjoy :
The Lord the Wicked will destroy.
My Tongue his Goodness shall proclame.
Man-kind, for ever praise his Name.

Part 2.

PSALM CXLVI.

Hallelu-jah.

O My Soul, praise thou the Lord :
Whilst thou liv'st, his praise record.
Whilst I am, eternal King,
I will of thy praises sing.

As the 29.

O, no hope in Princes place ;
Trust in none of humane race ;
Who can give no help at all,
Nor prevent his proper fall.

When

When his parting breath expires,
 He again to Earth retires.
 Ev'n in that uncertain day
 All his thoughts with him decay.
 Happy he, whom God protects;
 He, on whom his Grace reflects.
 Happy he, who plants his trust
 On the only Good and Just.
 He who Heavens blew Arch display'd;
 He who Earths Foundation laid;
 Spread the Land-imbracing Main;
 Made what ever all contain:
 True to what his Word profess;
 He avengeth the oppress;
 Hungry Souls with food sustains,
 And unbinds the Prisoners chains:
 To the blind restores his sight;
 Rears, who fall by wicked might.
 Righteousness his Soul affects.
 Friendless Strangers he protects,
 Widdows, and the Fatherless;
 Those confounds who these oppress.
 Zion, God, thy God shall reign,
 While the Poles their Orbs sustain.

Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CXLVII.

As the III

JEhovah praise with one consent.
 How comely! sweet! how excellent,
 To sing our great Creators praise!
 Whose hands late ruin'd *Salem* raise,
 Collecting scattered *Israel*,
 That they in their own Towns may dwell:

He

He cures the sorrows of our minds ;
Our wounds imbalms, and softly binds.
He numbers Heavens bright-sparkling Flames ,
And calls them by their several Names.
Great is our God, and great in might ;
His Knowledge O most infinite !
The Humble unto Thrones erects ;
The Insolent to Earth dejects.
Present your thanks to our great King ;
On solemn Harps his Praises sing ;
Who Heaven with gloomy Vapors hides ,
And timely Rain for Earth provides.
With grass he clothes the pregnant Hills ,
And hungry beasts with Herbage fills.
He feeds the Ravens croaking brood ,
(Left by the Old) that cry for food.

He cares not for the strength of Horse ,
Nor mans strong limbs, and matchless force :
But those affects, who in his Path
Their feet direct with constant Faith.
O Solyma, Jehovah praise ;
To God thy Voice, *O Sion*, raise :
Who hath thy City fortify'd ;
Thy streets with Citizens supply'd :
Firm peace in all thy borders set ,
And fed thee with the flower of Wheat.
He sends forth his Commands, which flie
More swift than Lightning through the Skie :
The Snow-like Wool on Mountains spreads ;
And hoary Frosts like Ashes sheds ;
While solid Floods their course refrain ,
What Mortal can his cold sustain ?
At his Command, by Wind and Sun
Dissolv'd th' unfetter'd Rivers run.

Part 2.

His

His Laws to *Jacob* he hath shown;
 His Judgements are to *Israel* known.
 Not so with other Nations deals,
 From whom his Statutes he conceals.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 29.

YOU, who dwell above the Skies,
 Free from humane miseries;
 You whom highest Heaven imbowers,
 Praise the Lord with all your powers.

Angels, your clear Voices raise;
 Him you Heavenly Armies praise:
 Sun, and Moon with borrow'd light;
 All you sparkling Eyes of Night:
 Waters hanging in the air;
 Heaven of Heavens his Praise declare.
 His deserved Praise record;
 His, who made you by his Word;
 Made you evermore to last,
 Set your bounds not to be past.
 Let the Earth his Praise resound:
 Monstrous Whales, and Seas profound;
 Vapors, Lightning, Hail, and Snow;
 Storms, which when he bids them, blow:
 Flowry Hills, and Mountains high;
 Cedars, neighbours to the Skie;
 Trees that fruit in season yield;
 All the Cattle of the Field;
 Salvage beasts; all creeping things;
 All that cut the Air with wings.
 You who awful Scepters sway;
 You inured to obey;

Princes,

Princes, Judges of the Earth;
 All of high and humble birth;
 Youths, and Virgins, flourishing
 In the beauty of your spring:
 You who bow with Ages weight;
 You, who were but born of late:
 Praise his Name with one consent:
 O how great! how excellent!
 Than the Earth profounder far;
 Higher than the highest star.
 He will his to honour raise.
 You his Saints, resound his Praise;
 You who are of *Jacobs Race*,
 And united to his Grace.

Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CXLIX.

TO the God, whom we adore,
 Sing a Song unsung before:
 His immortal Praise rehearse,
 Where his Holy Saints converse.

As the 29.

Israel, O thou his Choice,
 In thy Makers Praise rejoyce:
Zions Sons, rejoyce, and sing
 To the Honour of your King.
 In the Dance his Praise resound;
 Strike the Harp, let Timbrels sound.
 God in Goodness infinite,
 In his People takes delight.
 God with safety will adorn
 Those, whom men afflict with scorn.
 Let his Saints in glory joy;
 Sing as in their Beds they lye:

Highly

Highly praise the living Lord ;
 Arm'd with their two-edged Sword ;
 All the *Heathen* to confound ;
 And the Nations bordering round ;
 Binding all their Kings with cords ;
 Fettring their captived Lords :
 That they in divine pursuit ;
 May his Judgements execute ;
 As 'tis writ, such Honour shall
 Unto all his Saints befall

Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CL.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 29.

PRaise the Lord inthron'd on high ;
 Praise him in his Sanctity ;
 Praise him for his mighty Deeds ;
 Praise him who in Power exceeds ;
 Praise with Trumpets, pierce the Skies ;
 Praise with Harps and Psalteries ;
 Praise with Timbrels, Organs, Flutes ;
 Praise with Violins, and Lutes ;
 Praise, with silver Cymbals sing ;
 Praise on those which loudly ring .
 Angels, all of humane birth ,
 Praise the Lord of Heaven and Earth.

Hallelu-jah.

F I N I S.