

1648-1653
PSALMS I-VIII, LXXX-LXXXVIII
John Milton

Milton, John (1608-1674) - English poet and prose writer who is one of the most highly regarded figures in world literature and is widely considered the greatest poet since Shakespeare. Often called the "Puritan Poet," he had many of the good traits of the Puritans as well as many of the bad and spent much of his life immersed in political and religious controversy. Psalms I-VIII, LXXXLXXXVIII (1648-1653) - A series of Milton's minor poems. Biblical Psalms rendered into verse.

PSALMS I-VIII, LXXX-LXXXVIII

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and ith' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sate. But in the great
Jehovahs Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their tryal then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruine must.

PSALM 2

Psalm II Done Aug.8.1653 Terzetti

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
 Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' earth upstand
 With power, and Princes in their Congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear.
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I saith hee
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
 On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd
 Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd

Earths utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse
 Like to a potters vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length ye Kings averse
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger and ye perish in the way
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM 3

Psalm III Aug.9,1653
 When he fled from Absalom

Lord how many are my foes
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 No help for him in God there lies.

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

PSALM 4

Psalm IV Aug.10, 1653

Answer me when I call
God of my righteousness;
In straits and in distres
Thou didst me disinthrall
And set at large; now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prai'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in scorn
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose
Chose to himself a part
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chuse he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie.

Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say
Who yet will shew us good?
Talking like this worlds brood
But Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put
Then when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where ere I lie

As in a rocky Cell
 Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM 5

Psalm V. Aug. 12, 1653

Jehovah my words give ear
 My meditation waigh
 The voyce of my complaining hear
 My King and God for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah thou my early voyce
 Shalt in the morning hear
 Ith' morning I to thee with choyce
 Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight
 Evil with thee no biding makes
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly

The bloodi' and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy house; I in thy fear
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
Lord lead me in thy righteousness
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress,
Set thy wayes right before, where my step goes.
For in his faltring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found

To bless the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSALM 6

Psalm VI Aug.13, 1653

Lord in thine anger do not reprehend me
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
 Pity me Lord for I am much deject
 Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore;
 And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
 Wearied I am with sighing out my dayes,
 Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
 My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eie
 Through grief consumes. is waxen old and dark

Ith' mid'st of all mine enemies that mark.
 Depart all ye that work iniquitie.
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't
 With much confusion; then grow red with shame,
 They shall return in hast the way they came
 And in a moment shall be quite abash't.

PSALM 7

Psalm VII Aug.14, 1653

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him

Lord my God to thee I flie
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I crie
 Least as a Lion (and no wonder)
 He hast to tear my Soul asunder
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not fre'd my foe for naught;

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

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

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

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

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

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

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

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

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

PSALM 8

Psalm VIII Aug. 14. 1653

O Jehovah Lord how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
 So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest hearth,

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

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
 The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set,

In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

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

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forrest meet.

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

PSALM 80

April, 1648 J. M.

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

1

Thou Shepherd that dost Israel [keep]
 Give ear [in time of need,]
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep
 [Thy loved] Josephs seed,
 That sitt'st between the Cherubs [bright]
 [Between their wings out-spread]
 Shine forth, [and from thy cloud give light,]
 [And on our foes thy dread.]

2

In Ephraims view and Benjamins,
 And in Manasse's sight

Awake thy strength, come, and [be seen]
[To] save us [by thy might.]

3

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

4

Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, [and angry brow]
Against thy peoples praire.

5

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

6

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

7

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

8

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

9

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

10

With her [green] shade [that] cover'd [all,]
The Hills were [over-spread]
Her Bows as [high] as Cedars tall
[Advanc'd their lofty head.]

11

Her branches [on the western side]
Down to the Sea she sent,
And [upward] to that river [wide]
Her other branches [went.]

12

Why hast thou laid her Hedges low
And brok'n down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
[With rudest violence?]

13

The [tusked] Boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild Beasts there brouze, and make their food
[Her Grapes and tender Shoots.]

14

Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
Behold [us, but without a frown,]
And visit this [thy] Vine.

15

Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted [long,
And the young branch, that for thy self
Thou hast made firm and strong.

16

But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut [with Axes] down,
They perish at thy dreadfull ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.

17

Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy [good] hand be [laid,
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.

18

So shall we not go back from thee
[To wayes of sin and shame,]
Quick'n us thou, then [gladly]
wee Shall call upon thy Name.
Return us, [and thy grace divine]
Lord God of Hosts [voutsafe,]
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSALM 81**1**

To God our strength sing loud, [and clear,]
Sing loud to God [our King,]
To Jacobs God, [that all may bear]
Loud acclamations ring.

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

When trouble did thee sore assaile,
[On me then] didst thou call,
And I to free thee [did not faile,]
[And led thee out of thrall.]
I answer'd thee in thunder deep
With clouds encompass'd round;

I tri'd thee at the water [steep]
Of Meriba [renown'd.]

8

Hear O my people, [heark'n well,]
I testify to thee
[Thou antient flock] of Israel,
If thou wilt list to mee,

9

Through out the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be
Nor shalt thou to a forein God
In honour bend thy knee.

10

I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Aegypt land
Ask large enough, and I, [besought,]
Will grant thy full demand.

11

And yet my people would not [hear,]
[Nor] hearken to my voice;
And Israel [whom I lov'd so dear]
Mislik'd me for his choice.

12

Then did I leave them to their will
And to their wandring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still
Their own devises blind.

13

O that my people would [be wise]
[To] serve me [all their daies,]
And O that Israel would [advise]
[To] walk my [righteous] waies.

14

Then would I soon bring down their foes
[That now so proudly rise,]
And turn my hand against [all those]
[That are] their enemies.

15

Who hate the Lord should [then be fain]
[To] bow to him and bend,
But [they, His people, should remain,]
Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them [from the shock]
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfie them from the rock
With Honey [for their Meat.]

PSALM 82**1**

God in the great assembly stands
[Of Kings and lordly States,]
Among the gods on both his hands
He judges and debates.

2

How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment false and wrong
Favouring the wicked [by your might,]
[Who thence grow bold and strong?]

3

Regard the weak and fatherless
Dispatch the poor mans cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal Lawes.

4

Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him [that help demands.]

5

They know not nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on,
The Earths foundations all are mov'd
And out of order gon.

6

I said that ye were Gods, yea all
The Sons of God most high

7

But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other Princes [die.]

8

Rise God, judge thou the earth [in might,]
This [wicked] earth redress,
For thou art he who shalt by right
The Nations all possess.

PSALM 83**1**

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of [scornful] Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood
[That in the Desert dwell,]

7

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

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

[For they amidst their pride] have said
By right now shall we seize
Gods houses, and [will now invade]
Their stately Palaces.

13

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

14

As [when] an [aged] wood takes fire
[Which on a sudden straiies,]
The [greedy] flame runs hier and hier
Till all the mountains blaze,

15

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

16

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

17

Asham'd and troubl'd let them be,
Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,

Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, [and scape it never.]

18

Then shall they know that thou whose name
 Jehova is alone,
 Art the most high, [and thou the same]
 O're all the earth [art one.]

PSALM 84

1

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

2

My Soul doth long and almost die
 Thy Courts O Lord to see,

My heart and flesh aloud do crie,
O living God, for thee.

3

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

4

Happy, who in thy house reside
Where thee they ever praise,

5

Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy waies.

6

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

7

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

8

Lord God of Hoasts hear [now] my praier
O Jacobs God give ear,

9

Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed [dear.]

10

For one day in thy Courts [to be]
Is better, [and more blest]
Then [in the joyes of Vanity,]
A thousand daies [at best.]
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a dore,
Then dwell in Tents, [and rich abode]
With Sin [for evermore.]

11

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

12

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

PSALM 85**1**

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,
To us thy mercy shew
Thy saving health to us afford
[And life in us renew.]

8

[And now] what God the Lord will speak
I will go [strait and] hear,
For to his people he speaks peace
And to his Saints [full dear,]
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more

Return to folly, [but surcease]
[To trespass as before.]

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

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

13

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

PSALM 86**1**

Thy [Gracious] ear, O Lord, encline,
O hear me [I thee pray,]
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, [and sad decay.]

2

Preserve my soul, for I have trod
Thy waies, and love the just,
Save thou thy servant O my God
Who [still] in thee doth trust.

3

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

5

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

6

Unto my supplication Lord
Give ear, and to the crie
Of my [incessant] praiers afford
Thy hearing graciously.

7

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

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

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

13

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

14

O God the proud against me rise
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.

15

But thou Lord art the God most mild
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and [art stil'd]
Most mercifull, most true.

16

O turn to me [thy face at length,]
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy hand-maids Son.

17

Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes [then] see
And be asham'd, because then Lord
Do'st help and comfort me.

PSALM 87**1**

Among the holy Mountains [high]
Is his foundation fast,
[There Seated in his Sanctuary,]
[His Temple there is plac't.]

2

Sions [fair] Gates the Lord loves more
Then all the dwellings [faire]
Of Jacobs [Land, though there be store,]
[And all within his care.]

3

City of God, most glorious things
Of thee [abroad] are spoke;

4

I mention Egypt, [where proud Kings]
[Did our forefathers yoke,]
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia [full of scorn,]
And Tyre with Ethiops [utmost ends,]
Lo this man there was born:

5

But [twice that praise shall in our ear]
Be said of Sion [last]
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.

6

The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
That ne're shall be out-worn
When he the Nations doth enrowle
That this man there was born.

7

Both they who sing, and they who dance
[With sacred Songs are there,]
In thee [fresh brooks, and soft streams glance]
[And] all my fountains [clear.]

PSALM 88**1**

Lord God that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long, before the [weep]
Before thee [prostrate lie.]

2

Into thy presence let my praier
[With sighs devout ascend]
And to my cries, that [ceaseless are,]
Thine ear with favour bend.

3

For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,
My life [at death' s uncherful dore]
Unto the grave draws nigh.

4

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

5

From life discharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead [to sleep,]
And like the slain [in bloody fight]
That in the grave lie [deep.]
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard,

Them from thy hand deliver'd o're
[Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.]

6

Thou in the lowest pit [profound]
Hast set me [all forlorn,
Where thickest darkness [hovers round,
In horrid deeps [to mourn.]

7

Thy wrath [from which no shelter saves]
Full sore doth press on me;
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
And all thy waves break me.

8

Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, [for they change,
And I here pent up thus.

9

Through sorrow, and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.

10

Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd arise
And praise thee [from their loathsom bed]
[With pale and hollow eyes?]

11

Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave [hath hold,]
Or they [who] in perdition [dwell]
Thy faithfulness [unfold?]

12

In darkness can thy mighty [hand]
[Or] wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the [gloomy] land
Of [dark] oblivion?

13

But I to thee O Lord do cry
[E're yet my life be spent,]
And [up to thee] my praier [doth hie]
Each morn, and thee prevent.

14

Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me,

15

That am already bruis'd, and shake
With terror sent from thee;
Bruz'd, and afflicted and [so low]
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.

16

Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow
Thy threatnings cut me through.

17

All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me persue.

18

Lover and friend thou hast remov'd
And sever'd from me far.
They [fly me now] whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

THE END