



Osterley Park.

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A
PARAPHRASE
UPON THE
DIVINE POEMS.
BY
GEORGE SANDYS.



LONDON,
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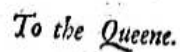


To the Best of Men,
AND
Most Excellent of Princes,
CHARLES,

By the Grace of God, King of Great-Britaine,
France and Ireland; Lord of the foure Seas;
of *Virginia;* the walt Territories adjoyning,
and disperled Islands of the Western Ocean;
The zealous-Defendor of the Christian
Faith.

GEORGE SANDYS,
The humblest of His Servants, Presents and
Consecrates these his *Paraphrases* upon the
Divine-Poems, To receive their Life and
Estimation from His Favor.

THE Muse who from your influence took her birth,
First wand'ring through the many Peopled Earth;
Next sung the Change of Things; & scold the Unknown;
Then to a nobler Shape transform'd her owne;
Fetch'd from Engaddi, Spice; from *Judy*, Balme;
And bound her browes with *Idamæan* Palme;
Now old, hath her last Voyage made; and brought
To Royall Harbor this her saved Fraught.
Who to her King bequeathes the wealth of Kings;
And dying, her owne *Epicædium* sings.



A Night-peace most affects the Eye;
Sad Words and Notes charm powerfully:
The pleasing Sorrow they impart;
Slides sweetly to the melting Heart.
Since no sincere Delight we cast,
Our best of Dales with clouds ore-cast;
Wife Nature, giddy Mirth dissolves;
And tunes our Soules to Mournefull Straines:
As Whilop's, who faire colours lack,
Place Beauty in the deepest Black.
And wee are counsell'd to be Guests,
Rather at Death's, then Hymen's Feasts.
This was that well-likin'd Face of Woe,
Whereof wee but a Coppy shew:
To you addres'd, whose chearefull Ray
Can turne the saddest Night to Day:
Not to infect, or make it lesse;
But to set off your Happinesse.
Nor are wee all of Black compos'd,
Our sitting Sun serenely cloud'd.
And, as in Job, all Storm's dispell'd,
His Evening farre his Morn excell'd;
So Juda, in her wandering Race,
At length shall rise to greater Grace.
Our Vowes ascend, that you may taste,
Of these the only First, and Last.



SINCE none but Princes durst aspire
To sing unto the Hebrew Lyre;
Sweet Prince, who then your selfe more fit
To reade, what sacred Princes Writ?
Though yet your Role became in the Bud;
They who partake of your high Blood,
Grow soone in understanding old;
Nor should their Age by Yeares be told:
Whose Soules, more swift then Motion, climb;
And check the stryde Flight of Time.
Farre off, I see that dawning Gray;
The Ensigne of a glorious Day:
Yet ere this guild the World, I must
Resolve into neglected Dust.
If then restored by your Breath,
Not all of mee shall sleepe in Death.

T O
My noble friend Mr. Sandys, upon
his Job, Ecclesiastes, and the
Lamentations, clearly, lear-
nedly, and Eloquently
Paraphrased.

W Ho would inform his Soul, or Feast his Sense
And Feels or Pities, or Eloquence;
What might with Knowledge, Virtue join'd, inspire
And animate the Heart and Light of Fire:
He, Those in These by Thee, may find embrace,
Or as a Poet, or a Paraphrast.
Such Rules of the Divine are shed
Throughout these Works, and every Line o're-spread;
That by the Stream the Spring is clearly shewn;
And the Translation makes the Author known:
Nor He being knowne, remains his Sense conceal'd;
But to by thy illustrious Pen reveal'd,
Wee see not plainer, Than which gives us Sight,
Then wee see that, assisted by Thy Light,
All seems transparent now, which seem'd perplex,
The inmost meaning of the darkest Text:
So that the Simplest may their Soules assure
What Places mean, whose Comments are obscure.
Thy Pen next, having clear'd thy Makers will,
Supplies our Hearts to Love, and to fulfill,
And moves such Pities, that her Power layes
That Envy, which thy Eloquence doth raise.
Even I (no yeeling matter) who till then
Am chiefe of Sinners, and the worst of Men,
(Though it bee hard a Soules health to procure
Unlike the Patient doe assist the Cure:)

Suffr

Suffer a Rape: y Verue; whilst thy Lines
Destroy my Old, and build mee new Designs:
Shew by a Power, which conquers all controule;
Doth without my consent possess my Soule:
Those mists are scatter'd which my passions bred;
And for that short time all my Vice is dead.
Those looser Poets whose Lascivious Pen
Ascribing Crimes to gods, taught them to men,
Who bent their most ingenious Industrie
To honour Vice, and guild Impietie;
Whose Labours have nor dilly nor employ'd
Their Talents, but with them their Soules destroy'd;
Though of the much a may'd and distant time
Whose lesse enlighten'd Age takes from their crime,
Will no defence, with all their Arts, devise;
When thou against them shalt in Judgement rise:
When thou a Servant, such whose like are rare,
Fill'd with a usefull and a watchfull care
How to provide against thy Lord doe come,
With great advantage the intrusted Summe:
And thy large stock even to his with imploy,
Shalt bee invited to thy masters Joy.
The Wise, the Good, applaud, exult to see
Th' Appollinariū surpa'd by thee:
No doubt, their Workes had found in every time
An equal glory, had they equal'd thine;
How they expect thy art should health assure
To the sick world by a delicious cure,
Granting like thee no leech their hope deserves,
Who purgest not with Rhenbarb but preserves,
What numerous Legions of Infernall sprites,
Thy splendor dazzles and thy musick frights!
For what to us is Balme to them is Wounds; (ounds;
Whome Griefe strikes, Feare distracts, and shame con-
To finde at once their Magick counter-charm'd:
Their Arts discover'd, and their strength disarm'd:
To see thy writings tempt to vertue more,
Then they, by theirs assisted, could before
To Vice or Vanitie; to see Delight
Become their Foe, which was their Satiety:

Socrates.
Scotasticus

A

And

*The cause
of castali-
on's Tran-
slation.*

And that the chiefe confounder of their State
Which had bene long their most prevailing bait;
To see their Empire such a losse indure,
As the revolt even of the Epicure.
Those Polke-Pagan-Christians who doe feare
Truth in her voyce, God in his word to heare;
(For such alas there are) doubting the while
To harne their Phrase, and to corrupt their stile;
Confidencing th' Eloquence which stowes from hence,
Had no excuse, but now have no pretence:
These, both to pens and minds Direction, give,
And teach to Write as well as teach to live.
Those famous Herbs which did pretend to man
To give new youth; Chymicks, who brag they can
A Flower to Ashes turn'd, by their Arts power
Returne those Ashes back into a Flower;
May gaine Beleife, when now thy Job wee see,
So Soil'd by Some, so Purifi'd by Thee.
Such was his change, when from his Sordid Fate
Hee re-ascended to his wonted State.
So see wee yearly a fresh Spring restore
Those Beauties, Winter had deslour'd before
So are wee taught, the Resurrection must
Render us Flesh, and Blood, from Dirt and Dust.
To Jobs dejected First, and then rais'd Minde,
Is Solomon in all his Glorie joyn'd.
Lesse specious seem'd his Person when hee shone
In Purple Garments, on his Golden Throne.
This Eloquence call'd from the farthest South
To learne deepe Knowledge, from his Sacred Mouth
One weak, and Great; a Woman and a Queene;
Which (his Conceptions in thy Language seene)
So likely seemes, that this no wonder draws
When with the great Effect, wee match the Cause:
Nor had wee wondred, had the Storie told
His Fame drew more, then all his Realmes could hold:
For no lesse Multitudes doe I expect
To heare (whilst on these Lines their Thoughts reflect)
To have in this cleere Glasse their Follies knowne:
Nor will those fewer prove, who in their owne

From

*Ecclesi-
ast.*

From these thy Teares shall learn to wash their Crimes; Lamentations.
And owe Salvation to thy heavenly Rimes.

Another.

Such is the Verse thou Writ'st that who reads Thine
Can never bee content to suffer Mine:
Such is the Verse I Write, that reading Mine,
I hardly can beleieve I have read Thine:
And wonder that their Excellence once knowne,
I nor correct, nor yet conceale mine owne.
Yet though I Danger feare, then Censure lesse;
Nor apprehend a Breach, like to a Presse:
Thy Merits, now the second time, inflame
To sacrifice the Remnant of my Shame.
Not yet (as first) Alone, but joyn'd with Those
Who make the lofiest Verse, seeme humblest Prose.
Thus did our Master, to his Praise, desire
That Babes should with Philosophers conspire:
And Infants their Hosanna's should unite
With the so Famous Arcopagite.
Perhaps my Stile too, is for Praise most fit;
Those shew their Judgement least, who shew their wit:
And are suspected, least their subtiler Aime
Be rather to attaine, then to give Fame.
Perhaps whilst I my Earth doe interpose
Betwixt thy Sunne and Them, I may aid those
Who have but feeble Eyes and weaker Sight,
To beare thy Beames, and to support thy Light.
So thy Eclipse, by neighbouring Darkenesse made,
Were no injurious, but a usefull Shade:
How e're I smite heere, my Muse her Daies
Ends in expressing thy deserved Praise:
Whose fate in this seemes fortunately cast,
To have so just an Action for her Last.
And since there are, who have been taught, that Death
Inspireth Prophecie, expelling Breath.
I hope, when these foretell, what happie Gainses
Posteritie shall reape from these thy Paines:

Nor

Not yet from those alone, but how thy Pen,
Earth-like, shall yearly give new gifts to men:
And thou fresh praise, and wee fresh Good receive
(For hee who thus can wee can never leave)
How time in them shall never force a breach;
But they shall alwayes Live and alwayes Teach:
That the sole likelihood which these present
Will from the more rais'd Soules command Assent:
And the forsaught, will not Belaise refuse,
To the last Accents of a Dying muse.

Falkland

*To my much honoured friend Ma-
ster George Sandys*

IT is, Sir, a Confess intrusion here,
That I before your Labours doe appeare:
Which no loud Herald neede, that may proclaim,
Or seeke acceptance, but the Authors fame.
Much lesse that should this happy worke commend,
Whose Subject is its Licence; and doth send
It to the World to bee receiv'd and read,
Farre as the glorious beames of Truth are spread.
Nor let it bee imagin'd, that I looke
Only with Customes eye upon your booke:
Or in this Service that 'twas my intent,
To exclude your Person from your Argument.
I shall professe, much of the Love I owe
Dosh from the roote of our Extraction grow:
To which though I can little contribute;
Yet with a naturall joy, I must impute
To our Tribes honour, what by you is done,
Worthy the Title of a Prelates Sonne.
And scarcely have Two Brothers farther borne
A Fathers Name, or with more Value worne

Their

Their owne, then two of you: whole Pens, and feege
Have made the distant Points of Heav'n to meete:
Hee by exact discoveries of the West,
Your stile by painfull Travells, in the East,
Some more like you would powerfully confute
Th'opposers of Priests marriage by the fruit,
And since 'tis knowne, for all their strait you'd life,
They like the Sex in any stile but wife,
Cause them to change their Cloister for that State,
Which keeps men Chast by yowes legitimate,
Nor shame to father their relations,
Or under Nephews name disguise their Sonts,
This Child of yours, borne with our spiritous blot,
And fairly midwiv'd as it was begot,
Doth so much of the Parents goodnesse Weare,
You may bee proud to owne it for your Heire,
Whose choice acquits you from the Common sin,
Of such, who finish worse then they begin.
You mend upon your selfe, and your lost straine,
Does of your First the stait in Judgement gain,
Since, what in curious Travell was begun,
You here conclude in a Devotion.
Where in delighfull Raptures wee discern,
As in a map, Sions Chorography:
Lay'd out in so direct and true a line,
Men neede not goe about through Palastine,
Who seeke Christ here, will the straight Road preferre,
As neerer much then by the Sepulcher.

For not a limb grows here, but is a Pad,
Which in Gods City the blest Centre hath,
And doth so sweetly on each passion strike,
The most phantastick taste will somewhat like,
To the unquiet soule Job still from hence
Speaks in th'Example of his Patience.
The mortu'd may heare the wise King Preach,
When His repentance made him sit to Teach:
Here are choice Hymnes and Carolls for the Glad;
And melancholy Diriges for the Sad.
Last, David (as hee could this Art transerre)
Speaks like himselfe by an interpreter.

Sir Edwin
Sandys
view of
Religion
in the wa-
steme
parts.

Your

Your Muse, rekindled with the Prophets Fire,
 And Tun'd the Strings of his neglected Lutes,
 Making the Noise and Ditty so agree,
 They now become a perfect Harmony.
 I must confesse, I have long wisht to see
 The Psalms reduc'd to this Conformitie:
 Grieving the Songs of Sion should bee sung
 In Phrase not differing from a Barbarous Tongue.
 As it, by Custome warranted, wee may
 Sing that to God, wee would bee loth to Say,
 Farre bee it from my purpose to upbraid
 Their harsh meaning, who first offer made
 That Booke in Metre to compile, which you
 Have mended in the Forme, and Built anew.
 And it was well, considering the Time
 Which scarcely could distinguish Verse and Rhime.
 But now the Language, like the Church, hath won
 More Luster since the Reformation;
 None can condemne the Wish, of Labour spent
 Good Matter in Good Words to represent.
 Yet in this jealous Age some such there bee
 So (without cause) afraid of Novelty;
 They would by no means (had they power to choose)
 An Old Ill Custome, for a Better loose.
 Men who a Rustick Plainnesse so affect,
 They thinke God served best by their neglect;
 Molding the Cause would bee Prophan'd by it,
 Were they at Charge of Learning or of Wit.
 And therefore bluntly, what comes next, they bring
 Course and ill study'd Stuffe for Offering;
 Which, like th'Old Tabernacles Covering, are
 Made up of Badgers skins and of Goats haire.
 But These are Paradoxes they must use
 Their Sloth and bolder Ignorance to excuse.
 Who would not laugh as one will Naked goe,
 Cause in Old hangings Truth is pictur'd so?
 Though Plainnesse be reputed Honours note,
 They Mantles add to beautifie the Coat.
 So that a Curious (unaffected) drisse
 Adds much unto the Bodys comelinesse:

And

And wheresoe're the Subject Best, the Sense
 is better'd by the Speakers Eloquence.
 But Sir, to you I will no Trophie raise
 From other Mens detraction or dispraise.
 That Jewel never had inherent worth
 Which ask't such Foyles as these to set it forth.
 If any quarrell your Attempt or Sile
 Forgive them: their owne Folly they revile.
 Since 'gainst Themselves their factious Envie shall
 Confesse this Worke of Yours Canonically.
 Nor may you feare the Poets common Lot,
 Read, and Commended, and then quite forgot.
 The Brazen Mines and Marble Rocks shall waste,
 When your Foundation will unshaken last.
 'Tis Fames best pay, that You your Labours see
 By their Immortall Subject crowned bee.
 For ne'r was Author in Oblivion hid,
 Who Firm'd his Name on such a Pyramid.

Henry King

To my very much honoured Friend Mr.
 George Sandys, upon his Pa-
 raphrase on the Poeticall
 Parts of the Bible.

These pure immortal Streams, these holy Sireynes,
 To flow in which, th'Eternall Wisdome deignes,
 Had first their sacred Spring, in Juda's Plainnesse:

Borne in the East, their Soule of heavenly Race,
 They still preserve a more then Mortall Grace,
 Though through the Mortall Pent of Men they passe.

For

For purest Organs ever were design'd
To this high Worke, the most Eberall mind
Was touch't, and did these holy Rapures find.

You Sir, who all these severall Springs have knowne
And have so large a Fountaine of your owne;
Seeme Borne and Bred for what you now have done.

Plac'd by just thoughts, above all Worldly care,
Such as for Heaven it felte a Roome prepare,
Such as at laste die more then Earthly are.

Next you have knowne (besides all Arts) their Spring,
The happie East and from Judea bring,
Part of that Power, which her Ayres you Sing,

Lastly, what is above all reach of Praise,
Above reward of any fading Bayes,
No Muse like yours did ever Language Raise.

Devotion, Knowledge, Numbers, from your pen
Mixtly and sweetely flow, whilst listning men
Suspend their Cares, inamour'd of your theme.

They calme their thoughts, and in their Bosoms owne
Better Desires, to them perhaps unknowne;
Till by your musick to themselves brought home.

Musick, (the universall Language) sweyes
In ev'ry minde; the World this Power obeyes,
And Natures selfe is charm'd by well-tun'd layes.

All disproportion'd, hurr'd, disorder'd Cares;
Un-quall thoughts, vaine hopes, and low Despaire;
Fly the soft Breath of these harmonious Ayres.

Here is that Harp, whose Charms uncharm'd the breast
Of troubled Saul, and that unquiet Guit,
With which his Passions travell'd, dispell'd.

Job, moves Amazement, Davide moyes our Teares;
His Royall Sonnet; a sad Apparell weares
Of Language, and perswades to Pious Feares.

Job.
Psalmes.
Eccles.

The passions of the first rise great and high,
But Salomon a lesse concerned eye
Casting on all the World, flows equally.

Not in that ardent course, as where hee woes
The sacred Spouse and her, chaste love pursues,
With brighter flames and with a higher Muse.

Canticles
not printed

This worke had beene proportion'd to our Sight,
Had you but knowne with some allay to Write,
And not preserv'd your Authors Rhet'ric and Light.

But you so crush those Odors, so disperse
Those rich perfumes, you make them too intense
And such (Alas) as too much please our Sense.

Wee siter are for sorrowes, then such love;
Josiah falls, and by his fall doth move
Teares from the People Mourning from above.

Lamentations.

Judah, in her Josiah's Death, doth dye
All Springs of griefe are opened to supply,
Screames to the torrent of this Elegy.

Others breake forth in ever lasting praise
Having their with, and wishing they might raise,
Some monument of Thanks to after dayes.

The severall Hymns

These are the Pictures, which your happy Art
Gives us, and which so well you doe impart,
As if these passions sprung in your owne heart.

Others translate, but you the Beames collect.
Of your inspired Authors, and reflect
Those heavenly Rai's with new and strong effect.

Yet

Job,

Yet humane Language only can reſtore;
What humane Language had impair'd before,
And when that once is done can give no more.

Sir, I forbear to adde to what is ſaid,
Leaſt to your burniſht Gold I bring my Lead,
And with what is Immortall, mixe the Dead.

Sidney Godolphin.

*To my worthy Friend Maſter
George Sandys.*

I preſſe not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet:
My unwaiht Muſe pollutes not things Divine,
Nor mingles her prophane notes with thine;
Here, humbly at the Porch, ſhee liſtning ſtays,
And with glad eares ſucks in thy Sacred Lays.
So, devout Penitents of old were wont,
Some without doore, and ſome beneath the Font,
To ſtand and heare the Churches Liturgies,
Yet not aſſiſt the ſolemn Exerciſe.
Sufficeth her, that ſhee a Lay-place gaine;
To trim thy Veſtments, or but beare thy traine:
Though nor in Tune, nor Wing, ſhe reach thy Lark,
Her Lyrick ſetto may dance before the Arke.
Who knowes, but that Her wandring eyes, that run
Now hunting Glow-wormes, may adore the Sun.
A pure Flame may, ſhot by Almighty Power
Into my breaſt, the earthly flame devoure:
My Eyes, in Penitential dew may ſteepe
That bryne, which they for ſenſuall love did weepe:
So (though 'gainſt Natures courſe) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water bee with water drencht.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, my reſtleſſe Soule ſh'd with purſue
Or mortall beautie, ſeeking without ſuit
Contentment there; which hath not, when enjoy'd;
Quencht all her thirſt, nor ſatiſh'd though cloy'd;
Weary of her vaine ſearch below, above
In the firſt Faire may find th'immortall Love.
Prompted by thy Example then, no more
In moulds of Clay will I my God adre;
But teare thoſe looſe from my Heart, and Write
What his bleſt Sp'rit, not fond Love, ſhall endite.
Then, I no more ſhall count the Verdant Bay,
But the dry leavelleſſe Trunke on Golgotha;
And rather ſtrive to gaine from thence one Throne,
Then all the flouriſhing Wea-hes by Laurens worne.

Tho. Carew.

*To my worthy Kinsman Mr.
George Sandys on his excel-
lent Paraphraſe up-
on Job.*

YOU teach us a new Pleaſure, and have ſo
Penn'd the ſad Story, wee delight in Woe.
Teares have their Muſicks too; this mournfull Dreſſe
Doth ſo become Job's ſorrow, and expreſſe
Affliction in ſo ſweet a grace, that wee
Find ſomething to bee lov'd in Miſery.
Here Griefe is witty, that the Reader might
Not ſuffer, in the patience you write.
Let others wanton it, while I admire
Thy warmth, which doth procede from holy Fire.
'Tis Guilt, not Poetry, to bee like thoſe
Whoſe wit in Verſe, is downe-right Sin in Proſe:

Whoſe

Whose Studies are Prophane, as if then
 They were good Poets only, when had Men,
 But th' so are purer Flames, nor shall thy Heat
 Because 'tis good, bee therefore thought not Great.
 How vainly doe they erre, who think it fit
 A sacred Subject should bee void of Wit?
 I boluly dare affirme, Hee never meant
 Wee should bee Dull, who bids, Bee Innocent.
 'Tis no excuse, when you your charme rehearse
 So sweetly, not to heare, because 'tis Verse.
 Religion is a Matron, whose grave Face
 From Decent Vestures doth receive more Grace.
 In holy duties fondly wee affect
 A mis-becomming Rudenesse, and suspect
 Cleane Offerings; wee thinke God likes the Heart
 Where least appeares of th' Understanding part.
 As if Gods Messengers did but delude,
 Uselesse what they deliver us, bee rule.
 Choice Language is the clothing of your Mind;
 Your matter (like those Saints which are inspir'd
 In Gold, or like to Beauty, when the Lawne
 With rose cheeks be purpled ore, is drawne
 To boast the lovelinesse, it seems to hide,
 And shew more cunningly the blushing Bride.)
 Hath hence a greater lustre; they not love
 The Body lesse, who doe the Clothes approve.
 So wee upon this Jewell doe not set
 Little price, because wee praise the Cabinet.

Dudley Digges.

To

TO
My honoured Kinsman
Mr. George Sandys, on his
Admirable Paraphrases.

W H Y com'st thou thus attended to the Press?
 Thou want'st no Suffragans, the Subject, lesse:
 At first, in confidence of thy full Worth,
 Single, unknowne, Thou didst adventure forth
 Thy living Works since oft have past the Test,
 And every last (to wonder) prov'd the best.
 Thy Prose and Verse each other Equallize,
 From Rivals free, at home their Right debate:
 Divide the Judgement, whether most admire
 Roses loosely flowing, or fine shap'd Attire
 Not are to be blam'd, for having past
 Parnassus hill, and come to Sion last.
 The Schooles from Comments on the Stagyrice,
 To heavenly Speculations rais'd their Flight;
 The Progress fit, thought of Philosophy,
 'Tis justly fear'd, they tooke too deepe a Dye.
 God chiefly warm'd their Breasts with sacred Heat,
 Who were in other Knowledges compleat;
 though all alike to him, but that he meant
 To give some honour to the Instrument.
 He who in other Structures merits praise,
 May without diffidence a Temple raise.
 And sure, Bezaleel-like, Heav'n did instill,
 For this intended Frame, that Matchlesse Skill;
 Till then thy restless Mind mov'd Circular,
 Like the touch't Needle, till it find the Starre.
 Well did'st thou from the East the entrance make
 From whence the light of Poetry first brake.

B 2

The

The hand unknowne, that God this Piece might owne,
 (Like the two Tables) for his Worke alone.
 The Marke of his immediate Worke it beares,
 Even at the Spring a boundlesse Sea appears.
 For what his Hands, without a second, make,
 At once their Being and Perfection take.
 His first Day Adam a full Man beheld;
 And Cana's Water choicest Wine exceld.
 This first of Authors, first of Poets, flew
 So high a Pitch, as almost out of View.
 And this was not of Jobs rewards the lest,
 That his rare Story such a Pen exprest.
 What high expressions in such depth of Woe!
 How sweet his sighes, and groanes in Numbers flow!
 When God himselfe was pleased Job to crie,
 Who could such Language worthy him indue!
 His just Reprooves so great a Tempest beare,
 As if each Word a clap of Thunder were.
 From hence in smaller Drilles her course shee keeps;
 And scarce discern'd, along the Vallies creeps
 Through Moses and the Judges; yet wee may
 In these discover her continued Way.
 But when the State into a Kingdome grew,
 When all did with their blessed King renew;
 In the sweet Singer then againe it flows,
 Her bounds extends, and to a River grows.
 His large-sould Son from Heaven full Light receives,
 For every Path and Step direction gives.
 Discovers to our long seduced Eyes,
 Her Fucus off, the Worlds deformities.
 And by a Purer quenches sensuall Fire,
 The Object chang'd, preserves the Heat entire.
 These two, who might with Job dispute their Right,
 Rais'd Numbers to their Apogee height.
 Thence, through the Prophets Wee here Current trace,
 Whose graver Works Poetick Joins enshace:
 To shew how aptly both assume one Name,
 Both Heaven-inspir'd, compos'd of Zeale and Flame:
 Above the Rest, that tunersall Elegy,
 Presents sad Iuda, to th'admirring Eye

So lovely in her Sable Vaile and Teares;
 Scarce any Bride in all her Trim appears
 Of such a winning sweetnesse: O what Heart
 But must due Pity to her Woes impart!
 All these, for Prose had still mistaken beene,
 Their Native grace our Language never scene:
 Had not thy speaking Picture shew'd to All
 The wondrous beauty of th'Originall.
 Had lien like Stones uncut, and Oare nurr'd,
 Their Reall Worth the same, though scarce esp'd,
 But by the skillfull Linguist; To the Most
 In the darke Sense, and hard Expressions lost.
 Thy Art hath Polish'd them to what they were,
 Unvalued Jewels for the Breast, and Eare.
 Here fixe thy Pillars, what remains there high'r,
 But th'unknowe Duties of the heavenly Quire.

Francis Wiatt.

*To his worthy Friend Ma-
 ster George Sandys upon
 his excellent Para-
 phrases.*

Thy Lines I weigh not by th'Originall;
 Nor scan thy Words how evenly they fall:
 I most applaud thy Pious Choice, who'rt wak'd
 The Sacred Writ thy Subject, and thence tak'st
 Those Parts, wherein the most Perverse may see
 Divinity and Poetic agree.
 Afflicted Job a Veile of Sorrow shrouds;
 But heavenly Beames dispell those envious Clouds.
 The Royall Psalmist, borne on Angels wings,
 Now weeps in Verse, now Hallelu-jah sings.

Converted Salomon to our eyes presents
 Deluding Joyes, and curelesse Discontents.
 That good Josiah's Name may never dye,
 Thy Muse revives his Mourntull Elegy.
 With the same Zeale, doth to our Numbers fit
 All the Poetick Parts of Holy Writ.
 And thus Salvation thou maist bring to those
 Who never would have sought for it in Prose.

Henry Rainsford.

*To his Worthy Friend
 Master George Sandys
 on his Sacred
 Poems.*

How bold a Worke attempts that Pen
 Which would enrich our Vulgar tongue
 With the high Raptures of those Men
 Who here with the same Spirit sung
 Wherewith they now assist the Quire
 Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

What ever those inspired Soules
 Were urged to expresse, did shake
 The Aged Decpe, and both the Poles:
 Their numerous Thunder could awake
 Dull Earth, which doth with Heav'n consent
 To all They wrought, and all They meant.

Say (Sacred Bard) what could bestow,
 Courage on thee to soare so high?

Tell

Tell mee (Brave Friend) what help'd thee so
 To shake of all Mortallitie?
 To light this Torch thou hast clim'd higher
 Then hee who stole celestiall Fire.

Edward Waller.

*To my Worthy Friend Master
 George Sandys.*

Inspir'd by Thee, who art thy selfe a Muse,
 Not crown'd with Ivy, or neglected Baies,
 But with a sacred Light, which doth infuse
 Into our Soules her intellectuall Rayes:
 Among these Statues of the first Magnitude,
 I, in affection, my dimme Taper bring;
 For though my Voice bee hoarse, my Numbers rude,
 On such a Theme who could to beare to sing?
 Immortall Sands! whose N. Star dropping Pen
 Delights, instructs; and with that holy Fire,
 Which fell from Heaven, warms the cold breasts of men;
 And in their Minds creates a new Desire.
 For Truth in Poisie so sweetly strikes
 Upon the Cords, and Fivers of the Heart;
 That it all other Harmony dislikes,
 And happily is Vanquish'd by her Art.
 These God-like Fountains, inspir'd with Breath divine,
 Blest in themselves, and making others Blest;
 For us are by that curious hand of thine,
 In English Habits elegantly drest.
 May our great Master, to whose sacred Name
 Thy Studios Hours such usuall Gifts direct,
 As Caesar to his Maro, prove the Same;
 And equall Beames upon thy Mufe reflect.

Wintour Grant.
 Sum-

Summa Approbationis.

Perlegi hæc Poëmata Sacra in Iob,
Davidis Psalmos, Ecclesiasten,
Lamentationes Ieremie Prophetæ, &
alios Hymnos Sacros, in quibus omni-
bus nihil reperio S. S. Paginæ contra-
rium; quominus cum utilitate, ut &
Summa Lectorum voluptate, Typis
mandentur.

Reverendissimo in Christo Pa-
tri, & Dom. D. Arch.
Dat. Lamberge Cant. Sacellani De-
mestici.
Novemb. 7. 1637. G. I. BRAY;

A Paraphrase upon Job.

A Paraphrase upon I O B.

IN Hus, a Land which neare the Suns uprise, Chap. 1.
And Northern confines of Sabza lies,
A great example of Perfection reign'd;
His Name was Job, his Soul with guilt unstain'd.
None with more zeale the Deitie ador'd;
Affected Vertue more, Vice more abhor'd.
Three beauteous Daughters, and seven hopefull Boyes,
Renew'd his youth, and crown'd his Nuptiall Joyes.
Lord of much Riches, which the life renownes;
Seven thousand broad-tail'd Sheep gras'd on his Downy
Three thousand Camels his ranke Pastures fed;
Arabia's wandring Ships, for traffick bred;
His gratefull Fields a thousand Oxen till'd;
They with their rich increase the hungry fill'd;
Five hundred Asses yearely tooke the Horse;
Producing Mules of greater speede and force;
The Master of a mighty Family;
Vell or'dred and directed by his Eye.
None was more opulent in all the East,
Of greater Power; yet such as still increast.
By daily turnes the Brothers entertaine
Each oth'er; with the weeke begin againe,
This constant custome held; Not to excite
And pamper the voluptuous Appetite;
But to preserve the Union of their Blood
VVith sober Banquets, and unpurchas'd Food,
Th'invited Sisters with their graces blest
Their festivals; and weite themselves a Feast,
Their turnes accomplisht, Jobs religious care
His Sonnes assembles; whose united prayer

Like

Like sweet perfumes from golden Censers rise :
 Then with divine Lustrations sanctifies.
 And when the Rosy-finger'd Morn' aroſe ;
 From bleating Flocks unblemisht fatlings choſe ;
 Proportion'd to their number : theſe he ſlew ,
 And bleeding on the flaming Altar threw .
 Perhaps, ſaid hee, my Children in the heat
 Of wine and mirth, their Maker may forget ;
 And give acceſſe to Sinne. Thus they the Round
 Of Concord Keepe ; by his Devotions crown'd
 Jehova from the ſummit of the ſkie,
 Envion'd with his winged Hierarchie,
 The world ſurvey'd. When lo, the Prince of Hell,
 Who whilome from that envy'd Glory fell,
 Like an infectious Exhalation
 Shot through the Sphaeres and ſtood before his Throne.
 Falſe Spirit ſaid, th' Almighty, that all ſhapes
 Do'ſt counterfeit to perpetrate thy Rapes ;
 Whence com'ſt thou ? He reply'd ; I with the Sun
 Have circl'd the round World : much People won
 From thy ſtrict Rule, to my indulgent Raigne :
 Taught that no pleaſure can reſult from paine.
 Haſt thou, ſaid God, obſerv'd my ſervant Job ?
 Is there a Mortall treading on the Globe
 Of Earth ſo perfect ? can thy wicked Arts
 Corrupt his goodneſſe ? all thy fiery Darts
 The Armor of his fortitude repels ;
 In Juſtice hee, as thou in fraud, excels ;
 Our power adores, with ſacrifices feaſts ;
 Loves what thou hat'ſt ; and all thy works deteſts.
 Haſt Job ſerv'd God for nothing ; Satan ſaid ;
 Or unwarded at thy Altar paid
 His frequent vows ? Haſt thou not him and all
 Which hee calls his, incloſed with a wall
 Of ſtrength impregnable ? his labours bleſt ?
 And almoſt with proſperity oppreſt ?
 Leſt nothing to deſire ? yet ſhould'ſt thou lay
 Thy hand upon him ; or but take away
 What thy Indulgence gave ; in ſoule diſgrace
 Hee would blaſpheme, and curſe thee to thy face.

Jehova

Jehova ſaid ; his Children, all hee hath,
 Are ſubject to the venom of thy wrath :
 Alone his Perſon ſpare. The tempter then
 Shrunk from his preſence to th' abodes of Men ;
 As at their elder Brother's all the reſt
 Of that faire off-ſpring celebrate his feaſt
 With liberall joy ; and coole th' inflaming blood
 Of generous grapes, with chriſtall of the flood :
 A Meſſenger arriv'd, haſte out of breath,
 Yet pale with horror of eſcap'd Death,
 And cry'd ; Oh Job, as thy ſtrong Oxen till'd
 The ſubborne fallowes ; while thy Aſſes fill'd
 Themſelves with Herbage ; all became a prey
 To arm'd Sabazans, who in ambuſh lay :
 Thy Servants by their curſed fury ſlain ;
 And I the only Meſſenger remaine.
 Another enter'd ere his tale was told,
 With ſinged haire ; and ſaid ; I muſt unfold
 A dreadful Accident. At Noone, a Night
 Of clouds aroſe, that Day depriv'd of Light ;
 Whoſe roaring conſiſts from their breaches threw
 Darts of Inevitable flame, which ſlew
 Thy Sheepe and Shepherds : I, of all alone
 Eſcap'd, to make the ſad Diſaſter knowne.
 This hardly ſaid ; a third, with blood imbrow'd,
 Brake through the Preſſe, and thus his griefe purſu'd :
 The fierce Chaldeans in three Troopes aſſail'd
 Our Guards ; till they their Souls through wounds
 Then drave away thy Camels, only I (exhale :
 - but wounded, live to tell thy loſſe, and Die.
 As thronging Billowes one another drive
 To murmuring ſhores ; ſo thick and faſt arrive
 Theſe Meſſengers of Death : The fourth and laſt
 With ſtaring haire, wild lookes, and breathleſſe haſte,
 Ruſht in and ſaid ; Oh Job ! prepare to heare.
 The ſaddeſt newes that ever pierc'd an eare.
 Lo, as thy Children on ſoft Couches lay,
 And with diſcourſes entertain'd the Day,
 A ſodain Tempeſt from the Deſert flew
 With horrid wings, and thundred as it blew.

Then

Then whirling round, the Quines together stooke;
And to the ground that lofty tabrick shooke;
Thy Sonnes and Daughters buried in the fall;
VWho, ah! deserv'd a nobler Funerall.
And I alone am living to relate
Their Tragedies, that was deni'd their Fate.

Hee, who the assaults of Fortune, like a rock
So long withstood; could not sustaine this shock;
But rising, forthwith from his shoulders tare
His purple robe, and shav'd his dangling haire
Then on the Earth his Body prostrate laid;
And thus with humble adoration, said;
Naked I was, at my first houre of Birth:
And naked must retorne unto the Earth.
God gives; God takes away: Oh be his Name
For ever blest! this free from touch of blame
Job firmly stood: and with a patient mind
His Crollies bare; nor at his God repin'd.

chap. 2

Again when all the radiant Sonnes of Light
Before his Throne appear'd, whose only light
Beatitudes infus'd: Th'inveterate foe,
In fogs ascended from the depth below,
Profain'd their blest Assembly; what pretence,
Said God, hast brought thee hither? and from whence
I come, said he, from compassing the Earth;
Their Travels scene who spring from humane birth.
Then God, hast thou my Servant Job beheld?
Can his rare pietie be paralel'd;
His Justice equal'd? can alluring vice,
With all her Sorceries, his Soule intice?
His daily Orisons attract our Eares;
Who punishment lesse then the trespassse, scares:
And still his old Integrity retaines
Through all his woes, inflikt by thy traines.
When hee, whose labouring thoughts admit no rest,
This answer throw out of his Seygian brest:
Job to himselfe is next, who will not give
All that hee hath, so his owne Soule may live?
Stretch out thy hand; with aches pierce his bones,
His flesh with lashes; multiply his groines:

Then

Then if hee curse thee not, let thy dire Curse
Increase my torments, if they can bee worse.
To whom the Lord: Thou instrument of strife,
Enjoy thy cruell wish: but spare his Life:
The Soule of Envy, from his presence went;
And through the burning Aire, made his descent.
To execution falls: The blood within
His veins in flames, and poyson his smooth skin.
Now all was but one sore; from foot to head
With burning Carbuncles, and Ulcers spread;
Hee on the Ashes sitt, his fate deplores;
And with a post-herd, scrapes the swelling Sores.
His franticke wife, whose patience could not beare
Such waight of Miseries, thus wounds his care.
Is this the purchase of thy Innocence?
O Foole, thy Pietie is thy offence.
Hee whom thou serv'st, hath us of all bereft;
Our Children slain, and thee to torments left.
Goe on; his Justice praise: O rather flye
To thy assur'd releife; Curse God and dye.
Thou wretch thy Sexes folly; hee reply'd;
Shall we who have so long his bounce enjoy'd,
And flourish'd in his favour, now not beare
Our hardnes, with patience; but renounce his Feare?
Thus his great Minde his Miseries transcend;
Nor the least accent of his lips offends.

Now was his ruine by the breath of Fame
Divulg'd through all the East; when Zophar came
From pleasant Naamath; wile Eliphas
From the man, rich in Palmes, but poore in grasse;
And Bildad from Suith's fruitfull Soile;
Prais'd for the plenty of her Corne and Oyle.
These meete from severall Quarters to condole
With their old Friend, and comfort his sad Soule:
Yet at the first, unknown: his Miseries
Had so transform'd him, known, they joyn'd their cries,
Wept bitterly, their sable Mantles tare,
Rain'd Clouds of Dust, that fell upon their haire.
Seven Dayes they sat besides him on the ground;
As many Nights, in silent Sorrow drown'd.

chap. 4.

For

For yet they knew the Torment of his woe
 Would by resistance more outrageous grow.
 Hec, when excess of Sorrow, had given way
 To the reliefe of words, thus cur'd his Day:
 O perill may the Day, which first gave light
 To me, most wretched I and the fatall Night
 Of my Conception / let that Day be bound
 In Clouds of Pitch, nor walke th' Etheriall Round.
 Let God not write it in His Roll of Dayes:
 Nor let the Sunne restore it with his Raies.
 Let Deaths Darke Shades involve, no light appeare
 But dreadfull Lightnings; it's owne horrors feare.
 Bee it the first of Miseries to all,
 Or last of Life; detam'd with Funerall.
 O bee that dismall Night, for ever blind!
 Lost in it selfe; nor to the Day rejoynd!
 Nor numbred in the swift Circumference
 Of Monthes and Yeares; but vanish in offence.
 O let it sad and solitary prove;
 No sprightly Musick heare, nor Songs of Love.
 Let wandring Apparitions then affright
 The trembling Bride, and quench the Nuptiall light.
 O Let those hate it, who the Day-light hate:
 Who mourne and grone beneath their sorrowes waight.
 Let the eclipsed Moone, her Throne resigne,
 In stead of Starres, let blazing Meteors shine:
 Let it not see the Dawning Rocks the skies;
 Nor the gray Morning from the Ocean rise:
 Because the Doore of Life it left unclos'd,
 And me, a wretch, to cruell fates expos'd.
 Oh why was I not strangled in the wombe!
 Nor in that secret prison found a Tombe!
 Or since untimely borne; why did not I
 (The next of blessings) in that instant die?
 VVhy kneel'd the Midwife at my Mothers throes!
 VVith paine produc'd! and mistle for future woes!
 Else had I an eternall Requiem kept;
 And in the armes of Peace for ever slept:
 VVhich Kings and Princes rapek't; who lofty frames
 In Deserts rais'd, immortalize their Names;

VVho

VVho made the wealth, of Provinces their prey;
 In death as mighty, and as rich, as they.
 Then I, as an Abottive, had not beene;
 Nor with the hated Light, such Sorrowes scene;
 Slept, where none ere by violence oppress;
 And where the weary from their Labors rest;
 No Prisoners there, inforc'd by torments, cry;
 But fearelesse by their old Tormentors Lye;
 The Meane, and Great, on equall Bases stand;
 No Servants there obey, nor Lords command.
 VVhy should afflicted Soules in anguish live!
 And only have immunitie to grieve?
 Oh how they wish for death, to close their eyes!
 But oh, in vaine? since hee the wretched flies.
 For whom they dig, as Pioners for Gold;
 VVhich the dirke entrals of the Earth unfold;
 And having found him as their Libertie,
 VVith Joy encounter and contented die.
 VVhy should he live, from whence God hath the path
 Of safetie hid, incropt with his wrath?
 In stormes of sighs I taste my bitter food;
 My grones breake from me, like a roaring flood.
 The Ruine which I feard, and in my thought
 So oft revolv'd, one fatall Houre hath brought.
 Nor durst I on Prosperiety presume;
 Or time in sleepe, and barren Ease consume;
 But watch my wary steps; and yet for all
 My Providence, these Plagues upon me fall.
 Temanian Eliphaz made this reply;
 O Friend, bee it no breach of Love, that I
 VVith silence dare not justifie a wrong;
 For who in such a Cause can curb his Tongue?
 VVilt thou, that wert to pietie a guide,
 That others hast with patience fortitude;
 Consum'd the Strong, given sinewes to the VVeake;
 Now in the change of Fortune faint, and breake
 Into offences? aggravate thy harmes,
 Forsake thy strength, and cast away thy armes?
 Is this thy Pietie, thy Confidence,
 Thy hope and Life untainted with offence?

Chap. 4.

Consult

Confute with former Ages: Have they knowne
 The guiltless perish; or the just ore'drown?
 But those who plow with vice, and mischief throw
 Into the furrowes; reape the Seede they sow.
 God shall destroy them with his Nostrills breath:
 And find them weeping to the caves of Death.
 For hee the raging Lyonelle confounds;
 The roaring Lyon with his javelin wounds:
 Scatters their Whelps; their grinders breakes: so they,
 With the old Hunger, starve for want of Prey.
 Now when the Night her sable wings had spread;
 And keepe his Deaw' on pensive Mortals shed:
 When Visions in their hiery shapes appeare;
 A Voice not humane, whispered in mine eare.
 My knees each other stuck; the frighted blood
 Fled to my heart; my haire like bristles stood.
 An Angel then appear'd before my sight:
 Yet could not shape discern; so great a light
 Hee threw about him; forthwith, silence brake;
 And thus to mee, intrin'd with wonder, spake:
 Shall mortall Man; that is but borne to die;
 Compare in Justice, and Integrity,
 With him who made him? he who must descend
 Again to Earth, and in Corruption end?
 His Angels were imperfect in his sight,
 Although indu'd with intellectuall Light;
 Whome hee accus'd of folly: much more they,
 Who dwell in houses, built of brittle clay;
 Which have their weake foundations in the dust:
 The food of wormes, and Times devouring Rust.
 They to the Evening from the Sunnes uprise,
 Are exercis'd with change of Miseries:
 Then, unregard'd, set in endlesse Night;
 Nor ever shall review the Morning light:
 Thus all their Glories vanish with their breath:
 They, and their Wisdomes, vanquished by Death.
 Now try what Patron, can thy cause defend;
 What Saint wilt thou sollicite, or what Friend?
 The storme of his owne rage the foole confounds:
 And Envyes rankling sting th'imprudent wounds.

Chap. 5

Or

Oft have I seene him, like a Cedar, tread
 His ample Roote; and his ambitious Head
 With Clouds invest; then, to th' amaze of all,
 Plow up the Earth with his prodigious fall.
 His wandering Orphans finde no safe retreat;
 But friendlesse suffer at the Judgement-seat;
 The greedy eate the harvest of their toyle,
 Snatcht from the scratching thornes; to thieve a spoile.
 Though Sorrow spring not from the woeb of Earth;
 Nor troubles from the Dust derive their birth;
 Yet man is borne to numerous Miseries,
 As dying Sparks from trembling flames arise.
 Should I the barrenness of thy face sustaine?
 I would not iustifie my selfe in vaine;
 But at his feet my humble Soule I deject
 With prayes and teares, who wonders can effect,
 As infinite as great, and farre above
 That Sphere where in our low Conceptions move,
 He waters from celestiaall Castles powers,
 Which fall upon the sarrowed Earth in shower:
 To comfort these who mourne in want, and give
 The famish'd food, that they may eate and Live.
 The Councils of the Subtile he prevents,
 And by his wisdomes frustrates their Intent,
 Intangles in the Snares themselves contrive,
 Who desperately to their owne Ruine drive.
 They meete with Darknesse in the clearest Light,
 And grope at Noone, as if involv'd with Night.
 Licentious Swords, Oppression arm'd with power,
 Nor Envyes jaws, the Righteous shall devour.
 They ever hope, though exercis'd with care;
 The wicked sicken by their owne despaire.
 Happy is he whom Gods owne hands chastise
 Since so, let none his Chastisements despise.
 For he both hurts and heales, binds up againe
 The wounds he made, and mitigates their paine.
 In sixe afflictions will thy refuge be,
 And from the seventh, and last, shall see thee free.
 From meager Famine bloodlesse Massacres,
 And from the cruell thirst of horrid Warres.

Preserved

Preserved from the scourge of poisonous tongues,
The sting of Malice, and insulting wrongs.
Thou shalt in safety smile when all the Earth
Shall suffer by the rage of Warre and Dearth.
The Mydian Tyger, The Arabian Beare,
Nor Idumean Lion shalt thou feare.
They all their native fiercenesse shall decline,
And senselesse Stones shall in thy aid combine.
Thy Tents shall flourish in the joyes of Peace;
The wealth and honour of thy House encrease;
Thy Children, and their old spring, shall abound
Like blades of grasse, that cloath the pregnant ground.
Thou, full of Dayes, like weighty shocks of Corne
In season reapst, shalt to thy grave be borne.
This truth, by long experience learnt, apply
To thy Disease, and on the cure rely.

Chap. 6.

Then Job, Oh were my suffering, duly weigh'd,
Were they together in one Balance laid;
The Sands, whereon the rowling Billowes roare,
Were lesse in weight, and not in number more.
My words are swallowed in these Depths of woes,
While Stormes of sighs my silent grief: disclose.
Gods Arrowes on my breast descend in showers:
There sick, and poyson all my vitall powers.
'Tis hee, who ames against a Mortall beares;
Subdues by strength, and chills my heart with feares.
Doe hungry Asies in fresh pastures bray?
Or Oxen low before full cribs of hay?
Oh can unfeasted cates the guest invite?
Whatast thou in an Eggs un-favory white?
My loathing soule abhorres your bitter food;
Which sorrow feeds, and turnes my teares to blood.
Oh that the Lord would favor my request,
And send my Soule to her eternall rest!
Deliver from this Dungeon, which restraines
Her liberty, and breake afflictions chaines!
Then should my Tormentus finde a sure reliefe;
And I become insensible of griefe.
Oh, but not sparing, cure his wounds; who hath
Divulg'd thy truth, and still reserved his faith!

What

What strength have I to hope, or to what end
Should I on such a wasted Life depend?
Was I by rocks ingendred? ribd with Steele?
Such tortures to resist, or not to feele?
No hope, no comfort, but in Death is left;
Thus torne with wounds, of all my Joyes bereft.
True Friends, who feare their Maker, should impart
Soft pittie to a sad and broken Heart:
But Oh, the great in vowes, and neare in Blood;
Forfake me like the torrent of a Flood:
Which in the winding vallies glides away;
And scarce maintaines the Current of a Day:
Or stands in solid Ice, conceal'd with Snow;
But when the lowdly-storming South winds blow,
And mounted Sun invades it with his beames,
Dissolves; and scatters his exhausted Streames
Who from the parched fields of Thema came;
From Shadai scorched with etheriall Flame.
In expectation to assuage their thirst:
Deluded, bludie; and his dry channells curst.
So you now cease to be what once you were:
And view my downfall with the eyes of Feare;
Have I requit'd your bounty to repaire
My ruin'd tortues? was it in my praier
That you for me the Mighty would oppose
And in a just revenge pursue my foes?
If I have err'd instruct me; tell whereint:
My tongue shall never justifie a Sin.
Although a due reproofe informe the Sense;
Detraction is the gail of Impudence.
Why add you sorrow to a troubled mind?
Confusion must speake; her words are but as wind,
Against an Orphan you your forces bend,
And banquet with th'afflictions of a friend.
Accuse not now, but judge; You from my youth
Have known and tri'd me, speake I more then truth?
Hearke your Eyes, and then I shall appeare
The same I am; from all aspersions cleare.
Have I my heart disguised with my tongue?
Could not my taste distinguish right from wrong?

C 2

The

Chap. 7.

The life of Man is a perpetuall warre :
 In Miseric and Sorrow Circular.
 Hee a poore mercenary serves for bread :
 For all his travell, only cloth'd and fed.
 The Hireling longs to see the Shades ascend;
 That with the tedious Day his toyle might end,
 And hee his pay receive : but, ah ! in vaine
 I Monthes consume ; yet never rest obtaine.
 The Night charmes not my Cares with sleepelesse eyes
 My Torments cry : When will the Morning rise !
 Why runs the Chariot of the Night so slow ?
 The Day-Star kindles me tossing to and fro.
 Wormes gnaw my flesh ; with filth my ulcers run ;
 My skin like clods of Earth, chapt with the Sunne ;
 Like shuttles through the loome, so swiftly glide
 My feathered Howers ; and all my hopes deride !
 Remember Lord, my life is but a wind ;
 Which passeth by, and leaves no print behind,
 Then never shall my Eyes their lids unfold ;
 Nor mortall sight my vanisht face behold,
 Nor thou, to whom our thoughts apparant bee
 Should'st thou desire, could'st him, that is not, see.
 At clouds resolve to sit, so never more,
 Shall gloomy Graves their Dead to Light restore,
 Nor shall they to their sumptuous Rookes returne,
 But lye forgotten, as if never borne.
 Then, O my Soule, while thou hast freedom, breake
 Into Complaints, give Sorrow leave to speake.
 Am I a raging Sea, or furious Whale ?
 That thou should'st thus confine me with a wall ?
 How often when the rising Stars had spread
 Their gold'n Flames, said I ! now shall my Bed
 Receive my weary limbs, and peacefull Sleepe.
 My care and anguish in his Lethe sleepe.
 But lo ! fast Dreames my troubled Braines surprize,
 And gashly Visions wound my staring Eyes,
 So that my yielding Soule, subdu'd with griefe,
 And tortur'd Body, to their last reliefe
 Would gladly flye, and by a violence,
 Less painfull, take from greater paine the Sense.

For

For life is but my curse ; resume the breath
 I must restore, and sold mee up in Death.
 O what is man ? to whom thou should'st impart
 So great an Honour as to search his Hart !
 To watch his Steps ! observe him with thine eye !
 And daily with renew'd afflictions try !
 Still must I suffer ? wilt thou never leave ?
 Nor give a little time for griefe to breathe ?
 My Soule hath sinn'd, how can I expiate
 Her guilt, great Guardian, or prevent thy hate ?
 Why sin'st thou all thy dates at mee alone ?
 Who to my selfe am now a Burthen growne.
 Wilt thou not to a broken Heart dispense
 Thy Balm of mercy, and exunge th'offence,
 Ere dust returne to dust ? Then thou no more
 Shalt see my Face, nor I thy name adore.

Chap. 8.

Thus Job. Then Bildad of Suila said,
 Vaine Man, how long wilt thou thy God up-braid ?
 And, like the roaring of a furious wind,
 Thus vent the wild distemper of thy mind ?
 Can hee pervert his Judgements ? shall hee swerve
 From his owne Justice, and thy Passions serve ?
 If hee thy Sonnes for their rebellion slew,
 Death was the wages to their merit due.
 Oh would'st thou seeke unto the Lord betimes,
 With fervent prayer, and abstinence from crimes,
 Nor with new follies spot thy Innocence,
 Then would hee alwaies watch in thy defence,
 The House, that harbor'd so much virtue, blisse
 With fruitfull Peace, and crowne thee with success.
 Then would hee censure thy former store,
 And make thee farr more happy then before.
 Search thou the Records of Antiquitie,
 And on our Ancestors reflect an Eye ;
 For wee, alas ! are but of Yesterday,
 Know nothing, and like shadows fleet away.
 Thou in those Mirrors shalt the truth behold,
 Whose tongues unerring Oracles unfold,
 Can Bulrushes but by the River grow ?
 Can Flags there flourish where no waters flow ?

C 3

Yet

Yet they, when greene, when yet untoucht, of all
That cloth the Spring, first hang their heads, and fall.
So double-hearted Hypocrites, so they
Who God forget, shall in their prime decay.
Their aery hopes as brittle as the thin
And subtile webs, which toying Spiders spin.
Their Houses full of wealth, and Ryot, shall
Deceive their trust; and crush them in their fall.
Though like a Cedar, by the River fed,
Hee to the Sunne his ample branches spread,
His top furrounds with Clouds; deepe in the flood
Bathes his fraile Rootes; even of himselfe a Wood:
And from his height a night-like shadow throw
Upon the maile Palaces below:
Yet shall the Axe of Justice hew him down,
And leuell with the Roote, his lofty Crown.
No Eye shall his out-rav'd impression view,
Nor mortall know where such a Glory grew.
Those feeding goods, whereof the wicked vaunt
Thus fade, while others on their ruines plant.
God never will the Innocent forsake,
Not sinfull Soules to his protection take.
Cleanse thou thy Heart; then in thy ample breast
Joy shall triumph, and smiles thy cheekes invest.
He will thy Foex with silent shame confound,
And their proud structures leuell with the ground.

chap. 9.

This is a truth acknowledg'd, Job replies:
But Oh what Man is righteous in his Eyes!
Who can not guilty plead before his Throne?
Or of a thousand Actions answer one?
God is in wisdom, as in pow'r, immense;
Who ever could contend without offence,
Offend unpunish'd; you who glory most
In your owne strength, can you of conquest boast?
Cloud-touching Mountaines to new seats are borne
From their Foundations, by his fury torne.
Th'astlighted Earth in her distemper quakes,
When his Almighty hand her Pillars shakes.
At his command the Suns swift Horses stay,
While Mortalls wonder at so long a Day.

The

The Moone into her darkned Orb retires:
Nor seal'd up Starres extend their golden fires:
He, only He, Heavens blew Pavillion spreads,
And on the Oceans dancing billowes treads.
Immane Arcturus, weeping Pleiades,
Orion, who with Stormes plowes up the Seas,
For severall Seasons fram'd: and all that rowle
Their radiant Flames about th'Antarick Pole.
What wonders are effected by his might!
Oh how inscrutable, how infinite!
Though hee observe me, and be ever by;
Yet, Ah! Invisible to mortall Eye.
Can hands of flesh compell him to restore
What hee shall take? or who dare aske wherefore?
The great in Pride, and Power, like Meteors shall
(If he relent not) by his Vengeance fall.
And Oh shall I, a worme, my cause defend,
Or in vaine Argument with God contend?
I would not, were I Innocent, dispute;
But humbly to my Judge present my Suite;
Yet never could my hopes be confident,
Though God himselfe should to my wish consent:
Who with incessant stormes my Peace confounds,
And multiplies my undeserved wounds:
Nor gives me time to breathe, my Stomack fills
With foode of bitter taste, and Lothsome pills.
Speake I of strength, his strength the strong obey:
If I of Judgement speake, who shall a Day
Appoint for tryall? should I justifie
A Vice, my heart would give my tongue the lye.
If of perfection boast; I should herein
My guilt disclose: thought I, I had no Sin;
My selfe I should not know. Oh bitter state!
VWhose only Issue is the hore of life!
Yet Judge not by events; in generall
The good and bad without distinction fall.
For he th'Appeale of Innocence deride;
And with his Sword the controversie decides:
He gives the Earth to those that tyrannize:
And spreads a vaile before the Judges Eyes.

C 4

Or

Or else what were his power? Oh you who see
My miseries, this truth behold in mee!
My dayes runne like a post, and leave behinde
No track of joy: as Ships before the winde,
They through this humane Ocean saile away,
And fly like Eagles which pursue their prey.
If I determine to remove my case,
Forget my griefe, and comfort my Despaire:
The feare that he would never purge mee, mocks
M' imbarqued Hopes, and drives them on the Rocks.
For if hee hold me guilty, if I soyle
My selfe with Sin, I then but vainely toyle.
Though I should wash my selfe in melting Snow,
Untill my hand were whiter, hee would throw
Mee downe to earth: and, ah! so plunge in mire,
That I should loath to touch my owne attire:
For hee, is not as I: a man, with whom
I might contend, and to a tryall come.
I, in my cause shall finde no Advocate,
Nor Umpire, to compose our sad debate.
Oh should hee from my shoulders take his Rod,
Free from the awe and terror of a God:
Then would I argue in my owne defence;
And boldly justifie my Innocence.
chap. 10. Oh I am sick of life: nor will controule
My passion but in bitterness of Soule,
Thus teare the Aire: what should thy wrath incense
To punish him, who knowes not his offence?
Ah! do'st thou in oppression take delight?
Wilt thou thy Servant sold in shades of Night,
And smile on wicked Counsell? do'st thou see
With Eyes of Flesh? is Truth conceal'd from thee?
What are thy Dayes as fraile as ours? or can
Thy yeares determine like the age of Man?
That thou should'st my Delinquencies exquire;
And with Variety of tortures tire?
Canst not my knowne Iniquities remove
They cruell Plagues? wilt thou remorselesse prove?
Ah! wilt thou thy owne workmanship confound?
Shall the same hand that did create, now wound?

Remember

Remember I am built of clay, and must
Resolve to my originary Dust.
Thou pow'd'st me out like milke into the wombe,
Like curds condens't; and in that secret roome
My Limbs proportion'd, cloth'd with flesh and skin,
With bones, and sinewes, cherish'd within;
The Life thou gav'st, thou hast with pleasure fed;
Long cherish'd, and through Dangers safely led.
All this is buried in thy brest: and yet
I know thou can'st not thy old Love forget,
Thou, if I erre, observ'st me with sterne eyes;
Nor will the plea of Ignorance suffice.
Woe unto me should hence my Soule infect?
Who dare not now, though innocent, erect
My downe cast looker: which clouds of shame unfold.
Great God, my growing Miseries behold!
Thou like a Lion hunt'st mee: wounds on wounds
Thy hands inflict; thy fury knowes no bounds.
Against mee all thy plagues embattaild are;
Subdu'd with changes of internall warre.
Why did'st thou draw me from my mothers wombe?
Would I from thence had slip't into my Tombe,
Before the Eye of man my face had seene,
And mixt with dust, as I had never beene!
Oh since I have so short a time to live,
A little ease to these my torments give,
Before I goe where all in silence mourne;
From whose darke shores no travellers returne:
A Land where Death, Confusion, endless Night,
And Horror reignes; where Darknesse is their Light.
Thus Zophar with acerbity reply'd:
Think'st thou by talking to be justifi'd?
Or shall these wild distempers of thy minde;
This tempest of thy tongue, thus rave, and finde
No opposition? shall wee guilty bee
Of thy untruths, in not reprov'ing thee?
Nor doe thy cheekes in Blushes for the storie
Thou throw'st on us, till now with patience borne?
Hast thou not said to God? my heart's upright,
My Doctrine pure, I blamelesse in thy sight,

chap. 11.

O that he would bee pleased to reply,
 And take the vail from thy Hypocrisie;
 Shouldst thou reveale his wisdom to thine eyes;
 How wouldst thou thy integritie despise?
 Acknowledging these punishments farre lesse
 Then thy offences? and his grace professe?
 Canst thou into thy Makers Councells dive?
 Or to the knowledge of his thoughts arrive?
 Higher then highest Heavens, more deepe then Hell,
 Longer then Earth, more broad then Seas that swell
 Above their shores, can man his foot-steps trace?
 Would hee the course of Nature change? the face
 Of things invert? and all dissolve againe
 To their old Chaos? who could God restraine?
 Hee knows that man is vaine: his eyes detect
 Their secret crimes? and shall not hee correct?
 Thus fooles grow wise, subdue their stubborn soules;
 Though in their pride more rude then Asies soles.
 If thou aff. thy cure; reforme thy wayes;
 Let penitence resolve to teares, and raile.
 Thy hands to heaven; what rapine got, restore;
 Nor let insidious Vice approach thy Dore.
 Then thou thy lookes shalt raise from blemish cleare,
 Walke in full strength, and no disaster feare.
 As Winter Torrents, tumbling from on high,
 Waste with their speede, and leave their channels dry:
 So shall the sense of former sorrowes runne
 From thy remembrance, As the mounted Sunne
 Breakes through the Clouds, and throws his golden
 About the world; shall thy increasing Dayes (Raies
 Succeed in Glory. Thy thy selfe shalt rise
 Like that bright Starre, which last forsakes the skies:
 For ever by thy steadfast hopes secur'd;
 Intrench'd, and with walls of Braile immur'd:
 Confin'd against all Stormes. Soft sleepe shall close
 Thy guarded eyes with undisturb'd repose.
 The great shall honour; the distressed shall
 Thy grace implorne; below'd, or fear'd of all.
 The sight of thee, shall strike the envious blind:
 The wicked with anxietie of Mind

Shall

Shall pine away, in sighs consume their breath,
 Prevented in their hopes by sudden Death.
 To whom thus Job; You are the only wise,
 And when you die the fame of Wisdom dies.
 Though passion bee a foole, though you professe
 Your selves such Sages; yet know I no lesse,
 Nor am to you inferior. What blinde Soule
 Could this not see? 'Tis easie to controule
 My sad examples shewes, how those whose cries
 Even God regards, their scoffing friends despise.
 He that is wretched, though in life a Saint,
 Becomes a scorn; this is an old Complaint.
 Those who grow old in luxury and ease,
 When they from shore behold him tost on Seas,
 And neere his ruine; his condition sight:
 Pri'd as a Lamp consum'd with his owne light.
 The Tents of Robbers flourish. Earths increase
 Foments their ryot who disturb her peace.
 Who God condemne, in sinne securely raigne,
 And prosperous Crimes the meede of Vertue gaine.
 Aske thy thou Citizens of pathlesse woods,
 What cut the aire with wings, what swim in floods;
 Brute beasts, and fostering Earth; in generall
 They will confesse the power of God in all.
 Who knows not that his hands both good and ill
 Dispense? that Fate depends upon his will?
 All that have Life are subject to his sway,
 And at his pleasure prosper; or decay.
 Is not the Eare the Judge of Eloquence?
 Gives not the Pallate to the Tasts his sense?
 Sure, knowledge is deriv'd from length of yeares;
 And Wisedomes brewes are cloth'd with Silver haies.
 Gods power is as his prudence; equall great;
 In Councell, and Intelligence, compleat.
 Who can what hee shall ruine build againe?
 Loose whom hee binds? or his strong Arme restraine?
 At his rebuke, the Living waters flye
 To their old Springs, and leave their Channels dry;
 When he commands, in Cataracts they roare;
 And the wild Ocean leaves it selfe no shore.

chap. 12.

His

His Wisdome and his Power our thoughts transcend
Both the deceiver and deceiv'd depend
Upon his becke: He those who others rule
Infatuates, and makes the Judge a fooler:
Dissolves the Nerves of Empire, Kings deprives
Of Sovereignty, their Crownes exchanging for gyves
Improvidh Nobles into exile leads:
And on the Carcases of Princes treads.
Takes from the Orator his eloquence;
From ancient Sages their discerning sense.
Subjects the worthy to contempt and wrong:
The valiant terrifies, disarms the strong.
Unvailles the secrets of the silent Night
Brings, what the Shades of death abstaines, to light.
A Nation makes more numerous then the Stars:
Againc devours with Famine, Plagues, and Wars,
Now, like a Deluge, they the Earth surround:
Fortwith, reduc'd into a narrow bound.
He Fortitude and Counsell takes away
From their Commanders, who in Desert stray,
Gripe in the Darke, and to us Seat confine:
Their wandring feet, but reele as drunk with wine,

chap. 13.

This by mine Eyes: and eares have I convey'd
Downe to my heart: and in that Closet lide
Need I in depth of knowledge yeild to you?
Is not as much to my discretion due?
Oh that th' All-seeing Judge, who cannot erre,
Would heare me plead, and with a wretch conferre!
You Corralles into my wounds distill:
And ignorant Artificers with yous physick kill.
Ah! shame you not to vent such forgeries?
Seale up your lips and be in silence wise.
And since you are by faise more sicke to heare,
Then to instruct; afford my tongue an care.
Oh will you wickedly for God dispute?
And by deceitfull wayes strive to confute?
Are you, in favour of his person, bent
Thus to prejudicate the Innocent
Need's he an Advocate to plead his Cause?
To justifie; untruth's against his Lawes?

Can

Can you on him such falsities obtrude?
And as a Mortall the most wise delude?
Will it avails you, when hee shall remove,
Your painted vizors? will not hee reprove,
And sharply punish; if in secret you,
For favour, or reward, Injustice doe?
Shall not his Excellence your Soules affright?
His Horrors on your heads like Thunder light?
Your memories to ashes must decay,
And your fraile bodies are but built of clay.
Forbeare to speake, till my Conceptions shall
Discharge their Birth; then let what will befall,
Why should I teare my flesh? cast off the care
Of future life? and languish in despaire?
Though God should kill me, I my confidence
On him would fixe, nor quit my owne defence.
Hee shall restore me by his saving might,
Nor shall the Hypocrite approach his sight.
Give me your eares, Oh you who were my Friends,
While injur'd Innocence it selfe defends,
I am prepar'd, and with my Cause weretry'd,
In full assurance to be justifi'd.
Begin, who will accuse? should I not speake
In such a truth, my heart with griefe would breake.
Just Judge, two I'd remove; that free from dread,
I may before thy high Tribunal plead.
Oh let these torments from my flesh depart,
Nor with thy terrors daunt my trembling heart,
Then charge, so I my life may justifie.
And to my just complaint doe thou reply.
What Sinnes are those that so pollare my brest,
Oh shew how: if I have thy Lawes transgress?
Will thou this servant of thy sight deprive,
And as an Enemy to ruine drive?
Wilt thou a wither'd leafe to powder grind?
Toft in the aile by every breath of wind,
Or with the Lightning into Ashes turne
Such worthlesse Subble? only dry'd to burne.
Thou hast indued mee with bitter Crimes:
Now punish't, for the faults of former times.

Lo!

Chap. 14.

Lo! my restrained feet thy fetters wound;
 Watch with a guard, and rooted in the ground.
 Like rotten fruit I fall: worne like a cluth
 Gnawne into rags by the devouring Muth.
 Ah! few, and full of Sorrow, are the Dayes
 Of Man from Woman sprung, His life decays,
 Like that fraile flower which with the Sunnes uprise
 Her bud unfolds, and with the Evening Dies.
 Hee like an emptic Shadow glides away;
 And all his Life is but a Winters Day.
 Wilt thou thine eye upon a vapour bend?
 Or with so weake an opposite contend?
 Who can a pure and Christall Current bring,
 From such a muddy, and polluted Spring?
 Oh, since his Dayes are numbred, since thou hast
 Preferib'd him bounds that are not to be past:
 A little with his punishment dispense:
 Till hee have serv'd his time, and part from hence:
 A tree, though hewne with axes to the ground,
 Renew's his growth, and springs from his green wound;
 Although his roote waxe old, his fivers dry;
 Although the saplesse bule begin to dye;
 Yet will at sent of Water freshly sprout,
 And like a plant thrust his young Branches out.
 But Man when once cue downe, when his pale ghost
 Fleets into aire; he is for ever lost.
 As Meteors vanish, which the Seas exhale;
 As Torrents in the drouth of Summer faile:
 So perisht Man from Death shall never rise;
 But sleepe in silent Shades with seal'd up Eyes:
 While the Caelestiall Orbes in order roule,
 And turne their flames about the steadfast Pole.
 Oh that thou would'st conceale me in the Grave;
 Immure with marble in that secret Cave,
 Untill the Tempest of thy wrath were past!
 A time prefix, and thinke of mee at last!
 Can man recover his departed Breath?
 I will expect untill my change in Death,
 And answer at thy call: Thou wilt renew
 What thou hast ruin'd, and my scarce subdue;

But

Chap. 15.

But now thou tell'st my Steps, mark'st when I erre;
 Nor wilt the vengeance due to Sinne deferre.
 Thou in a bag hast my Transgressions seal'd,
 And only by their Punishments reveal'd.
 As Mountaines roft by Earth-quakes down are thrown;
 Rocks torne up by the roots, as hardest Stone
 The softly-falling drops of water weare,
 As foundations all before them beare,
 And leave the Earth abandoned; so shall
 The aspiring hopes of Man to nothing fall,
 Thy wrath prevales against him every Day,
 Whom with a changed Face thou send'st away;
 Then knowes not if his Sonnes to honour rise,
 Or struggle with their strong necessities.
 But here his wasting Flesh with anguish burnes,
 And his perurbed Soule within him mournes.
 Job pau'd, to whom the Themanite replies:
 Can man such follies utter and bee wise?
 Which bluster from the Tempest of thy minde,
 As if thy breast enclos'd the Easterne winde.
 Wilt thou thy idle rage by Reason prove?
 Or speak those Thoughts which have no power to move?
 Thou from thy rebell Heart hast God exil'd,
 Kept back thy Prayers his sacred Truth revil'd.
 Thy Lips declare thy owne impietie;
 Accuse of fraud, condemne thee, and not I.
 Art thou the first of Mortals? wert thou made
 Before the Hills their lofty Browes display'd?
 Hath God to thee his Oracles resign'd?
 Is wisdom only to thy Breast confin'd?
 What know'st thou that wee know not? as compleat
 In Natures graces, in acquir'd, as great.
 There are gray heads among us, Counsellors,
 To whom thy Father was a Boy in Yeares.
 Slight thou the Comforts wee from God impart?
 What greater Secret lurkes in thy proud heart,
 That hurries thee into these extasies?
 What fury flames in thy disdainfull Eyes?
 Wilt thou a Warre against thy Maker wage?
 And wound him with thy tongues blasphemous rage?

Was

Was ever humane flesh from blemish cleare ?
 Can they bee guiltlesse whome fraille woemen beare ?
 Hee trusteth not his Ministers of Light ;
 The radiant Stars shine dimly in his Sight.
 How perfect then is man ? from head to foote
 Dehil'd with filth, and rotten at the roote.
 Who poysoning sinne with burning thirst devoures :
 As parched Earth sucks in the falling showers.
 What I have heard and seene (wouldst thou intend
 Thy cure) I would unto thy care commend ;
 Which oft the wise have in my thoughts reviv'd ;
 To them from knowing Ancestors deriv'd ;
 Who God-like over happy Nations reign'd,
 And Vertue by suppressing Vice sustain'd.
 Th' Unjust his Dayes in painefull travell spends :
 The Cruell sodainely to Death descends.
 He starts at every sound that strikes his Eare,
 And punishment anticipates by teare.
 Who from the height of all his Glory shall,
 Like newly kindled exhalations fall :
 Despaire cold breath his springing hopes confounds,
 Who feels th' expected sword before it wounds.
 He begs his bread from doore to doore, and knows
 The Night draws on that must his Day inclose.
 Horror and anguish shall his soule affright ;
 Daunt like a King that draws his Troopes to fight.
 Since hee against the Almighty stretch his hand,
 And like a rebell spurn'd at his Command ;
 God shall upon his seven-fold target rush,
 And his stiffe neck beneath his shoulders crush,
 Though Luxury swell in his shining eyes,
 And his fat belly load his yeelding thighs :
 Though he dismantled Cities fortifie,
 From their deserted ruines rais'd on high :
 Yet his congested wealth shall melt like snow,
 Whose growth shall never to perfection grow.
 Destruction shall surround him ; nor shall hee
 His soule from that darke night of Horror free,
 God with his breath shall all his Branches blast,
 And scorch with Lightning by his vengeance cast.

Will

Will the deluded trust to vanitie ?
 And by the stroke of his owne folly die ?
 For hee shall bee cut downe before his time,
 His spreading Branches wither in their prime.
 Lo, as a floure which with the Sunne ascends,
 From creeping vines their unripe clusters tends ;
 And the fat olive, ever greene with Leaves,
 Together of her hopes and flowers bereaves,
 So shall the great Revenger ruinate
 Man and his illue, by a dreadfull rate.
 Those fools who fraud with piety disguise,
 And by corrupting Brides to Greatnesse rise ;
 Their Glories shall in desolation mourne,
 While hungry flames their lofty structures burne.
 With Malchiefe they conceive ; their bellies great
 With swelling Vanity, bring forth Deceit.
 Then Job : How long wilt thou thus vex mine eares ! Chap. 16.
 You all are miserable Comforters.
 Shall this vaine wind of words, ah ! never end ?
 Why Eliphaz in old'st thou ail of thy Friend ?
 Were you so lost in griefe, would I thus speake ?
 Such bruised hearts with harsh words yet breake ?
 Would I accumulate your Miserie
 With Sorrow ? and draw new Rivers from your Eyes ?
 Oh no, my Language should your passions calme,
 My words should drop into your wounds like balme.
 But oh my fiantie Sorrow finds no ease,
 Complaints nor silence can their pangs appease !
 Thou Lord hast my perplexed Soule deprest ;
 Bereft of all the comforts thee possessest ;
 My face thus furrowed with untimely age,
 My pale and meagre lookes professe thy rage.
 Whose Ministers, like cunning toes, surprize ;
 Teare with their teeth, transfix me with their eyes ;
 Against my peace combine : at once assaile,
 With open mouths, and impudently raile.
 God hath deliver'd mee into their Jaws
 Who hunt for spoyle, and make their swords their Lawes,
 Long saild I on smooth Seas, by fair-winds borne,
 Now bulg'd on rocks, and by his Tempests torne.

D

He

He by the Neck hath hal'd, in pieces cut;
 And set me as a marke on every Butt.
 His Archers circle me; my reins they wound,
 And, ruthlesse, shed my gall upon the ground.
 Behold! he ruines upon ruines liaps:
 And on me like a furious Giant leaps.
 For thus with sackcloth I invest my Woe:
 And dust upon my clouded forehead throw.
 My cheeks are quivered with my fretting teares:
 And on my falling Eye his Death appeares.
 Yet is my heart upright, my prayers sincere;
 My guiltlesse Life from your alperions clears.
 Reveal, Oh Earth, the Blood that I have spilt:
 Nor heare me, Heaven, if I besould with guilt.
 My conscience knows her owne Inequitie:
 And that all-seeing Power indron'd on high.
 Yet you reduce me in my Miseries:
 But I to God erect my weeping Eyes.
 Would I before him might my cause defend
 And argue as a manall with his friend:
 Since I ere long that precipice must tread,
 Whence none returne, that leads onto the Dead.

chap. 17. My spirits are infected, and my Tonic
 Yawnes to devour me; my last Dayes are come.
 Yet you with bitter scorn my pangs increase:
 Nor, ah! will suffer me to die in peace.
 What Advocate will take your cause in hand;
 And for you at the high Tribunal stand?
 Since God your erring soules deprives of sense;
 Nor will exalt you in your own defence.
 His Children shall their dyes in sorrow end,
 Whose tongue with flattery deludes his Friend.
 I to the vulgar am become a Jest:
 Esteemed as a Mistrall at a Feast.
 My sleepleffe eyes their splendor quench in teares:
 My tortur'd body to a shadow weares.
 This, in the Righteous wonder shall excite:
 The Innocent shall hate the Hypocrite.
 He in the path prefer'd shall boldly goe:
 And his untainted strength shall stronger grow.

Revoke

Revoke your wandring Censures, not despise
 The wretched: you who seeme, but are not wise.
 My flying houres arrive at their last date:
 My thoughts and fortunes buried in my fate.
 How soone my shortned Day is chang'd to Night!
 Abusive Darknesse veiles my setting Light.
 Oh can your counsell his despaire deterre,
 Who now is hous'd in his Sepulchre?
 I, in the shades of death my Bed have made.
 Corruption thou my Father art, I said,
 And thou O Worme, my Mother; by thy Birth
 My Sister, borne and nourished by Earth.
 Where now are all my hopes? oh never more
 Shall they revive! nor Death her rapes restore!
 But to the graves infernall prison must
 With me descend, and rot in shroud of Dust.
 To whom than Baldad: when wilt thou forbear
 To clamor, and afford a patient care?
 Do'st thou as beasts thy ancient friends despise?
 Are we so vile and triviall in thine Eyes?
 Oh miserable Man, by thy owne rage
 In pieces torne, can fury grieve assuage?
 Will God for thee the govern'd Earth forsake?
 His purpose change, and Rocks a kinder shake?
 He shall their light extinguish who decline
 From Vertues paths; their sparkes shall cease to shine.
 The wicked shall be compassed about
 With Darknesse; and his oyleless Lamp fly out.
 His wasted strength unthought mischances shall
 Intrap, and he by his owne counsels fall.
 His desperate scete their Lord to ruine lead:
 And on prepared Engines rashly tread.
 The Hunter shall intangle in his Toyle,
 And ravenous thieves of all his substance spoyle;
 Snare spread with tempting baits, for him shall lay,
 And dig concealed Pit-fals in his way.
 A thousand horrors shall his Soule affright,
 Encounter, and pursue his guilty flight.
 Destruction shall upon his steps attend,
 And famines rage into his guts descend.

chap. 18.

Sine

Shall the Sinews of his strength devoure;
 And Death's First borne shall crop him in his flower:
 Cut off his confidence; and to the King
 Of Terrors, his accused Conscience, bring.
 Driven from the House unjustly call'd his owne;
 By rapine got: which flaming sulphure, throwne
 From Heaven, shall burne: his house within the ground
 Shall wither, and the axe his branches wound.
 He and his dying mourning shall not;
 His name even by the present Age: I got
 From light into perpetuall Darknesse: burld;
 And; as a Mischeefe, chist out of the World.
 No Sonne, or Nephew shall supply his place:
 Himselfe the last of his accursed Race.
 Posteritie, as those even living shall
 With wonder tremble at his fearefull fall.
 So teageall an i received a fate
 Shall swallow those, who God and Justice hate.

Chap. 19.

How long said Job, will you with bitter words
 Thus wound my Soule? your tongues more sharpe then
 Ten times have you: speeles in me throwne: (swords,
 Your selves, as Strangers, without blushing throwne.
 If I have sin'd, my Sinnes with me remaine:
 And I alone the punishment sustaine.
 It is inuaine cruellie in you
 Thus to insult; and his reproch pursue
 Whom Gods owne hand hath cast unto the ground:
 And in a Labyrinth of Sorrow wound.
 Unheard are my Complaints: my cries the wind
 Drives through the aire: my wrongs no Judgment find
 God, with belicging Troops, prevents my flight:
 And folds my paths in shades more dark then night.
 Hath stript me of my Glory; my Renowme
 Eclips'd: and from my Temples torne my Crowne.
 On every side destroy'd; trod under foot:
 I as a plant, am puld up by the Root.
 His indignation like a furnace glowes
 Who, as a foe at me his lightning throwes.
 All his assembled Plagues at once devoure:
 And round about my tents incampe their Power.

My

My Mothers Sonnes defend me; left alone
 By my Familiars, by my Friends unknowne.
 My kindred faile me; these alone depend
 On fortunes smiles, the wretched find no friend.
 Those of my Family their Master slight,
 Grown despicable in my hand-maids sight.
 I of my churlish servants am unheard,
 My sufferings, nor Intreaties, they regard.
 My Wife neglects me, though desir'd to take
 Some pittie on me, for our Childrens sake.
 By idle Boyes, and Idiots villif'd;
 Who mee, and my Calamities deride.
 My Intimates farre from my sight remove;
 Those, whom I favor'd most, ungratefull prove.
 My skin cleaves to my Bones; of this remanens
 No part entire, but what my teeth contains.
 Oh my hard-hearted friends I take some remorse
 Of him, whom God hath made a Living Corse.
 Will you wish God in my afflictions joyne?
 Will't not suffice that I in torments pine?
 Oh that the words I speake were registred
 Wit in a booke, for ever to bee read!
 Or that the tenor of my just complaint
 Were sculpt with Steele on Rocks of Adamant!
 For my Redeemer lives: I know hee shall
 Descend to Earth, and man to Judgement call.
 Though wormes devoure mee, though I turne to mold;
 Yet in my flesh I shall his face behold.
 I from my marble Monument shall rise
 Against emire, and see him with these Eyes;
 Though sterne diseases now consume my Reines,
 And drinke the blood out of my shrivel'd veins.
 T'were better said, why should wee persecute
 Our friend; whose cause is solid at the Roote?
 Oh cease the sword, for punishmentes succeed
 Our Trespasses; and cruelly must bleed.
 Thus answer'd the incestuous Nahameth:
 I had been silent, but thy words excite
 My strugling thoughts to vindicate the wrong
 Cast on our race: by thy reprochfull tongue.

Chap. 20.

D 3

This

This is a touch which with the world began;
 Since earth was first inhabited by man;
 Sin's triumph in swift misery concludes;
 And flattering joy the Hypocrite deludes.
 Although his excellence to Heaven aspire;
 Though radiant Beames his shining Browes attire;
 He, as his dung, shall perish on the ground;
 Nor shall the impression of his Steps be found;
 But like a troubled Dreame shall take his flight;
 And vanish as a Vision of the Night.
 No mortall Eye shall see his face againe;
 Nor sumptuous rookes their builder entertaine.
 It he have Children; they shall serve the poore;
 And goods by rapine got, enforce, restore.
 The punishments of Luxury and Lust
 Shall eate his Bones; nor leave him in the Dust.
 Though vice, like sweet confections, please his tast.
 Although betwene his tongue and palate plac'd;
 Though he preserve, and chew it with delight;
 Nor bridle his licentious appetite:
 Yet shall it in his boyling Stomack turne
 To bitter poyson; and like wild fire burne.
 He shall cast up the wealth by him devour'd;
 Like vomit from his yawning Entrails powr'd;
 The gall of Aspes with thirsty lips suck in;
 The Vipers deadly teeth shall pierce his skin;
 Nor ever shall those happy Rivers know,
 Which with pure oyle and fragrant honey flow,
 The Riches purchas'd by his Care and sweat,
 He shall resign; nor of his Labors eat,
 But restitution to the value make,
 Nor joy in his extorted treasure take.
 Since hee the poore forooke, the weakke oppress,
 The Mansion, by another buile, possesse;
 His Belly never shall be satisfi'd,
 Nor he with his adored wealth supply'd.
 Of all his sustenance at once bereft,
 No Heire shall strive to inherit what is left.
 He, in the pride of his full Glory, shall
 To Earth descend, and by the wicked fall.

About

About to feed; Jchova's flaming Ire
 Shall blast his hopes, and mix his food with fire.
 While from the raging sword he vainly flies,
 A Bow of Steele shall fix his trembling thighs,
 Darts through his flowing gall shall force their way;
 Eternall terrors shall his Soule dismay.
 Thick darknesse shall unfold a fire unblown
 Devoure his Race, by their misfortunes known.
 Heaven shall reveale his close impieties,
 And Earth, by him deliv'd, against him rise.
 His Sublimity in that Day of wrath shall waste,
 Like sojaine Torrents from sleepe Mountaines cast.
 This is the Portion of the Hypocrite,
 Such horrors shall on the Blasphemer light.
 The Huzite sigh'd, and said: my words attend
 Afford this only comfort to your friend.
 Suffer my tongue to speake my though: and then
 Renew your scoff: I doe I complaine to Men?
 Since God such dreadfull Armes against me leares:
 Oh why should I suppress my sighes and teares?
 My sufferings with astonishment survey:
 And on your silent lips your fingers lay.
 For should my Enemy endure the like;
 The Story would my Soule with horror strike.
 Why live the wicked? they by vices thrive:
 Sable on smooth Seas, and at their port arrive:
 Confirm a long succession; and behold
 Their numerous off-spring: in ex. c. he grow old.
 Their Houses on secure foundations stand:
 Nor are they humbled by the Almighties hand.
 Their Jolly Bulls serve not their Kine in vaine;
 Their Calves the Breeders their full time retaine.
 Abroad like flocks their little ones they send:
 Their Children dance, in active Sports contend;
 Strike the melodious Harpe, thrill Tambrels ring:
 And to the warbling Lute soft Dittie sing.
 Life is to them along continued Feast:
 And sleepe is not more calme then Deaths arrest.
 To God they say; Enjoy thy Heaven alone:
 Be thou to us, as we to thee, unknowne.

D 4

For

Chap. 21.

For what is he, that we should him obey?
 Or fruitlesse vowes befor his Altar pay?
 Yet their Felicitie from him proceeds:
 Nor am I culpable of their misdeeds.
 When are their rapers quenched? doe they expire.
 Struck by the Thunderer, with Darts of fire?
 How oft are they like chaffe by whistle-winds tost?
 Or early Blossomes bitten by the Frost?
 When are their Vices punish't in their seeds?
 VVhen for their owne offences doe they bleed?
 How often tread destructions horrid Path?
 And drinke the drops of the Revengers wrath?
 Care they for their delercted Families?
 When Deaths all curing hand shall close their eyes?
 Shall man his Maker teach, who sits on high,
 And sways the worlds inferiour Monarchy?
 Two Men at once behold: the one possesse
 Of his desires, which peace and plenty blest;
 From whose swolne breast a streame of milke distills;
 Whose beues high feeding with hot marrow fill:
 The other, miserable from his birth:
 A burthen to himselfe, and to the Earth.
 Who never could his Hungers rage suffice.
 That in perfection; This in Sorrow dies.
 Yet Death, more equall, these extreames conformes,
 And covers their corrupting flesh with wormes.
 I know your Counsell; can your thoughts detect,
 The forged Crimes your purpose to object.
 Where are, say you, those Palaces th'n blas'd
 With burnish'd Gold, on carved Columnes rais'd?
 Built on the Ruines of the poore; the soile
 By extortion purchas'd; and adorn'd with spoile?
 Be judg'd by travellers; they will confute
 What falsely you suggest, and strike you mute.
 For these, and those, who high in Vice command,
 Against the Thunders rage securely stand,
 And flourish in the Day of wrath, when all
 About them by the stroke of Slaughter fall:
 Who dare against the great in Mischiefe plead?
 Or turne his Injuries upon his head?

They

They shall his Corps with funerall Pompe interre;
 And lodge him in a sumptuous Sepulcher.
 The Flowers which in the circling valley grow,
 Shall on his Monument their odors throw.
 All that survive shall follow him, and tread
 That common path, b'nnumerable led.
 Why vainly then pretend you my remorse?
 And with false comforts aggravate my griefe?
 Can Man his Maker benefit (replie.
 The T H E M A N I T E) as he by wisdomes guide. *Chap. 22.*
 May his owne joyes advance? can hee delight
 From him receive, because his heart's upright?
 Availles it him that thou from vice art cleare?
 Makes he thee guilty? or condemnes for feare?
 No Job, thy Sinnes these punishments beget:
 Thy Sinnes which are as infinite as great.
 Thou of their garments oft hast stript the poore;
 Thy Brothers pledge refusing to restore:
 No water would'st unto the thirsty give;
 Nor with thy bread the Hungry Soule relieve:
 While mighty men, and those who more possesse
 Then serv'd for Ryot, surfeits at thy feast.
 Sad widowes, by thee risted, weepe in vaine:
 And ruin'd Orphans of thy Rapes complain.
 For this unthought of snare begirt thee round;
 And sodaine feares thy troubled Soule confound:
 Darke clouds before thine Eyes their Vapors spread;
 And thronging Billowes roule above thy head.
 Perhaps these fumes from thy distemper rise:
 Sit not Jehova on the arch'd Skies?
 Behold the Stars, which underneath display
 Their sparkling fires; how farre remov'd are they?
 What can hee at so great a distance know?
 Can hee from thence behold our deeds below?
 Thick interposing Mists his eye-sight bound:
 Who free from trouble treads th'Etheriall Round.
 Hast thou observ'd those crooked paths, wherein
 They blindly wander who are slaves to Sin?
 Snatcht from their hopes by an untimely end:
 Cast downe like Torrents, never to ascend.

Who

Who said to God; us to our fortunes leave;
 From thee what benefit doe wee receive?
 Yet hee their Houses with abundance stor'd.
 With Showers of Gold; the God their soules ador'd.
 Oh how my Soule their wicked Councell hates!
 The Righteous shall behold their tragick fates,
 Joy at their early Ruine; then deride
 Their flattered Glory, and now-humbled Pride.
 But we, and ours, shall flourish in his Grace;
 When searhing Flames devoure their cursed Race:
 Consult with God, thy troubled minde compose;
 So hee shall give a period to thy woes.
 Receive the Lawes his sacred Lips impart,
 And lodge them in the closet of thy heart.
 If thou returne, hee will thy fall erect;
 Nor shall contagious Sinne thy Roote infect.
 Then shalt thou gather shining heaps of Gold,
 As pebbles which the purling Streames intold;
 Trod under foot like dust. Thy God shall bee
 A silver Shield, a Tower of Gold to thee.
 For thou on him shalt thy affections place;
 And humbly to his Throne exalt thy face.
 Thou at his Alter shalt devoutly pray:
 Hee shall consent and thouthy vowes shalt pay.
 Hee shall thy wishes to fruition raise:
 And shed celestiall Beames upon thy Wayes.
 When Men are from their Noone of Glory throwne,
 And under Sinne and Sorrowes burthen grone;
 Then shalt thou say, Th' Almighty from the grave
 Hath me redeem'd; He will the humble save.
 Those guilty Soules who languish in Dispaire,
 God shall restore, and strengthen at thy Prayer.

chap. 23. Then Job: though my complaints observe no bounds;
 Yet Oh, how farre lesse bitter then my wounds!
 Would his divine Recesse to me were knowne,
 That I at length might plead before his Throne.
 I would such waighy arguments inforce,
 As should convert his Fury to Remorse.
 Then should my longing Soule his answer heare,
 Would be object his power? or daunt with feare?

Oh

Oh no, his goodnesse rather would inspire
 New vigor, and repaire my broken Heart.
 He would the Plea of Innocence admit,
 And me for ever by his Sentence quit.
 But is not to be found; though I should runne
 To those disclosing Portals of the Sunne,
 And walke his way, untill his hofles steepe
 Their fiery fetlocks in the Iberian Deepe;
 Or should I to the opposed Poles repaire,
 Where equall cold congeales the fixed aire;
 And yet his searhing Eyes my paths behold
 When hee hath try'd me I shall shine like gold:
 For in his track my wary feet have stept,
 His undeviated wayes precisely kept;
 Nor ever have revolted from his Lawes;
 To mee more sweet then food to hungry Jawes.
 But hee is still the same; Oh, who can shun,
 Or change his fate! what hee decrees is done.
 This truth behold in me; his Miseries
 Are sacred, and conceal'd from Mortall Eyes.
 I therefore tremble at his dreadfull sight;
 Distracted thoughts my troubled Soule affright.
 For oh, his terror melts my heart to teares;
 Dissolves my braine, and harrowes mee with feares.
 Who neither would by Death prevent my woes,
 Nor ease my Soule in these her bitter Throes.

Why are the punishments by God decreed
 To wicked men, and their rebellious Seed,
 Since times to come are present in his sight,
 Conceal'd from those who in his Lawes delight?
 Some slyly markes remove from bordering Lands,
 Feed on the Flocks they purchase with strange hands:
 The Orphants only Asse they drive away,
 And make the Widdowes morgag'd Oxe their prey;
 Who force the frighted poore to turne aside,
 Whom milder Rocks in their darke Cavernes hide.
 Like Ases in the Desert, they their Toile
 With day renew, and rise betimes for Spoile.
 The barren Wildernesse presents them tooke.
 To feede themselves, and their adulterate broode.

chap. 24.

Their

Their Sicklers reape the Corne, another sower :
 They drinke the Blood which from Roin clust'rs flowes.
 The poore, by them disrobed, naked Lie :
 Veild with no other covering but the skie.
 Expos'd to stifning frosts, and drenching Showers,
 Which thickned Ake from her black-bosome powers :
 To Torrens which from cloudy Mountaines spring,
 And to the hanging Cliffs for shelter cling.
 They from their mothers Breasts poore Orphans rend,
 Nor without gages to the needy lend.
 For want of clothes they force them starve with cold,
 From hungry Reapers they their sheaves withhold.
 Those faint for thirst who in their vintage toyle,
 And from the iuice Olive presse pure oyle.
 Oppressed Cities grone, the wounded cry
 To Heaven for Vengeance : yet in peace they die.
 Others, that truth oppose ; despise the way
 Of her prescriptions, and in Darknesse stray :
 Sterne Murth'ers, that rise before the light
 To kill the Innocent, and rob at night :
 Unclean Adulterers, whose longing Eyes
 Waite for the ray-light, enter in disguise,
 And say, who see's us ? Theeves who daily marke
 Those Houses which they plunder in the Darke :
 These Strangers are to light, the morning Rayes
 By them are hated as their last of Dayes :
 The Agonies of Death are on them, when
 They are but knowne, or shewen of by men :
 And yet they perish by Jehova's Curse ;
 And saile like roaring floods that have no Source.
 Unlike the generous Vine, which cut, abounds
 With budding Jems, and prospers in her wounds.
 As scorching heat the mountaine sunn devoures ;
 As thirsty Earth, drinks up the falling Showers :
 Even so the Graves insatiable Jawes
 Those Rebels swallow, who infringe his Lawes.
 The Womb, that bare, their Butch'ers shall forget :
 And greedy wormes their flesh with pleasure eat.
 No tongue or Pen shall mention their Renowne,
 But like reets by sodaine Storms cast downe.

The

The barren they more miserable make :
 And from the Widow all her Comfort take.
 The mighty fall in their seditious strife :
 When once they rise, who can secure his life ?
 Though they bee resolute and confident :
 Yet are Jehova's eyes upon them bent.
 But oh, how short their glory ! rais'd to fall :
 Lost in the ashes of their funerall.

For they as others die : like cares of Corne
 By lightning blasted, or with sickles shorne.
 Who doubt these contraries ? who will dispute
 Against me, and my Instances confute ?

SHUETIAN BILDAD made this short Chap. 25.

Damnation, and awfull M-jestie, (reply :
 To him belong, who crown'd with sacred Rayes.
 The Host of Heaven in perfect concord swayes,
 Who can his Armies number ? infinite,
 And full of Face ! on whom shines not his light ?
 Can Mortalls righteous in his Eyes appeare ?
 Can they bee spotlesse whom loose women beare ?
 To him the radiant Sunne is but obscure ;
 The Moone & all in Eclipse ; the Sares impure.
 What then is Man, pollud in his Birth,
 An unclean worme that crawles upon the Earthe ?

All tongues, said Job, of thy perfect'ons speake ;

Chap. 26

Thou hee that renders vigor to the weak :
 Thy strength the feeble Arme with Nervous supplies ;
 Thou by thy Counsell makes the foolish wise :
 No secret from thy Knowledge is conceal'd ;
 Caelestial Oracles by thee reveal'd.
 To whom art thou so prodigall of breath ?
 Or by what vertue dost thou raise from Death ?
 Gods Workes, Oh Bildad, wee admire no less :
 His prudence in their Government confesse.
 Dead things within the Deepe were form'd by him ;
 And all that in the curld Ocean swim.
 The silent vaults of Death, unknowne to Light ;
 And Hell it selfe, lye naked to his sight.
 Hee fashion'd those Harmonious Orbs, that round
 In restless Gyres about the Arctick Pole,

The

The massie Earth, supported by his Care,
On nothing hangs in soft and fluent Aire,
Hec in thick Clouds the pendant water binds;
Not thaw'd with heat, nor toine with struggling winds:
Before his radiant Throne like Curtaines spread;
Yet at his becke in showres their substance shed.
With constant bounes the raging floods confines,
Till Day his Throne to endlesse Night resignes.
Heavens Columns, when his Storms and Thunder rake
The troubled Aire, with sodaine Horror shake.
Lo, at his breath the swelling waves divide:
His awfull Scepter calmes their vanquish'd pride.
Whose hand the adorned Firmament display'd,
Those Serpentine yet constant motions made.
These but in part his power and wisdom show:
For Oh how little doe wee Mortals know!
Although his Fame resound through all the world;
Like Thunder from aeriall vapours hurld.

Chap. 27. They silence, Job proceeds in his Defence:
As the Lord Lives, who knows my Innocence,
Yet will not Judge: but with my Soule depriv'd
Of all her Joyes; to Misery long-liv'd:
While these my vitall Spirits shall receive
The foode of Aire, and through my Nostrills breath:
No falsehood shall defile my Lips with Lies:
Or with a vail the face of Truth disguise.
Nor will I wound my cleare Integrity,
By yeilding to your wrongs, but rather die.
Shall I my selfe betray, my Strength refuse,
Desert my Justice, and my truth accuse?
First may I sinke by Torments yet unknowne,
That those which now I suffer may seeme none.
Let such as hate me in their Sinnes rejoyce,
And forfeit with the pleasant Baits of Vice:
What hope hath the prevailing Hypocrite,
When God shall chase his Soule to endlesse Night?
Will God relieve him in his Agonies?
Or from the Depth of Sorrow heare his Cries?
Will hee in God delight, his aid implore
Incessantly, and his great Name adore?

Oh

Oh be instructed by these Characters:
Of his impression, which my Body beares!
I his more secret Judgements will disclose:
Which you have seene, yet desperately oppose.
This is the Portion which the wicked hath,
Hec shall inherit the Almightyes wrath:
The lawlesse Sword his Childrens blood shall shed,
Increase for slaughter, borne to begge their bread.
Death shall the Remnant in his Dungeon keepe;
No Widdow at his funerall shall weepe.
Although he gather Gold like heaps of Dust,
The fuel of his Luxury and Lust;
His Cabinets with change of Garments fraught
By silke-wormes spun, and Phrygian Needles wrought;
Yet for the Just reserv'd, who shall divide
His Treasure and divest him of his pride.
Though hee his House of polish'd Marble build,
With Jasper floord, and carved Cedar fill'd;
Yet shall it ruine like the Moths fraile cell,
Or sheds of Reedes, which summers heat repell.
He shall lye downe, neglected, as unknowne;
And when hee wakes, see nothing of his owne.
Terrors, like swallowing Deluges, shall fright:
Sweep from his Bed by Tempest in the Night:
Like scatter'd Downe by howling Eurus blowne,
By rapid Hurl winds from his Mansion throwne.
God shall transfix him with his winged Dart:
Though hee avoyd him like the flying Hart;
Men shall pursue with merited disgrace,
Hiss, clap their hands, and from his Country chase.
There are rich Veines of Gold, and silver Mines, Chap. 28.
Whose Ore the fire in crucibles refines.
So dig'd up Iron is in the furnace blowne,
And brasse extracted from the melting Stone.
Men through the wounded Earth inforce their way,
And shew the under shades an unknowne Day;
While from her bowels they her Treasures teare,
And to their avarice subject their teare.
There they with subterranean Waters meet,
And Currents never touch't by humane feet:

These,

These, by their bold endeavours are made dry,
 And from the Industry of Mortalls flye.
 The Earth with yellow eares her browes attires;
 Although her Jawes exhale inbosom'd fires.
 Torne Rocks the sparkling Diamond unfold,
 The blushing Ruby, and pure graines of Gold.
 Those gloomy vaults no wandering soule defecies:
 Nor are they pierced by the Vultures eyes.
 Swift Tygres, which in pishlesse Deserts stray,
 Nor solitary Lyons tread that way.
 Their restless Labour cleave the living Stone:
 Cloud-touching Mountaines by their Roots o'erthrown.
 New streames through wandring Rocks their tract pur-
 While they the Magazines of Nature view: (sic;
 Who swelling Floods with narrow bounds inclose,
 And what in Darkest Lurk; to light expose.
 But where above the Earth, or under ground,
 Can Wisdome by the search of man be found?
 How worth his estimation farre exceed:
 Conceal'd from senses, nor with the living dwell,
 The Seas reply; there lies not in our Deep:
 Nor in our floods her radiant treasures steep.
 Nor are her rare enjowments to be sold
 For silver Hill, or Rivers pay'd with gold.
 Nor for the glittering sand by Ophir shovne;
 The blew-ey'd Saphir, or rich Onix stone:
 For Rocks of Chistall from the Ocean brought:
 Nor Jewels by the rarest workman wrought.
 Can blazing Carbuncles with her compare?
 Or groves of Corall hardned by the Aire?
 The Topas sent from scorched Meroc?
 Or Pearles presented by the Indian Sea?
 Whence comes shee? from what undiscover'd Land?
 Or where doth her concealed palace stand?
 Since O, invisible to mortall Eye:
 Or winged Travellers that trace the skie.
 Death and Destruction say; her same alone
 Hath reach'd our Eares; but to our Eyes unknowne:
 God onely understands her sacred wayes:
 The Temple knowes where shee her Light displays.

For

For he at once the Orbe of Earth holds,
 And all that Heav'ns blew Canopie intells:
 To measure out the struggling VVinds by weight,
 That else the world would teare in their debate;
 And bridle the wild Floods, lest they their bound
 Again should passe; and all the Earth surround.
 VVhen he in Clouds the dropping waters hung,
 And through their roaring James his Lightning flung,
 Then he beheld her face, her light displaid,
 Prepar'd her path, and thus to Mortalls said:
 The feare of God is wisdome; and to the
 From Evill, is of vertues the most high.

Job paus'd; forthwith these words his sighs pursue: Chap. 29.
 Oh that those happy Dayes would now renew?
 VVhen God beneath his shield my safety plac'd:
 VVhen his cleare Lamp a sacred Splendor cast
 About my Browes? by whose directing light
 I trod securely through the Shades of Night;
 That now I had in youth possesst:
 VVhen he my Mansion with his presence blest!
 VVhen those who from my veins deriv'd their blood,
 Like springing Lawrels round about me stood!
 VVhen Butter washt my Steps, when streames of oyle
 Gush'd from the Rocks, and Plenty free from toyle
 VVhen through the gazing Streets I pass'd in State
 To my Tribunal, in the Cities Gate!
 The blushing Youth their vertuous awe disclose,
 And from their Seats the reverend Elders rose,
 Attentive Princes such a silence kept,
 As if their Soules had in their Bodies slept.
 Th'astonish'd Nobles stood like men that were
 Depriv'd of all their Sences but the care.
 All eares that heark, my equall Justice prais'd:
 All eyes that saw, their Lids with wonder rais'd.
 I from the Oppressors did the poore defend;
 The Fatherlesse, and such as had no friend.
 Those sav'd, whom wicked Pow'r sought to destroy;
 And made the widowes heart to spring with joy.
 I put on Truth: shee cloth'd me with renowne:
 My Justice was to me a precious Crowne,

Eyes

Eyes lent I to the blind, feet to the lame,
 A Father to the comfortlesse became.
 I search't what from my knowledge was conceal'd,
 And cloud'd Truth by her own light reveal'd.
 Oit with my Scepter brake the Lions Jaws,
 And snatcht the prey out of his armed paws.
 Then said, my dayes shall as the sand increase,
 And I, in my own nest, shall dy in peace.
 My Roome was by the living water spread,
 And Night her dew upon my branches shed.
 My Glories Crescent to a Circle grew,
 And I my Bow with doubled vigour drew.
 When I but spake, they hung upon my looke,
 And as an Oracle my counsell tooke.
 None spake but I, each his own Judgement feares,
 My words, like honey drop't into their cares;
 Which readily with joy they entertaine,
 As yawning Earth devours the latter Raine.
 Although I smil'd, none would my thoughts suspect,
 Nor on my myn'd a frowning looke rest;
 But trod the path which I, their Chiefe propos'd.
 I, King-like, sat; with armed troopes inclos'd,
 Gave timely Comforts to the Soule that mourn'd,
 Rais'd from the Dust, and teares to Laughter turn'd.
 Oh bitter change! now Boyes my groanes deride,
 The wretched object of their scorn and pride?
 Whose Fathers I unworthy held to keepe,
 With lesse contemptell Dogs, my Flocks of sheepe.
 How could their youth to my advantage turne?
 Or elder age, with weakning vices worne?
 Who, pale with famine, to the Desert fled,
 On roots of Juniper and Mallows fed;
 Whom men from their Society exclude;
 Detested, and like thieves with cries pursu'd;
 Conceal'd in hollow Rocks, in gloomy Caves,
 And Cliffs deep vaulted by the fretting waves;
 Among the Busses they like Aspes braide,
 And in the Brakes their Conventicles made.
 The Sonnes of Idiots, of ignoble Birth;
 Contaminate, and vile; then the Earth,

chap. 30.

Yet

Yes now am I obnoxious to their wrongs;
 A by-word, and the Subject of their songs.
 Who exercise their tongues in my disgrace,
 Abhorre my paths, and spit upon my face.
 They, ever since the Imag'd omnipotent
 Dissolv'd my Sinews, and my bow un-bent;
 Like head-Strong hories, twost their teeth have rane
 The master'd Bridle; and contemn'd the reyne.
 Lo, Boyes against me rise, and strow my way
 With Stones, then watch the cruell traps they lay;
 Who now my paths pervert, their hate extend
 To multiply his woes, that hath no friend.
 As Seas against the Shores strong Rampiers stretch
 Their battering waves, and force a dreadfull breach;
 With equall fury they upon me roule,
 Even to the desolation of my soule.
 Besieging Terrors storme like roare aloud,
 Pursue, and chase mee like an empy Cloud.
 O how my Soule is pain'd upon the ground!
 Full grown-Affliction hath a Subject found.
 Torments by Night my wasted marrow boyl;
 My Pulses labor with unequall toyle.
 My sores pollute my garments; Plagues infect
 My poysoned skin, and like a Coat in-vest.
 O I am Dust and Ashes! Lord, thou hast
 Downe in the darts the broken-hearted cast.
 Thy eyes the incense of my prayers reject,
 No teares nor vowes can alter thy neglect.
 Ah! hast thou lost thy mercy? Wilt thou fight
 Against a worme; and in his groanes delight?
 Thou sittest on the winds, with every blast
 Toft too and fro; while I to nothing wast.
 I see my Death approach: I to the womb
 Of earth am call'd, of all the generall Tomb.
 Thou never wilt the Dead to Life restore,
 Though here in sorrow they thy grace implore.
 How oft have I, for those that suffer'd, wept;
 Afflicted for the poore, when others slept!
 Yet when I look't for joy, for cheerefull light
 Then griefe fell on, and shades more black than night.

E 2

My

My tortur'd bowels found no hower of rest,
By troopes of sodaine miseries oppress'd.
Unknown to Day, I mourn'd, my clamors tate
The Eares soft Labyrinth, and cleist the Aire,
The hissing Dragon, and the screeching Owle,
Became Companions to my pensive Soule.
My flesh is cover'd with a vail of jet,
And all my bones consume with burning heat.
My Harp her mournfull Straines in sorrow steep's.
My Organ sighs sad aites, as one that weepes.

Chap. 31. I with my Eyes a Cov'nant made, that they
Should not my Soule, nor thee their light betray
To the deceit of sin; why then should I
Behold a Virgin with a burning eye?
What Judgements are reserv'd, what Vengeance due
To those, who their intemperate Lusts pursue?
Destruction and eternall Ruine shall
From Heav'n, like Lightning on the wicked fall.
Do not his searching Eyes my waies behold?
Ate not my steps by him observ'd and told?
If tempting sin could ever yet entice
My feet to wander in the quest of Vice;
Let that great Arbitrer of Wrong and Right;
Weigh in his Scales, and cast me if too light.
If I from vertues path have stept away,
Or let my heart be govern'd by mine eye:
If I, Oh Justice, have thy Rites profan'd;
If bribes or guiltlesse blood my hands have stain'd:
Then let another scape what I have sowne,
Nor let my Race be to the Living known.
If ever woman could to sin allure,
If I have weight'd as my Neighbours doore:
Let my lascivious wife with others grin'd,
And by her lust repay my guilt in kind.
This were a heinous crime, so foule a fact,
As would due vengeance from the Judge exact:
A wasting fire, which violently burnes,
And all to povertie and ruine turnes.
If I by Power my Servants should oppress,
Nor would their crying grievances redresse:

What

What should I doe, or say, when God shall come:
To judge the world, that might divert his Doome?
Both made he in the wombe, of equall worth:
I thought to unequall Destiny brough forth.
If from the poore I did their hopes detain;
Or made the widowes Eyes expect in vaine:
If I alone have at my Table fed;
Or from the fatherlesse withheld my bread:
Nor foster'd from my youth, their wants supplide;
To him a father, and to her a guide;
If I have seen the naked starve for cold;
While Avarice my Charitie controll'd:
If their clod'd Loines have not my bounty blest;
Warmed with the fleeces which my flocks divid:
If I my armes have rais'd to crush the weake;
The Judge prepar'd, the witness taught to speake:
Be all their ligaments at once unbound;
And their disjoynted bones to powder grownd.
Divine Revenge my Soule from sinne deterr'd
For I the anger of th' Almighty fear'd.
I never idolized Gold embrac'd:
Nor said; In thee my Confidence is plac'd.
Nor on deceitfull Riches fixt my heart;
Together scrap'd by no omitted Art.
If when I saw the early Sunne ascend,
Or the new Moone her silver horns extend;
I bowing kist my hand, those Lights ador'd
As Deities, and their reliefe implor'd.
The Sinne had beene flagitious, and had cry'd
To him for vengeance whom my Deed's deli'd.
Have I with joy beheld my ruin'd foe?
Have I exulted in his overthrow?
Or in the tempest of my passion burst
Into offences, and his illue curst?
Though my Domesticks said; oh let us teare
His hated flesh, not after death forbear.
Who made the Stones their bed, or sigh'd for food,
If knowne my house to strangers open stood.
Suppose I were corrupt, and toulde within:
Yet to what end should I disguise my Sinne?

E 3

Need

Neede I to much contempt or censure dread,
 As not to speake my thoughts, or hide my head?
 Where shall I meete with an indifferent Eare?
 Oh that the Sovereigne Judge my Cause would heare,
 Peruse the Adversaries evidence,
 Try, and determine, my suppos'd offence!
 I, on me shoulders their complaints would beare,
 And as a Diadem their Slanders weare.
 More like a Prince then a Delinquent, would
 Approach his presence, and my life unfold.
 If the usurped Fields against me cry,
 Their raviht Furrowes weepe: if ever I
 Have forced from them their unpaid for Graine;
 Their Husbandmen, and ancient Owners slaine;
 For wheat, let thistles from their clods ascend;
 For barley, cockle, Jolns complaints here end.
 Chap. 31. Nor would his Friends proceed in their replies;
 Since he appear'd so pure in his owne Eyes.
 When Elihu Barachels sonne, who drew
 His Birth from Aram, much incensed grew;
 Not only against Job, that durst defend
 His Innocency, and with God contend:
 But with his three austere Companions; since
 They would condemne before they could convince.
 When he perceiv'd the rest no answer made,
 But like dumb Statues fate: the Buzite said;
 Till now I durst not venture to unfold
 My labouring thought, to you that are so old.
 For gray Experience is with wisdom fraught;
 And sacred knowledge by the aged taught.
 Yet oh, how darke is mans presuming sense,
 Not lighted with celestiall Influence!
 The great in Honor are not alwayes wise;
 Nor Judgement under silver Treasures lies.
 Since so; at length vouchsafe to heare a youth
 And his opinion, in the search of Truth.
 For I your words have weigh'd your reasons heard;
 The Instances by each of you infer'd;
 And yet in all the heate of your dispute,
 Not one could answer Job; much less confute.

Know

Know therefore, least too rashly you conclude,
 It is not Man, but God that hath subdu'd.
 Against me Job did not his speech direct:
 No more will I your Arguments object.
 You all were at his Confidence amaz'd;
 And silently upon each other gaz'd:
 When I your answers had expected long,
 Nor could discern the motion of a tongue;
 I said; behold I now will set my part,
 And utter the Conceptions of my heart.
 My Soule is rap: with fury; and my brest
 Containes a flame, that will not be suppress't.
 My Bowels boyle like wine that hath no vent
 Ready to breake the swelling Continent.
 Words therefore must my toiling thoughts relieve;
 And to restraind Trueth largemen: give.
 No personall Respects my thoughts shall move.
 Nor will I Man with flattering titles smoothe.
 Should I so prostitute my servile Breath,
 My Maker soone would cut me off by Death.
 And now, O Job, what I shall utter here,
 As I my lips, so open thou thine eare.
 Chap. 33. I sacred knowledge clearly will impart.
 Drawne from the fountaine of a single heart.
 God made us both, with breath of Life inspir'd,
 In shrouds of fraile mortalitie attir'd:
 Then since we shall with equall Armes contend,
 Arise, and if thou canst, thy cause defend.
 Behold, according to thy wish I stand
 In steed of God, though made of flime and Sand.
 I will not with steepe Menaces alight:
 Nor shall my hand on thee like Thunder-light.
 For I with griefe, O Job, have heard thee vaunt;
 And breake into this passionate Complaint:
 My Heart is uncorrupt, my Innocence
 Without a Staine, my life free from offence:
 Yet he occasion seeks to overthrow,
 And trample on me as his mortall foe,
 Who, least I should escape, in fetters bindes;
 Observes my steps, and makes the Taulis he findes.

E 4

How

How rash is thy bold charge? God is compleat
 In his owne Essence, much than man more great:
 And yet dar'st thou contend? his patience grieve?
 Will He a reason for his Actions give?
 O't he to Mortals speaks: yet will not they
 The Councell of his Oracles obey.
 Sometimes by Dreames in silence of the Night;
 Sometimes by Visions he informs their sight:
 When sleepe his Poppy on their Temples sheds;
 Or they lye musing on their restless beds,
 The cause of their afflictions then reveals,
 And on their Hearts his reprehension scales;
 That he may man prevent, his pride repell,
 Save from the sword, and greedy jaws of Hell.
 For this, diseased on his bed he groanes;
 While undecent Torments gnaw his bones:
 The sight of Food his emptie stomach fills;
 And Dainties to his taste are loathsome Pills:
 By wasting Hecticks of his flesh bereft,
 Bones late unseen, alone apparant left:
 His Soule sits mourning at the gates of Death;
 While anguish strives to suffocate his breath.
 But if a Prophet, or Interpreter,
 One of a thousand, with the sicke confere:
 Before his eyes, his ugly sinnes detect,
 And to a better life his Steps direct;
 Then Mercy thus will cry, Release the bound
 From Sinne and Hell: I have a Ransome found.
 Then shall his bones the flesh of Babes induc;
 His youth and beauty like the spring renew.
 He shall his God implore; his glorious Face
 With joy behold, and flourish in his grace.
 For God will his Integrity regard,
 His vertue with a bounteous hand reward.
 His Eyes the secrets of all hearts survey.
 When the contrite and bleeding Soule shall say,
 How have I Justice forc'd the poore undone!
 Sin heapt on Sinne! to my owne Ruine run!
 Then God shall raise him from the shades of Night;
 And he shall live to see th'eternal Light.

Thus

Thus oft to man that Power which wounds and heales,
 The way to Joy by Misery Reveales;
 That hee may longer with the living dwell,
 Snatcht from th'extended jaws of Death and Hell,
 O thou of men most wretched I heare me speake;
 Nor in thy frantick passion silence breake.
 If thou thy selfe canst cleare, at large reply,
 For I thy life would gladly justify.
 If not, my words with wisdom shall informe
 Thy erring Soule, and mitigate this Storme.

Then Elihu his speech directs to those
 Who in a King the Disputants inclose.
 You that are wise, said he, my Doctrine heare:
 You who have knowing Soules, afford an Eare.
 For fence is by that Organ under Rood;
 Even as the taste distinguisheth of Food.
 By Equitie let us our Judgements guide;
 And this long controverted Cause decide.
 Jod cries, I guiltlesse fall, to God appeale;
 Yet will not hee that clouded truth reveale.
 Shall I with lyes betray my Innocence?
 My wound is mortall: O, for what offence!
 Who of himselfe but hee so vainely thinks?
 Who contumacy like cold water drinks?
 Hee is in shackles by the wicked led,
 And walks the way which his Associates tread.
 What bootes it man (sayes he) to take delight
 In God! and live as alwayes in his sight!
 O heare me, you who high in knowledge sit:
 Is it with God that hee should Sinne commit?
 No, each according to his Merit shall
 Receive his hire; to Justice stand, or fall,
 O can compassion in Destruction joy?
 Or will the righteous Judge the just destroy?
 Shall hee the world by mans direction sway;
 Whom Heaven and Powers Angelicall obey?
 In his disposure in the Orbe of Earth,
 The Throne of Kings, and all of humane Birth,
 O, if hee should the heart of man survey,
 Reduce, and take us to reach hee gave, away:

Chap. 34.

All

All Living in a moment would expire,
 And swiftly to their former dust retire.
 Then Job, if thou hast reason, if a mind
 Not partiall; let my words acceptance finde.
 Shall he who Justice hates, rule by his lust?
 Or wilt thou him condemn who is most just?
 Shall Subjects tax their Kings & their Princes blame?
 And with detractions poy'nous breath defame?
 Much lesse upbraide his just Dominion,
 To whom both Lords and vassals are all one.
 Who Rich and Poore alike regards, since they
 By him were form'd from the same lump of clay.
 Pale Death shall in an instant quench their light,
 Whole Nations ravish, in the dead of Night,
 Sweep from the Earth, the mighty in Command
 Shall from their Thrones be snatcht without a hand.
 Hee all beholds with eyes that never close;
 Observes their Steps, and their Intentions knows.
 No musing Clouds, nor Shades Infernall, can
 From his inquiry hide offending Man.
 Nor shall the punishment, which guilt pursues,
 Exceede the Crime, lest hee should God accuse.
 Hee shall for sinnes unknowne the mighty breake,
 And to their empty thrones advance the weake;
 The Mysteries of Night reveale to Day,
 And in their falls their secret faults display.
 Not his exemplary revenge deferre,
 Presented on the Worlds great Theatre;
 Since they revolt from God, with open jaws
 Blaspheme his Justice, and despise his Lawes.
 So that the cries of their oppressions rend
 The suffering Airc, and to his eares ascend.
 Who can disturbe the peace which hee bestowes?
 What tumult waken their secure repose?
 What Nation, or what one of Mortall Race,
 Shall God behold, if hee withdraw his Face?
 That hypocrites no more may tyrannize;
 Nor in their states the credulous surprize.
 Say thou, I will not with my God contend,
 But beare his Chastisements, nor more offend.

My

My Ignorance informe, if I have lent
 An Eare to vice lest I my Sinnes augment.
 Will hee with thy Arbitrement comply?
 Whither thou shoul'd consent, or shoul'd'st deny,
 His censure is the same. Shall I transgresse
 In not reproving? what thou know'st professe.
 And you my Auditors, by God indu'd
 With sacred wisdom, will I hope conclude,
 That Job on Justice hath aspersions flung,
 And spoken indiscreetly with his tongue.

O Father give his Miseries no end,
 While hee shall his impietie defend.
 They to their Sinnes rebellion adde, who jest
 At their Instructors, and with God contest.

These Arguments thus urg'd, the zealous youth
 Proceedes, and aid: Art thou inform'd by truth,
 That dar'st preferre thine owne integritie;
 As if more just then hee who sits on high?
 And say; O I am Innocent in vaine;
 Have to no end preserv'd my life from Raine.
 Now give me leave to answer thee, and those,
 Who Gods all-guiding Providence oppose.
 O Job from Heaven to Earth erect thine eyes;
 Behold the vast extension of the Skies;
 The flying Clouds by Exhalations fed;
 How farre are these advanc'd above thy head?
 Can thy accumulated vices reach
 Yet higher? and his Happinesse impeach?
 What can thy Righteousnesse to him bequeath?
 Can God a benefit from Man receive?
 Although thy Sinne a Mortall may destroy,
 Thy Justice succour and confirme his Joy.
 Those whome non-powerfull Insolence oppresse;
 Weepe-out their eyes, and howle in their distresse:
 None cry, where is my God! who all our wrongs
 Will vindicate, and turne our sighs to Songs:
 Enobles with an intellectuall Soule;
 More rationall then beast, more wise then fowle.
 None shall the others sufferings regard:
 The cares of Pitié by their vices barr'd.

chap. 35

For

For God will not relieve th'unpenitent,
Nor to the prayer's of wicked Soules consent;
Much lesse to his, who sayes; I never more
Shall see his face, nor he my Joyes restore.
Let no such desperate thoughts thy Soule infect;
But calmly suffer, and his grace expect.
In both to blame; Though thou his wrath incense;
Thy punishment is lesse then thy offence.
Judge you how indiscreetly Job complaines,
And by extolling his owne Justice stains.

chap. 36. A little longer suffer me, while I
Proceede in this Divine Apology;
And from a farre remov'd Originall
His Judgements vindicate, who made us all.
No Fucus, nor vaine supplement of Arts
Shall falsifie the Language of my Heart.
He who is perfect, and abhors untruth,
With heavenly influence inspires my youth.
For the Omnipotent is only wise;
Nor will the great in Power the weake despise.
His Hands the poore from violence defend;
While Sin-defiled Soules to Hell descend;
Beholds the just, with Eyes that ever wake,
With Princes ranck't, whose thrones no Tempests shake.
Of all their vices cast them to the ground,
If in the fetters of affliction bound;
Hence to their trembling Consciences displays
Their former lives, and errors of their wayes.
Then opens wide the porches of their cares
And their long veiled eyes from darkness cleares
That they themselves may see, instructions heare,
Returne from Sin, and their Creator feare.
They shall their happy dayes in pleasure spend;
And full of yeares in peace their progresse end.
But if they disobey, the sword shall shed
Their guilty blood, and mixe them with the Dead.
For the Deluder hastens his owne fall;
Nor will in trouble on th'Almighty call,
Who on the Rocks of sinne supinely lye;
They in the Summer of their age shall dye.

God

God will the penitent to Grace restore;
Taught by affliction to offend no more.
So from these fearfull Straights, would thee have led,
Enlarge thy passage, and with narrow fed;
But thou, through wicked Counsels, hast rebell'd;
And therefore justly by his Judgements held.
O feare his wrath! should'st thou be swept away;
Not Mines of Treasure could thy Ransome pay.
Cares he for wealth? Though Gold on Earth command;
No Gold, or force, can free thee from his hand.
Let not thy desperate Soule desire that Night,
Which from the living takes the last of Light;
Nor by the guide of sorrow blindly erre,
And Death before due Chastisements preferre.
Lo! he his wrath exalts; who so compleat
As hee in Power! whose Knowledge is so great!
Who can to him prescribe a Rash? or say,
Thy Judgements from the tract of Justice stray?
O rather praise the workes his hands have wrought;
By all beheld; with admiration fraught.
His glory but in part to man appears;
Who knows him, or the number of his yeares?
Hee the congealed vapors melts againe;
Extenuated into drops of Raine;
Which on the thirstie Earth in showers distill;
And all that life possesse with plenty fill.
Who can the extension of his Clouds explore,
Or tell how they in their collisions rore?
Guilt with the flashes of their horrid light;
Yet darken all below with their owne Night.
Judgement and bountie each from hence proceeds;
With these his Creatures punisheth and feeds;
With these the Beautie of the Day immures;
And all the Ornaments of Heaven obscures;
Forthwith seriall Tumults wound the Eares;
Whose heat and cold the Clouds asunder teares.
chap. 37. O how they terrifie my panting heart!
Ready to breake my liver, and depart.
Hark! how his thunder from their entrails breakes!
The voyce of God when hee in fury speakes:
Which

Which roles in globes of pitch below the Skies,
To Earths extent his winged lightning flies;
Pursu'd by hideous fragors; though before
The flames descend, they in their breaches roare.
His farre-resounding voice reports his ire;
His Indignation flows in streames of fire.
O who can apprehend his excellence,
Whose wonders passe the reach of humane sense!
Hee gives the Winters Snow her aërie birth,
And bids her virgin fleeces cloth the Earth.
Now hee her face renew's with fruitfull showers;
Now Cataracts upon her bosome powers;
Whose falling spouts the Hands of Labour tie.
When Swaines for shelter to their houses flye,
Yet on their former toyle reflect their care:
Then salvage beasts to their darke denses repaire.
Loud Tempests from the Cloudie South breake forth,
And cold out of the Cloud-repelling North.
The fields with rigid frost grow stille and gray:
The rivers solid, and forget their way.
Sad clouds with frequent teares themselves impaire,
And those that shone with lightning, fleet to airc.
At his obey'd decree retorne againe,
T'afflict the Earth, or comfort it with raine.
Thus Judgement and sweet Mercy, which depend
Upon his becke, to men in Clouds descend.
This heare, O Job, with silence fixed, stand:
Review the wonders of his mighty Hand.
Know'st thou how God collects the mustred Clouds?
How in their darkness hee his lightning shrouds?
How by him ballanc'd in the weightlesse Aite?
Canst thou the wisdom of his workes declare?
Or know'st thou how thy Garments warmer grow,
When dropping Southerne gales begin to blow?
Wet'st thou then present, when his hands displaid
The firmament, of liquid Chrystall made?
If so, instruct what we to God should say:
Who in so darke a night have lost our way.
What can wee urge that is to him unknowne?
Or who contend and not bee overthrowne?

Who

Who on the Sunne can gaze with constant eyes,
When purging winds foom vapors cleare the Skies,
And Northerne gales his shining face unfold?
Much lesse the Majestie of God behold.
O how inestimable! his equitie
Twins with his Power. Will hee the just destroy?
For this to bee ador'd: yet cannot find
Among the Sonnes of men a prudent mind.

Then from a Globe of curling Clouds, which brake
Into a radiant flame, Jehova spake:
What Mortall thus through ignorance profanes
My darkned counsell? of his God complains?
Come, buckle on thy Armor: let us end
This controversie, since thou wilt needs contend.
Tell, if thou canst, where wert thou when I made the
The world's full harch, and her foundation laid?
Who those exact dimensions did designe?
Who on her superlicies stretch'd his Line?
Or fixt as Centre to the world: upon
What Basis built? who laid the Corner Stone?
Where wert thou when the Stars my prayes sung?
When Heaven with shoues of joyfull Angels rung?
Or who shut up the Seas with Dures; when they
As from the toru'd wombe, inlor'd their way?
By me invested with a veile of Clouds:
And swaddled as new-boorne, in sable shrouds.
For these a receptacle I design'd:
And with inviolable Barres confin'd.
Then said: thus farre your Empire shall extend,
Nor shall your prouder waves these bounds transcend.
Hast thou appointed where the Moone should rise,
And with her purple light adorne the Skies?
Scor'd out the bounded Suns obliquer wayes,
That he on all might spread his equall rayes?
And by the cleare extension of his Light,
Chafe from the Earth the impious Sonnes of Night?
Whose beames the various formes of things display,
Like multitudes of Figures wrought in Clay:
By which the Beautie of the Earth appeares;
The divers-colour'd Mantle which she weares.

Conceal'd

Conceal'd offenders by their lustre found ;
 Attached, and in Deaths darke prison bound.
 Say, hast thou giv'd into the Deep's below,
 And trod those bottomic sands where fountaines flow ?
 Or boldly broken-up the Scales of Hell,
 And scene the Shadows which in Darknesse dwell ?
 Tell if thou canst, how farre the Earth extends ?
 Hast thou discover'd her remotest ends ?
 Beheld the Chambers of the Springing Light ?
 Or travel'd through the regions of the Night ?
 To their abodes canst thou reveale the way,
 And their alternate rule to men display ?
 Wer't thou then borne ? hast thou these secrets knowne
 Through length of time ? art thou so aged growne ?
 Hast thou survey'd the Magazines of Snow ?
 Scene where the melting drops to haile-stones grow ?
 With these I punish ; these the weapons are,
 By me prepar'd against the Day of warre,
 Why breakes the Lightning from the troubled Skies,
 While Easterne winds in horrid Tempests rise ?
 Who Deluges from Heaven in Torrents powies,
 Or gives a passage to the roaring Showres ;
 That they on Deserts un-inhabited
 By Mortalls, may their fruitfull moystures shed ?
 Hence vegetives receive their fragrant birth ;
 And cloth the naked Bosome of the Earth.
 What, hath the Raine a Father ? tell me who
 Beget the shining drops of Morning Dew ?
 Whose wombe produc'd the glitt'ring Ice ? who let
 The hoary frosts that fell on Winters head ?
 The waters then in Christall are conceal'd ;
 And the smooth visage of the Sea congeal'd.
 Canst thou the pleasant influence restrain,
 Of Pleiades, which bathes the Spring with raine ?
 Or boisterous Orions chaine unbinde,
 Who drawes along the bitter Easterne winde ?
 In Summer, scorching Mazaroth display ?
 Or teach Arcturus, and his Sonnes, their way ?
 Canst thou the Motions of the Heavens direct ?
 Or make their vertue on the Earth rest ?

Will

Will the condensed Clouds at thy command,
 Descend in Showres upon the thirsty Land ?
 Or in their roaring Rife asunder part,
 And at thy Foes their fearfull Lightning dart ?
 With wisdom who renounes the Nobler parts ?
 Who understanding gives to humane Hearts ?
 Whose wisdom clears the Saphirs of the skies ?
 Or who the swelling Clouds in Bladders ties ?
 To mollifie the stubborne clods with raine ;
 And scatterd Dust incorporate againe.
 Wilt thou for the old Lyon hunt ? or fill
 His hungry whelps ? and for the killer kill ?
 When crouch'd in dreadfull Dens ; when closely they
 Lurke in the Covert, to surpris their prey ?
 Who feeds the Ravens when their young-ones cry ?
 To God for food and through the Desert flye ?
 Know'st thou when Salvage goates doe teeme among
 The craggy rocks ? when Hindes produce their young ?
 Canst thou their Reeking keepe ? the time compute
 When their swolne Bellies shall enlarge their fruit ?
 Without a Midwife these their Tittowes sustaine,
 And bowing bring their issue forth with paine.
 They at full udders sucke, grow strong with corne ;
 Depart, and never to their Dams returne.
 Who sent forth the wild Ass to live at large ?
 Whom neither Halters binde nor Burthens charge ;
 Inhabiting the barren Wildernesse,
 And rocky Caves, remov'd from mans access.
 He from the many-peopl'd City flies,
 Contemns their labors, and the Drivers cries ;
 The Mountaines are his walker, who wandering feeds
 On slowly-springing hearbes, and ranker weeds.
 Will the fierce Unicorne thy voyce obey,
 Stand at the Crib and feed upon the hay ?
 Or to the servile yoke, his freedom yeild ;
 Plough-up the Glebe, and harrow the rough field ?
 Wilt thou upon his ready strength relye ?
 Will hee sustaine thee with his Industry ?
 Bring home thy Harvest ? to thy will submit ?
 Put off his fiercenesse, and receive the Bit ?

The

Chap. 39

The Peacock, nor at thy command, assumes
His glories train; Nor Estridge her rare plumes.
She drops her Egges upon the naked Land;
And wrapt them in a bed of hatching Sand;
Exposed to the wandring Traveller,
And Feete of Beasts; which those wilde Deserts reare.
Shee as a Step-nosier betrays her owne,
Left without care, and preseriously unknowne;
By God depriv'd of that Intelligence
Which Nature gives: of all most void of Sense.
Her feete the nimble Rider leave behinde;
And when shee spreads her sayles, out-strip the winde.
Hast thou with strength indu'd the generous Horse?
His neck with Thunder arm'd, his breast with Force?
Him canst thou as a Grasshopper alight?
Who from his Nostrills throws a dreadfull light;
Exults in his owne courage, proudly bounds,
With trampling hooves the sounding Centre wounds:
Breakes through the out-red Ranks with eyes that burn,
Nor from the Battle-Axe, or sword will turn.
The rattling Quiver, nor the glittering Speare,
Or dazzling Sun, can daunt his heart with feare.
Through rage and fiercencie hee devours the ground;
Nor in his fury heares the Trumper sound.
Farre off the Battail suels, like Thunder neighes:
Loud shouts and dying groans his courage raises.
Do's the wild Haggard towne into the Skie,
And to the South by thy direction flye?
Or Eagle in her gyres the Clouds invade,
And on the highest cliffe her Aery place?
Shee dwells among the Rocks; on every side
With broken Mountaines strongly fortifi'd:
From thence what ever can be scene surveys,
And stooping on the slaughtered Quarry preys:
From wounds her Eglets suck the reaking blood,
And all-devasting Warre provides her food.
Since such my power, wilt thou with mee contend?
Instruct thy Maker: and thy fault defend?
Now answer thou that dar'st thy God up braid,
Then humbled Job, transfixt with sorrow said,

Can

Can one so vile to such a truth reply?
Too long my griefe hath rav'd: no more will I
Pursue a tolly, and my Sinne extend,
But curb my tongue, so ready to offend.

Once more Jchova from that radiant Throne
Of Clouds thus spake: O Job, thy armes put on;
If thou hast will or courage left, prepare
To encounter me in this Giganick warre.
Wilt thou my Judgements ciseall? des me
My equall Rule, to cleare thy selfe of blame?
Is thy weak Arm as strong as Gods? canst thou
In thunder speake? the Sea with Tempests plow?
Come deck thy selfe with Beauties Excellence;
With Majesty, and Sun-like Rayes dispense:
The fury of thy wrath like lightning sling
On bold offenders: Pride to ruine bring.
Those with the surteits of excelsse destroy,
Who in their uncontroul'd vices joy:
Hide them together in the Caves of Night;
There bind them, never to behold the Light.
Then will I say that thou thy selfe canst save
From wasting Age, Destruction, and the Grave.
With thee, I made the mighty Elephant;
Who Ox-like feedes on every herbe and plant.
His mighty strength lyes in his able Loynes;
And where the fluxure of his Navell joynes.
His stretcht-out tayle presents a Mountaine Pine,
The Sinewes of his Stones like Cords combine.
His Bones the hammer'd Steele in strength surpass;
His sides are fortifi'd with Ribs of Brass.
Of Gods great workes the chiefe; lo hee who made
This knowing Beast, hath arm'd him with a blade.
Hee feed's on lousy Hills, nor lives by prey;
About their gentle Prince his subjects play.
His limbs hee coucheth in the cooler shades;
Of, when Heavens burning Eye the fields invades,
To Marishes resorts; obscur'd with Reedes,
And hoary Willows, which the moisture feeds.
The chiding Currents at his entry rise,
Who quivering Jordan swallows with his Eyes.

Chap. 40.

F 2

Can

Chap. 41.

Can the bold Hunter take him in a Toyle?
 Or by the Trunck produce him as his Spoyle?
 Canst thou with a weake Angle strike the Whale?
 Catch with a hooke, or with a noose intrall?
 Drag by a slender Line unto the Shore?
 His huge Jaw with a twig or Bulrush bore?
 Will he his pitifull complaints renew?
 For freedom with afflicted Language sue?
 Become thy willing Vassall? canst thou still
 Subject him to the Service of thy Will?
 And like a Sparrow, fetter'd in a String,
 The plaid with Monster to the Virgins bring?
 Shall thy Companions feast upon his spoile?
 Or wilt thou to the Merchant sell his Oyle?
 Canst thou with Fishes pierce him to the quicke?
 Or in his skull thy barbed Trident sticke?
 Then hasten to the charge. Yet Souldier feare:
 Thinke of the Bataile, and in time forbear.
 Vaine are their hopes who seek by force or flight
 To vanquish him, who conquers with his sight.
 What Mortall dare with such a foe contend?
 Much lesse his hand against his Maker bend?
 Can gift my grace ingage? when all below
 The lofty Sunne is mine, what can I owe?
 This wonder of the Deepe, his mightie force,
 And goodly forme, shall furnish our discourse.
 Who can devert him of his waves? bestride
 His monstrous Back? and with a bridle ride?
 His Heads huge Dores unlock? whose jaws with great
 And dreadfull teeth in treble ranks are set.
 Arm'd with refulgent Shields, together joynd,
 And seal'd up to resist the ruffling wind:
 The neather by the upper fortifi'd:
 No force their Combination can divide.
 His sneezing set on fire the foaming Brine:
 His round eyes like the Morning Eye-lids shine:
 Infernall Lightning sallies from his Throat:
 Ejected Sparkes upon the Billowes float.
 A cloud of Smoake from his wide Nostrils flies;
 As vapors from a boyling Furnace rise.

Hec

Hec burning Coles exhales, and vomits flames:
 His strength the Empire of the Ocean claimes.
 Loud Tempests, roaring floods, and what a stright
 The trembling Sailer, turne to his delight.
 The flakes of his tough flesh so firmly bound.
 As not to bee divorced by a wound.
 His Heart a solid Rocke, to feare unknowne:
 And harder than the Grinders neather Stone.
 The sword his armed sides in vaine assails;
 No Dart nor Lance can penetrate his Scales.
 Who Brasse as rotten wood, and Steele no more
 Regards then Needes, that bristle on the Shore.
 Dreads hee the twanging of the Archers String,
 Or singing Stones from the Phœnician King?
 Darts hee esteemes as Straw, asunder torne:
 The shaking of the javelin laughs to scorne.
 Hec ragged Stones beneath his Belly spreads:
 To his repose as soft as downye Beds.
 The Seas before him as a Caldron boyle:
 And in the fervour of a Motion foyle.
 A Light, stroke from the floods, detects his way:
 Who covers their aspiring heads with gray.
 Of all whome ample Earths round shoulders beare,
 None equall this: created without feare,
 What ever is exalted, hee disclaimes:
 And as a King among the Mighty raignes.
 O Father, I acknowledge (Job rep'd)
 Thy all effecting Power. O who can hide
 His thoughts from thee! who can reverse, or shun
 Thy just Decree! what thou wouldst do, is done,
 I heard thee say: Dare brutish Man presume
 My darkned Councils? and of God complaine?
 Great Judge, I in my Mirror see my shame:
 Those lips that Justifi'd, my guilt proclaim.
 Our knowledge is but Ignorance, and wee
 The Sonnes of Folly, if compar'd with thee.
 Thy wayes, and sacred Mysteries transcend
 Their apprehensions, who in Death must end.
 O to my Prayers afford a gracious Ear:
 Instruct thy Servant, and his Darknesse cleare!

Chap. 42.

I,

I, of my Excellence; have oft beene told;
 But now my ravish'd eyes thy face behold.
 Who therefore in this weeping Palinode
 Abhorre my selfe, that have displeas'd my God;
 In dust and Ashes mourne. Nor will my feares
 Forake me, tell I cleanse my Soule with teares.
 When contrite Job had this submission made,
 The Lord to Eliphaz of Theman said,
 Against thee, and thy two Associates,
 My Anger turnes, and hastens to your fates;
 Since you, unlike my Servant Job, have err'd,
 And V. Story before the Truth preierr'd.
 Seven spotted Rams, seven Bulls that never bare
 The yoke, select, with these to Job repaire;
 Their bleeding limbs upon my Alter lay.
 His ready Charity for you shall pray,
 And reconcile my wrath: Else merited
 Revenge should forthwith send you to the Dead;
 Who have my Rule and providence profain'd;
 Nor, like my Servant Job the truth maintain'd.
 Then Bildad, Eliphaz, and Zophar, came
 To their old friend; The feasted Alters flame.
 For whom that injur'd Saint devoutly pray'd;
 And with the Incense their atonement made.
 Even in that pious Duty, the most High
 Beheld his Patience with a tender Eye;
 From envious Satans tyranny releas'd;
 Dry'd-up his teares, and with abundance blest.
 His Brothers and his Sisters; all the traine
 That follow'd his Prosperitie, againe
 Present their visits, at his table feed;
 Bemoane, and Comfort. Joyes his griefe succeed.
 With Gold and Silver they increase his store,
 And gave the precious Ezerings which they wore.
 So that Iehova blest his latter Dayes
 More then the first; His Losse with Interest payes.
 His Doves of Asies, Camels, herds of Neat,
 And flocks of Sheepe, grow shortly twice as great.
 Blest with seven sonnes, three Daughters, who for faire
 Might with the beauties of the Earth compare.

One call'd Jemima, of the rising Light;
 A second, for her sweetnesse, Cassia hight;
 The youngest Kerenhappa, of the powre
 And rayes of beauty. Rich in Natures Dowre,
 As in their Fathers Love; who gave them shares
 Among his Sonnes, and joyn'd them with his heires.
 Job seven-score yeares his Miseries surviv'd;
 His Childrens Children saw; those who deriv'd
 From them their birth, even to the fourth descent;
 And in Tranquillitie his old-Age spent.
 Then full of Dayes, and deathlesse Honour, gave
 His Soule to God, his Body to the Grave.

A
PARAPHRASE
UPON
THE PSALMES.
OF
DAVID.

By G. S.

Set to new Tunes for private
Devotion : and a thorough
Bace, for Voice or
Instrument.

BY
Henry Lawes, one of the Gentlemen of
His Majesties Chapell-Royall.

To the King.

O U R graver Muse from her long Dreame awakes;
Peneian Groves, and Cirrha's Caves forsakes;
Inspir'd with Zeale, she climbs th'Ethereall Hills
Of Solyma where bleeding Balme distils;
Where Trees of Life unfading Youth assure,
And Living Waters all Diseases cure:
Where the Sweet Singer, in celestiall Laies,
Sung to his solemn Harp Jehovah's Praise.
From that false Temple, on her wings she beares
Those Heavenly Raptures to your sacred Eares:
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,
Deepe Sense, and high Expressions could comprise;
Her labouring Wings a larger compassie flie,
And Poetic resolves with Poetic;
Lest she, who in the Orient clearly rose,
Should in your Western World obscurely close.

To

To the Queene.

O You, who like a fruitfull Vine,
To this our Royall Cedar joyne
Since it were impious to divide,
In such a Present, Hearts so ty'd;
Urania your chaste cares invites
To these her more sublime Delights.
Then, with your Zealous Lover, daigne
To enter Davids numerous Fane:
Pure Thoughts his Sacrifices are;
Sabbath 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 meane our Verse, such Excellence
At once would ravish Soule and Sense:
Delight in Heavenly Dwellers move;
And, since they cannot envy, Love:
When they from this our Eazily Spheare
Their owne Celestiall Musick heare.

To my Noble Friend Mr. George Sandys, upon his excellent Paraphrase on the P S A L M E S.

H Ad I no Blushes left, but were of Those
Who Praise in Verse, what they Despile 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 not Use, nor Possibility.
Else thou hadst cause to feare, lest some might Raise
An Argument against thee from my Praise;
I therefore know, Thou canst expect from me
But what I give, Historicke Poetry.
Friendship for more could not a Pardon win;
Nor thinke I Numbers make a Lie nor Sinne;
And need I say more then my Thoughts might
Nothing were easier, then not to write.
Which now were hard, for where'st thou I Raise
My thoughts, thy severall Paines extort me Praise.
First, that which doth the Pyramids display
And in a work much lasting then they,
And more a wonder, scornes at large to Quey,
What were indifferent if True or No:
Or from it's lofty Flight, stoop to declare
What All men might have known, had All bin There,
But by thy learned Industry and Art,
To Those who never from their Studier part,
Doth each Lands Laves, Beliefe, Beginning show;
Which of the Natives but the Curious know:

Teaching

Teaching the frailty of all humane things ;
 How soone great Kingdoms fall; much sooner Kings ;
 Prepares our Soules, that Chance cannot direct
 A Machin at us, more then wee expect.
Athen. We know, That Towne is but with fishers fraught,
 Where Theseus Govern'd, and where Plato Taught ;
Greece. That Spring of Knowledge, to which Italy
 Owes all her Arts, and her Civility,
 In Vice and Barbarisme Capinely rowles,
 Their Fortunes not more slavish then their Soules.
Eastone Those Chutches, which from the first Heretics wan
Churche. All the first Fields, or lead (at least) the Van ;
 In whom those Notes, so much required, be ;
 Agreement, Miracles, Antiquity ;
Of D- Which can a never-broke Succession show
ctrine. From the Apostles down (Here brag'd of so)
Of Person So best confute Her most inmodest claim,
As Antioch Who seince a Part, yet to be All doth aime ;
 He now distressed, between two Enemy Powers,
 Whom the West damnes, and whom the East devoures.
 What State then 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 meete in one Third, what most Disgrace,
 May have some likenesse, For in this wee see,
 A Mustard-seed may be resembled well.
 To the two Kingdomes both of Heaven and Hell.
Turke. Their strength, & wants, this work hath both unwound;
 To teach how thesfe' encrease, and that confound ;
 Relates their Tenets ; scorning to dispute
 With Errois, which to tell, is to confute ;
Disse. Shews how even there, where Christ vouchsaf't to Teach;
 Their Devices date an Impostor Preach,
 For whil't with private Quarrels we Decide,
 We way for them, and their Religion made ;
 And can but VVithes now to Heaven preferre,
Ovids Me May They gaine Christ, or We his Sepulchre,
tamer be- Next Ovid calls me, which though I admire,
st. For equalling the Author quickning Fire,

And

And his pure Phrase : yet More ; remembering It
 Was by a Mind so much distracted Writ :
 Bus'nesse and Wayre, ill Midwives to produce
 The Happy Off-spring of so sweet a Muse :
 Whil't every unknown Face did Danger Threat,
 For every Native there was twice a Geste.
 More, when (return'd) thy VVork review'd, expos'd
 What Pith before the hiding Bark inclos'd,
 And with it that Essay, which let us see
 Well by the Foot, what Hercules would be ;
 All slyly offer'd to his Princely hands ;
 By whose Protection Learning chiefly stands ;
 Whose virtue moves more Pens, then his Power Swords ;
 And Theme to chose, and Edge to these affords ;
 Who could not be displeas'd, that his great Fame,
 So Pure a Muse, so loudly should proclaim :
 With his Queenes praise in the same Model cast,
 Which shall not losse, then all their Annals, last.
 Yet, though we wonder at thy charming Voice,
 Perfection still was wanting in thy Choice :
 And of a Soule, which so much Power possesse,
 That Choice is hardly Good, which is not Best.
 But though thy Muse were Ethnically Chast,
 When most Faulte could be found, yet now thou hast
 Diverted to a purer Path thy Quill,
 And chang'd Parnassus Mount to Sions Hill :
 So that blest-David might almost Desire
 To heare 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 ;
 Join'd to a VVork so choise, that though ill-done,
 So Pious an Attempt Praise could not shun.
 How strangely doth it darkest Texts disclose,
 In Verses of such Sweetnesse, that even Those,
 From whom the unknown Tongue conceales the Sense,
 Even in the Sound, must finde an Eloquence.
 For though the most bewitching Musick could
 Move men, no more than Rocks, thy Language would.
 Those who make wit their Cuisse, who spend their Brain,
 Their Time and Art, in looser Versets gain
 Damnation

Comment

Virg.
Aen. lib. 1.

Pangiric.

Damnation; and a Mistress; till they see
 How Constant that is, how Inconstant she;
 May from this great Example learne; to sway
 The Parts th'are Blest with; some more Blessed way.
 Fate can against These but two Foes advance;
 Sharpe-sighted Envy, and Blind Ignorance:
 The first by Nature like a shadow, neere;
 To all great Acts; I rather Hate then Feare:
 For them, (since whatsoever most they Raise
 In private, that they most in Throgs Dispraise;
 And know the Ill they Act Condemn'd within)
 Who envy Thee; may no man envy Him.
 The last I Feare not much; but Phry more:
 For though they cannot the least Fault explore;
 Yet, it they might the high Tribunal Cline,
 To them thy Excellence would be thy Crime:
 For Eloquence with things Prophane they joyne;
 Not content, it fits to Mixe with what's Divine;
 Like Art and Paintings laid upon a Face,
 Of it selfe sweeter; which more Deforme then Grace.
 Yet, as the Church with Ornament is Praught,
 Why may not This be too; which There is Taught?
 And sure that Vessel for Election, Paul,
 Who Judah's Jewes was 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 too?
 Or thinks it fit, we should not leave obtaine,
 To learne with Pleasure what we Act with Paine?
 Since then Some stop, unlesse their Path be Even,
 Not will be led by Solocismes 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 hope could more Harmony dispense;
 So neither could thy flowing Eloquence

So well in any Taske be us'd, as this:
 To Sound His Praises forth, whose Gift it is.

Cui non ceptaverit ulla. Vig.
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos. Georg. 2.

FALKLAND.

*An Ode to my worthy Kinsman Master
 George Sandys upon his
 Excellent Paraphrase
 on the Psalmes.*

O Breath againe I that holy Lay
 Did convey,
 Unto my soule so sweet a Fire,
 I desire,
 That all my Senses charm'd to Eare,
 Should fix there.
 O might this sacred Anthem last,
 Till Time's past:
 Untill wee warble forth a higher,
 In the Quire
 Of Angels, till the Sphaeres keepe time,
 To your Rime.
 Amphion did a Citie raise,
 By his Lays:
 The Stones did dance into a Wall;
 At his call.
 But your divinely-tuned Aire,
 Doth repaire
 Ev'n Man himselfe, whose stony Heart,
 By this Art, i

Rebuildeth

Rebuildeth of its owne accord,
 To the Lord,
 A Temple breathing holy Songs,
 In strange Tongues.
 You fit both Davids Lyre, and Notes,
 To our Throats.
 See, the greene Willow now not weares,
 Of their Teares
 The sadly silent Trophies, wee
 From the Tree,
 Take downe the Hebrew Harps, and teach,
 In our speech,
 What ever wee doe hate, what feare,
 What love deare,
 Now in faint Accents praising God,
 For his Red's
 Since that his punishment a Child,
 Must be fill'd
 A Blessing. But our thankfull Layes,
 Doe his Praise
 Sound in the loudest Key, when e're
 Hee drawes neare
 In Mercy, not affrighting Power;
 In that Houre,
 New Life approacheth: Then our Joy
 Doth employ
 Each Facultie, and Tune each Aire
 To a Prayer,
 But by and by our Sins doe cause
 A sad Pause.
 Our hands lift-up, and cast-down Eyes,
 Our faint Cryes,
 Doe in their sadly-pleasing Tones
 Speake our Moanes,
 Instead of Harps we strike our Breasts,
 All the Rest
 Attend this Musicke, are a Teare,
 Which Sighes beare,
 In their soft Language up on high,
 To the Skie:

Whence

Whence God, delighted with our Griefe,
 Sends Reliefe.
 Thus unto You wee owe the Joyes,
 The Sweet Noise
 Of our raviſht Soules, wee burrow;
 Hence our Sorrow;
 Repentant Sorrow, which doth glad,
 Not make sad.
 Wee weepe in your Lines, wee rejoyce
 In your Voyce:
 Whose pleasing Language fanneth the Fire
 Of Desire,
 Which flames in Zeale, and caluſty faſhions
 All our Paſſions.
 Which you ſo ſweetly have expreſt,
 Some have guſt,
 Wo Hallelu-jahs ſhall reherſe,
 In your Verſe.

Then bee ſecure; your well-tun'd Breath
 Shall now out-live the Date of Death;
 And when Fare-pleaſt, you ſhall have
 Still-Muſick in the ſilent Grave:
 You from Above ſhall heare each day
 One Dirge diſpatcht unto your Clay;
 Theſe your owne Antiepes ſhall become
 Your laſting Epicedium.

Dudly Digges,

G 2

To



To the Reader.

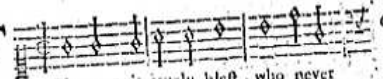
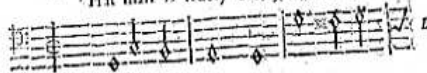

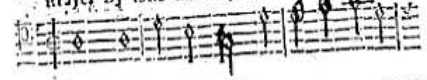
THE Paraphrase upon the Psalms,
though here ranked according to
the Cronologie, was first writ and
published; and therefore these verses
doe in time precede those that are first
in the Front of the Volume.

A



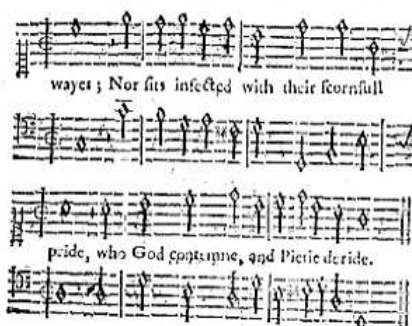
A
PARAPHRASE
UPON
THE FIRST BOOKE
OF THE
Psalms of DAVID.

PSALME I.

T  Cantus.
The man is truly blest, who, never
 Bassus.
Trayes By false advice, nor walks in Sinners



G 3

wayes



But wholly fixeth his sincere delight
On heavenly Lawes; thuse studies day and night.
He shall be like a Tree that spreads his roote
By living streames, producing timely fruit:
His leafe shall never fall: the Lord shall please
All his indeuours with deſi'd ſucceſſe.
Men loſt in Sinne unlike rewards ſhall find,
Diſperſt like chaffe before the furious wind:
Their guilt ſhall not that horrid Day indure,
Nor they approach th' Aſſembles of the Pure:
For God approves thoſe wayes the Righteous tread;
But ſinfull Paths to ſure deſtruction leade.

PSAL. II.

PSALME II.



G 4

Break



But God from his celestiall Throne
Shall laugh, and their attempts deride;
Then high incens'd, thus checke their pride;
(His Wrath in their confusion shewne)
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 Sonne begot this day:
Request, and I will grant thy prayer;
Subject all Nations to thy Throne;
And make the Sea-bound Earth thine owne.

Thou shalt an Iron Scepter sway,
Like earthen vessels breake their bones.
Be wise O you who sit on Thrones;
And Judges grave advice obey.
With joyfull Feare O serve the Lord;
With trembling Joy embrace his Word.

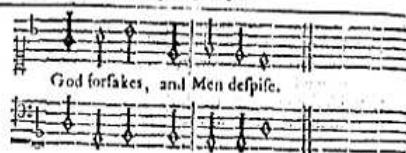
In

In due of Homage kisse the Sonne,
Least he his wrathfull lookes display;
And so you perish in the way,
His anger newly but begunne
Then blessed onely are the Just,
Who on the Anointed fixe their trust.

PSAL. III.



God



But thou art my Support, my Towre,
 My Saviour, my choise Ornament.
 Before thy Throne my Prayers I powre,
 Heard from thy Sions high ascent.
 No feares affright my soft repose;
 Thou my Night-watch, my Guard by day:
 Not Myriads of armed Foes,
 Nor Treasons keerer hands d'sturb.
 Arise; O vindicate my Cause;
 My Foes, whom wicked Hate provoke,
 Thou, Lord, hast limit their cankered jaws,
 And all their teeth slunder broke.
 Thou Lord, the onely Hope of those,
 Who thee with holy Zeale adore;
 Whose all-protecting Armes inclose
 Their Safetie, who thy Aid implore.

PSALME IV.



Thar



You sonnes 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 sovereignty invest
 His gentle care
 Prepar'd to heare
 My never vaine request.

Sinne not, but feare; surcease, and trie

Your

Your hearts, as on your beds you lie :
 Pure gifts present
 With pure intent
 And place your hopes on high.

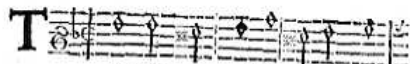
But earthly Mindes false wealth admire,
 And toyle with uncontrol'd desire,
 With cleare aspect
 Thy beames reflect,
 And heavenly thoughts inspire.

O let my joy, exempt from feares,
 Their joyes transcend, when Autumn beares
 His pleasant wines
 On cluſtred vines,
 And graine replenish't eares.

Now shall the peacefull hand of Sleepe
 In heavenly Deaw my senses sleepe :
 Whom thy large wings,
 O King of Kings,
 In shades of ſlattery keepe.

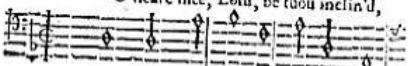
PSALME V

CANTOR.



O heare mee, Lord, be thou inclin'd,

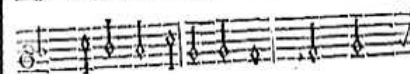
MAFFUS.



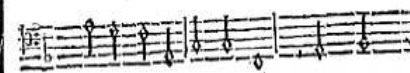
My



My thoughts O ponder in thy minde : And



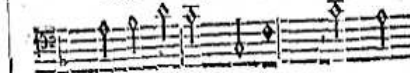
let my cries acceptance finde. Thou hearst



my morning Sacrifice : To thee,



before the Day-star rise, My prayers



ascend



ascend, with stedfast eyes.

Thou lov'st no vice; none dwells with thee;
Nor glorious Fools thy Beantie see;
All sinne-defil'd detested bee.

Lies shall sinke beneath thy hate;
Who thirst for blood, and weave deceit,
Thy Rage shall swiftly ruinate.

I to thy Temple will repayre,
Since infinite thy Mercies are;
And thee adore with Feare and Fraier.

My God, conduct me by thy Grace;
For many have my Soule in chase.
Set thy strait paths before my face.

False are their tongues, their hearts are hollow,
Like gaping Sepulchers they swallow;
Fawne; and betray even those they follow.

With vengeance girt these Rebels round;
In their owne counsels them confound;
Since their Transgressions thus abound.

Joy they with an exalted voice;
That trust in thee, who guard't thy Choice:
Let those who love thy Name rejoyce.

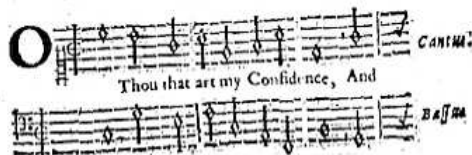
Thy blessings shall in showers descend;
Thy favour as a shield defend
All those, who Righteousnesse intend.

PSAL-

PSALME VI.

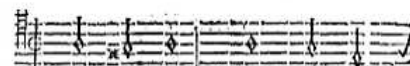
LOrd, thy deserved Wrath assuage;
Nor punish in thy burning Ire;
Let Mercie mitigate thy Rage,
Before my fainting life expire.
O heale! my bones with anguish ake;
My pensive heart with sorrow worne.
How long wilt thou my soule forsake
O pittie, and at length retorne!
O let thy Mercies comfort me,
And thy afflicted Servant save!
Who will in death remember thee?
Or praise the in the silent Grave?
Vext by insulting enemies,
My groans disturbe the peacefull Night;
My bed wath with my streaming eyes;
Through griefe grown old, and dim of sight:
All you of wicked life depart;
The Lord my God hath heard me cry:
He will reure my wounded heart,
And turne my teares to tides of joy.
Who hate me, let dishonour wound,
Let feare their guiltie soules affright;
With shame their haugie lookes confound,
And let them vanish from my sight.

PSALME VII.

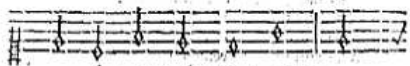
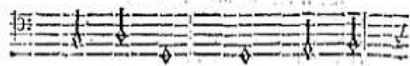


Thou that art my Confidence, And

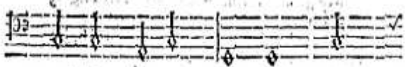
strong



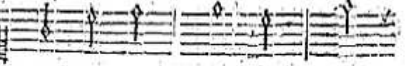
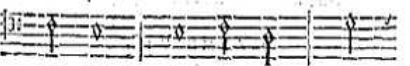
strong Defence ; from those who



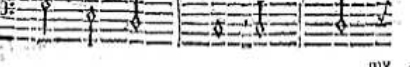
my sad fall intend, Great God,



defend. Lest Lion—like,



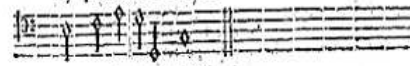
if none controule ; They reare



my



my persecuted Soule.



If I am guiltie ; 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 undeserv'd foes :

Let them my stained Soule 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

Judge thou my foes ; as I am free,
So judge thou me
Declare thou my integrity ;
For thou do'st trie

The heart and reins ; the Just defend ;
The malice of the Wicked end.

God is my shield, he helpe imparts
To sincere hearts,
H

Lest :

The

The good protects, but menaceth
The bad with death;
Nor will, unless they change, relent;
He waxes 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, travell; hatch Deceit.

Who digg'd a pit, sist fall therein,
Caught by his line;
On his owne head his outrage shall
Like robes fall.
But I O thou eternall King,
Will of thy Truth and Justice sing.

PSALME VII I.

Cantus. **L** 

Bass. 





Heav'n



Heav'n and Earth, proclaim Thy





Glory thou hast set on high;





Above the Marble Arched



Sky.





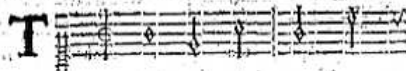
The wonders of thy power thou hast—
In mouths of babes and sucklings plac'd
That so thou might'st, thy foes confound,
And who in malice most abound.

When

When I pure Heaven, thy fabricke, see,
The Moone and Starres dispos'd by thee;
O what is Man, or his fraile 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 hast laid:
All that on Dales or Mountaines feed,
That shady Woods or Deserts breed;
What in the aerie Region glide,
Or through the rowling Ocean slide,
Lord, how illustrious is thy Name!
Whose Power both Heaven and Earth proclame.

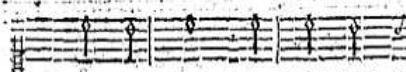
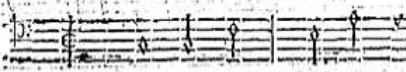
PSALME IX.

CANTUS.

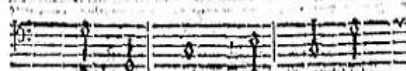


Hee will I prayse with

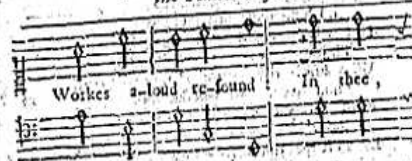
BASS



Hear and Voice, Thy wondrous



Works



Workes a loud re-sound

In thee,



O Lord, will I rejoyce; Thy Name



with zealous praises crown'd.



My Foes fell by inglorious flight,
Before thy terrible Aspect;
Thy powerfull Hands support my Right;
Thou Judgement justly dost direct.
The proud are fall'n, the Heathen sic;
Oblivion shall their names intombe;
Destruction O thou Enemy
Hast now receiv'd a small doome.
Thou Townes 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;

H 3

And

Part. 2.

And Judgement distribute to all:
 Hee will oppressed Soules defend,
 That in the time of Trouble call:
 Who know thy Name in thee will trust;
 Thou never wilt forsake thine Owne.
 Praise Sions King, O praise the Just,
 And make his noble Actions knowne.
 Bloud scapes not his reverging hand;
 Hee vindicates the Poore-mans Cause.
 Lord, my insulting Pies. withstand,
 And draw me from Deaths greedy Jawes;
 That I may in the Royall Gate
 Of Sions Daughter raise my Voice;
 Thy ample Praises celebrate,
 And in thy saving health rejoyce:
 They (falling into the Pit they made)
 Are caught in Nets themselves prepar'd.
 The Lord his Judgements hath display'd:
 The Wicked in their workes insin'd:
 The wicked downe to Hell shall sinke,
 And all that doe the Lord despise,
 But God will on the Necky thinke:
 Nor shall the Poore expect in vaine.
 Lord, let not Man put vyle; arise;
 Th'insulting H. when judge: O when
 Let trembling Feare their heart surprize;
 That they may know they are but Men.

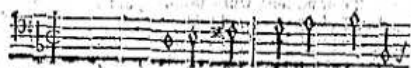
PSALM X.

Cantus.



Withdraw not, O my God, my

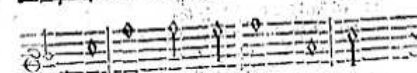
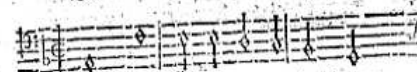
Basso.



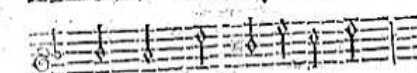
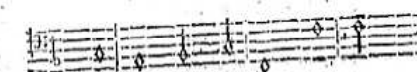
guide;



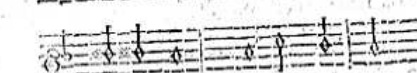
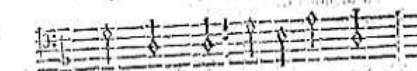
guide: In time of trouble dost thou



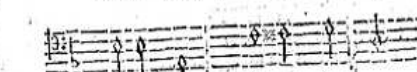
hide Thy cheerful face? Who want



thy Grace, The poore pursue with

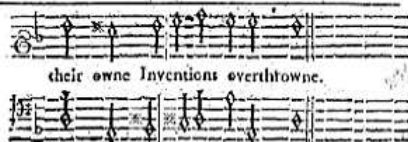


crueil pride: O bee they by



H 4

their



The wicked boast of their successe,
The covetous profanely blesse,
By thee, O Lord,
So much abhor'd
Their pride will not thy power confesse;
Not have thy favour sought,
Or had of thee a thought.

They in oppression take delight,
Thy Judgements farre above their sight:
Their enemies
Scoffe and despise
Who say in heart, No opposite
Can us remove, nor shall
Our greatnesse ever fall.

Their mouths detested curses fill;
Fraud; mischief; ever prone to ill:
In secret they
Lurke to betray;
The Innocent in corners kill:
His eyes with fierce intent
Upon the poore are bent.

Psal. 11.

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

His heart hath said, God hath forgot,
He hides his face, he findes it not.
Arise, O Lord,
Draw thy just sword,
Nor cut of thy remembrance blot
The poore and desolate:
O shield them from his hate!

Why should the wicked God despise,
And say he lookes with carelessse eyes
Their well seene spight
Thou shalt requite.
The poore, O Lord, on Thee relies;
Thou help't the fatherlesse,
Whom cruell men oppress.

Asunder breake the armes of those,
Who ill .sitt, and good oppose:
Their crimes explore,
Untill no more
Lurke in their bosomes to disclose.
Eternall King, thy Mand,
Hath chac'd them from thy Land.

Lord, thou hast heard thy Servants prayers
Thou wilt their humble hearts prepare:
Thy gracious Eare
Inclin'd to heare.
The Fatherlesse, and worne with care
Judge thou, that Mortalls may
No more with outrage sway.

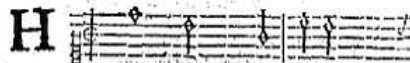
PSALME XI.

MY God, on thee my hopes relie:
Why say they to my troubled Soule,
Arise, up to your Mountaine sie:
Flee quickly, like a chaced Foule?
For loe, the wicked bend their bowes,
Their

Their arrowes sit with secret Art;
 That closely they may shoot at those,
 Who are upright and pure in heart.
 If their foundation bee destroy'd,
 What can the Righteous build upon?
 God in his Temple doth abide;
 Heaven is the great Jehovah's Throne.
 His Eyes behold, his Eye-lids are
 The Snares of men; allows the best:
 But such as joy in cruelty
 The Lord doth from his Soule 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.

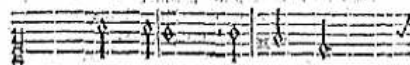
PSALME XII.

CANTUS.

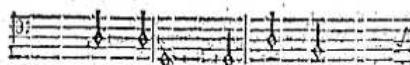


Elps Lord, for Godly

BASS.



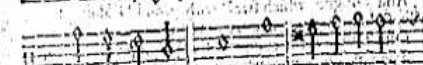
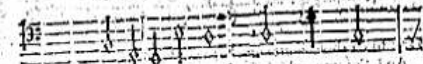
men decay; From Mortalls



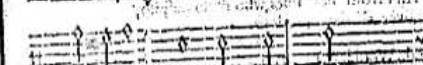
Faith



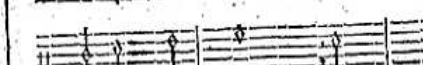
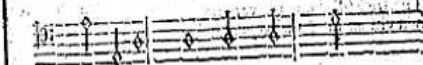
Faith, enforced, lies; Add with their



sins Companions they, Talke of affected



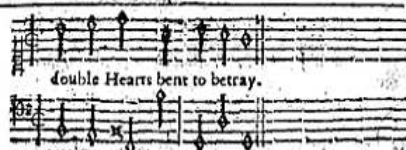
Vanities: Their flattering Tongues



abound' with Lies, Their



double



double Hearts bent to betray.

God shall those flattering Lips confound,
And Tongues which swell with proud Disdain;
Whose boastings arrogantly found;
Our Tongues the conquest shall obtaine;
They are our owne, who shall reſtaine?
Or to our Wills preſcribe a bound?

But for th' Oppreſſion of the Poore,
And Wretches ſighes which pierce the Skies,
Who plea 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 Armes for ever ſhall inſold
All thoſe, who in his truth abide.
The wicked range on every ſide,
When vicious men the Scepter hold.

PSAL. II.

PSAL. XIII.



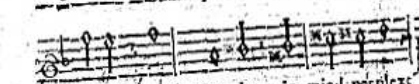
Ow long! Lord, let mee not



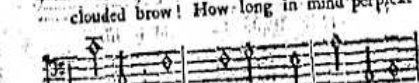
For ever be forgotten! How long



my God, wilt thou Contract thy



clouded brow! How long in mind perplex



Shall



Shall I bee daily vext!

How long shall he controll

Who persecutes my soule!

Consider, heare my cries;

Illumine mine eyes,

Least with exhausted breath,

I ever sleepe in Death;

Least my insulding Foe

Boast in my overthrow;

And those who would destroy

In my subversion joy;

Hurt Thou never just,

Will in thy Mercie trust,

And in thy saving Grace

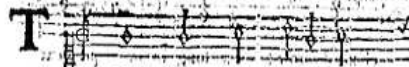
My constant Comfort place;

My Songs shall sing thy Praise,

That hast prolong'd my Dayes,

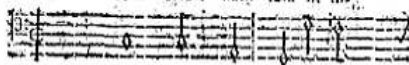
PSAL. XIII.

Ganlin.



THE Foole hath said in his

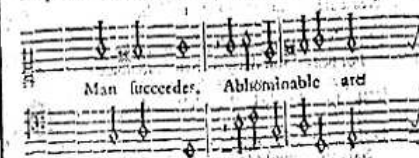
Bass.



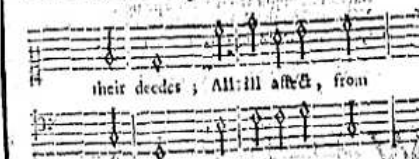
falte



fa'le heart; God cares not what to



Man succeede, Abominable are



their deedes; All ill affect, from



Good depart.

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

All

All from forsaken Truth are flowe,
Corrupt in Bodie, such in Soule,
Defil'd within, without as soule,
None Good indeavours, no, not One.

Are all, that worke Iniquitie,
By Ignorance so blindly led?
My People they devoure like Bread?
Nor call on him who sits on high.

Their Consciences with terror quake,
For since God doth with the Just abide:
Poore mens Counsels they deride,
VWho him for their Protection take.

O that unto thy Israel
Salvation might from Sion Spring!
VWhen God shall us from Bondage
No Joy shall Jacobs Joy excell. (bring,

PSALME XV.

Cantus.

W Ho shall in thy Tent abide

Raffast

On thy Holy Hill reside? Hee

that's

that's Just and Innocent; Tells the

truth of his intent.

Slanders none with venom'd Tongue,
Feares to doe his Neighbour wrong,
Fosters not base Infamies,
Vice beholds with scornfull Eyes,
Honours those who feare the Lord,
Keeps though to his lollie, his word,
Takes no Bribes for wicked ends,
Nor to tle his Money lends:
VWho by these directions guide
Their pure Reps, shall never slide.

PSALME XVI.

As the 8.

P Reserve me, my undoubted Aid:
To whom, thou, O my Soule, 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 sorrowes shall be infinite,
Who other Gods with gifts adore:

Their

Their bloudie Offerings I abhorre;
Nor shall their Names my Lips profane.
But God my Lot will still maintaine:
He is my Portion, he bestowes
The Cup, that with his Bountie flowes,
I have a pleasant Seat obtain'd,
A faire and large Possession gain'd.
The Lord will I for ever praise,
Whose Counsels have inform'd my Wayes:
And my inflamed Zeale excite
To serve him in the silent Night.
He is my Object, by his Hand
Confirm'd, immovable I stand.
Joy hath my Heart and Tongue possess'd:
My Flesh in constant Hope shall rest
Thou wilt not leave my Soule alone
In Hell; nor let thy Holy One
Corruption see: but that High-way
To Everlasting Life display.
Thy Presence yeelds intire delight;
At thy Right hand Joyes infinite.

PSALME XVII.

As the 31. **L**ord, grant my just Request; O heare my cry;
And Pray'rs that lips, untoucht with guile, unfold:
My Cause before thy High Tribunal try,
And let thine Eyes my Righteousnesse behold.

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

So shall I from the Paths of Tyrants flee:
O, lest I slip, direct my Steps by Thine!
I Thee invoke, for thou wilt heare my Cry:
Thine Eare to my afflicted Voice incline.

O shew thy wondrous Love! Thou from their Foes
Preservest all that on thy Aye depend.
Lord, as the Apple of the Eye inclose,
And over me thy shadow Wings extend.

For scarpious men, and such as deadly hate
My guiltlesse Soule, have compass me about;
Who swell with Pride, inclos'd with their owne fat,
And words of contumely thunder out.

Part 2.

Our traced steps intrap as in a Toile;
Low-couch'd on the Earth with flaming Eyes;
Like famisht Lions eager of their Spoile,
Or Lions Whelps; close lurking to surprize

Arise! prevent him, from his Glory hurld;
My penive Soule, 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 Righteousnesse shall see thy Face;
And rising, in thy Image, joy receive.

PSALME XVIII.

As the 71. **M**y Heart on Thee is fix'd, my Strength, my Power,
My steadfast Rock, my Fortresse, my high Tower,
My God, my Safetie, and my Confidence,
The Horne of my Salvation my Defence.
My Songs shall thy deserved Praise resound:
For at my Prayers thou wilt my Foes confound.
Sorrowes of Death on every side assail'd,
And dreadfull fouds of Impious men prevail'd;
Sorrowes of Hell my compass Soule dismayd;
And to intrap me, deadly Snares were layd.
In this Distresse I cry'd, and call'd upon
The Lord, who heard me from his Holy Throne.

I 2

Ho

He trembling Earth in his fierce Anger strooke ;
 Th'unfixt rootes of aerie Mountaines shooke ;
 Smoke from his Nostrils flew ; devouring Fire
 Breake from his Mouth ; Coles kindled by his Ire.
 In his Deicent bow'd Heaven with Earth did meet,
 And gloomy Darkenelle roll'd beneath his Feet,
 A Golden-winged Cherubin bestrid,
 And on the swiftly flying Tempest rid,
 He darkenelle made his secret Cabiner ;
 Thick Fogs, and drizzling Clouds about him sit ;
 The Beames of his bright Presence these expell ;
 Whence showres of burning Coles and Hailestones fell,
 From troubled Skies loud claps of Thunder brake ;
 In Haile and darting Flames th'Almighty spake :
 VVhose Arrowes my amazed Foes subdue,
 And at their feared Troups his Lightning threw
 The Ocean could not his deepe Bottoms lide,
 The VVorlds generall Foundations were delerid
 At thy rebuke Jehovah at the blast
 Even of the breach which through thy nostrils past.
 He with extended armes his Servant saves,
 And drew me fishing from th'inraged waves ;
 From my proud Foes by his assistance freed,
 VVho swolme with hate, no less in strength exceed ;
 VVithout his aid, I in that stormie Day
 Of my affliction, had become their prey :
 VVho from those straits of danger by his might
 Enlarge my Soule ; for I was his delight.

Part 3.

The Lord according to my Innocence,
 And Justice, did his saving grace dispence
 The narrow Path by him prefer'd, I tooke ;
 Nor like the wicked, my Great God forsooke.
 For all his Judgements were before mine eyes,
 I with his statutes daily did advise,
 And ever walkt before him, void of guile :
 No art or purpose did my soule defile.
 For this he recompenc'd my righteousness
 And crown'd my innocence with faire success.
 The Mercifull shall flourish in thy Grace ;
 Thy Righteousnelle the Righteous shall embrace :

Thou

Thou to the pure thy purity wilt show ;
 And the perverse shall thy averfennelle know.
 For thou wilt thy afflicted people save ;
 The proud cast downe, downe to the greedy grave.
 Thou Lord wilt make my taper to shine bright,
 And cleare my darkenelle with celestall Light.
 Through Thee I have against an Host prevail'd,
 And by thy aid a hottie Bulwarke fortid,
 Gods path is perfect, all his words are just,
 A shield to those that in his promise trust.
 What God is there in Heaven or Earth but ours ?
 What Rock but He against assailing Powers ?
 Hee breath'd new strength and courage in the day
 Of Battell, and securely cleer'd my way.
 Hee makes my feete outstrip the nimble Hinde,
 Up to the Mountaines, where I safely finde.
 'Tis he that teacheth my weak hands to fight :
 A Bow of Steele is broken by their might.
 Thou didst thy ample Shield before me set,
 Thy Arme upheld, thy Favour made me great.
 The passage of my steps on every side,
 Thou hast enlarged, lest my feete should slide.
 I follow'd, overtooke, nor made retreat,
 Untill victorious in my foes defeat ;
 So charg'd with rounds that they no longer stood,
 But at my feete lay bathed in their blood.
 Thou arm'd me with prevailing Fortitude,
 And all that rose against me hast subdu'd ;
 Their stubborne necks subjected to my Will,
 That I their blood, who hate my Soule, might spill.
 They cry'd aloud ; but found no succour neere :
 To thee, Jehovah ; but thou would'st not heare.
 I pound'd them like dust which Whirle-winds raise ;
 I trod under foote as dirt in beaten wayes.
 From Popular Furie thou hast set me free,
 Among the Heathen hast exalted me,
 Whom unknowne Nations serve ; as soone obey
 As heare of me ; and yeeld unro my sway.
 The Stranger-borne, beset with horror, fled ;
 And in their close retreats bury their dead.

Part 4.

Part 5.

O praise the living Lord the Rocke whereon
I build; the God of my Salvation!
'Tis he who right my wrongs; the People bends
To my Subjection; from my foe defends
Thou raisest me above their proud counteile;
And from the violent Man hast freed my Soule.
The Heavens shall admire my Thankfullnesse;
My Songs shall thy immortall Praise expresse.
A great and manifold Deliverance
God gives his King: his mercie doth advance
In his Anointed; and will shew his grace
Eternally on David and his Race.

PSALME XIX.

As the 8.

Gods glory the vast Heavens proclame;
The Firmament his mighty Praise.
Day unto Day, and Night to Night
The wonders of his Workes 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 Sunnes Pavillion set,
Who from his Rosie Cabinet
Like a fresh Bride-groome shewes his face,
And as a Giant runnes his race.
He riseth in the dawning East,
And glides obliquely to the West:
The World with his bright Raies replar;
All Creatures cherish by his heat.
Gods Lawes are perfect, and restore
The Soule to life, even dead before.
His Testimonies, firmly true,
With Wisdome simple men indue.
The Lords Commandments are upright,
And feast the Soule with sweet delight.
His Precepts are all Puritie,
Such as illuminate the Eye,

Part 2.

The.

The feare of God, soild with no staine,
Shall everlastingly remaine.
Jehovah's Judgements are Divine;
With Judgement hee doth Justice joine
Which men should more then Gold desire,
Then heaps of Gold refin'd by Fire:
More sweet then Honey of the Hive,
Or Cells where Bees their Treasure live.
Thy Servant is inform'd from thence:
They, their Observers recompense.
Who knows what his Offences be?
From secret sinnes O cleanse thou me!
And from presumptuous Crimes restraine;
Nor let them in thy Servant reigne:
So shall I Live in Innocence,
Not spotted with that great Offence.
My Fortresse, my Deliverer;
O let the Prayers my Lips preferre,
And Thoughts which from my heart arise,
Be acceptable in thine Eyes.

PSALME XX.

As the 7.

The Lord in thy Adversitie
Regard thy cry;
Great Jacobs God with Safetie arme,
And shield from harme:
Helpe from his Sanctuary lend,
And out of Sion thee defend.
Thy Oilds, which pure flames consume,
Be his Perfume.
May he accept thy Sacrifice,
Fir'd from the Skies.
For ever thy indeavours bleste,
And crowne thy Councils with successe.
We will of thy Deliverance sing,
Triumphing King:
Our Ensignes in that prayd-for Day

With Joy display;
Even in the Name of God. O still
May be thy just Desires fulfill'd
Now know I his Anointed Hee
Will heare, and see;
With saving Hand and Mightie Power,
From his high Tower.
These trust in Horse, in Chariots those;
Our trust wee in our God repose.
Their wounded Limbs in anguish bend,
To Death descend;
But wee in favour of the right
Have stood upright.
O save us, Lord, thy Suppliants heare
And in our aid, Great King, appeare.

PSAL. XXI.

As the 15.

Lord, in thy Salvation,
In the strength which thou hast shewne;
Greatly shall the King rejoyce.
How will joy exalt his Voyce!
Thou hast granted his request,
Of his Hearts desire possesse;
Blest with Blessings manifold,
Crown'd with sparkling Gemmes and Gold,
Prais'd for Life thou hast granted hast;
Length of Dayes which never waxe;
By thy Safe-guard glorious made;
With high Majestie array'd;
Of resistless Pow'r possest;
By thy favours ever blest.
Lo! his Joyes are infinite;
Joy reflected from thy sight;
For the King in God did trust.
Through the Mercie of the Just,
Hee shall ever fixed stand.

For

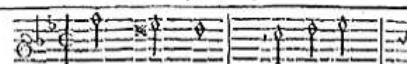
For thy Hand, thy owne right Hand,
Shall thy Enemies destroy,
Who would in thy ruine joy.
When thy Anger shall awake,
Then a flaming Furnace make.
God shall swallow in his fire,
And devoure them all with fire,
From the Earth destroy their Fruit,
Never let their Seede take root.
Miserable was their intent,
All their Thoughts against me bent;
Thoughts which nothing could performe.
Let thy Arrows like a Storme,
Put them to inglorious flight,
On their daunted faces light.
Lord aloft thy Triumphs raise,
While we sing thy Power and Praise.

PSALME XXII.

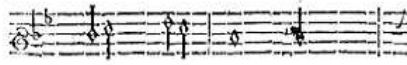
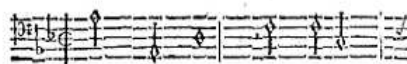
MY God! O why hast thou
forsooke! Why O so far with

Cantus.
Bass.
Tenor.
Soprano.

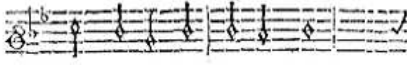
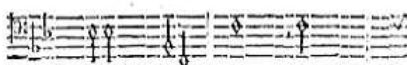
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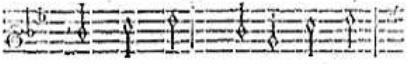
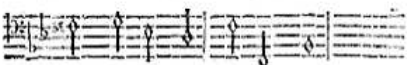
drawne thine Ayde! Nor when I



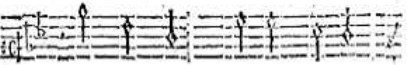
roared, pit-ty tooke! My



God by day to Thee I pray'd,



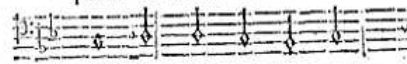
And when Night's Curtaines were d-d-



plaid,



plaid: Yet wouldst not thou vouch-



safe a look.



Yet thou art holy, thron'd on high,
The Israelites thy Praise rebound.
Our Fathers did on thee rely:
Their Faith with wreaths of Conquest crown'd:
They sought, and thy Deliverance found;
They trusted, and thy truth did trie.

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

Thou drew'st me from the wombe; by Thee
Confirmed at my Mothers breast:
When borne, Thou took'st the charge of mee;
Even from my Birth, my God protect.
O succour me with feare distressed!
Thou canst alone thy Servant free.

Incessant Bulls about me Rare;

Part 2.
Strong

Strong Bulls of Bashan girt me round ;
Who their inflaming mouths prepare,
Like ravenous Lions, to confound.
I'me spilt like water on the ground,
And all my Bones disjoynted are.

My heart Like Wax within me thowes ;
My vigour as a Pot-sheerd dry'd ;
My thirstie Tongue cleaves to my Jawes ;
In dust of Death thou do'st me hide :
Dogs compasse me on ev'ry side,
And multitudes, who hate thy Lawes.

My hands and feete transfix'd are ;
Bones, to be sold, with anguish waste ;
This scene with joy, my robes they share ;
Lots on my seamless garment cast.
My Strength, to my redemption haste !
Nor O be deafe to my sad praire !

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

Part 3. O praise him you who feare the Lord ;
You Sont of Jacob, God adore ;
Let Israels Seed his praise record ;
For from their cries who helpe implore,
His Face he hides not, nor the Poure
In their Affliction hath abhor'd.

I in the great Assembly shall
Declare his works, which words exceed ;
And pay my Vowes before them all.
The Mecke abundantly shall feed ;
The Faithfull praise their Helpe at need,
Nor by the Stroke of Death shall fall,

All

All who behold the Suns Vp-rise,
Shall God professe, and serve alone ;
And all the Hea-hen Families
Shall cast themselves before his Throne ;
Because the Kingdome is his owne ;
For over all his Empire lies.

Who in prosperity abound,
Nor undeserv'd Honours gaine,
VWho poorly creepe upon the ground,
And scarce their needy lives sustaine ;
Shall eat, and to his easie reigne
Submit, with joyes eternall crown'd.

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

PSALME XXIII.

THE Lord my Shepheard, me his Sheepe
Will from consuming Famine keepe.
He fosters me in fragrant Meads,
By softly-sliding waters leads ;
My Soule refresheth with pleasant juice ;
And lest they should his Name traduce,
Then when I wander in the Maze
Of tempting Sinne, informs my wayes,
No terrour can my courage quail,
Though shaded in Deaths gloomy vale ;
By thy Protection fortifi'd :
Thy Staffe my Stay, thy Rod my Guide !
My Table thou hast furnished ;
Pours'd precious Odors on my head :
My Mazer flows with pleasant Wine,
While all my Foes with envy pine.

As the V.

Thy

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

PSALME XXIV.

At the 2.

THE round and many peopled Earth,
What from her wombe extract their birth,
And whom her foodfull breast sustaines,
Are his, who high in glory raignes
The Land in moving Seas hath plac'd
By ever-toiling Floods imbrac'd,
Who shall upon his Mountaine rest?
Who in his Sanctuary feast?
Even he, whose hands are innocent;
His heart unsoil'd with foule intent;
Whom swollen Ambition, Avarice,
Nor tempting Picares can intice:
Who only their infection feares;
And never fraudulently sweares:
The Lord his Saviour him shall blesse
And cloth him with his Righteousnesse.
Such are of Jacobs faithfull Race,
Who seeke him, and shall find his Face.
You lofty Gates, your leaves display;
You everlasting Doores, give way;
The King of Glory comes. O sing
His praise! Who is this glorious King?
The Lord in Strength, in Power compleat;
The Lord in battaile more then great.
You lofty Gates, your Leaves display;
You everlasting Doores give way;
The King of Glory comes. O sing
His praise! Who is this glorious King?
The Lord of Host, of Victory,
Is King of glory, thron'd on high.

PSAL. XXV.

PSALME XXV.

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

At the 2.

In thy disclosed paths direct,
Thy truth, that leading Starre, display:
O my Redeemer I every day
My dangers thy reliefe expect.
Thinke of thy Mercies shewne of old,
Thy Mercies more then can be told.

The sinnes of my unbridled Youth,
Nor fraile transgressions call to minde;
Let those that seeke thy mercie hide,
Even for the honour of thy Truth.
God, ever just and good, the way
Of life will shew to such as stray.

The meeke in righteousness shall guide;
To such his Heavenly Will expresse:
Which shall with truth and mercie blesse
All such as in his Lawes abide.
My sinnes, so numerous and great
O for thy honour, Lord, forget!

What's he who feares the ever-Blest?
To him shall hee his paths disclose:
His Soule refresh't with calme repose,
The Land by his faire Race possest:
To him his Counsels shall impart,
And seale his Covenants in his heart.

Psalm 2.

On thee with fixed Eyes I wait:

My

My feet enlarge thou from their snares,
O pitie me so worne with cares,
Despised, poore, and desolate!
The troubles of my mind increase;
Lord from their galling yoke release!

Echold thou my affliction,
The toile and straits, wherein I live:
My finnes, so infinite, forgive.
B. hold my Foes, how pient growne!
How are they multipli'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.
Redeeme thy choic'd Israel,
And sorrow from his breast expell.

PSALME XXVI.

As the 4.

Lord, judge my cause: thy piercing Eye
Beholds my Soules integrity.
How can I fall,
When I, and all
My hopes on thee rely?

Examine, try my reines and heart;
Thou, Mercies Source, my object art:
Nor from thy Truth
Have I in Youth,
Or will in age depart.

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

But

But will, with haills immaculate,
And offering, at thy Alter wait:
Thy Praise disperse
In gratfull verse,
Thy Noble Acts relate.

Thy House, in my esteeme, excels;
The Mansion where thy Glory dwells,
My life O close
Not up with those,
Whose sinne thy Grace expels!

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

Redeeme, O with thy Grace sustaine!
My feet now stand upon the plain.
Thy Justice I
Will magnifie,
With those who feare thy Name.

PSALME XXVII.

As the 10

God is my Saviour my cleare light:
Who then can my repose affright?
Or what appeare
Worth such a feare,
My life protected by his might?
Vaine hatred, vaine their power,
That would my life devoure.

These fell, when they against me fought:
The wicked suffer'd what they sought:
Though troopes of foes
At once inclose,
Of feare I would not lodge a thought!

K

Should

Should Armies compasse 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 stormes arise on every side,
He will in his Pavillion hide;
How ever great,
In that retreat
I shall conceal'd and safe abide.
He, to resist their shocke,
Hath fixt me on a Rocke.

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,
See to a well-tun'd string.

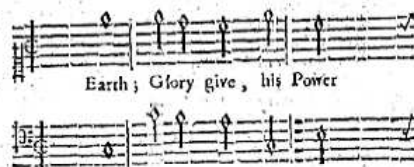
O heare, thou my afflicted cry,
Extend thy pity, and reply,
When thus the Lord
In sweet accord
Secke thou my Face with searching Eye,
Directed by thy Grace
Lord I will seeke thy Face.

Thy Face O therefore never hide;
Nor in thine anger turne aside;
From him that hath
Serv'd thee with faith;
Forsoke me not, my ancient Guide,

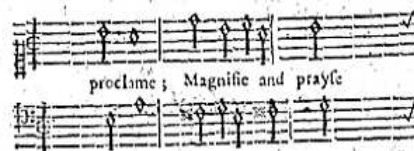
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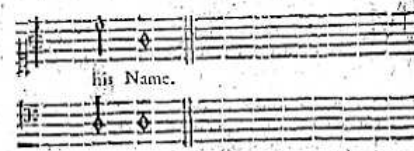
Prayse the Lord of Heaven and



Earth; Glory give, his Power



proclame; Magnifie and prayse



his Name.

Worship, in the Beantie bleste,
Beantie of his Holinesse.
From a darke and shewing Cloud,
On the floods that roare aloud,

K 3

Harkel

Hearke! his Voice with terour breakes:
 God, our God in Thunder speaks.
 Powerfull in his Voice on high,
 Full of Power and Majestie:
 Lofly Cedars overthrowne,
 Cedars of steepe Libanon,
 Calfe like skipping on the ground:
 Libanon and Sirion bound,
 Like a youthfull Unicorne:
 Lab'ring Clouds with Lightning torne.
 At his Voice the Desert shakes;
 Kadish thy vast Desert quakes.
 Trembling Hinds then calve for feare;
 Shadie Forreits bare appeare:
 His renowne by every tongue
 Through his holy Temple sung.
 He the raging Floods restrains:
 He a King for ever reignes.
 God his People shall increase,
 Arme with Strength, and blesse with Peace.

PSALME XXX.

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

I cry'd aloud thy arme 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!
 Presents your Vowes unto the Lord;
 His perfect Holinesse record,
 Whose Wrath but for a moment staves.

His

His quickning Favour life bestowes:
 Teares may continue for a night;
 But joy springs with the Morning Light;
 Long-lasting Joyes, soone-ending Woos.

In my Prosperitie I said,
 My feet shall ever fast abide:
 I, by thy favour fortifi'd,
 Am like a stedfast Mountaine made.

Psalm 51

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

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

To my Complaints attentive be;
 Thy mercie 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 Dauncing turn'd:
 The Sack-cloth torne wherein I mourn'd,
 And me in Tyrian Purple clad:

That so my Glorie might proclaim
 Thy Favours in a joyfull Verse;
 Unceasingly thy Praise rehearse,
 And magnifie thy Sacred Name,

K 4

PSALM

PSAL. XXXI.

CANTUS.

VV

Ho, wait in Thee, O let

BASSUS.

not shame deſert! Thou ever

Juſt, my chaſt Soul, ſecure:

Lord, lend a willing care, with

ſpeede

ſpeede protect; Bee thou my

Rock; with thy ſtrong Arme

I amine.

My Rock, my Fortrefſe, for thy Honour aid,
 And my engaged feet from Danger guide:
 Pull from their ſubtile Snares in ſecret laid,
 O thou my onely 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 abhor'd, but lov'd Thee from my Youth.

I

I will rejoyce, and in thy Mercie boast,
That in his trouble wouldst thy Servant know:
Deliver, when in expectation lost;
Nor yeeld him to the Triumph of his Foe.

Part 2.

Now helpe the Comfortlesse: my Sight decays,
My Spirits faint, my Flesh consumes with care:
My life is spent with griefe, in sighes my Dayes;
My Strength through Sin dissolves, my Bones impace.

To all my Foes I am a scorne;
Nor least to those, who seem'd in love most neare:
By all my late familiar friends forlorne;
Who when they meet me turne aside for feare.

Forgot like those who in the grave abide,
And, as a broken vessell, past repaire;
Traduc'd by many, (feare on every side)
Who counsell take, and would my life insnare.

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

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

Part 3.

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

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

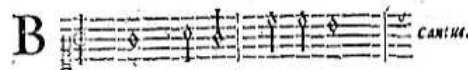
Blest

Blit he! who in a walled City hath
To me his wonderfull affection shown.
I rashly said, I am the foe of Wrath;
Cut off, for ever, from his Presence thrown.

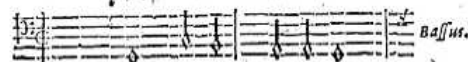
Yet Thou, O ever blessed, hearest my Prayer,
When to thy Mercy I adresse my Cry:
O love the living Lord, all you that are
His chosen Saints; and on his Aid relie:

For hee the Faithfull ever will preserve;
And render to the Proud their full deserts:
Couragious bee all you, who hope, and serve
The Lord of life, who will confirm your hearts.

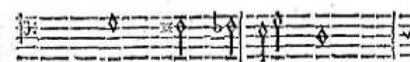
PSALME XXXII.



Left, O chiefe Blest is hee,



Whose Sinnes remitted bee,



And



To whom his Sinnes are not
Imputed, as forgot :
His Soule with guile unstain'd,
While silent I remain'd,
My bones consum'd away,
I rored all the day :
For on me day and night
Thy Hand did heavie light.
My moisture dri'd throughout,
Like to a Summers drought,
I then my Sinnes confest,
How farre I had transgress'd :
When all I had reveal'd,
Thy Hand my Pardon seal'd.
For this, who Godly are
Shall seeke to Thee by Prayer ;
Seeke, when thou mayst be found,
In Deluges undrown'd.
Thou art my safe Retreat,
My Shield when dangers threat,
Shale my Deliverance
With Songs of Joy advance.

I will

I will instruct, and show
The way which thou should'st go,
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 Reine,
Lest they rebell, restraine.
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, rejoyce.

PSALME XXXIII.

TO God, you Just, your Voices raise,
If you beleeves to sing his Praise.
O celebrate the King of kings,
On Instruments strung with ten Strings :
To Harpe and Lute new Ditties sing ;
Sing loud with skillfull fingering.
His words are crown'd by their event,
And all his Works are permanent.
Justice and Judgement he affects :
His Bountie upon all reflects.
His word the arched Heav'n did frame,
His Breath, the Starres eternall Flame.
He the collected Seas confines,
And folds the deepe in Magazines.
The Lord, O all you Nations, feare,
All whom the Earths round shoulders beare.
He spake ; 'twas done as he spake,
At his Commandment stood fast made.
The People counsell take in vaine,
Their Projects no success obtaine.

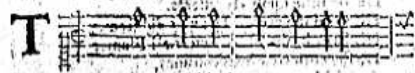
As the 8.

The

The Councils 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 Sonnes 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 delivered by his force:
Gods eyes are ever on the just,
Who feare, and in his Mercie trust:
To free their Soules from swallowing Earth,
And keepe alive in time of Death,
Our fervent Soules on God attend,
Our helpe, who onely can defend:
In whom our Hearts exult for joy,
Because we know his Name relies
Great God to us propitious be,
As we have made our hopes on thee.

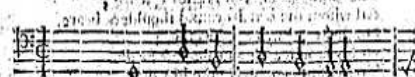
PSALM XXXIV.

CANTAB.

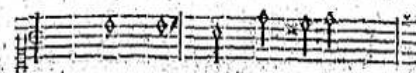


The Lord I will for ever

BASS.



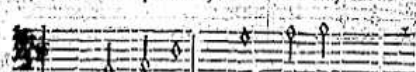
bless



bless; My Tongue his praises



shall professe, in him my



Soule shall boast: The Mische



shall heare the same, and joy: His



Name



My prayers ascending pierc't his care,
Who snatch me from those stormes of feare.
The meeke who God expect,
Who flow to him like living Brookes,
Shame never shall distaine their lookes,
Nor with false guilt infect.

This Wretch in his aperskie
(Then men shall say) to God did erie,
Whose Mercie him secur'd,
The Angels of Jehovah shose,
Who feare him, with their Tents inclose,
By strength divine immut'd,

How good our God, O taste and see t
Who trust in him thrice happie bee;
You Saints, O feare him still:
Such feeble no want; the Lions rore
For hunger; but who God implore,
He shall with Plentie fill.

Come

Come children, with attention heare,
I will instruct you in his feare.
What man delights in life?
Seckes to live happily and long?
From evill guard thy warie tongue,
Thy lips from fraud and strife.

Part 2.

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

He heares the righteous, and their crye;
Preserv'd in their adversitie;
A broken heart affects,
And Soules contritie which in him trust.
Great are the afflictions of the Just;
But He in all protects.

Keepes every bone of theirs intire;
The Wicked swallows in his Ire,
And who the righteous hate,
The Lord his Servants shall redeeme,
Those ever deare in his esteeme,
Who on his promise wait.

PSALME 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.
Address thy Speare; those in their way
Encounter, who my Soule invade;
To her, O let thy Spirit say,
I am thy God and saving Aid.

As the 34

Let

Let those, who my disgrace contrive,
 Hang downe their heads for slight design'd:
 Who seeks my fall let Angels drive
 Like Chaff before the blustering Wind.
 Obscure and slippery be their path;
 Let winged Troops pursue their toile;
 Since they for me with causelesse wrath
 Have dig'd a pit, and pitch't a Toile.
 Let sodaine ruine them destroy;
 Meth in the Nets themselves had laid:
 Then in the Lord my Soule shall joy,
 And glory in his timely aide.
 My Bones shall say, O who like thee,
 That arm'st the Weake against the Strong!
 That dost the Poore and Needy free
 From outrage; and too powerfull wrong!
 False witness against me stood,
 Who unknowne accusations brought:
 That Evil rendered for Good,
 And closly my confusion sought.
 I in their sicknesse did condole;
 Unfainedly in Sack-cloth mourn'd.
 With fasting humbled my sad Soule,
 And often to my Prayers return'd;
 Him visited both Night and Day,
 As if an ancient Friend or Brother:
 In Blacke upon the Earth I lay,
 And wept as for my dying Mother.
 Yet these rejoyced in my woe;
 False Comforters, about me crowd:
 And least I should their cunning know,
 They rent their Clothes, and cry'd aloud.
 Like Hypocrites at Feasts, they jeere;
 Whole gnashing teeth their hate professe:
 O Lord, how long wilt thou forbear,
 And onely looke on my distresse?
 O save from those who smile, and kill;
 My Darling from the Lions jaws:
 I in the great Assembly will
 Then praise thy Name with full applause,

Let

Let not my causelesse Enemies
 Rejoyce in my afflicted State:
 Nor winke at me with scornfull eyes,
 Who swell with undeserv'd hate.
 Of Peace they speake not; rather they
 The peaceable with fraud pursue:
 Who wry their mouths at me, and say,
 Ha, Ha! our eyes thy ruine view.
 This scene, 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; wee our with possesse:
 Nor in their mirthfull hearts, Ha, Ha!
 W'have swallow'd him in his distresse:
 Wrath and confusion seale 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 voyce
 The goodness of our God recite,
 And say, O magnifie his Name,
 Who glories in his servants peace.
 My tongue his Justice shall proclaim,
 Not ever in his praises cease.

Part 3.

PSALME XXXVI.

When I the bold Transgressor see,
 My thoughts thus whisper unto me,
 He never feard the Lord:
 He smooths himselfe in his owne eyes,
 Till his secure impieties
 Become of all abhor'd.

Their words are vaine and full of guile;

L 1

They

They Willdome from their hearts exile ;
 Forsaken Vertue hate ;
 Who mischief on their beds contrive ;
 Through by-ways to bad ends arrive,
 And vices propagate.

Thy Mercy, Lprd, is thron'd on high ;
 And thy approv'd Fidelity
 The losie Skie transcends :
 Thy Justice like a Mountain steepe,
 Thy Judgements an unfathom'd Deepe ;
 Who man and beast defends.

O Lord, how precious is thy Grace !
 The sonnes of men, their comfort place,
 Beneath thy shady wings :
 They with thy Household dainties shall
 Be fully satisf'd, and all
 Drinke of thy pleasant Springs.

For O ! from thee the Fountaine flows,
 Which endless Life on thine bestowes ;
 Inlightned with thy Light.
 On such as know thee shewre thy Grace ;
 O let thy Justice those embrace,
 Who are in heart upright.

Let not the feet of Pride deſtar ;
 Nor ſuch as are in miſchiefe great
 My guiltleſſe Soule ſurprize,
 The workers of iniquity
 Are ſaine like Meteors from the ſkie :
 Caſt downe, no more to riſe.

PSALME XXXVII

Mathe x,

V Ex not thy ſelfe at the impiety
 Of wicked men, nor their traile height envy.

For

For they ſhall ſoone be mow'd, like Summer Hay,
 And as the verdure of the Herbe decay.
 Trust thou in God ; doe good, and long in peace
 Poſſeſſe the Land ; reſreſh by her increpſe.
 Be Ho thy ſole delight ; He ſhall inſpire
 Thy raiſed thoughts, and grant thy hearts deſire
 Relye, and to his care thy wayes 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.
 Abſtaine from anger, deadly wrath eſchew ;
 Nor ſet thou, leſt ill Deeds ill Thoughts purſue.
 God will cut off the Bad, the Faithfull bleſſe ;
 Who ſhall the ever-fruitfull Land poſſeſſe.
 After a while th'Unjuſt ſhall ceaſe to be ;
 Thou ſhalt his place conſider, but not ſee.
 The Mecke in heart ſhall reape the Lands increaſe,
 And ſolace in the multitude of peace.
 Againſt the Godly wicked Men conſpire,
 Gnath their malicious teeth, and ſome with ire ;
 But God ſhall laugh at their impiety ;
 Becauſe he knowes their Day of Doome is nigh.
 They draw their bloody Swords, their Bowes are bent ;
 To kill the needy, Poore, and Innocent ;
 But their proud hearts ſhall periſh by the ſtroke
 Of their owne Steele, their Bowes aſunder broke.
 That ſiege which the Righteous haſh, exalts
 Th'abundant wealth, wherein the Wicked ſwall.
 For God the Armes of violent Men will breake ;
 But ſhield the Righteous, and ſupport the Weake.
 His eyes behold the ſufferings of the Poore ;
 Their firme poſſiſſions ever ſhall endure.
 They in the time of danger ſhall not dread ;
 But ſhall in Famin's rage be ſift'd with Bread.
 When vicious men ſhall ſpeedily decay ;
 And thoſe who ſlight Juſtice, melt away

Part 2.

L 3

As

Part 3.

As fat of Lambs, which sacred Fires consume;
 And forthwith vanish Like the rising fume.
 The Wicked borrow never to restore;
 The Just are gracious and relieve the Poore.
 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 ordered paths affixes.
 Although they fall; yet fall to rise againe:
 For his; His Care and powerfull Hand sustaine.
 I have beene young, am old; yet never saw
 The Just abandoned; nor those, who draw
 From him their birth, with beggery oppress.
 He lends in mercy, and his Seed are blest.
 Doe good, Run evill, and remaine unmov'd;
 For righteous Soules are of the Lord belov'd:
 His undeferted Sainrs protecting still;
 Their Plants up-rooting, who transgress his Will.
 Just men inheric shall the promis'd Land;
 And dwell therein, while Mountaines stedfast stand.
 The Righteous Soule of sacred Judgement speaks,
 And from his lips a Spring of wisdom breaks.
 Gods Law is in his Heart; his Light, his Guide;
 Nor shall his Feete in slippery places slide.
 Men seeke his blood; but God defends: nor shall
 He by the sentence of the Wicked fall.
 Wait on the Lord, nor his straight paths transgresse;
 And evermore this pregnant Soile possesse.
 But those who in iniquity delight,
 Shall be cut off, and perish in thy sight.
 The wicked I have seene in wealth to flow,
 Exceede in power, and like a Laurell grow:
 Yet vanish hence, as he had never beene;
 I sought him: but he was not to bee seene.
 Observe the perfect, and the pure of heart;
 They die in peace and happily depart.
 But the ungodly are at once cut downe,
 And perish without pittie, or renowne.
 The Lord is the salvation of the Just;
 Their strength in trouble, since in him they trust:

Will

Will those assist, who on his aide depend;
 Deliver, and from impious Foes defend.

PSALME XXXVIII.

As the 4.

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

No Limb from paine and anguish free;
 Because I have incensed thee:
 Nor rest can take,
 My bones so ake;
 Such sinne abounds in mee.

Like Billowes they my head transcend;
 Beneath their heavy load I bend:
 My Ulcers swell,
 Corrupt and swell;
 Of Folly the sad end.

Perplex in minde I pine away,
 And murning wast the tedious day;
 My Flesh no more
 Then all one Sore;
 All parts at once decay.

Much broken; all my strength o'rethrowne;
 Through anguish of my Soule I groane.
 Lord, thou dost see
 My thoughts and mee;
 My sighs to thee are knowne.

My sad Heart pants, my nerves relent,
 My Sight growes dim; and to augment
 My miseries,
 All my Allies
 And Friends themselves absent.

L 4

Who

Part. 2.

Who seeke my life, their Snates extend,
 Their wicked thoughts on mischief bend:
 Calumniate,
 And lye in wait
 To bring me to my end.

But I as deafe to them appeare,
 As mute as if I tonguelesse were:
 My passion rul'd,
 Like one that could
 At all not speake nor heare.

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

For O! I droop, with struggling spent:
 My thoughts are on my sorrowes bent.
 My sinnes excelsse
 I will confesse;
 In showres of teares repent.

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

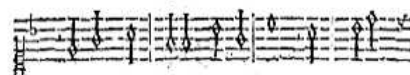
Depart not, Lord; O pity take!
 Nor me in my extreames forsake!
 Salvation
 Is thine alone;
 Haste to my succour make.

PSAL.

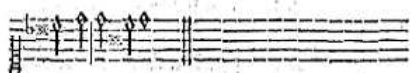
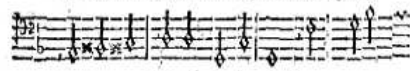
PSALME XXXIX

I *Cantus.*
 Sili; I will my waves ob-
Bass.
 serve, Lest I should swerve:
 VV. & B. Bit and Reines my Tongue
 keepe in, Too prone to Sinne

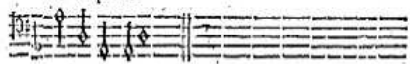
Nor



Not to their calumnie replie, Who glory



in Impietie.



I, like a Statue, silent stand,
Dumbe even to good :
My Sorrowes boyling in my brest
Exil'd my rest :
But when my Heart, incens'd with wrong,
Grew hot, I gave my Griete a tongue.

Of those few dayes I have to spend,
And my last end,
Informe mee, 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 vaine
Turnsoiles with paine :
He heaps up wealth with wretched care,
Yet knowes not who shall prove his Heire.

Lord

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

Part 1.

With silence, since thy Will was such,
I suffer'd much :
O now forheare ! 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
Gnawne by the Moth :
His life a short-liv'd vanitie,
And borne to die.
Lord, to my Prayers incline thine Eare ;
And thy afflicted Servant heare.

Nor these pale rivers of mine Eyes,
My God, despise,
A Stranger, as my Fathers were,
I sojourne here.
O let me gather strength, before
I passe away, and bee no more.

PSALME XL.

FOR God I patiently did looke ;
He to my cries enclin'd his Eare :
And when environed with feare,
From that Abyffe of horror tooke ;
Drew from the Mud, and on a Rock
Establisht, to endure the shock.

Att he 2.

Then did into my mouth convey
Songs of his Praise, unsung before,

Many

Many shall see, with feare 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 expresse
Their number, that are numberlesse.

Thou Gifts, nor Offering dost desire,
But pierced hast thy Servants care:
To thee Oblations are not deare,
Nor Sacrifice consum'd with fire.
Then said I; Lo, I come: thus it
Is of me in Thy Volume writ.

Thy Lawes are written in my Heart:
My Joy thy Pleasure to fulfill.
I in the great Assembly still
Thy Righteousnesse to all impart:
My lips are unrestrain'd by me,
Which, Lord, is only knowne to thee,

Thy Justice I have not conceal'd
Within the clofure of my brest,
But thy Fidelity protest,
And saving health at large reveal'd:
Amidst the Congregation
Thy constant Truth and Mercy shewne.

Part 1.

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

In

In number they my haire exceede;
My fainting heart pants in my brest:
Be pleas'd to succour the Distrest:
And Lord deliver me with speed.
Let Shame at once confound them all,
That seeke my Soule, 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 seeke thy help rejoyce,
And praise thee with a cheerefull Voice.

Let them, who thy Salvation love,
Still say: The Lord be magnifi'd!
Though I bee poore, and cast aside;
Yet he regards me from above.
My safety, my Deliverer,
No longer they reliefe deferre.

PSALME XLI.

WHO duly shall the Poore 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.

As the v.

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

I said, O Lord, thy Mercy show,
And Health bestow:

For

For O! my Soule the lutchsome Staines:
Of Sin retains:
My Foes have said, When shall he die,
And yet out-live his Memory?

If any visit, they devise
Deceitfull Lies:
Their hollow Harts with Mischiefes load,
Divulge'd abroad:
Who hate me, whisper, and contrive,
How they may swallow me alive.

Behold, say they, this Punishment
From Heaven is sent:
He, from the bed whereon hee lies,
Shall never rise.
Yea, even my Friend; my Confident,
My Guest, his heele against me bent.

But, Lord, thy Mercy I implore;
My Health restore:
O raise mee! that forthwith I may
Their Harts repay.
In this thy Love thou dost expresse,
That none triumph in my distresse.

For thou, art of my Innocence
The strong Defence,
I shall, inlighten'd by thy Grace,
Behold thy Face:
Jehovah, Israels God, bee blest;
While Day and Night the World inrest.

Amen, Amen.



A
PARAPHRASE
UPON
THE SECOND BOOK
OF THE
Psalmes of DAVID.

PSALME XLII.

LORD! as the Hart, imboist with heat,
Braies after the coole Rivulet:
So sighs my Soule for thee.
My Soule thirsts for the living God:
When shall I enter his Abode,
And there his Beautie see!

As the 34.

Teares are my Food both night and day;
While, Where's thy God; they daily say.
My Soule in plaints I shed;
VVhen I remember, how in throngs
VVith Griefe so overthrowne I
How I their Dances led.

My Soule why art thou so deprest?
VVhy O thus troubled in my brest?
VVith Griefe so overthrowne I
VVith constant Hope on God await:

I yet

I yet his Name shall celebrate,
For Mercy timely showne.

My fainting Heart with n me pants:
My God, consider my Complaints;
My Songs shall praise thee still:
Even from the Vale where Jordan flows;
VWhere Hermon his high Fore-head shoves,
From Misfats humble Hill,

Part 2: Deeper unto Deeps intrag'd call,
VWhen thy darke spouts of waters fall,
And dreadfull Tempest raves:
For all thy Floods upon me burst,
And billowes after billowes thrust
To swallow in their Graves.

But yet by Day the Lord will charge
His ready Mercie to enlarge
My Soule, 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 Rocke, O why
Am I forgot, and mourning die,
By Foes reduc'd to Dust!
Their words like weapons pierce my bones;
VWhile still they Echo to my Groans,
VWhere is the Lord thy Trust?

My Soule, why art thou so deprest?
O why so troubled in my brest?
Sunke underneath thy Load!
VWith constant Hope on God await:
For I his Name shall celebrate;
My Saviour, and my God.

PSAL. XLII.

PSALME XLIII.

MY God, thy Servant vindicate:
O plead my Cause against their hate, *As the 14.*
Who seeke my utter spoile!
Deliver from the Mercilesse,
Who with bold injuries oppresse,
And prosper in their guile.

For of my Strength thou art the Lord.
Why like to one by thee abhor'd
Dost thou my Soule expose?
Why wander I in blacke arraid?
My body worne, my mind disinaid!
Pursu'd by cruell Foes!

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

Then will I to thy Altar bring
An acceptable Offering,
That dost such Joyes afford:
There on a tunefull Instrument,
With Songs that joyne in sweet consent,
Thy sacred praise record.

My Soule, why art thou so deprest?
VWhy O thus troubled in my brest!
Sunke undorneath thy load!
VWith constant hope on God await,
For I his Name shall celebrate,
My Saviour and my God.

M

PSAL.

PSALME XLIV.

Part 3.

Lord I wee have heard our Fathers tell,
The Wonders wrought by thee of old,
To them by their great Grandfathers told,
How by thy Hand the Heavens fell;

Of fruitfull Canaan dispossest,
And Israel planted in their roomes;
They perish by a fearful Doome,
While ours in growth and strength increast.

Nor their owne Swords that pleasant Land
Did conquer and their Foes eject;
Nor did their armes their lives protect;
It was thy Arme and powerfull Hand;

It was the Splendor of thy Face,
And by thy Favour they o'recame.
My King, my God, O still the same!
Salvation lend to Jacobs Race.

For by thy aid our Enemies
Lay bleeding on the stained ground;
And in thy Name wee did confound
Who ever durst against us rise.

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

Part 2.

For this with praises wee adore,
And ever celebrate thy Name;
But Now Thou casts us off to shame,
Nor leav'st our Armes as before.

Our Faces from our Foes revert;

A Spoile to such as hunt for blood;
Thou giv'st us up as Sheepe for food,
Among th'uncircumcis'd dispers't.

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

A By-word to the Heathen growne,
Who shake their heads in our disgrace;
My shame is still before my face;
My eyes to Earth with blushes throwne.

Sprung from the bold blasphemers raups,
And proud avengers threatening looke;
Yet, Lord, wee have not thee forsooke,
Nor falsify'd thy Covenant.

Our hearts have not their Faith dissolv'd,
Our Steps the Path prescribed keepe;
Though Thou hast crush't us in the Deepe,
And with the shades of Death involv'd.

Part 3.

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

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

O, to thy Owne at length retorne!
Why dost Thou hide thy cherefull face?
With-drawing thy accustomed Grace
From such as in Affliction mourne?

For lo! our Soules are wrapt in dust;

Our bellies to th: Centre cleave:
O, for thy Mercies sake receive,
And succour those who in Thee trust!

PSALME XLV.

As the 3.

W^hile hear dirige inspir'd, I sing
A Panegyrick to the King:
High Raptures in a numerous stile
I with a ready Pen compile.
Much fairer then our Humane Race;
Whose lips like Fountains flow with Grace:
For this the Lord thy Soule shall blesse
With everlasting Happinesse.
Gird, O most Mighty, on thy thigh
Thy Sword of Awe and Majesty;
In triumph, arm'd with Truth, ride on;
By Clemencie and Justice drawne.
No mortall vigour shall withstand
The fury of thy dreadfull Hand.
Thy piercing Arrowes in the Kings
Opposers hearts shall dye their wings.
Thy Throne no waste of Time decays;
Thy Scepter sacred Justice swayes.
Thou Vertue lov'st, but hast abhor'd
Deformed Vice: for this, the Lord
Hath thee alone prefer'd, and shed
The Oyle of Joy upon thy head.
Thy Garments which in Grace excell,
Of Aloes, Myrrhe, and Cassia smell;
Brought from the Ivory Palaces:
Which more then other Odors please,
Kings Daughters to augment thy State,
Among thy noble Damfels wait.
The Queene inthron'd on thy Right hand,
Adorn'd with Ophurs golden Sand.
Hark Daughter, and by me be taught;
Thy Countrey banish from thy thought,
Thy House and Family forget,

Part 2.

His

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 Honor grace)
To see the sweetnesse of thy Face.
Her Mind all Beauties doth infold;
Her faire limbs clad in purified Gold,
She shal unto the King be brought,
In Robes with Phrygian Needle wrought;
While Virgins on her Traine attend,
Whose Faith and Friendship know no end:
Whom they with Joy shall lead along;
Eterniz'd in a Nuptiall Song:
And with renew'd Applauses bring
Vnto the Palace of the King.
Thou in thy Royall Fathers place,
Of Sons shalt see a numerous Race;
Who over all the Earth shall sway,
VWhile the cleere Sunne directs the Day:
My Song shall celebrate thy Name,
And to the world divulge thy Fame.

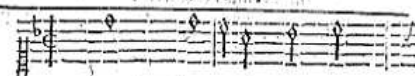
PSALME XLVI.

G^{od} is our Refuge, our strong

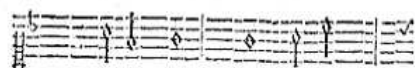
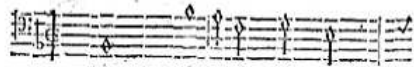
God is our Refuge, our strong

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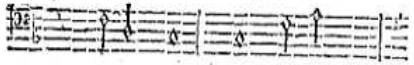
Tower,



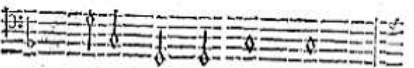
Tower ; Securing by his



mighy Power, VVhen Dangers



threaten to devour. Thus



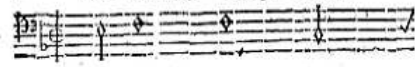
arm'd, no feares shall chill



our



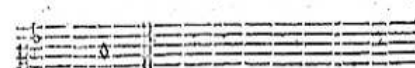
our blood ; Though Earth



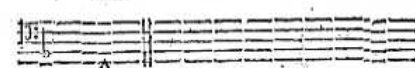
no longer stedfast flood,



And shooke her Hills into the



flood.



Although the troubled Ocean rise
In foaming billowes to the Skies;
And Mountaines shake with horrid noises.

Clear streames purl from a Cryſtall Spring,
 Which gladneſſe to Gods City bring,
 The Manſion of th'eternall King.

He in her Centre takes his place:
 What Foe can her faire Tower deſace,
 Protected by his carely 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;
 VVho hath to deſolation brought
 Thoſe Kingdomes, which our ruine ſought:

He makes deſtructive VVarte ſuccaſe;
 The Earth, deſlow'd of her increaſe,
 Reſtores with univerſall Peace.

He breaks their Bowes, unarmes their Quivers,
 The bloody Speare in pieces ſhivers,
 Their Chariots to the flame delivers.

Forbear, and know that I the Lord
 VVill by all Nations bee 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.

PSAL.

PSALME XLVII.

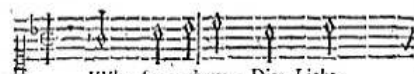
L  *CANTUS.*
 Et all in ſweete accord

 *BASS.*
 Clap Hande, their Voices rayſe,

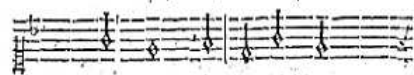
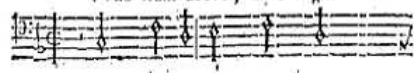

 In Honour of the Lord;


 And loudly ſing his Prayſe:

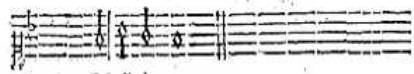
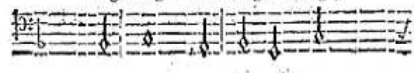

 VVho



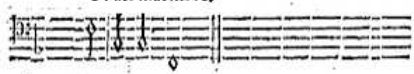
Who from above, Dite Light-



ning sings: The King of Kings,



Of all that move,



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

In Triumph God ascends,
With Trumpet shrill, and Shalmees;
Praise him, who his defends;
O praise our King with Psalmes!

For

For God is King
Of all the Earth;
With sacred Mirth
His Praises sing.

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

PSALME XLVIII.

The Lord is most Majesticall;
Most highly to be prais'd by all
Within the Citie of our God,
And Mansion blest by his abode,
Paire Sion hath a pleasant Site,
Of Earth the Beaurie and Delight:
Upon the North-side bordering,
She Citie of the Mightie King,
God dwels within her lofty Towers,
Secur'd from all assailing Powers,
Conspiring Kings her ruine sought,
Who armed Troupes before her brought.
At once they saw, admir'd, and fled,
Their hearts surpris'd with sudden Dread.
Such feare, such pangs possesse our foes,
As women suffer in their Throws.
At thy command blacke Eurus rores,
And spreads his wracks on Tharsian shores.
We, what we heard our Fathers tell,
Have seene, who in this Citie dwell,
The Citie of our God, which Hee
Shall ever from destruction free,

As the 2.

Part 2.

Thy

Thy Favours, Lord, with Thankfullnesse
We in thy Temple still professe.
As is thy Name, thou God of Might,
So are thy Praises infinite;
And stretch to Earths remotest Bound:
Thy Hand for Justice farre renown'd.
O Sion, Judah's Diadem,
You Daughters of Jerusalem,
Unite your Joyes, and glory in
His Judgement, which your eyes have seen.
Goe walke the Round of Sion; tell
Her Towers; observe her Bulwarks well:
On her faire Buildings cast thine eye;
Declare it to Posteritie.
For God will still our God remaine,
And us unto our Last sustaine.

PSALME XLIX.

As the 1. **A**LL you who dwell upon the fondfull Earth;
Both Rich and Poore; of base and Noble Birth;
Attend: my Tongue deepe wisdoms shall impart;
And knowledge from the fountaine of my heart.
I unto light darke Parables will bring,
And to my solemn Harpe Enigmas sing.
In Misery and Age why should I feare,
When Sin pursues my steps, and Death draws neare?
O you, who Riches as your God adore,
And glory in your scarce possessed Store:
Who can redeeme his Brother for one Day.
Or to the Lord his high-priz'd Ransome pay?
(For O, not all the Gold, which Streames conceale,
Or Hills inclose, can banish life repeale)
That he might live unto Eternity,
Nor in the Earths corrupting Entrailles 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

But Man in honour is a Vanitie,
That fleets away; and as a beast must die.
In this vaine course, they circularly move,
And their Posterity their words approve.
Deare shall as Sheepe devoure them in the Dust,
Till that great Day subiect them to the Just.
Their strength and Beauty shall to nothing wast:
All naked, from their sumptuous Houses cast.
But God shall from the greedy Sepulchre
My Soule redeeme, and to his Joyes preferre.
Despaire not when a man growes Opulent,
And that the Glories of his House augment:
For with his thread of Life his Riches end,
Nor shall his honours with his Soule descend.
Though here he live in luxury and ease,
And those are prais'd, who their owne Genius please:
Yet as his Fathers, he shall see in Night,
Nor ever rise to see the cheerfull Light.
Man high in honour, whose ignoble brest
No knowledge holds, shall perish like a beast.

PSALME L.

As the 1. **T**HE God of Gods, Jehovah, shall convene
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 Heaven and conscious Earth to witness call.
Assemble all my Saints, who with one mind
My Testaments with Sacrifice have sign'd.
Then thundring Skies shall make his Justice knowne;
When hee our God ascends his Judgements Throne.
My People, heare; Thy God, O Israel,
Will thee convince, and thy Transgressions tell.
I blame not thy unfrequent Sacrifice,
Nor fumes which rarely from thy Altars rise:

Part 2.

I from thy Stall will take no well-fed Steere,
Nor from thy Folds a Male-goat of that yeare;
For all are mine, that Woods or Deserts breed,
And Herds which on a thousand Mountaines feed,
I know all Fowle, which Hills or Vallie yield,
And number all the Cattell of the Field.
Will I be hungry; but thee complaine,
When all is Mine which Sea and Land containe?
Will I eat flesh of Bulls? Or canst thou thinke,
That I the blood of Miggie Goats will drinke?
A thankfull heart upon my Altar lay;
And righteous Vowes to high Jehovah pay.
Then call on me in trouble; I will raise
Thy Soule from Death, and thou my Name shalt praise.
But O thou Hypocrite! Dar'st thou expaine
My Law? My Covenants with thy lips prophane?
That scorn'st instruction; dost my Word despise;
Content'st with Theeves, and hast adulterous eyes?
Deceit, and flander tis thy impious tongue;
Thy brother woundest with Iriamy 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 Hypocritie uncase,
And lay thy ugly crimes before thy face.
Consider this, O foule who God neglectest;
Lest I destroy you, when noone can protect:
Who praise for Incense offer, honour Me;
And upright Soules shall my Salvation see.

PSALME LI.

As the 3

LO R D, to a sinner Mercy show!
Which sinest in Thee to infinite;
Which all thy Mercies not Mercy flow,
And pursue me with thy sight,
O wash thou my polluted Soule from sin;
Quench me from my bloody Deed;
That to my Selfe appeare so foully;
And now in true Contrition bleed.

My

My finnes, unmask't, before thee lye,
Who have deserv'd thy wrath alone;
Which I confesse to testifye;
Thy Truth and make thy Justice knowne.
In sinne conceiv'd, brought forth in sin;
Sin suck't I from my mothers brest;
Thou lov'st a heart sincere within,
Where Wisdom is a constant guest.
With Hyssop purge, from blemish cleare;
O wash then falling Snow more white;
Lord, let me thy remission heare;
The Bones, which thou hast broke unite;
Blot out my crimes, O separate
My trembling Guilt farre from thy view!
A cleane heart in my brest create;
A Minde, to Thee confirm'd renew.
Nor cast me from thy Presence, Lord;
Nor O thy holy Spirit withdraw!
But thy life quickning Grace afford,
Enlarge my Will to embrace thy Law.
Then Sinners I with heavenly Food
Will feede, directed in thy Wayes;
O my Redeemer, cleanse from blood
The Soule that will thy Mercie praise.
Give thou my Verse an argument,
And thy thy goodnesse shall rebound;
No Sacrifice will thee content,
Nor Altars with Oblations crown'd.
Else, I would Heatonombs impart;
True Sorrow is Thy Sacrifice.
A broken and a contrite Heart,
My God, Thou never wilt despise.
Thy Sion with accustomed Grace
(Lest my soule crimes her shame procure)
In thy protecting Armes embrace;
And faire Jerusalem immure,
Then wee, with due Solemnity,
To Thee our gratefull Vowes will pay;
And Bulls, which never Yoke did try,
Upon thy flaming Altar lay.

PSALME

PSALME LII.

As the 32

O Thou in Mischief great,
Why boasts thou in deceit?
Gods greater Mercy will
Protect his Servants still.
Thy Tongue with fraud abounds;
And like a Razor wounds;
All evill dost affect;
All that is good neglect;
Lies are thy low delight;
To Vertue opposit;
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,
Feare Him, and laugh at thee.
Lo he, who God forsooke;
Nor for his refuge tooke;
Selfe-strengthening with excess
Of Wealth, and Wickedness.
But I shall planted be,
Like a greene Olive-tree,
In Gods owne 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

PSALME LIII.

Fooles flattering their owne vices, say
Within their hearts; God is a Name

Devis'd

Devis'd to make the Strong obey,
To fetter Nature; quench her flame;
When all this Universall Frame
The hands of potent Fortune sway.

Secure and prosperous in ill,
The feare and thought of God exile,
To follow their rebellious will,
Thinke nothing that delights them vile;
Their Soules with wicked thoughts defile,
And all their foule Desires fulfill.

God from the Tower of Heaven his eyes
On men, and their endeavours, throw;
Not one beheld beneath the Skies,
That sought him, or his Statutes knew;
All Vice with winged Feet pursue;
But none forsaken Vertue prize.

O deaf to good! in knowledge blind!
By Sinne through clouds of error led!
Dull sensuall Formes, without a mind!
Nor slow though certain vengeance dread!
The Righteous they devoure like bread,
All piety at once declin'd.

Thefe, idle terrors shall affright,
Their sleepes disturb'd by guilty feare.
God shall their bones aunder smite,
Who implacit armies against him beare;
Nor they their infamy out-weare;
Since despicable in his sight.

O that unto thy Israel
The Day-starre might from Sion spring!
And all the Shades of Night expell!
When thou shalt us from bondage bring!
How would wee Lord thy Praises sing!
No joy should Jacobs joy excell.

N

P S A

PSALME LIV.

At the 39
Lord, for thy Promise sake defend,
 And Thy All-saving Shield extend;
 O heare my cries
 Which with wet Eyes
 And sighs to Thee ascend!
 For cruell when my life pursue,
 And who thy Statutes never knew,
 Suppress my Foet;
 O side with those,
 Who to my Soule are true!
 With vengeance recompense their hate;
 And in an instant ruinate.
 Then will I bring
 My Offering,
 And Thy great Acts relate.
 Thy Name for ever praised bee,
 Whom from those snares hast set me free;
 For loe, these eyes
 My Enemies
 Desir'd subversion see.

PSALME LV.

At the 39
Lord, to my Prayers incline thine Eare,
 Th' afflicted heare;
 Nor be thou Deafe to my complaint;
 For O I faint!
 Regard the sighes, the groanes, the cries;
 Which from my penfive Soule arise.
 Rais'd by the threatnings of my Foe,
 Which storme-like grow;

And

And by blood-thirstie Violence;
 Truth my offence;
 Who slander with their wounding tongues,
 And presse me unto Death with wrong.

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

O that with Dove-like wing I might,
 Take my swift flight,
 To calme retreats of rest, where I
 Conceal'd might lie!
 Then would I finde some Wildernesse,
 Removed farre from mans access.

Then all these Tempests which arise
 With hideous noise;
 And dreadfull Tumult make
 My Heart to quake;
 I would farre swifter then the winde,
 Or winged Lightnings leave behinde.

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 walke the round;
 Rape, Mischiefe, Teares, within abound.

Part 2.

Wild Outrages her streets profane
 And boldly Reigne;
 Fraud lurking in her Palaces,
 Conspires with these.
 For I had he his hate profest,
 Had found'd, or should his wrongs digest.

N 2

But

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

Let Death devoure them, let them dye
To Hell alive;
With mischief their proud rooves abound
Their hearts unsound;
But God my Soule shall dis-enthall;
For I upon his Name will call.

Part 3.

My prayers shall with the Suns uprise,
Ascend the Skies;
Renew'd, when he at Noone displays
His fervent Rayes,
When he behinde the Earth descends,
And Day, out-worne with labour, ends,

My Cries shall penetrate the Spheares,
And pierce his Eares.
He shall my captive Soule release,
And crowne with Peace.
For in the Fervour of the Fight,
His Angels shall protect my Right.

Th'Eternall Judge, Jehovah, shall
Confound them all,
Who onely change from bad to worse;
Nor feare his Curse.
Sweet Peace he violateth hath,
And broken his obliged Faith.

His Words then Butter sooother farre;
His thoughts of Warre;
Words softer then the sweet Oile;
Yet bent to spoile.

But

But thou, my Soule, thy cares impose
On God, who will redresse thy woes.

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

PSALME LVI.

As the 4

Lord, protect me by thy Power
From such as would my Life devoure;
Who mercilesse
Strive to oppresse,
Nor grant me Truce one houre.

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

Thy Promise I will celebrate;
In constant hope thy Pleasure waite;
With patience beare
Thy Stay; nor feare
Fraile man, or his vaine hate.

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

O shall they with impunity
Escape, and thus their sins enjoy?
Let Death thy rage

N 3

Alone

Alone allway ;
Them in their guilt destroy.
My Wanderings thou hast numbered ;
Even every Teare mine Eyes have shed
Thy Vail holie ;
All in the Folds
Of thy large Volume read.

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

To him my ready Vowes will pay ;
My Vowes of Thun's, both night and day :
In whom I trust :
Nor shall th' unjust
My steadfast Hopes dismay.

For he hath snatcht me from the Night
Of Death, and kept my foot upright.
That I may still
Observe his Will,
And see the cheerefull Light.

PSAL. LI.

Metre 10

O Thou, from whom all Mercy springs,
Compassionate my Sufferings,
And pity me,
That trust in thee !
O shelter with thy shady Wings,
Unill these stormes of Woe
Cleare-up, or over-blow !
Thou I invoke, O thou most High,

Thou

Thou All-performer ! from the Skie
Thy Angels send ;
Let them defend
My Soule from him that would destroy :
O send thy Mercy downe ;
With Truth thy Promise crown :

For Salvage Lions girt me round,
And they whose Malice knowes no bound,
Their euell Words
More sharp then Swords ;
Their teeth like Speares & arrowes wound.
To Heaven thy Glory raise ;
Let Earth rebound thy Praise.

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

My ravish Heart flames with desire,
I to the Musick of my Lyre,
Eternall King,
Thy Praise will sing.
Awake my Glory ! Zeale inspire !
Awake my Harpe and Lute,
Nor in his Praise be mute !

To thee, before the Morning rise,
My lips their Calves shall sacrifice :
Thy Mercy farre
The highest Starre,
Thy Truth transcends the loftie Skie.
To Heaven thy Glory raise ;
Let Earth rebound thy Praise.

N 4

PSAL.

PSAL. LVIII.

As the 46

Pernicious Councellors ! Give you
Sincere advice ? to Justice true ?
Or Vertue but in shew pursue ?

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

Even from the womb they blindly stay,
Borne, and perverted in one day,
Lie, flander, flatter and betray.

Like Serpents, with black-poyson swell ;
And charme th'Inchanter ne'e so well,
More deafe then Asps, his Charms repell.

Lord slit their Tongues, before they speake,
Strike out their Teeth which teare the weak
And the young Lions grinders breake.

As Sun-beat Snow, so let them thaw ;
And when their weakned Bowes they draw,
Let their crackt Arrows lie like straw.

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

Before their pois can feele the brier,
God in the Whistle-winde of his Ire
Shall blast alive, and burne with fire.

Sinne with Revenge at length shall meete,
The Godly shall rejoyce to see't,
And in their blood shall wash their feet.

Then

Ten erring Mortals shall conteste,
There are rewards for Righteousnesse,
And Plagues for such as doe transgresse.

PSALME LIX.

As the 34

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

Lo ! for my Soule they lie in wait :
The Mightie joyne their power and hate
Withouten blame or crime,
Without my crime they weapons take ;
And persecute my Soule : Awake
My God ! assist in time.

Great God of Hosts, of Israel,
These all oppressing Tyrants quell ;
Not be to Mercy won't
At night their mischief they begin ;
Incest like snarling Dogs they grin
And through the Cattle run.

Behold ! they vomit bitter words ;
Betwene their lips they brandish Swords ;
Yet say ; Can these be knowne ?
But, Lord, thou shalt their threats decide ;
The empty terrour of their pride
And malice, vainly showne :

I and my strength are in thy Power.
In Thee I trust, my Shield ! my Tower !
Thy Merits, Lord, how great !
My Foes subject to my will :

Part 2.

Subduc,

Subdue and scatter, but not kill,
Lest we thy Truth forget.

O bee they in their Pride surpriz'd !
Even for the Lies they have devis'd,
Their curses, and close Arts.
Consume them, from the Land expell :
To shew, God reignes in Israel,
To Earths remotest parts.

Hopelesse let them returne with Night,
Like grinning Dogs bark, but not bite,
About the City round,
Pale, meager, and halke famished,
Like vagabonds howle they for bread,
Without or foode 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 Bountie shall expresse

PSALME LX.

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

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

O heare us who thy Aide 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 Spoiles bee magnifi'd.

Mine Gilead is, Manasseh mine ;
Ephraim my strength, in battell bold ;
Thou Judah shalt my Scepter hold :
I will triumph on Palestine.
Base Servitude shall Mosb waste ;
O're Edom I my Shoe will cast.

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

O then when dangers most allight,
Doe thou our troubled Soules sustaine !
For loe ! the helpe of Man is vaine.
Through Thee we valiantly shall fight :
Our flying Foe thou shalt tread downe,
And Thine with wreaths of Conquest crowne

PSALME LXI.

MY God, thy Servant heare ;
O lend a willing care !
In exile my sad heart,
From Earths remotest part,
O'terwhelm'd with Miseries,
To Thee for succour cries.
To that High Rock O lead,
So farre above my head !

As the 13.

That

That wert, and art my Tower,
Against oppressing Power,
For to thy sacred Courte
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 governe such as will.
Thy holy Law fulfill,
Whom Thou long life wilt give,
He Ages shall out-live;
His Throne shall stand before
Thy Face for evermore.
Thy Mercy, Lord, extend,
Him for thy Truth defend.
Then I in chearfull Layes
Will celebrate thy praise;
And to Thee every day
My Vowes devoutly pay.

PSALME LXII.

As the 15

LORD, thou art the only Scope
Of my never fainting Hope;
My Salvation, my Defence,
Refuge of my Innocence:
Thou the Rock I build upon,
Not by man to be o'rethrowne.
How long wilt thou intemperate
Persecute with causelesse hate!
You shall like a tottering wall,
Like a batter'd Bulwarke, fall.
All conspire to cast mee downe,
From my browes to teare my Crowne:
Full of fraud, they blesse in show,
When their Thoughts with curses flow.
Yet my Soule on God attends;
All my Hope on him depends,

He the Rocke I built upon,
Not by man to bee o'rethrowne.
Hee my Glory, hee my Tower,
Guards me by his saving Power.
You, who are sincere and just,
In the Lord for ever trust:
Powre your hearts before his Throne;
His, who can protect alone,
All that are of high Descent,
To the poore and indigent,
Nothing are but Vanitie;
Nothing but deceive and lye:
Balance'd altogether they
Lighter then 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.

PSALME LXIII.

TO Thee, O God, my God, I pray,
Before the dawning of the Day,
My Soule and waking flesh,
With thirstie Ardor Thee desire,
In Soiles scorcht with æthereall Fire,
Whose drought no showres refresh:

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

Extoll'd

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

Secur'd beneath thy shady Wing,
I will in sacred Raptures sing,
And to my Promise cleave.
Thy Hand upholds, but who with hate
My Soule tickle to precipitate
Hells entrailes shall receive.

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

PSALME LXIV.

As the 10

THOU great Protector heare my Cry ;
Save from my dreadfull Enemy :
O vindicate
From their close hate,
Who for my Soule in ambush lye.
From their blinde Rage protect,
Who Truth and thee reject.

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

Confirm'd

Confirm'd in skilfull Malice, they
Conspire, their Nets in secret lay ;
And say ; what eye
Can this desery ?
First counsell take; and then betray :
On miserie set their hearts,
Pursu'd by wicked Arts.

But God shall let his Arrowes flie ;
Wound in the twinkling of an Eye ;
Each deadly stung
By his owne Tongue,
Shall with that farall Poyson die.
Who this behold, or heare,
Shall tremble with cold feare.

Men shall their Eyes with wonder raise;
Reherse his Deeds and sing his Praise.
Eternity
Shall crowne their Joy,
Who walke in his prescribed wayes.
Hee to the Pure of Heart
His Glorie shall impart.

PSALME LXV.

DITTLE Honours, Lord, on thee attend,
Where Sions sacred Towers ascend ;
Here thy devoted Israelites
Shall pay their Vowes, with solemn Rites.
To Thee shall all Man-kind repaite ;
Since thou vouchsaf'st to heare our Prayer.
Our Sinnes thy Mercies expiate,
When burthen'd with their loathed waight.
Thrice happy hee, of whom thou mak'st
Thy Choice, and to thy service tak'st ;
That may within thy Courts reside ;
There with thy Goodnesse satisf'd ;

And

And taste of that sincere Delight,
Which never cloyes the Appetite;
From thee, O God, our safety springs;
Thy Judgement threatens dreadfull things;
Their Hope, whom Soiles remote sustaine,
Who floe upon the toyling Mainel;
Great is thy Power: prone by thy Hand,
Cloud-touching-Mountaines steadfast stand.
Thou with thy Scepter dost appease
The roaring of the high-wrought Seas;
And the tumultuare Jarres
Of People breaching blood and warres.
Who dwell upon the flatchy Coastes,
They tremble at thy terrible Sights.
Where first the Sun his light dispales;
And where he sets his golden Raies;
They triumph in the fruits of Peace;
Enriched by the Earths increase;
He raine upon her bosome powres;
His swelling Clouds abound with Showres;
And so prepares the lussy Soile
To recompense the Reapers toyle.
Mellows the Glasse with stining Joyes,
Whose furrowes hopefull blades produce;
With plenty crownes the smiling Yeares;
Shed from the influence of the Sphaeres;
The Desert with sweet Claver fills;
And richly shades the joyfull Hills.
Flocks cover all the higher Plaine;
The ranker Valleyes cloth'd with Graine.
These in Abundance solacing,
Without a tongue thy Praises sing.

PSALME LXVI.

As the 29

Happy Sons of Israel,
Who in pleasant Canaan dwell,
Fill the Aire with shouts of Joy;
Shouts redoubled from the Skie.

Sing the great Jehovah's Praises;
Trophies to his Glory raise;
Say; How wonderfull thy Deeds be!
Lord, thy Power all power exceeds!
Conquest on thy Sword doth sit;
Trembling Poes through feare submit.
Let the many-peopled Earth
All of high and humble birth
Worship our eternall King;
Hymnes unto his honour sing.
Come, and see what God hath wrought;
Terrible to humane thought.
He the Billowes did divide;
Wall'd with waves on either side
While we passed safe and dry;
Then our Soulds were rapt with Joy.
Endlesse his Dominion;
All beholding from his Throne;
Let not those, who hate us most;
Let not the rebellious boast.
Blesse the Lord; his Praise be sung;
While an Ear can heare a tongue.
He our feet establisheth;
He our Soules redemeth from Death;
Lord, as Silver purifi'd,
Thou hast with affliction tri'd;
Thou hast diu'n into the net;
Burthens on our shoulders set;
Trod on by their Horses hooves;
Theirs, whome Pay never moves.
We through fire with flames imbrat;
We through raging floods have past;
Yet by Thy conducting hand,
Brought into a weachy Land.
I will to thy House repair;
Worship, and thy Power declare
Offerings on thy Altar lay;
All my vowes devoutly pay.
Utter with my heart and tongue
When oppress'd with powerfull wrong.

Sing

O

Falling

Failings I will sacrifice;
 Incense in perfumes shall rise,
 Bullocks, staggie Goats, and Rams,
 Offered up in sacred flames.
 You who great Jehovah feare,
 Come, O come you blest, and heare
 What for me the Lord hath wrought,
 Then, when neer to ruine brought.
 Fervently to him I cry'd;
 I his Goodness magnifi'd,
 If I Vices should affect,
 Would not Hee, my Prayers reject?
 But the Lord my Prayers hath heard:
 Which my tongue with teares prefard.
 Source of Mercy, be thou blest,
 That hast granted my Request.

PSALME LXVII.

LORD, Showre 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 Voyce:
 Sing in melodious Verse,
 Eternally rejoyce.
 Thy Power obey,
 Whose Justice shall
 Dispose of All;
 All Scepters sway.

Let all extoll thy Worth:
 Then shall the smiling Earth

As the 74

Her

Her pleasant fruits bring forth;
 Nor ever mourne in Dearth.
 We who implore,
 Thy Blessings find;
 And all Mankind
 With feare adore.

PSALME LXVIII.

LET God, the God of Battails, rise,
 And scatter his proud Enemies.
 O let them flee before his face,
 Like smoke, which driving tempests chase;
 As Wax dissolves with scorching Fire;
 So perish in his burning Ire.
 But let the Just with joy abound:
 In joyfull Songs his Praise resound.
 Who riding on the rowling Sphaeres,
 The Name of great Jehovah beares.
 Before his Face your Joyes expresse
 A Father to the fatherlesse.
 He wipes the teares from Widows eyes:
 The single plants in Families;
 Inlarged those who late were bound:
 While Rebels starve on thirly Ground.
 When he our numerous Army led,
 And march't through Deserts, full of dread,
 Heaven melted, and Earths Centre shooke,
 With his majestick Presence strooke.
 When Israels God in Clouds came downe,
 High Sinai bow'd his trembling Crowne.
 He in th'approach of meager Death,
 With showers refresh't the fainting Earth:
 Where his owne flock in safety led,
 The Needy unto plenty led.
 By Him wee conquer: Virgins sing
 Our Victories, and Timbrels ring.
 He Kings with their vast Armies soiles:
 While women share their wealthy spoiles.

As the 84

Part 2.

O 2

You

You who among the Poes have laine
 In Soot and Smoke, shall shine againe;
 Bright, as the silver-feather'd Dove,
 Whose wings with golden Splendor move.
 When he the Kings had overthrowne,
 Our Land like snowy Salmon shone.
 Gods Mountaine Bathans Mount transcends;
 Though he his many Heads extends.
 Why boast you so, ye middle Hills?
 God with his Glory Sions sits:
 This his beloved residence;
 Nor ever will depart from hence.
 His Chariots twenty thousand were,
 Which Myriads of Angels beare.
 He in the midst, as when he crown'd
 High Sihai's sanctified ground.
 Lord, thou thy selfe hast rais'd on high
 Thou captiv'st. Captiv'd hee
 Deckt with the trophies of his Foes,
 The gifts receiv'd on his bestowes.
 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 arbitrag'd by his Breath.
 He on their heads his Foes shall wound
 Their hairy scalps, whose Gns abound.
 And in their trespasses proccede.
 Thus spake Jehovah; Jacobs Seede
 I will from Bashan bring againe,
 And through the bottom of the Maine
 That Dogs may lap their enemies blood;
 And they wade through a crimson Flood.
 We in thy Sanctuary laze,
 My God, my King, behold thy State.
 The sacred Singers marche before;
 Who instruments of Musick bore,

In order followed: every Maid
 Upon her pleasant Timbrell plaid.
 His Praise in your Assemblies sing,
 You who from Israels Fountaine spring.
 Nor little Benjamin alone,
 But Judah from his Mountaine throne;
 The farre removed Zebulun;
 And Nephthalie which borders on
 Old Jordan, where his streames 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,
 Shall in Devotion treasure bring,
 To build the Temple of his King.
 Breake 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.
 Farre off from Sun-burnt Merce,
 From falling Nilus; from the Sea
 Which beats on the Egyptian shore,
 Shall Princes come and here adore.
 You Kingdomes 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 voyce 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 throwes
 A trembling horror on his Foes:
 While us his Power and Strength invest.
 O Israel, praise the Ever-blest.

PSALME LXIX,

As the 25

LORD, snatch me from the raging Flood;
Now in deepe Eddies almost drown'd;
That struggle in the yeelding mud.
There, where no bottom can be found;
The rising waves my head surround.
And with their terrible chill my Blood.

Tis'd with complaining; hoarse, and sore;
Sight failes my long expecting Eyes:
My Haire is not in cumber more,
Then my uninjur'd Enemies.
The great in wrong against me rise;
I, what I never tooke, restore.

My God, thou know'st my Innocence:
Let not the faithfull 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 generall ſcorne;
Deſerted by my neare Allies;
By children of my Mother borne:
Through zeale unto thy Honour worne,
While thy reproach upon me lies.

I faſted, wept, in Sack cloth mourn'd;
My anguiſh in my lookes 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

Part 2.

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

Deliver from th'infulting Foe:
My ſtruggling Feet from ſinking keepe;
Let not the Billowes overflowe:
Nor Whirl-pits ſuck into their Deepe.
O piie Thou the Eyes that weep:
And thy tranſcendent Mercy ſhow.

Hearc, and redeeme without delay,
Nor in my trouble hide thy Face:
Leſt I become a wretched prey
To ſuch as have my Soule in chace.
My ſhame, indignities, diſgrace
And all their crimes before Thee lay.

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

O be their board a ſnare to thoſe!
Proſperitie it ſelfe a Bait!
Their Eyes in clouds of darkeneſſe cloſe;
And let them fall by their owne weight:
Powre on them thy Eternall hate;
With vengeance multiply their woes.

In Ruines 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 Mercie joy.

Part 3.

O 4

Their

Their names out of thy Volume blot;
Nor with the Just inhorne their Dayes.
Though poore; to misery I got;
Yet Thou shalt my dejection raise;
Then will I celebrate thy praise;
My thankfull Heart no time shall spot.

This will Jehovah more delight;
Then Bulls prepar'd for Sacrifice;
Their gilded Hornes with Garlands dight;
This shall the Meek with pleased Byes
Behold, and centuple their joyes;
Their Day shall never set in Night.

For God the Poore regards, and those,
Who for his sake affliction rise.
Round Earth, deepe Seas, what Seas inlost;
You Ochs, that move so orderly;
Our great Jehovah magnifie,
Who crowns his Saints with sweet Repose.

For God his Sion shall immure,
And Judah's Citie build againe;
Where they shall ever live secure;
A faire inheritance obtaine;
There shall their blessed Seed remaine;
And safely that rich Soile manure,

PSALME LXX.

As the 5.

HA S T E, Lord; from such as would devour,
Defend by thy almightie Power:
Delay not in so fear'd an Houre.

But let confusion seaze on those,
Who seeke my Soule; to shame expose;
Be sudden in their overthrowes.

Let those with in'anie returne;

dejected

Dejected, and unpitied, mourne;
Who laugh, and blast me with their scorne.

Who love thy Name, with joy inuest;
Let them In shades of Safetie rest;
And ever say, The Lord be blest.

But I am poore, and full of need;
Haste, Lord, deliver me with speed;
Our Strength, our Helpe, from Thee proceed.

PSALME LXXI.

As the 34.

In thy Wing for refuge flie;
Protect me from foule Infamy;
Lord, in thy Justice save.
Deliver from their treacherous Snates;
O favourably heare my Prayers;
Snatch from the yawning Graves.

Be thou my Fortresse of Defence;
There let me fix my Residence.
O Thou my Rocke! my Tower;
Who hast thy Angels given in charge,
That they thy Servants should enlarge
From circumventing Power.

Deliver from their cruell might,
Whose wicked hands in blood delight;
Lest I their prey become.
Thou art my hope; even from my Youth
Have I rell'd upon thy Truth;
By Thee kept in the wombe &

From thence extracted by thy Care.
Though, as a Prodigie they stare
On me with wondering eyes;
Yet Thee, my Strength, my Song shall praise,
And to the Starres thy glory raise,
While Sunnes shall set and rise.

Part 2.

O cast not off, when full of dayes,
 Forsake not when my strength decaves;
 Watche by conspiring Foes;
 God hath abandon'd him, say they,
 Now let us make his life our prey:
 Who shall our power oppose?

My God, close to thy servant stand,
 And helps him with a speedy hand:
 Those in their pride confound
 Who persecute my wretched Soule;
 Let Death their impious rage controule,
 And with dishonour wound.

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 harmles Day.

I, in thy strength, though old and weak,
 Will walke, and of thy Justice speake;
 Of thine, even thine alone:
 Thou hast inform'd mee from my Youth:
 I, to this houre, with single Truth, (shown)
 Thy wondrous works have

Part 3.

Now in the Winter of my yeares;
 When time hath snow'd upon my haire,
 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 mee laid;

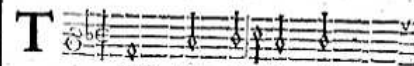
Yet

Yet shalt thou quicken mee againe,
 And from Earths entrails free;

Still thou my glory wilt increase,
 And comfort with the joyes of Peace:
 I, in a living Verse,
 Unto my warbling Harp will sing
 Thy praises, O eternall King;
 Thy noble Acts rehearse:

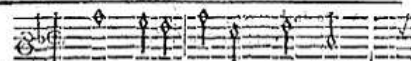
Unto my Voice, and Instrument
 Shall my exalted Soule consent;
 By Thee redeem'd from Death:
 Thy Justice every day proclame;
 That now hast cloth'd my Foes with shame,
 Dispersed by thy breath.

PSALME LXXII.

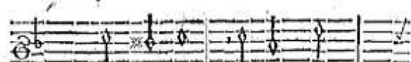
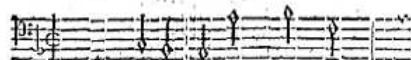
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 H E King Jehovah with
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 thy Justice Crowne;

 thy Justice Crowne;

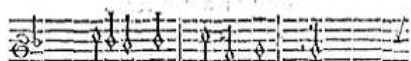
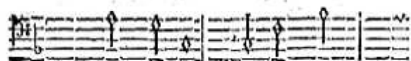

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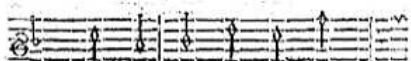
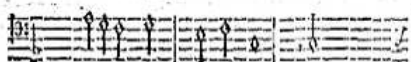
And in a God-like reigne his



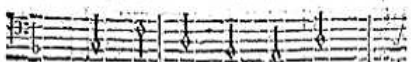
Sonne renowne. Hee shall with



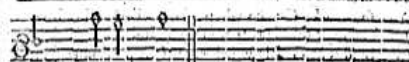
equitie thy People sway; And



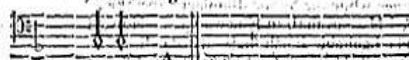
Judgement in the Scales of



Jo. Rice



Justice weigh;



Then little Hills shall riot with increase;
And Mountains flourish in the fruits of Peace.
Hee shall the Poore from Violence protect;
Exalt the humble, and the Proud deject;
They, while the restlesse Sunne directs the Yeares;
While Moones increase and Waine, thy Name shall feare:
He shall descend like plenty-dropping Showres,
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 Raies.
He shall from Sea to Sea enlarge his Reigne;
From swift Euphrates to the furthest Mainie,
The wilde Inhabitants, that live in wyles,
In scorched Deserts, shall his Rule obey.
His Foes shall lick the Dust, rich with their Spoyle;
Kings of the Ocean, and Sea-grasped Isles,
Shall orient Pearle, and sparkling Stones present;
Gold from the Sun-burnt Æthiopians sent,
The swart Sabæans, and Panchais's King,
Shall Cassia, Myrthe, and sacred Incense bring:
All Kings shall homage to this King afford;
All Nations shall receive him for their Lord.
He shall th'Oppressed heare, the Poore defend;
The Needie save and such as have no friend:
Redeeme their Soules from fraud, and Violence;
And shall with Blood revenge their Bloods expence,
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 blese him Day by Day.
Ranker crops of Corne shall on high Mountaines grow,
And

Part. 2.

And shake like Cedars when rough Tempests blow,
 The Citizens shall prosper and abound;
 Like blades of Grass, which cloath the pregnant ground
 His name shall last to all Eternitie:
 Even while the Sunne illuminates the Skie,
 All Nations shall in Him bee blest: Him all
 The habitable Earth shall blessed call.
 O praised bee 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 Sonne of Jesse.



PARAPHRASE
 UPON
 THE THIRD BOOKE
 OF THE
 Psalmes of DAVID.

PSALME LXXIII.

THE 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,
 Whom I the Foole beheld with envious eyes;
 Saw prosperous Vice to Wealth and Honour rise.
 Their Thread of Life is close and firmly spun;
 When feeble Age, and pale Diseases shun,
 They, while wee suffer, surfeit in content;
 As if alone exempt from punishment. (necks;
 Pride hangs like precious chains about their
 And Violence in robes of Purple decks.
 Their swollen eyes shine with un-control'd excess;
 Who more, then what their hearts can wish, possess
 Even glory in their soule Impietie;
 And speak like Thunder from the troubled Skie.
 Dire Blasphemies against high Heav'n they cast;
 The suffering Earth their Pride and Slander blast.

The

The Good not seldom through their Scandall stray,
 And prest with Miseries in Passion say:
 O how can wee the Lord All feeling call?
 Or thinke he cares what unto men befall?
 When lo! the Wicked with successe are crown'd,
 And in the pleasures of this world abound.
 I see no end have purg'd my heart of staine;
 In sin I have my hand, my hand in vaine;
 That thus with daily punishments am worne,
 And still chastised with the same.
 If I gave words unto such thoughts as these,
 I should my Soules of thy Saints beleeve:
 For then, what were it to be just, or good?
 My Soule this secret never told God;
 Till I into thy Sanctuary came,
 And there beheld thy hallowed name.
 Thou hast on slippery heights their greatness plac'd;
 Downe Head-long from their Noone of glory cast.
 How are they unto defolation brought!
 Consumed in the present of a thought;
 Such as a pleasant drea^m when Sleepe forsakes
 Our flattered sense: so, when thy Wrath awakes,
 Thou in thy deadly fury shalt destroy
 Their empty and imaginary joy.
 These former thoughts did my weak Soule molest:
 So Ignorant: so Vaine: so like a Beast.
 Yet I by thy Divine Supperance staid,
 Thou heldst me up by thy Almighty hand.
 Thou by thy counsell'st didst direct my waies,
 And after to eternall Glory raise.
 For whom have I but Thee in Heaven above?
 Or what on Earth can my Affections move?
 My thought 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 cursed Idols bend,
 I as my due, will to God re^{re}pire;
 On him relie, and his great Acts declare.

P S A L.

P S A L M LXXIV.

L O R D; Why hast thou abandoned?
 O why for ever! shall thine Ire
 Consume, like a devouring Fire,
 The Sheepe which in thy pastures fed?

At the 125

O thinke of those, who were thy owne;
 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 spoile the barbarous Foe hath made;
 Lo! all in heaps of ruines laid;
 Thy Temple their accursed prey.

Like Lions, with sharpe Famine whet,
 They in thy Sanctuarie roare;
 All purple in thy Peoples gore;
 And there their conquering Ensignes set.

It was esteem'd a great renowne
 With Axe to square the Mountaine Oakes;
 Now they demolish with their strokes,
 And hew the carved Fabricke downe.

Who lo! with all-infolking flame,
 The beautie of the Earth devoure;
 Profanely prostrate on the flore
 That Temple sacred to thy Name.

Now (said they) with a sudden hand,
 Give wee a generall kind redall;
 By Fire the holy structures fall,
 Through this depopulated Land.

No Miracles amaze our Foes;
 P

Part D
There

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

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 withhold:
My God, thou wast our King: The old
Amazed World thy Wonders saw.

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

That great Leviathan of Nile,
To Beasts and Serpents, which possesse
The drie and foodlesse Wildernesse,
By Thee delivered for a Spoile.

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

Part 3.

The cheerefull Day, Night cloth'd in shade;
The Moone 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

Surrender not thy Turtle-dove:
Nor from thy tender care remove
The Poore, by powerfull Wrong pursu'd.

Thy Cov'nant, bound by Oath, maintain:
For Darkenesse over-spreads the Face
Of all the Land; in every place
Destruction, Rape, and Slaughter reign. Part 3.

Let not th'apprest returne with shame;
But crown thee with deserv'd applauses:
O patronize thy proper Cause:
Remember, Fooles revile thy Name.

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

PSALME LXXV.

As the 8

THY Praises, O eternall King,
Our Soules in sacred Verse will sing.
The wonders of thy Workes declare;
Thy Prefence in thy Power and Care.
When I shall weare the Hebrew Crown,
High Justice shall my Reign renown.
The Land with weakning Discord rent,
The People without Government,
Faint and dissolve. Her Pillars I
Support, her Breaches fortifie.
Proud Man, I said, renounce thy Pride;
Thou Foole, thy Folly cast aside.
Doe not so high your Hornes 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 ruinsates.

A cup of red and mingled wine
He poureth out to me and mine :
But every Rebell in the Land
Shall drinke the Dregs, squeeze'd by his Hand.
His noble acts I will relate,
The God of Jacob celebrate,
Suppress the Wicked and their wayes ;
The just to Wealth and Honour raise.

PSALME LXXVI.

As the 29

GOD in Judah is renown'd ;
Salem with his Temple crown'd ;
He in sacred Sion dwells ;
Israel his wonders tells.
He their flying Ensignes teares,
Shivers the Assyrian Speares.
He their Swords, Shields, Arrows broke ;
Kill'd, subdu'd, without a stroke.
Thou more excellent then they,
That on Junes Mountaines prey ;
Who the Great in battell foil'd,
Of their Lives and honours spoild.
Not the Mighty could withstand,
Nor so much as finde a hand.
Princes by thy onely breath,
With the Vulgar sleep in Death.
Terrible unto thy Foes :
O, who can thy wrath oppose ?
When as they thy Thunder heare,
Mortals stand amaz'd, and feare,
When from thy eternall rest
Thou descend'st, to save th' Opprest.
Malice but it selfe betraies,
And converts into thy praise.
Future rage thou shalt restraine,
Making their indeavour vaine.
Jacobs seede, with one accord,
Pay your Vowes unto the Lord,

Holy

Holy Levites, Offerings bring,
Of his glorious Conquest sing.
He, who Princes overthrowes,
O, how fearefull, to his Foes !

PSALME LXXVII.

As the 5.

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

My festred wounds can all the Night,
No comfort could my Soule invite
To relish long out-worne delight.

I call'd upon the ever-bless'd ;
And yet my troubles still increas'd ;
Almost to Death by sorrow prest.

Thou keep'st my galled eyes awake :
Words faile my grife ; sighs onely spake
Which from my panting busome brake.

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

The Song, 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 pry 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 lie ?

P 3

This

This said, I thus my Passions check't;
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 daies befell.

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

Who wonders can eff. & alone;
His Peoples great Redemption;
To Jacobs seed, and Josephs knowne.

The yielding Floods confesse thy Might;
The Deep were troubled at thy Sight;
And Seas recu'd in their affright.

The Clouds in flocks of raine descend;
The Aire thy hideous Fragors send;
Thy Arrowes dreadfull flames extend.

Thy thunders roarings rake the Skies;
Thy fatal Lightning swiftly flies;
Earth trembles in her agonies.

Thy VVayes even through the Billowes lie;
The Floods then left their Channels dry,
No Morrell can thy Steps defy.

Like Flocks through Wildernesse of Sand,
Thou lead'st us to this pleasant Land,
By Moses and by Aarons hand.

PSAL-

PSALME LXXVIII.

MY People, heare my words, I will unfold
Darke Oracles, and wonders done of old,
By our great Ancestors both heard and knowne,
Successively unto their Children shovne,
VVhich wee will to Posterity relate;
That People yet unknowne, may celebrate
Gods Power, his Praise, and glorious Acts: since Hee
Will's this Tradition by divine Decree;
untill one Day shall give the VVorld an end:
That all their hopes might on his Help depend.
Nor ever let his noble Actions sleepe
In darke oblivion, but his Statutes keepe.
Unlike their rebell Sires, a Stubborne Race;
VVho fell from God, nor sought his Righted Grace.
The Ephraimites, though Expert in their Bowes,
Though arm'd, ignobly fled before their Foes:
Who vainly brake the Cov'nant of their God;
Nor in the wayes of his prescription trod,
Forgot his famous Acts, his Wonders shovne
In Zaan, and the Plaines by Nile o'reflowne,
He brought them through the bowels of the Flood;
The parted Waves like solid Mountaines rood.
By day with leading Cloud affords a shade;
By night a flaming Pyramis displaid.
Hard Rocks, He in the thisty Desarts, gave,
And drinke out of their stony Entrailles gave:
Even from their barren sides the waters gush'd,
And down in Rivers through the Vallies rush'd,
Yet still they sinn'd, and meat to satisfy
Their lust demand, provoking the most High.
Blaspheming thus; Can God our wants redresse?
A Table furnish in the Wildernesse?
Though from the cleften 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:

As the 42.

Part. 2.

P 4

Their

Their infidelity intrag'd the Just,
That would not to his just Religion trust.
Who all the Curtaines of the Skies withdrew,
And made the clouds resolve into a dew.
With Manna, Food of Angels fed,
And fill'd with plenty of celestiall Bread.
Then caus'd the early Easterne winds to rise,
And had the dropping South obscure the Skies:
Whence Showres of Quails descend, as thick as sand
On Sea-wast'st shores, or dust on Sun-dry'd Land;
Which fell among their Tents: They their delights
Enjoy, 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 downe
The choice of all; even those of most renowne.
Nor, by their owne mis-haps admonish'd,
Would they his Workes believe, or Judgements deale.
So he their spirits quenche with daily teares;
In Vanity and Toile consum'd their yeares.
Part 3. But when by Slaughter wast'd, 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 bar their Soules disguise,
Full of deluding flatteries, and lies.
Their faithlesse hearts revolted from his Will,
Nor ever would his just Commands fulfill.
How oft would he, whose Mercy hath no bound,
Their pardon signe! nor in their Sins confound!
How oft did see his burning wrath allwaie!
How oft divert the furie of his Rage!
Consider'd them as flesh in traile to borne,
A passing Winde, that never can returne.
Yet still would they his sacred Lawes transgresse;
Provok'd him in th'unpeopled Wildernesse:
Confin'd the holy One of Israel;
Against their Saviour frantickly rebell:
Forgetfull of his Power, nor ever thought
Of that Great Day, when from long Bondage brought.

His

His de aduul Miracles to Egypt knowne,
And Wonders in the Field of Zoan showne.
The River chang'd into a Sea of blood;
Menaine for thirst, & avoid th'infected Flood.
Hege swarmes of unknowne Flies display their wings,
Which wound to death with their inuicible stings.
Loath'd Frogs even in their Palaces abound;
And with their filthy slime pollute the ground.
Their early fruits the Caterpillars spoyle;
And Grasshoppers deuoure the Plow-mans toile.
Part 4. Long Vines with stormes their dantling burdens lost;
The broad leav'd Sycamores destroy'd with frost.
Their Flocks beat down with Hail-stones, breastlesse lie;
Their Carrell by the stroke of Thunder die.
The Vengeance of his Wrath all formes of woe,
More Plagues, then could be fear'd, upon them throwes
Whom euill Angels to their sinnes betray.
He to the Torrent of his Wrath gave way;
Nor would with man or finlesse beasts dispense;
Shot by the Arrowes of his Pestilence.
Slew all the flower of Youth; their First-borne Sown;
Time where old Nilus in seven Channels runs.
But like a flocke of Sheepe his People led;
Safe and secure through Deserts full of dread:
Even through unfathom'd Deepes, which part, and close
Their tumbling waves to swallow their proud Foes;
Then brought them to his consecrated Land;
Even to his Mountaine purchas'd by his Hand,
Cist out the Giant-like Inhabitants;
And in their roomes the Tribes of Israel plant.
Yet they (O most ingratefull!) falslie
Their vowes, and still exasperate the most High:
Who in their faithlesse Fathers traces goe;
And start aside; like a deceitfull Bow.
Their Altars on the tops of Mountaines blaze,
While they their hands to cursed Idols raise.
These objects fuell to his wrath afford:
Whose Soule revolted Israel abhor'd.
Part 5. The ancient Seat of Shiloh then forsooke;
Nor longer would that hated Mansion brooke.

Mis

His Arke even to Captivity declin'd;
 His Strength and Glory to the Foe resign'd;
 And yeelded 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 Mitted Priests in heat of Battell fall;
 No Widows weeping at their Funerall.
 Then as a Giant, folded in the Charnes
 Of Wine and Sleepe, starts up, and cries, to armes:
 So rou'd, his Foes behinde, Jehovah wounds.
 And with eternall Infamy confounds:
 Yet would in Josephs Tents no longer dwell,
 Nor Ephraim chofe, who from his Cov'nant fell;
 But Judahs Mountain for his Seat elects,
 And sacred Sion which hee most affects.
 There our great God his glorious Temple plac'd,
 Firm as the Centre, never to bee rav'd.
 And from the bleating Flocks his David chofe,
 When hee attended on the yeauing Ewes;
 And rais'd him to a Throne, that he might feed
 His people, Israels selected Seed.
 Who fed them faithfully, and all the Land
 Directed with a just and equall hand.

PSALME LXXIX.

As the 39

THe Gentiles waste thy Canaan, Lord
 With Fire and Sword.
 Thy holy Temple they prophane;
 With Slaught'ring staine.
 Beneath her ruines Salem groines,
 Now nothing but a heape of Stones.
 The dead no Funerall pomp attends,
 Nor weeping friends;
 Their carcases our barbarous Foes
 To Beasts expose:

The

The ravenous Wolves become their tombe
 Or else the greedie Vultures wonbe.

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

Thy People now a generall
 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 dreadfull shewre
 Of vengeance, powre.

On those, who know not thy great Name,
 And thinke thy Worship but a shame.

Part 1.

For they have laid our Countrey waste:
 Our Cities rav'd.

Lord, O remember not the crimes
 Of former times!

But for thy tender mercy save
 Our soules; now humbled to the grave.

Lord for the glory of thy Name,
 Redeeme from shame.

O purge us, and propitious bee!
 From thraldome free.

Why should the Heathen thus blaspheme,
 And say: Your God is but a Dreame!

Against them let thy Vengeance rise,
 Before our eyes:

And for our blood, shed by their guile,
 Let theirs be spilt.

O heare the sighing Prisoners cry!
 And save, whom they have doom'd to die.

Our spightfull Neighbours, Lord, deride
 Thee, in their pride.

With

With seven-fold vengeance recompense
Their insolence:
So we, thy flocke, our God will praise;
And to the Stars thy Glory raise.

PSALME LXXX.

At the 3

Thou Shephard of thy Israel,
That Flock-like, leadest Josephs Race;
Who twist the Cherubims dost dwell,
O heare! shew thy lightning Face.
Exalt thy saving power before
Mannaeth, Ephraim, Benjamin:
O from Captivity restore!
And let thy beames upon us shine.
Great God of Barcaile wilt thou still
Be angry, and our prayers despise?
Bread, steeped in teares, our stomachs fill;
We drinke the fivers of our eyes.
Our scoffing Neighbours fall at strife
Among themselves, to share our right:
Great God restore the dead to life;
And comfort by the quickning light.
This Vine, from Egypt brought, (the foe
Expell'd) was planted by thy hand:
Thou gav'st it room and strength to grow,
Untill her branches fill'd the Land.
The Mountainesooke 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 rav'd?
Whilst every Stragler pulls her fruit:
The browsing Heard Her branches waste;
And Salvage Boores Plough up her root.
Great God, returne; this trampled Vine
From Heaven behold with mild aspect:
Once planted by that Hand of thine;
The branches of thy owne Elc&.

Part 2.

Which

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

PSALME LXXXI.

At the 3

TO God our strength your voices raise;
In sacred numbers sing his praise.
The warbling Lute, sweet Violl bring,
And solenne Harpe: loud Timbrell 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 unknowne tongue.
Your burdens I have cast away,
Said he, and cleans'd your hands from clay:
Then say'd, when in your feares you cri'd,
And from the thundring Cloud repli'd.
I cri'd you, heard your murmurings,
At Meribah admitted Springs,
You Sons of Israel give care,
I will instruct you, would you heare.
Beware, no forsaigne gods adore,
Nor their adulterate Powers implore.
I Thee alone brought from the Land
Of Bondage, with a mighty Hand.
I know and will supply thy neede,
When naked, clothe, when hungry, feede,
Yet would not they my Counsell brooke,
But desperately their God forsooke:
Whom I unto their lusts resign'd,
And errors of their wandring Mind.

Part 2.

9

O that they had thy voice obey'd,
Nor from the path of Virtue stray'd !
Then Victory their bowes had crown'd :
Their slaughter'd Boes had spread the ground
Then had I made their enemy
Submit, and at their mercy lie
Themselves blest with eternall Peace ;
Inriched with the Earths increase :
With floure of Wheat, and Hon. fill'd,
From breaches of the Rock distill'd.

PSALME LXXXII.

As the 4

GOD sits upon the Throne of Kings,
And Judges unto Judgement brings :
Why then so long
Maintaine you wrong,
And favour Lawlesse things ?

Defend the Poore the Fatherlesse ;
Their crying injuries redresse :
And vindicate
The Desolate,
Whom wicked men oppress.

For they of knowledge have no Light,
Nor will to know ; but walke in Night
Earth, Bases faile ;
No Lawes prevaile ;
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.

PSAL-

PSALME LXXXIII.

LORD, sit not still, as deaf unto our cries :
For lo ! our Ennemies in tumults rise.
Even those, who thy Omnipotence deny,
And hate thy Name, advance their Crests on high :
Darke 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 bee ; and Israel die
Both in his Race, and ruin'd Memory.
They all, in one Confederacy, have made
A solemn League, suppli'd with foraigne aide.
Fierce Idumeans, who in Nomades stray,
And shaggy Ismaelites, that live by prey :
Th'incestuous Race, that border on the Lake
Of salt Alphalthis : Savage Thieves who take
Their name from servile Hagar ; they, who dwell
In Geba ; Ammonites, who Peace expell :
Sterne Palestines, and wild Amalekites,
Falls Tyrians, Ashur with Lirs Sons unites.
Let them like Midian fall, by mutuall wounds,
Like Sisera, fall like Jabin, on the bounds
Of Endor, where swift Kison takes his byrth ;
Who lay like Dung upon the fumed Earth :
Like Zeb, and Oreb 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 wheele be hurried round ;
Like chaffe, w^{ch} whirl winds ravish from the ground
As Wounds 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 Stormes thy trembling Foes subdue.
O fill their hearts with grief, their looks with shame
Till they invoke thy late blasphemed Name.

As the 1.

Part 2.

Confound

Confound them with eternall Infamie;
That they, through anguish of their Soules, my die
That men Jehovah's Wonders may reherse;
The great Commander of this Universe.

PSALME LXXXIV.

As the 29

O How amiable are
Thy Abodes, great God of warre!
How I languish through restraint!
How my longing Spirit faints!
Lord, for thee I daily crie;
In thy absence hearely die.
Sparrowes there their young ones reare;
And the Summers Harbinger
But thy Alter builds her nest,
Where they take their envi'd rest.
O my King! O thou most High!
Arbiter of Victorie!
Happy men! who spend their Dayes;
In thy Courts, there sing thy Praise!
Happy! who on Thee depend!
Thine their Way, and thou their End.
Who through Baca travelling,
Make that thirsty Vale a spring,
Or soft Showers from Clouds distill
And their cuppe Cisterns fill;
Fresh in strength, their course pursue,
Till they thee in Sion view.
Lord of Hosts, incline thine Eare.
O thou God of Jacob heare!
Thou our Rocke, extend thy Grace;
Looke on thy Anointed's Face.
One Day in thy Courts alone,
Farre exceeds a Million
Let me be contain'd and poore,
In thy Temple keepe a Doore:
Then with wicked men possesse
All that they call Happinesse.

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 hee,
Who alone depend on thee!

PSALME LXXXV.

As the 2

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

O shall it like a Commet raigne!
Extending to the yet unborn!
Wilt thou not quicken the forlorne;
That thine in Thee may joy again!
O shewre thy Mercie from above,
Preserve, and fix us in thy love!

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

Those Dayes shall consummate our Blisse:
Sweet Clemency with truth shall meet;
High Justice gentle Peace shall greet,
Saluting with a holy Kisse:
For truth shall from the Earth arise,
And Righteousnesse look from the Skies.

Then shall Jehovah distribute
His blessings with a liberall Hand;

Q

The

The rich and ever gratefull Land
Abundantly produce her fruit,
For Justice shall before him goe,
And her faire steps to Mortals show.

PSALME LXXXVI.

As the 13

MY God, thy Supplie hear;
Afford a gentle Eare;
For I am comfortlesse,
And labour in distresse.
My righteous Soule 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 heare 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.
Zeale shall all hearts inflame
T'adore and praise thy Name.
For thou art God alone;
Thy Power in Wonders shonne,
Direct me in thy Way;
So shall I never stray.
My thoughts from Tempests cleare;
United in thy Feare.

Psal. 21

My

My Soule 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'rfull Enemies
(All Rebels to thy Will)
My guiltlesse 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 Signe expose
To my ashamed Foes,
That they thy Hate may see
To them; thy Love to me.

PSALME LXXXVII.

As the 8

THE Lord hath with his Temple crown'd
Moriah, by his Choice renown'd.
Not all the Tents of Israel,
Or Mountaines which in height excell,
He so affects, or celebrates,
As lofty Sions stately Gates.
Jerusalem, thou Throne of Kings,
Of thee they utter glorious things.
Not by Judea's narrow bounds
Prescrib'd; the Land which Nile surrounds,
Great Babylon, proud Palestine,
Rich Tyre, which circling Seas confine;
And black-brow'd Ethiopians,
Shall yield thee Citizens and Sons.
All sorts of People, foreign-bred,
As Natives there indizen'd;

Q

24

In Sion, built by Immortall Hands;
 Firme as the Mountaine where it stands,
 The Lord in his eternall Scroll,
 Shall these, as Citizens, inroll,
 Their Musick shall th' Affections raise,
 And Songs sung in Jehovah's praise;
 Whose blessing, on this City shall,
 Like Streams from Heavenly Fountaines fall

PSALME LXXXVIII.

As the 39

MY Saviour! both by night and day
 To Thee I pray.
 O let my Cries transcend the Sphaeres,
 And pierce thy Eares!
 Left Sorrow stop my fainting breath;
 Now neare the Jawes of greedy Death.

My light extinguisht, numbered
 Among the Dead:
 Like men in battaile slaine; the wombe
 Of Earth their Tombe:
 Forgotten as if never knowne;
 By thy tempestuous Wrath o'rethrowne.

By Thee lodg'd in the lower Deepes,
 Where Horror keeps;
 In Dungeons, where no Sun displaies
 His cheerfull Raies.
 Crush't by thy Wrath; on me thy Waves
 Rush, like so many rolling Graves.

My old Familiars, now my Foer,
 Deride my Woer.
 My House becomes my Gaole, where I
 In Fetters lie.
 Blind with my teares; with crying hoarse;
 Hands rais'd in vaine; a walking Coarse.

Will

Part 2

Willst thou to those thy Vonders shew,
 VWho sleepe 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?

Willst thou thy Vonders bring to light,
 In Deaths long Night?
 Or shall thy Justice there be shewne,
 Where none are knowne?
 I have, and still to thee will pray,
 Before the Sun restore the Day.

O, why hast thou withdrawne thy Grace,
 And hid thy Face,
 From me, who from my Infancy
 But daily die;
 Whilst I thy Terrors undergoe;
 Distracted by these stormes of woe.

Thy Anger, like a Gulph, devoures
 My trembling Powers;
 With troups of Terrors circled round;
 In Sorrow drown'd;
 Depriv'd of those, that lov'd me most;
 To all in darke oblivion lost.

PSALME LXXXIX.

As the 71

Our greatfull Songs, O thou eternall King,
 Shall ever of thy boundlesse 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 some hinges circularly move.

Q 3

Thus

Part 2

Thus God unto his Servant David swore;
 This Cov'nant made: I will for evermore
 Thy Seede establish, and thy Throne sustaine,
 Whil'st Seas shall flow, or Moones increase, and waine;
 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 feares.
 Great God! how great, when dreadfull Armies joyne!
 What God so strong! what Faith so firme as thine!
 Thy Bounds the billowes of the Sea reframe;
 Thou calm'st the tumults of d'menced Maine.
 Proud Rahab, like a Coale, with blood imbred;
 Hew'n downe: the strong with greater strength subdu'd.
 Thine are the heavens; those Lamps which guild theskies;
 Round Earth, broad Seas, and all which they comprise.
 Thou mad'st the Southern and the Northern Pole,
 Whereon the Orbs celestiall swiftly rowle.
 Hermon invested with the Morning Raies,
 And Tabor with the Evenings, sing thy praise.
 Thy Arme excels in Strength: thy hands sustaine
 The World they made, and guide it with a reine.
 Justice with Judgement joynd, thy Throne uphold:
 Mercy and Truth thy sacred browes infold.
 Thrice happy they, who when the Trumpet calls
 Throng to thy celebrated Festival!
 They of thy Beauty shall enjoy the sight,
 And guide their Feet by that informing light:
 Thy Name shall daily in their mouths bee found;
 And in thy Justice shall their Joyes abound.
 Our Ornament in Peace, our strength in Wars;
 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;
 Or strenuous David have I made my choice,
 (On Heroes pow'r'd my Sacred Oyle)
 To guide my People, and preserve from spoile.

Part 3:

I will

I will support him with my powerfull Arme;
 No Foe shall Tribute force, nor Treason harme:
 His Enemies before his Face shall flie,
 And those, who hate his Soule, by slaughter die.
 Our Truth and Clemencie shall crowne his Daies,
 And to the Firmament his Glory raise.
 He, from the Billowes of the Tyrian Maine,
 To swift Euphrates shall extend his Reignes
 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 Seede shall alwaies reigne; His Throne shall
 While Daies have light, and Nights their shadows cast. Part 4.
 If they my Judgements slight, forsake my Law,
 My Kites neglect, and from my Rule withdraw;
 Then I with whips will their offences scourge,
 With labour, misery, and sorowes 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 Heire,
 To sway the Hebrew Scepter, while the Sun
 His usuall Race should through the Zodiack run;
 While Men the Moone and radiant Stars should see,
 The faithfull witnesses of my Decree.
 But thou art angry with thy owne Eldest,
 And dost thy late affected King reject;
 Infringe the Cov'nant to thy Servant sworne;
 Thou from his Browes his Diadem hast torne,
 Cast downe the Rampier, which his strength renown'd,
 And all his Bulwarks level'd with the ground:
 Whom now his Neighbours scorne; a common prey,
 And spoile to all that travell by the way.
 Thou addest strength and courage to his Foes, Part 5.
 Who now rejoyce and triumph in his woe;
 Rebateth his sharpe Sword, unnerv'd his might,
 And mak't him shrinke in servour of the light:
 Q 4 His

His splendor hath eclipsed, his renowne
 In ruines buried, and his Throne cast downe;
 His Youth consumed with untimely Age;
 Mark't out for shame, the object of thy Rage.
 How long shall he in thy displeasure mourne!
 Still shall thy Anger like a Furnace burne!
 O call to minde the shortnesse of my daies;
 That dreame of Man, which like a Flower 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 solemne Oath!
 Remember the reproches I have borne
 Those of the Mighty, and their bitter scorne:
 Traduced, by thy enemies abhor'd.
 Yet, O my penive Soule, praise thou the Lord.

Amen, Amen.

A



A
 PARAPHRASE
 UPON
 THE FOURTH BOOK
 OF THE
Psalmes of DAVID.

PSALME XC.

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

As the 34

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

Hee by thy Torrent swept from hence,
 An empty Dreame, which mocks the Sense,
 And from the Phansie lies:
 Such as the beauty of the Rose,

Which

Which in the dewy Morning blowes,
Then hangs the head and dies.

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

Thus in thy wrath our yeares 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 Sicknesse strive,
Cut off with winged haste.

Part 2.

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

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

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

PSAL-

PSALME XCI.

WHo makes th' Almighty his retreat,
Shall rest beneath his shady Wings.
Free From th'oppression of the Great,
The rage of Warre, or wrath of Kings.
Free from the cunning Fowlers traine,
The tainted aires infectious breath;
His Trust in perils shall susteine,
And shield thee from the stroke of Death.
No terrors shall thy sleeps affright,
Nor deadly flying Arrows slay:
Nor Pestilence devoure by Night,
Or Slaughter massacre by Day.
A thousand, and ten thousand shall
Sink on thy Right hand and thy Left:
Yet thou secure, shalt 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 evill shall thy strength invade,
Nor wasting plagues thy nose infect.
Thou shalt his Angels safely guide,
Upheld by winged Legions,
Lest thou at any time shouldst slide.
And dash thy foote against the Stones.
Thou on the Basiliske shalt tread;
The Mountaine-Lion boldly meete,
And trample on the Dragons Head,
The Leopard prostrate at thy Feet.
Since he hath fixt his love on me,
Said God, and walked in my wayes;
I will his Soule from danger free,
And from the reach of envie raise.
To him I his desires will give;
From danger guard, in honour place:
Hee long, long happily shall live,
And flourish in my living Grace.

PSAL-

PSALME XCII.

As the 29

Thou who art in thron'd above,
 Thou, by whom we live and move;
 O how sweet, how excellent.
 Is't with tongue and hearts consent,
 Thankfull hearts and joyfull tongues,
 To renowne thy Name in Songs!
 When the Morning paints the Skies,
 When the sparkling Starres arise;
 Thy high favours to rehearse,
 Thy firme faith, in gratefull Verse.
 Take the Lute, and Violin;
 Let the solemn Harpe begin;
 Instruments strung with ten strings;
 While the Silver Cymbal rings.
 From thy Workes my joy proceeds:
 How I triumph in thy Deedes!
 Who thy wonders can expresse!
 All thy Thoughts are fathomlesse;
 Hid from Men in Knowledge blinde;
 Hid from Fooles to Vice inclin'd
 Who that Tyrant Sin obey,
 Though they spring like Flowers in May;
 Patch'd with Heat, and nip'd with Frost,
 Soone shall fade, for ever lost.
 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 Horne,
 Like a youthfull Unicorn;
 Fresh and fragrant Odors shed
 On thy crown'd Prophets head.
 I shall see my Foes defeat,
 Shortly heare of their retreat:

Part 2.

But

But the Just like Palmes shall flourish,
 Which the Plains of Judah nourish:
 Like tall Cedars mount'd on
 Cloud-ascending Lebanon.
 Plants set in thy Court, below
 Spread their rootes, and upwards grow,
 Fruite in their Old-age shall bring,
 Ever fat and flourishing.
 This God's Justice celebrates;
 He, my Rock, Injustice hates.

PSALME XCIII.

As the 49

Now great Jehovah reignes,
 With Majesty aray'd;
 His Power all Powers restraines,
 By men and gods obey'd,
 The round Earth hung
 In liquid Aire,
 Establishes there
 But by his Tongue.

Thy Throne more old then time,
 And after, as before
 The Floods in billowes cline,
 And soming loudly rore.
 With horrid Noise
 The Ocean raves,
 And breaks his Waves
 Against the Skies.

But thou more to bee fear'd,
 More terrible then these;
 Thy voice in Thunder heard,
 Thy Rod rebukes the Seas.
 Thee Truth renowns;
 Pure Sanctitie
 Eternally
 Thy Temple crowns.

PSAL

PSALME 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' asunder break,
Insulting o'te the Weak!

Who Strangers, and poore Widdows kill;
The blood of wretched Orphans spill:
And say, Can he
Or heare or see?

Doth God regard what's good or ill?
Brute Beasts, without a mind!
O Fooles in knowledge blind!

Shall not th' Almighty see and heare,
Who form'd the Eye, and fram'd the Eare?
Who Nations slew,
Not punish you?

Who taught, not know? to him appeare
Darke Counsels, secret Fires,
Vaine Hopes, and vast Desires.

Part 2.

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

In

In stormes brought to a safe aboard:
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 turne agen
To Justice, and her Throne Erect:
Who are in Heart upright
Shall follow that cleare Light.

What mortall will th' Afflicted aid?
Depend when impious Foes invade?
Lord, hadst not thou,
My Soule ere now
In silent shades of Death had laid:
For he my Out-cries heard;
And from the Centre rear'd.

When Griefe my labouring Soule confound;
Thou powrest Balme into her wound.
Shall Tyrannie
With thee complie?
Who Mischiefe for a Law propounds?
Who swaine to circumvent,
And doome the Innocent.

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

PSAL.

PSALME XCV.

As the 34 **C**ome Sing the great Jehovah's Praise,
Whose Mercies have prolong'd our Dayes;
Sing with a joyfull voyce.
With bending knees, and raised Eyes
Adore your God: O sacrifice;
In sacred Hymnes rejoyce.

Great is the God of our Defence,
Transcending all in eminence:
His Hand the Earth sustaines;
The Depths, the lofty Mountaines made;
The Land and liquid Maines dislaid,
And curb them with his Reines.

O come, before his Footstool fall,
Our only God, who form'd us all;
Through Stormes of danger led.
He is our Shepherd, wee his Sheepe;
His Hands from Wolves and Rapine keepe,
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 Workes of wonder see,
And to their shame confesse.

When vox't for fortie yeares, I said;
This People in their hearts have strai'd,
Rebellious to command:
To whom I in my Anger swore,
That Death should seise on them, before
They knew this pleasant Land.

PSAL.

PSALME XCVI.

As the 20 **N**ew composed Ditties sing:
To our everlast King
You all you of Humane birth,
Fed and nourish'd by the Barly,
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 Footstool. Heav'n 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, Beante, Power Divine,
In his Sanctuarie shine.
All, who by his Favour live,
Glory to Jehovah give.
Glory due unto his Name,
And his Mightie Deeds proclame,
Offerings on his Altar lay;
There your Vowes devoutly pay.
In his beauteous Holinesse,
To the Lord your Prayer addresse.
All, whom Gods round Shoulders beare,
Serve the Lord with Joy and Feare.
Tell Mankind, Jehovah raigies:
He shall bind the world in Chaynes,
So as it shall never slide;
And with sacred Justice guide.
Let the smiling Heavens rejoyce;
Joyfull Earth exalt her Voice;
Let the dancing Billowes rore;
Echoes answer from the Shore:
Fields their flowrie Mantles shake;
All shall in their Joy partake.

Part 2.

While

While the Woods Musicians sing
To the ever-youthfull 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.

PSALME XCVII.

As the 2

O Earth joy in Jehovahs Raigney;
You numerous Isles clasp by the Maines,
Him rolling Clouds and Shades infold,
Judgement and Truth his Throne uphold,
Who sciet Darts before him throwes;
With winged flames consumes his Foes
His Lightning made a Day of Night;
Earth trembled at so feard a sight.
The Mountaines at his Presence sweat,
Like pliant Wax dissolv'd with Heat;
At his Descent from the Skie,
Who rules the Worlds great Monarchie;
The Heavens declare his Righteousnesse;
His Glorie wondering men confesse;
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 Ston, heard her King;
Her Daughters of his Judgement sing.
Thou art exalted above all
Mankinde, and Pow'rs Angelicall.
Those Saints thy shady Wings protect,
Who Sin abhorre, and thee affect.
For thou hast sown the Seeds of Light,
And joy, which shall in vest th'Upright,
You just, your joyfull Hearts elate,
His blest Memoriall celebrate.

P S A L M

PSALME XCVIII.

As the 47

SING to the King of kings,
Sing in unufall Laies;
That hath wrought wondrous things,
His Conquest crown with Praile;
Whose Armes alone,
And sacred Hands,
Their impious Bands,
Have overthrowne.

He Justice brings to light;
His saving Truth extends,
Even in the Gentiles sight,
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 universall Mirth,
And fondly sing his Praile:
To Musick joyne
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.
Rote out you Seas,
You spangled Skies,
All you comprise,
Rejoyce with these.

R 2

Clouds

Flouds 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 trie,
His Equitie
Dispenst to all.

PSALME XCIX.

Let our Foes with terror quake;
Let the Earths Foundation shake:
Now the Lord his Raigine begins;
Thron'd betwene the Cherubins.
O how great in Sions Towers!
High above all Mortall Powers.
Great and Terrible his Name:
Since so holy, praise the same.
Judgement his great Power affects;
Yet by Equitie directs.
These celestiall Twins imbrace;
These reflect on Jacobs Race.
O how holy! above all
Honour; at his Footstool fall.
Moses; Aaron before;
Among those who Miracles wore:
Samuel by Vow desir'd,
Among those who were inspir'd,
These to him their Prayers preferr'd;
These by him as soone were heard.
These his Statutes rarely brake;
Unto these th' Almighty spake;
In the Pillar of a Cloud:
To his Service ever vow'd.
He did their Petitions heare,
Mercifull, and yet severe.
The Holy, on his holy Hill
Glorifie, and Worship still.

PSAL-

PSALME C.

All from the Suns uprise,
Unto his Setting Raies,
Rebound in Jubilees
The great Jehovahs Praises.
Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your Gifts, and sing
Before his Throne.

As the 47.

Man drew from Man his Birth,
But God his noble Frame
Buil'd of the ruddy Earth,
Fill'd with celestiall Flame.
His Sons we are,
Sheepe 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 merces last:
His promise past
For ever sure.

PSAL. CI.

OF Justice and Mercie sing;
Which, Lord, from thee, their Fountains spring;
The Graces that adorn a King;
Gave Wisdom shall my Steps direct,
No Vice my heart nor Roome infect.

As the 40

R 3

When

When wilt thou visit thine Elect?

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

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

Who hath his Friend with Slander strooke,
I will cut off; nor never brooke:
A proud Heart and a haughty Look.

Mine Eyes the Faithfull shall observe;
Those in my Family shall serve,
Who never from pure Verue 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 Chie stand.

PSALM CII.

As the 22

Accept my Prayers, nor to the Cry
Of my Affliction stop thine Eare:
Lord, in the time of Misery
And sad restraint sereche appeare:
The Sighings of my Spirit heare;
And when I call, with speed reply.

As Smoke, so fleets my Soule away;
My marrow dry'd, as Harth with heat:
My heart struck down, like withered Hay;
Through Sorrow I forsake my way.

While

While meager cares my Livers eate:
The clinging Skin my Bones display.

Like Deser-haunting Pelicans;
In Cities nor Iesse desolate: (straines
Like Screech-Owles, who with ominous
Disturbe the Night and Day-light hate:
A Sparrowe which hath lost his Mate,
And on a Pinnacle complainer,

Reviling Foes my Honour blast,
And frantick men my ruine sweare.
For Bread, I roll'd-on ashes cast;
Each drop I drinke mixt with a teare.
For, Lord, O who thy Wrath can beare
Thou raisest, and dost head-long cast.

My Daies short, as the Evening shade;
As morning Dew consume away:
As Grass cut downe with Siches, I fade,
Or like a flower crop't 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 neare)
And looke on Sins miseries,
Her Walls and batter'd Buildings reare;
Whose ruins to thy Sains are deare;
For they her Dust as sacred prize.

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

Unto eternall memory
Our Histories shall this record;

R 4

And

Part 2.

And all that are created by
His pow'full Hand, shall feare the Lord,
Who doth such Grace to his afford
And on the Earth looks from on high.

To heare the penfive Captives grieve;
The Sons of Death by him unbound;
His Name againe in Sion know,
That Sion may his Praise resound;
When in his service all the Round
Of Earth shall their joynd in ops.

Yet, Lord, amidst these Hopes thou hast
Confin'd my strength abridg'd my yeares;
Before my Noone of Life be past
Let me not die thus drown'd in teares.
Time wafts not thee, which all out-wears,
Thy happy Daies for ever last.

Thou mad'st the Earth, thou did'st 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 passe away.

But thou art still the same: before
The World and after shalt remaine.
You blessed Soules, who God adore,
With Patient hope, your harmes sustaine:
For you shall prosper in his Reigne
And yours, subsist for evermore.

PSALME CIII.

As the 9.

MY Soule, and all my Faculties
Jehovah praise; sing till the Skies
Re-echo his ascending Fame:
My Soule, O celebrate his Name!

Nor

Nor ever les the memory
Of his surpassing Favours die.
He gently pardons our misdeeds,
And cures the wound 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 for his rage relents,
And shortens our due punishments.
For as the Heavens in amplitude
Exceede the Centre they include:
So ample is his Clemencie
To all who on his grace relie.
As farre as the bright Orient
Is distant from the Suns Descent;
So farre he sees from his aspect
Their Guile, who him with feare 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 Originall.
Man flourisheth like Grass, a Flower
That blowes and withers in an houre;
By scorching heat, by blasting wind
Desflower'd and leaves no print behind;
But his firme Mercy shall embrace
His Saints for ever, and their Race;
Those who his equall Lawes fulfill,
Remember, and performe his Will:
In Heaven the great Jehovah reignes,
And governs all that Earth contains.

You

You Angels, who in strength exceede,
 Who him obey with winged speed;
 You ordered Hosts of radiant Starrs;
 O you his flaming Ministers,
 All, whom his Wisdome did create,
 Through his large Empire celebrate
 His glorious Name with sweet accord:
 Joyne thou, my Soule, to praise the Lord.

P S A L M E CIV.

At the 72 MY ravish'd Soule, great God, thy praises sing;
 Whom Glory circles with her radiant wings,
 And Majesty invests, then Day more bright,
 Cloth'd with the beames of new-created Light.
 Hee, like an all-infolding Canopie,
 Fram'd the vast concave of the spangled Skie:
 And in the Aire-embraced waters set
 The Basis of his hanging Cabiner.
 Who on the Clouds, as on a Chariot, rides;
 And with a reyne 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 calong bosom unfecce Mountaine flood;
 At his rebuke it shrunke with sudden 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 finde.
 He, to the swelling waves, prescribes a bound;
 Lest Earth againe should by their rage bedrown'd
 Springs through the pleasant Meadows powre their drils,
 Which Snake-like glide between the bordering Hills;
 Till they the Rivers grow, while beasts of prey
 Their thirke allwage, and such as man obey.
Part 2 In neighbouring Groves the Air's Musicians sing,
 And with their Musick entertaine the Spring.

H:

Hee from celestiaall Catemients shewes distills,
 And with renew'd, increase his Creatures fills.
 Hee makes the food-full Earth her fruit produce,
 For Cattel grasse, and Herbs for humane use.
 The spreading Vine long purple clusters beares,
 Whose juyce the hearts of pensive Mortals cheares,
 Fat Olives sunnothe our browes with supling Oyle;
 And strengthening Corne rewards the Reapers toile.
 His Fruit affording trees with sap abound.
 The Lord hath Lebanon with Cedars crown'd:
 They to the warbling Birds a shelter yeeld,
 And wandring Storkes in lofty Fir-trees build,
 Wild Goats to craggy Cliffs for refuge flie,
 And Conies in the Rocks darke entrailes lie.
 Hee guides the changing Moones alternste face:
 The Suns diurnall and his annuall Race:
 'Twas hee that made the all-informing light,
 And with darke shadows clothes the aged Night.
 Then Beasts of prey break from their Mountain caves;
 The roaring Lion pinch't 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;
 Toile all the Day, at Night returne to rest.
Part 3 Great God! how manifold, how infinite
 Are all thy works! with what a cleere foresight
 Didst thou create and multiply their birth!
 Thy riches fill the large extended Earth.
 The ample Sea, in whose unfathom'd Deep
 Innumerable sorts of Creatures creep:
 Bright-scaled Fishes in her Entrailes glide.
 And high-built Ships upon her bosome ride:
 About whose sides the crooked Dolphin playes,
 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 dusk returne.
 Againe

Again created by thy quickning breath,
To resupply the Masses of Death,
No tract of Time his Glory shall destroy;
Hec in th'obedience of his Works shall joy:
But when their wilde revols his Wrath provoke,
Earth trembles, and the aery Mountaines smoke:
I all my life will my Creator praye;
And to his Service dedicate my Dayes.
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 Soule, bleste thou this all-commanding King
You Saints and Angels, Hallelu-jah sing.

PSALME CV.

As the 72 **T**O God: O pay your vows; invoke his Name,
And to the World his noble Acts proclaim:
O sing his praises in immortall Verse,
And his stupendious Miracles rehearse!
You Saints, rejoyce, and glory in his Grace;
His power adore; for ever seeke 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 knowne to all of humane birth.
He never will forget his Promise past;
His Covenants inviolable last
Which he to faithfull Abraham made before,
And after to the holy Isaac swore:
To Jacob sign'd, confirm'd to Isaac;
That their large Off-spring should in Canaan dwell,
When they, but few in number, wandered
In unknowne Region; and their Cattell fed:
He did their lives from violence protect,
And for their sakes even mighty Princes checkt.
Touch nor, said he, my Anointed: feare to wrong

Those

Those sacred Prophets, who to Me belong.
When raging Famine in these Climates reign'd,
He broke the Staffe 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 throwne;
With galling fetters bound, for crimes unknowne;
Tie'd with affliction, at the time decreed,
At once by Pharaoh 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 direct.
Then aged Jacob into Egypt came,
And sojourn'd in the fruitful fields of Ham.
God in that Land his people multipl'd;
Their Foes, which now their greater strength envid
Hate, they feare: he alienates their hearts;
To shew their ruine by deceitfull Arts.
Then Moses on a sacred Embassie
And Aaron sent, th'Elect of the most High.
There wrought his dreadfull Wonders from the Ile
Of Sea-girt Pharaoh's to the Fals of Nile.
He bad Cimmerian darknesse dim the Day:
Th'assembled Vapours his commands obey.
He their seven chanel'd Waters turn'd to Blood;
The Fishes strangled in their native Flood;
Frogs from the stony 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 stormes of killing Hail, for Showers, bestowes;
And from the breaking clouds his lightning throws;
Blasts all the Vines and Fig trees in the Land;
The Woods with Tempests torne, or naked stand.
Innumerable Locusts, these succcede;
And Caterpillers on their leavings feede:
They bite the tender Herbe, the bud, and flower,
And all the verdure of the Earth devoure.
Their Swarms (the First-born) slew; which fill'd their

Part 2.

Part 3.

(eares
With

Part 4.

VWith female screeches, and their heares with feares,
Then hee the Hebrews out of Goshenbrought,
In able health, with Gold and Silver fraught,
Th'Inhabitants, whose teares augment the Nile,
At their departure joy, and feare exile.
A Cloud to shade them from the Sun was spread,
And Nightly by a flaming Pillar led,
At their request he sends them showres of Quailles;
And Bread from Heaven, like Coriander, hailes.
Cleaves the hard Rocks from whence a Fountain flows
And unknown Rivers to those Deserts shows:
For hee his sacred Promise call'd to minde,
To Abraham his friend and servant sign'd.
Thus hee his People brought from servitude,
VWhose long-felt miseries in joy conclude.
From hence the Heathen by our VVeapons chac'd;
And thus his sonnes in their possession plac'd:
That from his Statutes wee might never swerve,
O praise the Lord, and him devoutly serve!

PSAL. CVII.

As the 72.

VVith grateful hearts Jehovah's praise resound
In goodnesse great, whose mercy hath no
What language can expresse his mighty deeds? (bound.
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,
VWho Thee adore: that I may give a voice
To thy great Acts, and in their joy rejoyce.
VVe as our Fathers, have thy Grace exil'd;
Revolted, and our Soules with Sin defil'd.
They, of thy miracles in Egypt wrought,
So full of Feare and VVonder, never thought;
Thy mercies, then their hairens in number, more;
But murmur'd on the Erythrean Shore.

Yet

Yea 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 Pharaoh and his Army saves;
The swift-returning Floods their fatall Graves.
Then they his Word beliv'd, and sung his Praise;
Yet soone forgot: and wandred from his Waies. Part 2
Who long for flesh to pamper their excess;
And tempt him in the barren Wildernesse.
He grants their wish, and with a Flight of Fowles
Sent messenger Death into their hungry Soules.
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 Troups intomb.
A swiftly spreading Fire among them burnes,
And those Conspirators to Ashes turnes.
Yet they, the slaves of Sin in Horeb made
A Calfe of Gold, and to an Idol prai'd.
The Lord, their Glory, thus exchanged they
For th'Image of a Beast that feeds on Hay:
Forgot their Saviour, all his wonders shown
In Zoan, and the Plains by Nile o'reflown;
The VVonders acted by his pow'rfull Hand;
VWhere the Red-Sea obey'd his stern Command.
God had pronounc'd their ruine: 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 fruitfull Paradise despis'd,
Nor his so oft-confirm'd Promise priz'd,
But mutin'd against their faithfull Guide,
And basely wish'd they had in Egypt dy'd.
For this, the Lord, advanc'd his dreadfull Hand,
To overthrow them on th'Arabian Sand;
To scatter their Rebellious seed among
Their Foes, expos'd to Poverty and VVrong.
Besides, Baal-Peor they ador'd, and fed
On Sacrifices offer'd to the Dead.

Part 32

Thus

Thus their Impieties the Lord incense;
 Who smote them with devouring Pestilence.
 But when with noble anger Phinees 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 Soules distemper spoke,
 Nor ever enter'd 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.
 Their cursed Idols serve with Rites prophane,
 (Snarcs to their Soules) and from no crime abstain.
 Their Sons and Virgin-daughters sacrifice
 To Devils, and looke on with tearlesse eyes.
 Desi'd the Land with Innocent blood, which sprung
 From their owne loines, on flaming Altars sung.
 Unto adulterate deities they pray'd,
 And worshipp'd those gods their hands had made.
 These crying Sins exasperate the Lord,
 Who now his own inheritance abhor'd:
 Given up unto the Heathen for a prey,
 Slaves to their Foek, who hate them most, obey.
 Deliver'd oft, as oft his Wrath provoke;
 And with intreaties, Sins renew their Yoke.
 Yet hee compassionates their miseries,
 And with soft pity heates their mournfull Cries;
 His former promise calls to minde, 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 wee to Thee may dedicate our Daies;
 And joyntly triumph in thy glorious Praise.
 Blest, O for ever blest, be Israel's King:
 All you his People, Hallelu-jah sing.

Amen, Amen.

Psal. 4.



A
 PARAPHRASE
 UPON
 THE FIFTH BOOKE
 OF THE
Psalms of DAVID.

PSALME CVII.

Excell, 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 Mora her Wings displays;
 From where the Evening crowns the Daies;
 Beneath the burning Zone, and neare
 The Influence of the freezing Beare.
 They in unpeopled Deserts straid;
 The Heavens their roof, the Clouds their shade;
 Their Soules with thirst and hunger faint;
 None by, to pity their Complaint:
 When to the Lord their God they cry'd,
 His Mercy their extreames supply'd.
 He led them through the Wilderness,
 And gave them Cities to possess.

As the 8

A

Q

Part 2.

O you his Goodnesse celebrate!
 His Acts to all the World relate!
 For he in foodlesse Deserts fed
 The hungry with celestiaall Bread.
 From wondring Rocks new Currents roule,
 To satistie the thirstie Soule.
 Those Rebels, who his Counsell slight,
 Imprison'd in the shades of Night;
 Horrours of Guile their Soules surprize;
 When humbled with their militarie,
 They to the Lord address their Prayers;
 His Mercy comforts their Despaire,
 From Darknesse draws, dissolves their Griefes;
 And from Death's Jawes, preserves their Lives.
 O you his Goodnesse celebrate!
 His Acts to all the World relate!
 Hee breaks Steel-barres, and Gates of Brasse,
 To force a way for His to passe.
 Those Fooles, whom pleasing Sins intice,
 Are punish'd by their darling Vice.
 Their Soule all sorts of Food distaste;
 Whom Troops of pale Discafes waste.
 When they to God direct their Prayers,
 His Mercy comforts their Despaire.
 His Word restores them from their Graves;
 And from a dreadfull ruine saves.
 O you his Goodnesse celebrate!
 His Acts to all the World relate!
 Due Praise to his Altar bring,
 And of your great Redemption sing.
 Who saile upon the toiling Maine,
 And traffick in pursuit of Gaine,
 To such his Power is not unknowne,
 Nor wonders in the Ocean shewne.
 At his Command black Tempests rise;
 Then mount they to the troubled Skies,
 Thence sinking to the Depths below.
 The Ship Hulls as the Billowes flow;
 And all Aboard at every feele,
 Like Drunkards on the Hatches reele;

When

Part 2.

When they to God direct their Prayers,
 His Mercy comforts their Despaire.
 Forthwith the bitter Storms allwage,
 And foming Seas suppress their Rage;
 Then, singing, with a prosperous gale,
 To their desired Harbour sail.
 O you his Goodnesse celebrate!
 His Acts to all the World relate!
 His Fame in your Assemblies raise,
 And in the sacred Senate praise.
 He Rivers turnes to VVildernesse;
 Springs dri'd up by the Suns access.
 To scourge their Sins, he makes the Soile
 Ungreatfull to the Owners toile;
 Turnes sandy Deserts into Pooles;
 And parched Earth with Fountaines cooles;
 There plants his hungry Colonies,
 VVhere strongly-fenced Cities rise;
 The Fields their yellow Mantles weare,
 And spreading Vines full clusters beare.
 They infinitely multiply;
 Their Herds of no diseases die.
 But when their Sins his VVrath incense,
 Then Famine, VVarre, and Pestilence,
 Their miserable Lives devoure;
 Their Princes he deprives of Power,
 VVho in the Path-lesse VVildernesse
 Conceal'd themselves from Mans access.
 The Poore he raiseth from the ground;
 Their Families like flocks abound.
 The Just shall this with joy behold;
 Th'Unjust with feare and shame controll'd,
 The VVife these Changes will record,
 That they may know and serve the Lord.

PSALME CVIII.

My Thoughts the Lord their Object make;
 Before the duddy Morning Spring,
 S 2

As the 2
My

My Glory of his Praise shall sing :
Awake, my Lute, my Harpe, awake ;
While I to all the World rehearse
His praises in a living Verse.

Thy Mercy (O how great !) extends
Above the Stary 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 heare us, who thy aid implore ;
And with thy own Right hand defend ;
To thy Belov'd Succour send.
God by his Sanctity mus swore ;
I Succoths Valley will divide ;
In Sichems Spoiles be magnifi'd.

Manasseth, Gilead, both are mine ;
Ephraim my Strength, in Battaille bold.
Thou Judah, shalt my Scepter hold.
I will triumph o're Palastine.
Bale Servitude shall Moab waste.
O're Edom I my Shooe will cast.

Who will our forward Troups direct
To Rabbath Strongly fortifi'd ?
Or into sandy Edom guide ?
Lord, wilt not thou, that didst reject,
Nor would'st before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Host against the Foe ?

When Death and Horrour most affright,
Doe thou our troubled Souls sustaine ;
For O, the helpe of Man is vaine !
Lead ; and we valiantly shall fight.
Thy Feet our Foes shall trample down ;
Thy hand our browes with Conquest crown.

PSALM

PSALME CIX.

MY God, my Glory, leave not in Distresse ;
Nor let prevailing Fraud the Truth oppresse. *As the 1*
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 turnes with evill proudly recompense,
And Love with hate ; my Merrit, my offence.
But I in these Extreames to thee repaire,
And poure out my perplexed Soule in Praire.
Subject him to a Tyrants stern command
Subverting Satan place at his right hand ;
Found guilty when arraign'd : in that leas'd time
Let his rejected Prayers augment his Crime.
May he by violence untimely die,
And let another his command supply ;
Let his distressed Widow weep in vaine ;
His wretched Orphans to deafe Eares complain.
Let them the wandring Paths of Exile tread,
And in unpeopled Deserts seek their bread.
Let griping Usurers divide his spoile ;
And Strangers reape the harvest of his toile. *Part 2.*
In his long misery may he finde no Friend ;
None to his Race so much as Pity lend.
Let his Posterity be overthrowne ;
Their Names to the succeeding Age unknowne.
Let not the Lord his Fathers Sins forget ;
His Mothers infamy before him set.
O let them bee the Object of his Eye,
Till hee out-root their hated Memory :
That to the wretched would no Mercy shew ;
But cruelly pursu'd his Overthrow.
Laid Traines to kill the Broken and Contrite,
On his owne head let his dire Curses light,
He hated Blessing ; never he be blest :
Let cursing like a Rope his Loines invest ;
And

S 3

Part 3.

And like a tattall Girdle gird him round ;
 As he with Excretions did abound.
 Let them like water in his Bowels boyle,
 And eat into his Bones like burning Oyle.
 Thus let the Lord reward my Enemies,
 VVho seeke to blast me with malicious lies.
 But, Lord, in my deliverance proclaime
 Thy Mercy, for the honour of thy Name.
 For I am poore, with misery opprest ;
 My wounded heart bleeds in my paining brest.
 I like the Evening shadow am declin'd,
 And like the Locust to'st'd with every VVind.
 My feeble knees beneath their burden bend ;
 My Flesh with fasting falls, my Bones ascend.
 Reproach hath seis'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 powerfull Hand ;
 And how I by divine Supportance stand.
 Still may they vainely curse whom thou dost bless ;
 And pine with envy at my good success.
 Let them be cloth'd with shame : O be their owne
 Confusion on them like a Mantle throwne.
 But I thy praise will duly celebrate ;
 And to the multitude thy Deeds relate :
 That hast th'afflicted Soule from sorrow freed,
 And from their snares who had his death decreed.

PSALME CX.

As the 34

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 Zinn send
 Unto whose Power all powers shall bend,
 That dare thy Rule oppose.

Thy People willingly shall pay

Their

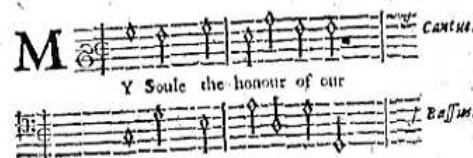
Their vows in that triumphant Day,
 With their united Powers :
 Aray'd in Ephods ; nor so few
 As are those Pearles in morning-dew,
 Which hang on Herbs and Flowers,

He swore, who never Oath did brake,
 Of th' order of Melchisedeck
 That thou a Priest should'st raigne :
 Even while the Sun dispers't his light ;
 While Moons should rule th'alternate night,
 Or Stars their course maintaine.

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.

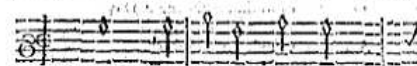
Who over many Nations sway ;
 And onely their owne Wills obey,
 Shall smite beneath his rage.
 Then shall this all subduing King
 With Water of the Chrystall spring
 His burning thirst assuage.

PSALME CXI.

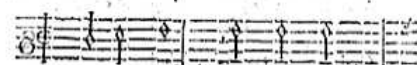
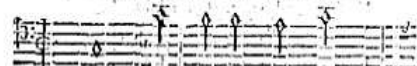


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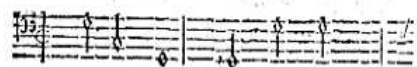
King



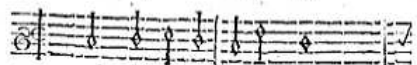
King, shall in the great As-



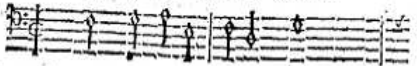
sembly sing. Great are the



wonders hee hath shewne; With



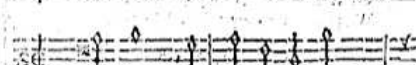
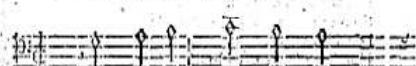
joy by their admirers knowne.



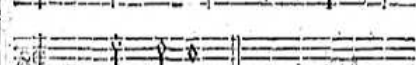
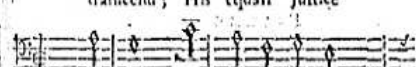
His



His glorious deedes all prayse



transcend; His equall Justice



knowes no end



Left in eternall Monuments,
Whose Mercy Death and Hell prevents:
Feeds those who feare his Name, and will
His promise faithfully fulfill.

Who

Who planted with a powerfull Hand
His people in this pleasant Land.
Just Judgement executes, directs
By sacred Lawes and Truth affects.
These fleeting Time shall never wastes
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 feare is the Originall
Of Wisdom; and they onely wise
Who make his Lawes their Exercise.
His praise, while men have memory,
And power of speech, shall never die.

PSALME CXII.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 111

That man is blest who feares the Lord.
And chearfully obeys his Word.
His Seed shall flourish on the Earth;
Their off-spring happy from their birth.
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 poore provides:
Discretion all his actions guides.
No violence shall cast him downe;
No time deface his just renowne;
Nor rumours shake his confidence:
The Lord his Hope, and strong Defence:
Confirm'd in scarcelesse fortitude,
Till hee have all his Foes subdu'd.
He the necessitated feeds,
The honour of his vertuous Deeds

Shall

Shall live in sacred memory;
His Glories shall ascend on high.
Th'unjust invag'd their teeth shall grind,
And languish with the griefe of minde:
Pale Envy shall their Vest consume,
And all their hopes convert to fume.

PSALME 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 bands,
His Glory the bright Stars transcend.
VWhat God can bee compar'd with ours?
Who Thron'd in Heavens superiour rowres
Submits himselfe 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 poore hee raiseth from the Dust:
Even from the Dunghill lifts the just;
Whom hee to height of honour brings,
And sets him in the Thrones of Kings.
Hee fructifies the barren Wombe;
The Childlesse, Mothers now become.

As the cxi

Hallelu-jah.

PSAL-

PSALME CXIV.

As the cxi

When Israel left th'Egyptian Land,
 Freed from a tyrannous command,
 God his owne People sanctifi'd,
 And heo himselfe became their Guide.
 Th'amazed Seas, this seeing, fled.
 And Jordan shrunk into his Head:
 The cloudy Mountaines skip like Rams,
 The little Hills like frisking Lambs.
 Recoyling Seas, which cau'd your dread,
 Why Jordan shrunk't thou to thy Head?
 Why Mountaines 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 many intraits brake,

PSALME CXV.

As the 9.

Nothing can of merit clame:
 Not for our sakes thy ayd afford,
 But for the honour of thy Name.
 Thy Mercy, and unfayling Word.
 Why should th'insulting Heathen cry
 Wher's now the God they vainly praye?
 Our Lord inthron'd above the Skie,
 All underneath at pleasure swaies.
 Their gods but gold and silver bee,
 Made by a fraile Artificer:
 For they have eyes that cannot see,
 Dumb mouths, and eares that cannot heare.
 Fooles 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

Their hands can neither give nor take,
 Unapt to punish or defend:
 As senselesse they who Idols make,
 Or to their carved Statues bend.
 Your hopes on God, O Israel, place:
 Hee is your helpe, and strong Defence:
 Be he, you Priests of Aarons Race,
 The object of your confidence.
 In him, all you that feare him, trust:
 Hee shall protect you in distresse.
 The Lord is of his Promise just,
 And will his faithfull servants blesse:
 The House of chosen Israel,
 And Aarons holy Family:
 The poore, and who in power excell;
 That love, and on his ayd relie.
 They shall a mighty People grow:
 Their Children happy from their byrth.
 Hee will increase of gifts bestow,
 Whose hands created Heaven and Earth,
 Hee in the Heaven of Heavens resides,
 And over all his Creatures reignes:
 Among the sonnes of men divides
 The Earth, and all that Earth contains,
 Who sleepe within the vaults of Death,
 No Offerings to his Altars bring:
 O praise his Name, while wee have breath:
 And loudly Hallelu-jah sing.

Part 2

PSALME CXVI.

MY Soule intirely shall affect:
 The Lord, whose cares my groanes rect:
 In Misery
 He heard thy cry,
 To him thy Prayers direct:

As the 4

Sorrows of Death my Soule assail'd;
 Th' greedy jaws of Hell prevail'd:

Despreft

Deprest with griefe;
When all reliefe,
And humane pity fail'd.

I cri'd: My God, O looke on me;
Thou ever just, 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;
Thy favour still
Preserves from ill:
My Soule then take thy rest.

God staid my feet, and dry'd my teares;
Redem'd from Death, & deadly feares:
That still I might
Walke in his sight,
And number many yeares.

Part 2.

Thus with a firme beliefe I prai'd,
Yet in extremes of trouble laid;
All on the Earth
Of mortall byrth,
Even all of Lies are made,

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

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

Lord

Lord, I am thine, thy Hand-maids seed;
By Thee from raging Tyrans freed,
My Prayers shall rise
In Sacrifice;
My thanks thy Altar feed.

I will performe my Vowes this day,
Where they frequent, who God obey:
Even in his Court,
Within thy Fort,
Renowned Solyma.

PSALME CXVII.

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

At the 4th

PSALME CXVIII.

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,
Confesse, that from the King of kings
Eternity of Mercie springs.
He in my trouble heard my Prayers,
And freed me from their deadly snares:
He fights my Battailles; then how can
I feare the Power of feeble Man?
Assists my Friends; my Enemies
Shall with their slaughter feast mine eyes.

At the end

Fare

Farre better to have Confidence
In God, then trust to many Defence;
On him much safer to relie,
Then 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 drew'd the ground.
Though they like Bees about mee swarm'd;
His holy Name with pow'full Armes
Shall soon consume their numerous powers,
As fire the crackling Thorne devours.
Mad men, his Fall you seeke in vain,
Whom great Jehovah's Hands sustaine.
Hee is my Strength; his Praise my Song;
By him preserv'd from powerfull Wrong.
Our Tents with publique Joy shall ring:
The Just of their Deliverance sing.
Hee with his owne Right hand hath fought.
His owne Right hand hath Wonders wrought.
I shall not die, 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 Doores set open wide;
That I may enter in his Nativitie,
And celebrate his glorious Fame.
These are the Doores, at which all they
Shall enter, who his Will obey.
His Praise with Hymnes immortalize;
My Saviour, who hath heard my Cries.
That Stone the Builders from them cast;
Is high on the corner plac'd;
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.

Part 2.

Part 3.

Part 4.

Part 5.

O blest be he, whom God shall send!
We, who within his Courts attend,
You from his Sanctuary blese;
And daily pray for your successe.
God, even the Lord, hath shed his light
Into our Soules, and clear'd our sight.
Bind to the Altars horns a Lambe,
New-weaned from the bleating Dams.
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 eternall Mercy springs.

PSALME CXIX.

ALEPH.

Blest are the Undeild, who God obey;
As the
Seeke with their hearts, nor from his Precepts stray.
No tempting Vice shall those from Vertue draw,
Who with unfainting Zeale observe his Law.
Lord, by thy sacred Rule my Steps direct.
Those shall not blush who thy Commands affect.
Thy Justice learnt, my Soule shall sing thy Praise,
For sake me not, O guide me in thy Waies!

BETH.

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

Part 2.

T

GIMEL

GIMEL.

Part 3. O let me live, observe thy Lawes: mine Eyes
Illuminate to view those Myſteries.
Me, a poore Pilgrim, with thy Truth inſpire;
For whom my Soule even fainteth with deſire.
The Proud is curſt, who from thy Precepts ſtrays;
Bleſſe, and preſerve my Soule, which theſe obeyes.
No hate of Princes from thy Law deters:
My Study, my Delight, my Counſellers.

DALETH.

Part 4. My down-caſt Soule, as thou haſt promis'd raiſe;
Thou know'ſt my Thoughts I direct me in thy Waies.
Inform me and I thy Wonders will proleſſe.
O ſtrengthen me, that labour in Diſtreſſe:
Shew thy cleare Paths, ſo ſoone miſt remov'd;
I have thy choſen Truth and Judgements lov'd.
To theſe I cleave: O ſhield me from Diſgrace.
Enlarge my heart to runne that heavenly race.

HE.

Part 5. Teach thou, and I thy Statutes will obſerve:
Nor from that ſacred Knowledge ever ſwerve:
My Soule to thoſe delightfull Paths confine:
From Avarice purge, and to thy Lawes incline.
Divert from vaine deſires, my darkneſſe cleare:
Confirm the Soule devoted to thy Feare.
Free from fear'd ſhame: thy Judgements are upright.
O quicken me, who in thy Word delight.

VAU.

VAU.

Part 6. His Soule protect, who on thy Word relies;
And ſilence my reproachfull Enemies.
O thou my Hope, in me thy Truth preſerve;
So I thy Lawes for ever ſhall obſerve:
Will freely walke 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 Soule embrace.

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 ſcoffes have I thy Lawes declin'd;
Confirm'd, when I thy Judgements call to mind.
They, who thy Lawes 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.

Part 8. Thou art my Portion: I will thee adore,
Thy Lawes obſerve, and promis'd Grace implore.
My Actions by thy ſacred Rules direct;
And thy Commands with forward Zeale effect.
The wicked rob; but I thy Statutes prize:
At midnight to applaud thy Juſtice riſe.
Who feare and keep thy Lawes, ſuch are my Friends;
Inſtruct; thy Meicy through the World extends.

T 2

TETH.

TETH.

Part. 9. Thou to thy Servant hast perform'd thy Word :
Discerning knowledge to his Faith afford.
Thou Sea of Goodnesse, that my Soule conformes
Unto thy Statutes, by Afflictions stormes.
The Proud, at the Heart, base Slanders raise :
But I will trust in thy affected Waies :
Me blest Affliction to thy Courts hath brought.
Thy Lawes more pris'd then Ships with treasure fraught.

JOD

Part. 10. Informe me, my Creator, in thy Lawes ;
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 causelesse hate, destroy.
Who feare and know thy Lawes, to me unite :
O, lest I perish, guide me by their light !

CAPH.

Part. 11. With Expectation faint, and blinde ; yet still
My Soule expects, Thy Promise, Lord, fulfill.
I, though a bladder, on thy Word depend.
Confound my Foes : when shall my Sorrowes end !
The Proud have pitch'd their toiles ; insing'd thy Lawes ?
O sacred Justice, snatch me from their jaws.
They had almost devour'd ; but I affect
Thy Precepts : quicken, and by those direct.

LAMED.

LAMED.

Part. 12. Thy faithfull Promises are fixt above ;
Firme as the Poles, or Earth ; which never move :
By thy eternall Ordinance dispos'd.
Thy Lawes my Life ; else Griefe 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 Soule, which thee obeies.
Thy Word shall last, when Heaven and Earth decays.

MEM.

Part. 13. O how I love thy Lawes ! those exercise I
By them made wiser then my Enemies.
More then my Teachers know, more then the Old :
With Vertue these inflame, from Vice withhold.
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 sweete.
By waies I hate ; by thine become discrete.

NUN.

Part. 14. Thy Word, my Light ; a Lamp to guide my way.
I swear to observe thy Truth, and will not stray.
My wounded Soule with promis'd mercy heale :
Accept my offerings, and thy will reveale.
Although inclos'd with Death ; though Foes have laid
Snares for my Soule ; yet have I thee obtay'd.
My comfort, my eternall Heritage.
O may I keepe them, till I die through age.

SAMECH.

SAMECH.

Part 15. I love thy Law; my hate to sin is great:
O thou my hope, my Shield, my safe retreat
My Will shall thine obey. Hence you prophane,
Lord, save my Soule, nor let me hope in vaine,
Uphold; and I thy Justice shall applaud.
Thou hast intrapt thy Foes in their owne fraud;
Cast out like Drosse. My heart affects thy path,
Yet trembles with the horror of thy wrath.

AIN.

Part 16. O leave me not to my outrageous Foes
Nor to their shame my righteous Soule expose.
Mine Eyes even faile, while I thy aide expect,
Be mercifull, and in thy Wayes direct.
Enlarge my mind, thy Wayes to understand:
'Tis time; for they infringe thy just Command,
Which more then Gold; then Gold rehn'd I prize;
In all upright. But hate deceitfull lies.

PE.

Part 17. Thy VVord, the Gate of Life, even Babes inspire
VVith Knowledge; this my obsequious Soule adpires:
This I with thirstie appetite devoure.
Thy streames of Mercy on thy Servant powre.
Compose my Steps: so shall not sinne subiect,
Nor man oppresse: for I thy Lawes affect.
Shine on my Soule; thy Statutes teach: mine Eyes
Shed showres of teares, when men thy Lawes despise.

TSADDI.

TSADDI.

Part 18. As Thou thy Selfe, so all thy Lawes are Just:
Faithfull to those, who in thy Promise trust.
Zeale hath consum'd me, for my Foes neglect
Of thy pure Lawes, which I in heart affect.
Those to observe, though meane and scorn'd, intend.
Truth crowns thy VVord, thy Justice without end.
These in my grieve and trouble, comfort give.
Informe with Knowledge, that my Soule may live.

COPH.

Part 19. O heare my cries! preserve his life, who will
Thy Lawes obey, and just Commands fulfill.
My Eies out-watch the Night; my cries prevent
The early Morn, in due Devotion spent.
Heare, and revive; thy Justice execute
On lawlesse men: preserve from their pursuit.
Thy oft-trid Mercy ever is at hand.
Thy Judgements on eternall Bases stand.

RESCH.

Part 20. Behold my sorrowes; patronize my cause.
Thy VVord performe to him, that keeps thy Lawes.
Death shall devoure, who thy Commands neglect.
Thou great in Mercy, my sought life protect.
In all extreames I have thy Will observ'd:
Griev'd, when Transgressors from thy Statutes swerv'd.
To me, who Love thy Lawes, thy Grace extend:
Thy Truth began with Time, and knowes no end.

T 4

SCHIN.

SCHIN.

Part 21. Tyrants oppress; thy Word restrains my Minde:
Wherein I joy, like those who Treasure finde.
Fraud I abhorre; Inanimitie on thy Waite.
Seven times a Day my Lips thy Justice praise.
Who love thy Lawes, Sweete Peace and Safetie blest.
In Thee I hope, nor thy just Will transgresse.
Thy Word observe: thy Statutes I affect:
Which through these humane Seas my course direct.

TAU.

Part 22. Accept my Prayers: with Knowledge, Lord, induce,
From Death redeeme: since to thy Promise true.
Thy Statutes taught, I will thy Praise resound.
Thy Word extoll, and Lawes 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 strai'd Sheepe backe to thy Pasture bring.

PSAL. CXX.

At the 5. Darest, and in my minde dismay'd;
When destitute of humane aid,
To Thee successfully I prayd.

Lord,

Lord; shield mee from the Fraudulent
From those that are on malice bent,
Who envious Calumnies invent.

O thou false tongue, sleepe in the gall
Of Serpents: what reward, for all
Thy mischief, shall to thee befall?

Like Arrows shot from Partians string,
Thou'd Juniper, and Scorpions' sting,
Such art thou, O thou worst of things!

Wo's mee, that I from Israel
Exiled, must in Mesick dwell,
And in the Tents of Ismael!

O how long shall I live with those,
Whose savage minds sweete Peace oppose,
Where Fury by dissension grows.

PSALME CXXI.

At the 15.
TO the Hills thine Eyes erect,
Helpe along from those expect.
Hee who Heaven and Earth hath made,
Shall from Sion send thee aid.
God, thy ever-watchfull Guide,
Will not suffer thee to slide.
Hee, even hee, who Israel keeper,
Never slumbers, never sleeps.
Hee, thy Guard, with wings display'd,
Shall refresh thee in their shade:
Suns shall not with heate infect:
But their temperate beames reflect:
Nor unwholsome Serene shall
From the Moones moist influence fall.
When thou travel'st on the way,
When at home thou spend'st the Day,

When

When sweet Peace thy life delights,
When imbroild in bloodie Fights,
God shall all thy steps attend,
Now, and evermore defend.

PSALME CXXII.

As the cxi

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 immortall Praises sing.
There shall he his Tribunal place,
The Judgement-seat of Davids Race.
Your joyes shall with your daies increase,
Who love and pray for Salems Peace.
May Peace within thy Walls abound;
Thy Palaces with joy resound:
Even for my Friends and Kindreds sake,
May never Warre thy Bulwarks shake:
Even for the hope of Israel,
And House where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALME CXXIII.

As the 34

Thou mover of the rolling Sphaeres,
I through the Glasses of my Teares,
To Thee my Eyes erect:
As Servants mark their Masters hands:
As Maids their Mistress's commands,
And liberty expect:
So we, deprest by enemies,

And

And growing troubles, fixe our Eyes
On God, who sits on High:
Till he in mercy shall descend
To give our miseries an end,
And turne our teares to Joy.

O save us, Lord, by all forlorne;
The subject of contempt, and scorne.
Defend us from their pride,
Who live in fluency and ease;
Who with our woes their malice please,
And miseries decide.

PSALME CXXIV.

As the 72

BUT that God fought for us, may Israel say;
But that God fought for us, in that sad Day;
When men inflam'd with wrath; against us rose:
We had alive beene swallowd by our Foes;
Then had wee sunke beneath the roaring Waves;
And in their horrid entrails found our graves:
Then had their violence, like torrents powr'd
From melting Hills, our wretched lives devour'd.
O blest bee God! who hath not given our blood
To quench their thirst, nor made our flesh their food
Our Soules, like Birds, have escap'd the Foulers Net,
The snares are broke, which for our lives were set.
Our only confidence is in his Name,
Who made the Earth, & Heav'n's immortall frame.

PSALME CXXV.

As the 9

They, who the Lord their Fortesse make,
Shall like the Towers of Sion rise,
Which dreadfull Earth-quakes never shake,
Nor raging tumults of the Skies.
Lo! as the Hills of Solyma
Divine Jerusalem enclose:

So

So shall his Angels in the Day
Of danger, shield them from their Foe,
The VVicked shall not long subject
Their holy Race; lest through despair
They should the Lawes of God neglect,
And bee as their Commanders are:
Lord, to the good bee Good; the Just
Protect: Their punishments increase,
Who follow their rebellious lust:
But crowne thy Israel with Peace.

PSALME CXXVI.

As the cxi **W**hen God had our deliverance wrought,
And Sion out of Bondage brought,
It seem'd to us a Dreame; who were
Distracted betwene Hope and Feare.
Then sacred Joy fill'd every Brest:
In flowing Mirth, and Songs exprest.
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 showres which fall on thirsty land.
Who sow in Teares, shall reape in Joy.
VVe after long Captivity,
Unto our native Soile retire;
The scope and crowne of our desire.

PSALME CXXVII.

As the 7 **U**nlesse the Lord the house sustaine,
They build in vaine;
In vaine they watch, unlesse the Lord
The City guard.

In vaine you rise before the Light,
And breake the slumbers of the Night.

In vaine the bread of sorrow eat,
Got by your sweat;
Unlesse the Lord with good success
Your labours bleesse:
For hee all good on his bestows,
And crowns their eyes with sweet repose.

Increasing sons, his Heritage,
Renew their age;
The pledges of their fruitfull love,
Given from above:
As formidable to the Foe,
As Arrows from a Giants bow.

Hee 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 Tribunall plead.

PSALME CXXVIII.

As the 15 **H**appy hee, who God obeys,
Nor from his direction strays;
Thou shalt of thy labours feed;
All shall to thy wish succede:
Like a faire and fruitfull Vine,
By thy House, thy wife shall joyne;
Sons, obedient to command,
Shall about thy Table stand,
Like greene plants of Olives, set
By the moistning Rivalet.
Hee who feares the Power above,
Thus shall prosper in his love.

God

God shall thee from Sion bleſſe,
Thou ſhalt joy in the ſucceſſe
Which the Lord will Salem give,
While thou haſt a day to live:
Thou ſhalt ſee our Iſraels peace,
And thy childrens large increaſe:

PSALME CXXIX.

As the cxi

O Fe from my early youth have they
Afflicted me, may Iſrael ſay:
Oe from my early youth affaid,
As ſits have their endevours fail'd,
My back with long deepe furrowes wound,
As Plow-ſhare, ſcare the patient ground,
The ever juſt hath broke their hands,
And ſav'd reſtitution their cruell hands,
Let Sions Foe, with infamy,
Be clothed, and untimely die,
Be they like Corne on Houſes tops,
Which Reapers ſickle never crops,
Nor Binder in his boſome beares:
But withers ſtill before it cares
No Travailer their labours bleſſe,
Nor ſay, wee with you good ſucceſſe.

PSALME CXXX.

As the 10

O Ut of the horror of the Deepe,
Where feare and ſorrow never ſleepe,
To thee my cries
In ſigles ariſe:
Lord from deſpaire thy ſervant keepe,
O lend a gracious care,
And my petitions heare.

For if thou ſhould'ſt our finnes obſerve:
And puniſh us, as wee deſerve:

Not

Nor one of all
But then muſt fall;
Since all from their obedience ſwerve:
Yet are not thou ſevere,
That wee thy Name might feare.

Thy mercies our miſ-deeds tranſcend:
My hopes upon thy Truth depend:

Disconſolate
On thee I waite;
As weary Centinels attend
The cheerefull Morn upriſe
With long-expecting eyes.

O you that are of Jacobs Race,
In him your hopes, and Comforts place;
His praifes ſing;
The living Spring
Of Mercy and redundant Grace:
For he will Iſrael
Redeeme from Sin and Hell.

PSALME CXXXI.

As the 32

Thou Lord my witneſſe art;
I am not proud of heart,
Nor looke with lofty eyes,
None envy, nor deſpise,
Nor to vaine pomp apply
My thoughts, nor ſore too high:
But in behaviour milde,
And as a tender childe,
Wean'd from his Mothers breaſt,
On thee alone I reſt.
O Iſrael, adore
The Lord for ever more.
Bee He the only Scope
Of thy untainting hope.

PSAL

PSALME CXXXII.

As the 72 **R**emember David, Lord, remember Thou
His Troubles, thy Redemptions, and the Vow
Hee to the mighty God of Jacob made;
Bound by an Oath, and in these words convey'd:
No Roole shall cover mee, nor sweet repose
Refresh my Limbs, or sleepe my eye-lids close,
Till I have found a place for his Abode;
Even for the Temple of the living God.
The Arke, we heard, in Ephraim long stood;
And found in the valley cloth'd with Wood;
We will into thy Tabernacle goe,
And there our selves before thy Foot-stoole throw.
Ascend to thy eternall Rest at length;
Thou, and the Arke of thy aduired strength.
O let thy Pious be cloth'd with sanctitie,
And all thy Saints sing with triumphant joy:
For Davids sake receive into thy Grace:
From thy Anointed never spurne thy Face.
For thus thou swor'st who never wilt forget;
Thy Son shall long possesse thy royall 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 eternall Seat,
I will abundantly increase her Store;
And with the flower of wheat susteine her poore:
Her Priests shall blessings to her People bring;
Her joyfull Saints in sacred measures sing,
There shall the Horne of David freshly sprout;
Their Lamp of glory never shall burne out:
His Diadem shall flourish on his head:
But Nets of thame his Foes shall over-spread.

PSAL

PSALME CXXXIII.

Oblest estate! blest from above!
When Brethren joyne in mutuall love,
'Tis like the precious Odors shed
On consecrated Aprons head:
Which trickled from his Beard and Breast,
Downe to the borders of his Vest.
'Tis like the pearles of Dew that drop
On Hermons ever-fragrant top:
On which the smiling Heavens distill
On happy Sions sacred Hill:
For God hath there his favours plac'd,
And joy, which shall for ever last.

PSALME CXXXIV.

You, who the Lord adore,
And at his Altar wait;
Who keepe your watch before
The threshold of his Gate;
His praises sing
By silent Night,
Till cheerefull light
In Orient spring.

Your hands devoutly raise
To his divine Recesse;
The Worlds Creatour praise,
And thus the People blese:
The God of Love,
From Sions Towers,
To you and yours
Propitious prove.

PSAL

PSALME CXXXV.

At the 71

O You, who Ephods weare 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 crowne the Day, and entertaine the Night!
For Israel is his choice, and Jacobs Race
His Treasure, and the object of his Grace.
In power how infinite! how much before
Those morall gods, whom frantick men adore!
Alon his Will depend, all homage owe,
In Heaven, in Earth, and in the Depths below.
At his command exhale Vapors rise,
And in condens'd clouds obscure the Skies
From thence, in shewes Hee horrid Lightning flings,
And from their Caves the struggling Tempests bring.
Hee the first-borne of Men and Cattell slew,
Fresh streames of blood the Towns and Plains imbrew.
Th'inhabitants that drinke of Nilus flood
At his confounding Vonders trembling stood.
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 Kingdomes of the Canaanites,
Who to the Conquerors resigne their rights:
To whom hee their dismantled Cities grants,
And in those fruitfull fields his Hebrews plants,
Thy Name shall last unto eternitie;
And thy immortall Fame shall never die.
Thou dost thy Servant Pardon and protect;
Advance the Humble, and the proud deject.
Those helpelesse gods, ador'd in forraigne 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.

Part 2.

Who

Who made, resemble them, and such are those,
Who in such senselesse Rocks their hopes repose,
O praise the Lord, you who from Israel spring;
His praises, O you Sons of Aaron sing:
You of the House of Levi praise his Name:
All you who God adore, his praise proclame.
From Zion praise the only Good and Great;
Who in Jerusalem hath fix't his Seat.

PSALME CXXXVI.

T  *Cantus.*

HE Bountie of Jehovah

 *Bassus.*

praise .. This God of gods all



Scepters swaies. Thanks



V 1

12



Him praise, who fram'd the arch'd Skie,
Those Orbs that move so orderly.
Firme Earth above,
The Floods that move

Display'd

Display'd, and rais'd the Hills on high.
For from the King of kings
Eternall Mercy Springs.

Who Sun and Moone 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
Eternall Mercy Springs.

The first borne of Egyptians slew ;
Whose wounds the thirsty Earth imbrow :
And from that Land,
With powerfull hand,
Th'appressed Sonnes of Jacob drew.
For from the King of kings
Eternall Mercy Springs.

The parted Seas before them fled,
Who in their empty chanel tread,
The joyning waves,
Egyptian graves :
And his through food lesse Deserts led.
For from the King of kings
Eternall Mercy Springs.

Who numerous Armies put to flight,
And mighty Princes slew in fight :
Og prostrate laid,
Who Bashan swa'd ;
And Sihon the crown'd Amorite.
For from the King of kings
Eternall Mercy Springs.

By his strong hand those Giants fell ;
And gave their Lands to Israel :
Confirm'd by deede
Unto their Seede :

V 3

Who

Who in their conquer'd Cities dwell.
For from the King of Kings,
Eternall Mercy springe.

Remembred us in our distresse;
And freed from those, who did oppress.
He food doth give
To all that live.
The God of Heaven, O Israel, bleste.
For from the King of Kings
Eternall Mercy spring.

PSALME CXXXVII.

As the 1 **A**S on Euphrates shady banks we lay,
And there, O Sion, to thy Adies pay
Our tunerall teares: our silent Harps, unstrung,
And unregard'd, on the Willows hang.
Lo, they who had thy desolation wrought,
And captiv'd Judah unto Babel brought,
Deride the teares which from our Sorrowes spring;
And say in scorn, A Song of Sion sing.
Shall we prophane our Harps at their command?
Or holy Hymnes sing in a forraigne Land?
O Solyma! thou that art now become
A heape of stones, and to thy selfe a Tomb!
When I forget thee, my deare Mother, let
My fingers their melodious skill forget:
VVhen I a joy disjoyn'd from thine, receive,
Then may my tongue unto my palate cleave
Remember Edom, Lord, their cruell pride,
VVho in the Sack of wretched Salem cry'd;
Downe with their Buildings, raise them to the ground,
Nor let one Stone be on another found.
Thou Babylon, whose Towers now touch the skie,
That shortly shalt as low in ruines lie;
O happy! O thrice happy they, who shall
VVith equall cruelty revenge our fall!

That

That dash thy Childrens branes against the stones:
And without piny heare their dying groanes.

PSALME CXXXVIII.

MY Soule; applaud our glorious King
Before the Gods his praises sing:
His Mérey an eternall Spring.

As the 46

For this, on consecrated ground
VVill I adore; thy Truth re found;
Thy VVord above all Names renown'd.

Thou heard'st me, when to thee I cri'd;
VVhen Danger charg'd one every side;
By thee confirm'd and fortifi'd.

All those, who awfull Scepters beare,
VVhen they of thy Performance heare,
Shall worship thee with reverent feare.

They shall his Truth and Mercy praise,
VVho all the VVorld with Justice waies;
VVhose VVonders Adoration raise.

Although imbronn'd above the Skies,
He on the lowly casts his eyes,
But doth the Insolent despise.

Though stormes of Troubles me inclose;
Yet thou shalt save me from my Foes,
And raise me in their overthrowes.

For God his Promise will effect;
The Faithfull faithfully protect;
Nor ever his owne Choice reject.

V 4

PSAL-

PSALME CXXXIX,

As the cxi

Thou know'st me, O thou onely Wife;
 See'st when I sit, and when I rise;
 Can'st my concealed thoughts disclose;
 Observ'st my Labours and Repose;
 Know'st all my Counsils, all my Deeds,
 Each word which from my Tongue proceeds;
 Behinde, before, by thee inclos'd;
 Thy hand on every part impos'd.
 Such knowledge my capacity
 Transcends, so wonderfull, 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 I the Mornings wings obtaine,
 And flie beyond th' Hesperian Main;
 Thy powerfull Arme would reach me there,
 Reduce, and curb me with thy feare.
 Were I involv'd in shades of Night;
 That Darkenesse would convert to Light,
 What Clouds can from discovery free?
 What Night wherein thou can'st not see?
 The Night would shine like Daies cleare flame;
 Darkenesse and Light to thee the same.
 Thou sit'st my reines, even though he come;
 Thou cloth'd'st me in my Mothers wombe.
 Great God, that hast so strangely rais'd
 This Patriack; be thou ever prais'd.
 O tall of A'miration
 Are these thy Worcs! to me well knowne.
 My bones were to thy view displai'd,
 When I in secret shades was made;
 When wrought by thee with curious art,
 As in the Earths inferiour part.
 On me an Embryon, did'st thou looke;
 My members written in thy Booke

Part 2.

Before

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, farre more
 Then Sands upon the murmuring shore!
 When I awake, thy Works againe
 My thoughts with wonder entertaine.
 The Wicked thou wilt surely kill.
 Hence you, who bloud with pleasure spill.
 Their tongues thy Majestic profane;
 They take thy sacred Name in vaine.
 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 Vertue stray:
 And lead in thy eternall Way.

PSALME CXL.

At the 14

Lord, save me from the Violent;
 From him who takes delight in ill:
 Whose heart Deceit and Mischiefe fill;
 On bloudy Warre and Outrage bent.

Their wounding Tongues, like Serpents whet,
 Poison of Asps their Lips inclose.
 O save from fierce and Wicked Foes;
 Who toiles, 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 heare thy Supplaine's pray'rs.

My strong Preserver in the fight,

As

As with a Helme, my head defends,
Let not the wicked gaine their ends,
Lord lest their pride rise with their might.

Themselves let their owne Slanders wound:
Destroy Him who their fury leads.
Let burning coles fall on their heads,
And quenchlesse flames imbrace them round.

Cast them into the Depths below,
From thence, O never let them rise!
Let Death the Slanderer surprise,
And Mischiefe salvage Wrath o'rethrow.

God to th' Afflicted aid will give;
The Poore defend from Death and Shame.
The Just shall celebrate thy Name,
And ever in thy Presence live.

PSALME CXLI.

As the 22

TO Thee I cry, Lord heare my cries,
O come with speede unto my aid:
Let thy sad Prayers before Thee rise,
Like incense on the Altar laid,
Or as when I, with hands displaid,
Present my Evening Sacrifice.

Before my mouth a Guardian set,
My lips with barres of Silence close.
O let me not thy Lawes 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

Like Odours of a fragrant Sent,
Pour'd on my head, no breaches rent.
My prayers shall for their safety move.

Mongst Rocks their Chiefes in ambush lie:
Yet have my suff'rings underflood.
Our severed bones are scattered by
The mowthes of graves, like clefts of Wood.
Lord, saue from those, that hunt for blood.
On Thee with faith I cast mine eye.

O from their Machinations free,
That would my guiltlesse Soule betray,
From those who in my wrongs agree,
And for my life their engines lay.
May they by their owne coast decay,
But let me thy Salvation see.

PSALME CXLII.

With sighes and cries to God I praid,
To him my supplication made,
Pou'd out my teares,
My cares and feares,
My worags before him laid.

As the 4

My fainting spirits almost spent:
He knew the path in which I went.
Yet in my way
Their snares they lay,
With mercilesse intent.

My Eyes I round about me throw,
None see, that will th'oppressed know,
No refuge left,
Of hope bereft,
Vaine pity none bestow.

Then unto God I cri'd, and said,

Thou

Thou art my Hope and only Aid,
The Portion
I build upon
While with traile flesh afraid.

O Source of Mercy, heare my cry,
Lest I with wailing sorrow die:
Shield from my foes,
Who now inclose;
Since of more strength then I.

My Soule out of this Prison bring,
That I may praise thee, O my King,
Who trust in thee,
Shall compasse me,
And of thy Bounty sing.

PSALME CXLIII.

As the 39

LORD, to my cries afford an eare,
Th' afflicted heares
According to thy Equity,
And Truth reply;
Nor prove severe: for in thy sight
None living shall be found upright.

The Foe my Soule besiegeth round,
Strikes to the ground:
In darknesse hath enveloped,
Like men long dead:
My mind with sorrow overthrowne;
My heart within me stupid growne.

I call to minde those ancient Daies
Fill'd with thy praise:
Thy Works alone possesse my thought,
With wonder wrought.
To thee I stretch my zealous Hand;
Desir'd like raine by thirsty land.

Approach

Approach with speed; my Spirits faile;
Thy Face unveile;
Lest I forthwith grow like to those,
Whom graves inclose.
O let me of thy Mercy heare.
Before the Morning Sun appeare.

Pat 21

My God, thou art the onely scope
Of all my hope;
O shew me thy prescribed way,
Lest I should stray.
For to thy Throne I raise mine eyes;
My Soule, and all my faculties.

Save from my Foes; to Thee loe I
For refuge flie;
Informe 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 multipli'd my woes.

PSALME CXLIV.

THE Lord, my Strength, be onely prais'd
The Lord, who hath my courage rais'd;
In doubtfull Battell given me might,
And skill how to direct, and fight.
My Foutor, Fortresse, high-built Tower,
My Rocke, Redeemer, Shield and Power;
My onely Confidence, who still
Subjests my People to my will.

As the cxi

Lord,

Lord, what is Man, or his fraile Race,
That thou should'st such a vapour grace!
Man nothing is but vanitie;
A shadow swiftly gliding by.
Great God, Roope from the bending Skies,
The Mountaine touch, and Clouds shall rise;
From thence thy winged Lightning throw,
Rout and confound the flying Foe,
Stretch downe thy Hand, which only saves,
And snatch me from the furious Waves.
Free from rebellious Enemies,
Inu'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 King, prefer'd, hast me preserv'd,
Even David, who thy Will observ'd,
Free from rebellious Enemies,
Inu'd to perjuries, and lies:
Foule deeds their violent hands defile;
Hands prone to treacherie and guile:
That in their Youth our Sonnet may grow
Like Lawrell Groves; our Daughters show
Like polish'd pillars deck't with Gold,
Which high and Royall roofes uphold:
Our Magazines abound with Graine,
Provision of all sorts containe:
Increasing Flocks our Pastures fill,
And well-fed Secores the Fallowes till;
That no incursions Peace affright;
No Armies joyne in dreadfull fight;
No daring Foe our Walls invett,
Nor fearefull strickes disturbe our rest.
Blest People! who in this estate
Enjoy your selves without debate;
And happie, O thrice happy they,
Who for their God, the Lord obey!

Part 2.

PSAL-

PSALME CXLV.

I Still will of thy Glorie sing,
Thy Name extoll, my God, my King.
No day shall passe without thy praise.
Prais'd while the Sun his Beames displays;
Great is the Lord, whose praise exceeds:
Inscrutable are all his Deeds,
One Age shall to another tell
Thy Workes, which so in power excell.
The Beanie of thy Excellence,
And Oracles in trance my Sense.
Men shall thy dreadfull Acts relate,
My Verse thy Greatness celebrate,
To memory thy Favours bring,
And of thy noble Justice sing.
For in thee Grace and Piete live,
To anger slow, swift to forgive.
All on thy Goodnesse, Lord, depend:
Thy mercies all thy workes transcend,
Even all thy Workes shall praise thy Name,
Thy Saints shall celebrate the same:
Of thy farre-spreading Empire speaks;
Thy Power, to which all Powers are weak:
To make thy Acts to Morals knowne,
And glory of thy awfull Throne.
Thy Kingdome never shall have end:
Thy Rule beyond times sight extend.
The Lord shall those, who fall, susteine,
And Soules dejected raise againe.
All seeke from thee their livelyhood,
Thou in due season giv'st them food:
Thy liberall Hand, Men, Birds, and Beasts,
Even all that live, with plenty teasts.
The Lord is Just in all his Waies,
Who Mercie in his Workes displays,
Is present by his power with all,
Who on his Name sincerely call:

At the cxi

Part 2.

For

For he will their desires effect;
 Regard their cries; from Foes protect.
 Who love him, Safe he shall enjoy;
 The Lord the wicked will destroy;
 My Tongue his Goodness shall proclaim.
 Man kinde, for ever praise his Name.

PSALME CXLVI.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 29

O My Soule, praise thou the Lord;
 Whilst thou liv'st, his praise record.
 Whilst I am, eternall King,
 I will of thy praises sing.
 O, no hope in Princes place;
 Trust in none of humane race;
 Who can give no helpe at all,
 Nor prevent his proper fall.
 When his parting breath expires,
 He againe to Earth retires.
 By'n in that unceraine 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 onely Good and Just.
 He who Heavens blew Archdisputes;
 He who Earths Foundation laid;
 Spread the Land, embracing Maines;
 Made what ever all containe:
 True to what his Word profess;
 He revengeth the oppress;
 Hungry Soules with food sustaines;
 And unbinds the Prisoners chaines;
 To the blinde restores his sight;
 Reare, who fall by wicked might.

Righteousnesse

Righteousnesse his Soule affects;
 Friendlesse Strangers he protects;
 Widdowes and the Fatherlesse;
 Those confounds who these oppress.
 Zion God, thy God shall raigne;
 While the Poets their Orbs sustaine.

Hallelu-jah.

PSALME CXLVII.

As the exi

Jehovah praise with one consent.
 How comely I sweete! how excellent;
 To sing our great Creators praise;
 Whose hands late ruin'd Salem raise;
 Collecting scattered Israel,
 That they in their own Townes may dwell;
 He cures the sorrowes of our minds;
 Our wounds imbalmes, and softly binds.
 He numbers heavens bright-sparkling flames,
 And calls them by their severall 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 solenne Harps his Praises sing;
 Who Heaven with gloomy Vapours hides,
 And timely Raine for Earth provides.
 With grasse he cloths 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 matchlesse force;
 But those affects, who in his Path
 Their feet direct with constant Faith.
 O Solyma, Jehovah praise;
 To God thy Voice, O Zion raise;
 Who hath thy City fortified;
 Thy Streets with Citizens supply'd;

Part 2.

Firm

Firme peace in all thy borders let,
 And feed thee with the flowre of Wheat.
 He sends forth his Commands, which the
 More swift then Lightning through the Skies,
 The Snow-like wooll on Mountains spreads,
 And hoary Frosts like ashes sheds,
 While solid Floods their course refraine,
 What mortall can his cold sustaine?
 At his Command, by Wind and Sun
 Dissolv'd, th' unletter'd Rivers run.
 His Lawes to Jacob he hath shewne,
 His Judgements are to Israel knowne.
 Not so with other Nations deals,
 From whom his Statutes he conceales.

PSALME CXLVIII.

Halelu-jah.

As the 29

YOU, who dwell above the Skies,
 Free from humane miseries,
 You whom highest Heaven inbowres,
 Praise the Lord with all your powres.
 Angels your cleare Voices raise,
 Him your Heavenly Armies praise:
 Sunne, and Moone with borrow'd light,
 All you sparkling Eyes of Night,
 Waters hanging in the aire,
 Heaven of Heavens his Praise declare,
 His deserved Praise record,
 His, who made you by his Word,
 Made you evermore to last,
 Set you bounds not to be past.
 Let the Earth his Praise resound:
 Monstrous Whales, and Seas profound,
 Vapours, Lightning, Haile, and Snow,
 Stormes which when he bids them blow:

Flowry

Flowry Hills, and Mountaines high,
 Cedars, neighbours to the Skie,
 Trees that fruit in season yield,
 All the Cattel of the Field,
 Salvage beasts, all creeping things,
 All that cut the Aire with wings,
 You who awfull Scepters sway,
 You inured to obay,
 Princes, Judges of the Earth,
 All of high and humble birth,
 Youth, and Virgins flourishing
 in the beauty of your Spring:
 You who bow with ages weight,
 You who were but borne of late:
 Praise his Name with one consent:
 O how great! how excellent!
 Then the Earth profounder, larger,
 Higher then the highest Starre,
 He will his to honour raise.
 You his Saints resound his Praise,
 You who are of Jacobs Race,
 And united to his Grace.

Halelu-jah.

PSALME CXLIX.

As the 29

TO the God, whom we adore,
 Sing a Song unsung before:
 His immortall Praise rehearse,
 Where his Holy Saints converse.
 Israel, O thou his Choice,
 In thy Makers Praise, rejoyce:
 Zions Sonnes, rejoyce, and sing
 To the Honour of your King.
 In the Dance his Praise resound,
 Strike the Harpe, let Timbrels sound,
 God in Goodnesse infinite,
 In his People takes delight.

X 2

God

God with safety will adorne
 Those whom men afflict with scorne.
 Let his Saints in glory joy;
 Sing as in their Beds they lie:
 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;
 Feeting their captiv'd Lords:
 That they in divine pursuit,
 May his judgements execute;
 As 'tis writ, such Honour shall
 Unto all his Saints befall.

Halelu-jah.

PSALM CL.

Halelu-jah.

As the 29

Praise the Lord in thron'd on high;
 Praise him in his Sanctuary;
 Praise him for his mighty Deeds,
 Praise him who in Power exceeds,
 Praise with Trumpets, pierce the Skie;
 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.

Halelu-jah.

A PARAPHRASE



A
 PARAPHRASE
 UPON
 ECCLESIASTES.

THIS Sermon the much-knowing Preacher made;
 King Davids Sonne, who Judah's Scepter swaid.
 O restless vanitie of Vanities!

Chap. I.

All is but vanitie, the Preacher cries.
 What profit have wee by our Labors won,
 Of all beneath the circuit of the Sun?
 The Earth is fix'd, wee fleeting: as one Ago
 Departs, another enters on the Stage:
 The setting Sunne resigns his Throne to Night:
 Then hastens to restore the morning Light.
 The Winde flies to the South, shifts to the North:
 And wheels about to where it first brake forth.
 All Rivers run into the insatiate Main;
 From thence, to their old Fountains creepe againe.
 Incessantly all toyle: The searching Minde,
 The Eye, and Eare, no satisfaction finde.
 What is, hath beene; what hath beene shall ensue:
 And nothing underneath the Sun is new.
 Of what can it bee much said, Behold
 This never was? The same hath beene of old.

X 3

For

For former Ages wee remember not:
 And what is now, will be in time forgot.
 Lo I, the Preacher, King of Israel,
 Who in abilitie and power excell,
 In wisdomes search apply'd my Industrie;
 To know what ever was beneath the skie:
 (For God this toyle on Mans ambition layes,
 To travell in so intricate a Maze.)
 I all their workes have seene; all are but vaine,
 Conceiv'd with sorrow, and brought forth with paine.
 The crooked never can be rectifi'd;
 Nor the defective numbred, or supply'd.
 Thus in my heart I said; Thou art arriv'd
 At Honours height, more wisdom hast achiev'd
 Then all that liv'd in Solyma before,
 Thy Knowledge, Judgement and Experience more.
 As wisdom, so I folly did pursue;
 And madnesse try'de: these were vexations too.
 Much wisdom great anxieties infest;
 And griefe of Minde by Knowledge is increast.
 Chap. 2 I said in my owne Heart, Goe on, and prove
 What Mirth can doe; tast the delight of Love.
 In Pleasures change thy carelesse Heures impley:
 This also was a false and empty Joy
 Avaunt, said I, O Laughter thou art mad!
 Vaine Mirth, what can'st thou to contentment add?
 Then sought the cares of Study to decline
 With liberrall feasts, and flowing Bowles of Wine.
 With all my wisdom exercis'd, to try
 If she at length with folly could comply:
 And to discover that Beatitude,
 Which Mortals all their lives so much pursue.
 Great workes I finish'd, sumptuous Houses built:
 My Cedar roofes with Gold of Ophir gilt.
 Choice Vineyards planted, Paradises made,
 Stor'd with all sorts of fruits, with Trees of shade,
 And water'd with coole Rivolers that drill'd
 Along the Borders; these my Fish-poolles fill'd.
 For service and Delight I purchas'd
 Both Men and Maids; more in my House were bred.

My

My Flocks and Herds abundantly increas'd:
 So great, as never King before possist.
 Silver and Gold, the Treasure of the Seas,
 Of Kings, and Provinces, soment mine case:
 Sweet Voices, musick of all sorts, invite
 My curious Eares; and feast with their delight;
 In greater fluency no mortall reign'd;
 In height of all, my wisdom I retain'd.
 I had the Beauties which my Eyes admitt'd,
 Gave to my Heart what ever it desir'd:
 In my own workes rejoyc'd. The recompence
 Of all my Labours was deriv'd from thence.
 Then I survey'd all that my hands had done:
 My troublefome delights, Beneath the Sun
 What solid good can man's indeavour finde?
 All is but vanitie, and griefe of minde.
 At length I wisdom pond'ring in my thought,
 And madnesse weigh'd; for folly is distraught.
 What man can my untraced Steps pursue?
 Or doe that Act which to the King is new?
 Then found, how wisdom folly did excell,
 As much as brightest Heaven the Shades of Hell.
 The wisemens Eyes are towred in his head;
 The foole in Darkenesse walks, by Error led.
 Yet equall miseries on either waite,
 And both wee see obnoxious to one fate.
 Thus in my heart I said, The foole and I
 Suffer alike, and must together Dye.
 Why then vexe I my braines to grow more wise?
 Even this was not the least of Vanities.
 Both must be swallowed by Oblivion;
 What is, will not to after times be knowne:
 The wise and foolish to the Earth descend,
 And in the grave their various travels end.
 For this Lusted Life, which only feeds
 Increasing Sorrowes; fruitlesse are our deede
 And wearisome, man no content can find;
 For all is vanitie, and griefe of mind.
 I hated all the Glory I had wonne,
 My State, my Structures, all my hands had done.

X 4

Fore

Forc'eeing how that certaine houre would come,
 When I must leave them; Nor yet know to whom.
 Who can divine if prudent or a foole?
 Yet he must over all my Labours rule.
 Of all my wisdomes purchases posselt:
 This vanitie was equall with the rest.
 I therefore sought to make my heart despaire,
 To slight the frailty successe of all my Care.
 What by Integrity and honest toyle,
 A wife man gathers; must become his spoile
 Who only pleas'd his Sense: this is a great
 Vexation, and an undescein'd deceit.
 What hath a man for all his industry,
 And griefe of Soule, sustain'd beneath the Sky?
 All is but Sorrow from the Houre of Birth,
 Till hee with age return unto the Earth:
 His Travell, paine, night yields him no repose:
 This vanitie from our first Parents flows.
 To eat, to drinke, to enjoy what we possesse
 With freedome, is the greatest Happinesse
 That Mortals can attaine unto: A good
 Deriv'd from God, by men not understood.
 Who feasted more then I? who spent his store
 More liberally? or cheer'd his Genius more?
 God wisdom gives, gives Knowledge and Delight,
 To those whose hearts are perfect in his sight:
 To Sinners trouble, who their time injoy
 To gather what the Righteous shall enjoy,
 By their owne avarice in plenty pin'd:
 This is a vanitie and griefe of Mind.

chap. 3

Lo all things have their times by God decreed
 In Natures changes, all things which proceed
 From Mans Intentions under the vast Skie:
 A time when to be Borne, a time to Die:
 A time to plant, to extirpe; to Kill, to Cure:
 A time to batter down, a time to immure:
 A time of laughter, and a time to turne
 Our smiles to teares: a time to dance to mourne:
 To scatter Stones, to gather them againe;
 A time to embrace, embraces to refraine:

A

A time to get, to loole; to save, to spend:
 To teare asunder, and the torne to mend:
 A time to speake, from speaking to surcease:
 A time for Love, for hate; for warre, for Peace:
 What good can humane Industry obtaine,
 When all things are so changeable and vaine?
 For God on Man these various Labours throwes,
 To afflict him with varietie of woes.
 He in their times all beautifull hath made;
 The world into our narrow hearts convey'd:
 Yet cannot they the causes apprehend
 Of his great workes; the Original, Nor End.
 What other good can Man from these produce,
 But to take pleasure in their present use?
 To eat, to drinke, to enjoy what is our owne;
 Is such a gift as God bestowes alone:
 His purpose is Eternall: nor can wee
 Adde or Subtract from his Divine Decree:
 That Mortals might their bold attempts forbear;
 And curb their wild affections by his fear.
 What hath beene, is, what shall be, was before:
 And what is past, the Almighty will restore.
 Besides, the seats of Justice I survey'd:
 There saw how favour and corruption sway'd.
 Then said I in my heart; God surely shall
 Reward the just; th'unjust to Judgement call.
 All Purposes and Actions have their Times:
 A time for Vengeance to pursue our Crimes.
 As much as sense concerns, God manifests
 To Men how little they dissent from Beasts;
 One end to both befalls, to equall Death:
 Are lyable, and breathe the selfe same Breath.
 Then what preeminence hath Man above
 A Beast, since both so Transitory prove?
 Both travell to one home: are Earth, and must
 Returne to their Originary Dust.
 Who knows that Soules of men ascend the sky?
 That those of beasts with their frail Bodies die?
 What Mortall then can make so good a choice,
 As in his owne acquisitions to rejoyce?

This

Chap. 4.

This is his Portion : for of things to come,
None can informe him in the Graves dark wombe.
Then I observ'd the Bold oppressions done,
In Presence of the all-survaying Sun ;
Beheld the teares that fell from Sorrows Eyes,
No Comforter to assuage her miseries ;
With all th'oppressors powerfull Violence,
While weake Integrity found no defence.
For this, before the living I prefer'd
Those whom the quiet Caves of Death inter'd ;
Before them both, such as have yet not beene,
Nor these diversities of evils scene.
Again observ'd, how our best Actions bred
Ignoble Envie, by our Vertue fed ;
Nor friendship could so great a vice controule,
This was a Vanitie, and grieve of Soule.
The foole sits with his armes a-crosse, his houres
In sloth consumes, and his owne flesh devoures.
Better faith he, a handfull is obtain'd
With happy ease, then two by trouble gain'd.
While I this chace of Vanitie pursue,
A worse presents her folly to my view ;
Lo, one who hath no Second Child, nor Heire,
Weares out his life in restless toyle and care,
To gather Riches, nor can satiate,
With all his store, the Avarice of his Eye ;
Nor thinks, for whom doe I my Soule deceive ?
And injur'd Nature of her dues bereave ?
This is a sore disease, if truly knowne ?
And such a vanitie, as yields to none.
Two better are then one, of more regard :
Their Labour lesse, and greater their reward :
If either fall, one will the other raise ;
When he who walks alone, his Life betrays.
If two together lye both warmth beget ;
But he who lies alone receives no heat.
If one prevaile two may that one resist ;
Cords hardly breake, which of three lines consist.
More reall worth a poore wise child adorne,
Then an old Foolish King, who counsell scorne.

He

Chap. 5.

He from a Prison, to a Throne ascends ;
This, borne a Prince, his Life obscurely ends.
His Subjects after his successor runne,
As from the setting to the rising Sunne.
The vulgar are inconstant in their choice ;
Nor in the present Government rejoyce :
The following, as the first, to change inclin'd.
This is a vanitie, and grieve of mind.
Whether thou goest conceive, and to what end,
When thy bold feet the House of God ascend,
There rather heare his Life-directing Rules,
Then offer up the sacrifices of Fools :
For sinfull are their gifts, who neither know
What they to God should give, or what they owe.
The Ryot of thy tongue let feare restraine ;
Nor with rash Orisons his Eares profane.
God sits in Heaven, with Rayes of Beauty crown'd ;
Thou a poore Mortall creep'st upon the ground ;
Since nothing lies concealed from his view,
Nor escapes his knowledge, let thy words be few.
As Dreames proceed from multitude of Cares ;
So multitude of words a foole declares.
Performe thy vows to God without delay :
Fools please not him ; thy vows sincerely pay.
Since they are offerings of the gratefull will ;
Vow not at all, or else thy vows fulfill.
Let not thy tongue oblige thy flesh to sinne :
Nor say, I err'd ; by that pretext to winne
Thy Angels Pardon. Why shouldst thou incense
Thy God, and draw his wrath on thy offence ?
In multitudes of words and Dreames appeare
Like vanities : my Sonne, Jehova feare.
Nor let it quench thy Piety, when thou
Shalt see the poore beneath the mighty bow ;
All Lawes perverted, Justice cast aside,
As if the Universe had lost her guide :
That Power to whom all are subordinate,
Shall crush them with an unsuspected fate :
The Mother Earth, to all her bosome yields ;
Even Princes are beholding to the fields.

Who

Who silver Cover, and Excesse of Gaine,
 Shall ever want: this folly is as vaine.
 As Riches multiply even so doe they
 Who feede thereon, and on their Plenty prey.
 What profit to the owner can arise,
 But to behold them with his carefull Eyes?
 Sweet is the sleepe which honest toyle begets;
 Whether he liberally or little eates:
 When ever troublefome abundance keeps
 The wealthy waking and affrightes his sleepe.
 What Penury than Riches can be worse,
 If by the owner turn'd into a Curse?
 Or to confounding vice become a spoyle?
 Who Sonnes begets to misery and toyle.
 Naked he issu'd from his Mothers wombe;
 And naked must descend into his Tombe.
 Of all with Travell gone, and kept with feare,
 He nothing to the House of Death shall beare:
 But must returne as Emptie as he came;
 His Entrie, and his Exit, but the same.
 What bootes it then to Labour for the winde?
 This is a fore affliction to the Minde.
 He feeds his sorrow in continuall Night.
 Repleat with Anguish, Fury, and Despight;
 This truth have I found out in her pursuit:
 To feede our Bodies to enjoy the fruit
 Of our enticht endeavours, and to give
 Ourselves their comforts, whil't on Earth we live,
 Is good and Pleasurablenesse; this alone
 Is all wee have, that can be call'd our owne.
 For, to have Riches, and the Power with all
 To use them freely, is the Principall
 Of Earthly Benefits: for God on those
 He most affects, this Happinesse bestowes.
 That man retains no sence of former Ills:
 Whose Heart the Lord of Life with gladnesse fills.
 This, as a Common Misery, have I
 With sorrow scene beneath the ambient Sky:
 God Riches and Renowne to men imparts;
 Even all they wish: and yet their narrow hearts

Cannot

Chap. 6

Cannot so great a fluency receive;
 But their fruition to a Stranger leave.
 What taller vanitie, or worse disease,
 Could ever on the life of Mortals leaze?
 Though he a hundred Children should beget,
 Though many years should make his Age compleat,
 Yet is he to himselfe his owne deny,
 Then want a grave, and violently dye:
 Better were an abortive, borne in vaine,
 That in obscuritie departs againe,
 Enveloped with shrouds of endlesse Night;
 Who never saw the Sunne display his Light,
 Nor Good or Evill knew: he is more blest;
 And soone descends to his perpetuall Rest.
 Though th'other twenty Ages have surviv'd;
 His misery is but the longer liv'd.
 Yet both must to that fatall Mansion goe,
 Where they to none are knowne, nor any know.
 All that Man Labours for is but to Eate:
 Yet is his Soule not satisfi'd with Meate.
 What therefore hath the wise more then the foole?
 What wants the poore that can his Passions rule?
 Far better is a cleare and pleas'd aspect;
 Then meager looks, which vast desires detect;
 Such as can never satisfaction find:
 Yet this is vanitie, and griefe of Mind.
 For he what he will, he must be Man;
 A Name repleat with Misery; nor can
 But desperately with such a Power contend,
 On whom himselfe, and all the world depend.
 As Richer, so our cares and feares increase;
 O discontented Man, where is thy peace?
 Who knows what's good for thee in these thy Dayes
 Of Vanitie. A Shadow so decays.
 Or can informe thy Soule what will befall,
 When thou art lost, in greedy Funerall?
 An honest Name, acquir'd by vertuous deeds,
 The fragrant satell of Precious Oyles exceeds.
 Even so the Houre of Death, that of our Birth:
 Which Fame secures, and Earth restores to Earth.

Better

Chap. 7

Better to be at Funerals a Guest,
 Then entertained at a Nuptiall feast:
 For all must to the shades of Death descend,
 And those that live should think of their last End.
 Sorrow then Mirth more to perfection moves:
 For a sad Countenance the Soule improves.
 The wise will therefore joyne with such as mourne:
 But fooles into the Bowets of Laughter turn.
 A wise mans reprehensions, though severe,
 More then the songs of foole should please the eare.
 As thornes beneath a Caldron catch the fire,
 Blaze with a hoise, and suddenly expire;
 Such is the immoderate laughter of vaine fooles:
 This Vanitie in our distemper rules.
 Oppressions purchases the Judgement blind;
 Make wise men mad; a Guilt corrupts the mind.
 Beginnings in their Ends, their need obtaine:
 Humility more conquers then disdain.
 Nor be thou to distracting Anger prone:
 By her deformities a foole is knowne.
 Not murmuring say; Why are these dayes of our
 Worse then the former? doth the chiefe of Powers
 So differently the affaires of mortals sway?
 Such questions but thy Arrogance display.
 VViseome, with Ancient wealth, nor got by care,
 Great blessings heap on those who breath this Aire.
 Both are to mortals a protecting shade,
 VVhen bitter Storms, or scorching beames invade:
 But if divided, he who is possest
 Of Life-insufing VViseome, is more blest.
 Gods works consider; who can rectifie,
 Or make that streight which he hath made awry?
 In thy prosperitie let joy abound,
 Nor let adversitie thy patience wound:
 For these by him so intermixed are,
 That no man should presume, nor yet despaire.
 All perturbations, all things that have beene,
 I, in my dayes of vanitie, have scene,
 How their owne justice have the just destroy'd,
 And how the vicious have their vice enjoy'd.

Ec

Be therefore not too righteous, nor too wise:
 For why should'st thou thy fateie sacrifice?
 Be not too wicked, nor too foolish; why
 Should'st thou by violence untimely dye?
 Tis best for thee, that thou to neither leane,
 But warily observe the safer Meane.
 For they shall all their miseries transcend,
 Who God adore, and on his will depend.
 A wise man is by wisdom fortified:
 More strong then twenty which the City guide.
 For Justice is not to be found on Earth:
 None good, nor innocent, of humane Birth.
 Give not to all that's said an open eare,
 Least thou thy Servants execrations heare:
 For thy owne heart can tell, that thou hast done
 The like to others. Thy example shun.
 All this by wisdom try'd, I seem'd wise;
 But since from humane apprehensions flies,
 Can that which is so farre remov'd, and drown'd
 In such profundities, by Man be found?
 Yet in her search I exercis'd my Mind,
 Of things the Causes, and Effects to find:
 The wickednesse of Folly sought to know,
 Folly and Madnesse from one fountaine flow.
 More sharpe then Death I found her suble Art,
 Who nets spreads in her Eyes, snares in her Heart.
 Her Armes inextricable chaines: the prudent shall
 Escape; the soule by her enchantments fall.
 Of all the Preacher hath experience made,
 The reasons, one by one, distinctly weigh'd;
 Yet could I not attaine to what I most
 Desir'd to know: in my inquiry lost.
 One good among a thousand Men have knowne:
 Among the female, sex of all, not one.
 Though in perfection God did Man create,
 Yet we through vanitie degenerate.
 Is any equall to the truly wise?
 To him that can interpret Mysteries?
 For wisdom makes the face of Man to shine
 With awfull Majestic, and Light Divine.

Chap. 2
Observe

Observe the Kings Commands: Remember thou,
 Even in that-Dutie, thy Religious vow:
 Depart not discontented; nor Dispute
 With him, who can with punishments confute.
 For Power is throned in the Breath of Kings:
 And who dare say, they charge unlawfull things.
 He who obeyes, Destruction shall esteeme:
 A wise man knowes both when, and what, to doe.
 For all our Purposes on Time depend:
 And Judgement; to produce them to their end.
 They wander in the blinde shades of Night;
 Who want the guide of this directing Light:
 Surpriz'd by unexpected Miseries,
 Nor can Instruction make the foolish wise.
 What Guard of Fresh air keep our parting Breath?
 Or who resist the fatal Stroke of Death?
 None shall returne with conquest from that field:
 Nor Vice Protection to the virtuous yield.
 This Vulture I saw beneath the Sunne;
 The Mighty by abused Power undone:
 And though intomb'd with sumptuous funerall;
 In his own Chie faone forgot by all.
 Impiety delights in her misdeeds:
 In that Revenge so easily succedes.
 Although a Sinner sinne a hundred times,
 And were his yeares as num'rous as his Crimes:
 Yet God to those his mercy would extend;
 Whose humble Soules are fearefull to offend.
 But bold Transgressors with destruction meete:
 Their shortned dayes shall like a shadow fleet.
 Among the Sonnes of Men, this mischief reignes;
 Exalted Vice the meere of Vertue gaines:
 And those afflictions which to Vice are due,
 Suppressed Vertue furiously pursue.
 Then I compar'd Life-prolonging Mirth;
 To feed upon the Bounty of the Earth:
 And drinke the generous Grapes refreshing juyce;
 Is all the good our Labours can produce.
 This is the best of Life: by God alone
 Bestow'd on Man; and only is his owne.

When

When I aspir'd to know, how God the Affaires
 Of Men dispos'd: observ'd the restless Cares,
 The travels, and disturbed thoughts, which keepe
 The toyling Braine from the repose of sleepe:
 I then perceiv'd that humane Industry
 Could not the wayes, nor workes of God descry.
 Though Men endeavour, though the wise suppose
 They apprehend; yet none his wisdom knowes.
 But that have found; that both the just and wise,
 Their Industry, even all their faculties
 Are in his Rule, and by his Motion move:
 Not can determine of his Hate or Love.
 All under Heaven succeeds alike to all;
 To good and bad, the same events befall;
 To pure, impure; to those who sacrifice,
 To those who Pietie, and God despise;
 To ch'innocent, the guiltie; such who feare
 Flagitious Oathes, and those who trareless sweare:
 What greater mischief rules beneath the Sunne,
 Than this, that all unto one period runne?
 Men, while they live are mad, prophane ly spend
 Their flight of time, then to the dead descend,
 Yet those have hope, who with the living dwell:
 For living Dogs dead Lyons farre excell.
 The living know that they at length must dye:
 They nothing know who in Har-lis entrails lye.
 What better times can they expect who rot
 In silent graves, and are by All forgot?
 Abolish'd is their Envy, Love, and Hate:
 Bereft of all which they possist of late.
 Then take my Counsell, eat thy Bread with joy:
 Let wine the Sorrowes of thy heart destroy.
 Why should unfruitfull Cares our Soules molest?
 Please thou thy God, and in his favour rest.
 Be thy Apparell ever fresh and faire;
 Powre breathing Odors, on thy shining haire:
 Enjoy the pleasures of thy gentle Wife,
 Through all the Course of thy mort-doted Life.
 For this is all thy Industry hath wonne:
 Even all thou canst expect beneath the Sonne.

Since

Since Time hath wings, what thou intend'st to doe,
Doe quickly, and with all thy Power pursue;
No wisdom, know ledge, wit, or worke, will goe
Along with thee unto the Shades below.
I see the fruit of tosse winnes not the Race;
Nor wreathes of Victory the Valiant grace;
The wise, to feede his hunger wanteth Bread;
Riches are not by knowledge purchas'd,
Nor Popular suffrages Desert advance;
And tuld by opportunity and Chance.
Man knows not his owne fate. As Birds are tane
With Trammels, Fishes by th'intangling Saine:
Even so the Sonnes of men are un-awares
Prevented by Distractions secret Snares.
This also have I seene beneath the Sun,
So full of wonder, and by wisdom done:
A little Citie man'd but by a few,
To which a mightie King his Army drew,
Erected Bulwarks, and intrench't it round:
A poore wise man within the walles was found,
Whose wisdom rais'd the siege: But they ingrate,
Neglected him who had preserv'd their State.
Then wisdom before strength should bee prefer'd:
Yet is, if poore, despiz'd; her words unheard,
Men more should listen to her sober Rules,
Then to his Cryes, who governes among fooles.
Wisdoms th'habilliments of warre exceeds:
But Folly is destroy'd by her owne Deeds.
Lo as dead flies with their ill savour spoyle
Th'Apothecaries Aromatick oyle:
Even so a little folly dammifies
The dignitie and Honour of the wise.
A wise mans Heart to his right hand inclines;
A foole this lets, and such are his designs.
His owne disorder'd Paths his life defame;
His gestures and his lookes a foole proclaim:
Although thy Ruler frowne, yet doe not thou
Repent his anger with a cloudie Brow,
Nor with obedience or thy faith dispense,
For yielding passives a great offence.

chap 10.

This

This in a State no small disorder breeds,
Which from the error of the Prince proceeds:
When vicious tooles in Dignitie are plac'd,
The rich in worth trod under and disgrace'd.
Oft have I Servants seene on Horses side:
The Free and Noble Jacky by their side.
Who snares for others sets, therein shall light;
Who breaks a Hedge, him shall the Serpent bite.
The Stones shall bruise him who pulls downe a wall;
Who hewes a Tree, by his owne Axe shall fall.
If th'edge be blunt, in vaine his Strength he spends;
But Wisdom all directs to their just ends:
If Serpents bite before the charme be sung,
What then avails th'Inchanters babling tongue?
A wise-mans words are full of grace and power:
A fooler offending lips himselfe devoure.
His words begin in folly which extend
To Acts of mischief, and in madnesse end.
He gives his tongue the reins, as if he knew
More then man knows; th'events that must insue.
Who in the endlesse Maze of Error treads;
Not knows the way, which to his purpose leads.
Voe to that Land, that miserable Land,
Which gaspes beneath a Childes upstart Command:
Vwhose Nobles rise betimes to perpetrate
Their Luxuries, the ruine of the State.
Happy that Land whose King is Nobly Borne;
Vwhose Lords with temperance his Court adorne,
By Sloth supine neglects the building falls;
The hands of Idlenesse pull downe her walls.
Feasts are for Laughter made, Vvine cheeres our hearts;
But soveraigne Money all to all imparts.
Curse not thy Rulers, though with vices fraught,
Nor in thy Bed-chamber, nor in thy thought;
For Birds will beare thy whisperings on their wings,
To the wide eares of Death-inflicting Kings.
Scatter thy bread upon the hungry Mainie:
This thou, in tract of time, shalt finde againe.
Thy Almes dispenst to many, yet to more;
Famine or Vvarre perhaps may make thee poore.

chap 11.

Y 2

B 2

Be like the Clouds in battie, which on all
The thirftie Earth, in showers profusely fall.
Like pregnant Trees, that shed on every side
Their riper fruit; so none that stoops deny'd.
They shall not sow why for a caltise deserre;
Nor shall they reape whom gloomy Skies deterre,
Know't thou from whence the struggling Tempests come;
Or how our bones are tashion'd in the wombe?
Much lesse his greatnesse can't comprize, who made
The Globe of Earth, and radiant Heaven display'd.
The seede of Charitie at Sunne-rise sow;
And when he fer, into the furrowes throw;
Know't thou if this, or that increase shall yeeld?
Or both with greatfull Eares invest thy Field?
How sweet is Light! how pleasant to behold,
The mounted Sunne descend in beames of Gold!
Yet, though a Man live long, long in delight;
Let him remember that approaching Night
Which shall in endless darknesse close his Eyes:
Then will he all, as vanitie despise.
Young man, rejoyce, thy hearts desires fulfill,
No other Lord acknowledge but thy will;
Thy Senses freely feast; yet shalt thou come
To Gods Tribunal and receive thy Doome;
Decline his wrath, and Sin-inflicting paine;
For both the bud and flower of Youth are vaine.
Thinke of thy Maker in thy better dayes,
Before the vigour of thy age decays;
Before that sad and tedious time draw nigh,
When thou shalt loath thy life, and wish to die.
Before th'informing Sun, the cheerefull Light,
The various Moone, and Ornaments of Night,
In vaine for thee their shining Tapers beare;
Or fretting drops of Raine deepe furrowes weare.
When they shall tremble who the House defend;
And the strong Columnes, which support it, bend;
The Grinders faile reduced to a few.
The Watch no Objects through their Casements view;
Those Doores shut up that open to the street,
And when th'unarm'd Guardens softly meet;

The

Chap. 12.

The Bird of dawning raise thee with his voyce;
Nor thou in women, or their Songs rejoyce.
When thou shalt feare the roughnesse of the way,
When every Pebble shall thy passage stay;
When th'Almond tree his boughs invests with white;
The Locust stoopes: then dead to all delight.
Man must at length to his long home descend;
Behold, the Mourners at his gates attend.
Advise, before the Silver Cord grows slacke,
Before the golden Boule asunder crack:
Before the Pitcher at the fountaine leake,
Or wasted Wheele besides the Cisterne breake.
Man, made of Earth, resolves into the same;
His Soule ascends to God, from whom it came.
O restless Vanitie of Vanities!
All is but Vanitie, the Preacher Cries.
He who was wise, the People knowledge taught;
His Lines with well-digested Proverbs taught.
He found out matter to delight the mind;
And every word he writ, by Truth was sign'd.
Wise Sentences are Goads; Nales closely driven
By grave instructors; by one Pastor given.
And now my Sonne, be thou admonish'd
By what thou hast already heard, and read.
There is of making many Bookes an End;
And Audious Night th'intentive Spirits spend.
Of all the Sum; feare God, his Lawes obey;
Mans Dutie; to Felicitie the way.
For he shall every worke, each secret thing,
Both good and bad, to publike Judgement bring.

Y 3

A PA



A
PARAPHRASE
UPON THE
LAMENTATIONS
OF
JEREMIAH.

HOW like a Widow, ah! how desolate
This City sits! thrown from the pride of State!
How is this Potent Queene, who lawes to all
The neighbouring Nations gave, become a Thrall!
Who Nightly teares from her pale fountains sheds;
Which tell upon her Cheekes in liquid Beads.
Of all her lovers none regards her woes;
And her perfidious Friends increase her Foes,
Judah in exile wanders: Ah! subdu'd
By vast afflictions, and his servitude.
Among the barbarous Heathen finds no rest,
At home; abroad on every side oppress.
Ah! see how Sion mourns! Her Gates and wayes,
Lye unfrequented on her Solemn Dayes.
Her Virgins weepe, her Priests lament her fall;
And all her sustenance converts to gall.
A wretched vassall to her salvage Foes;
Her numerous Sinnes the Authors of these Woes.
Behold how they, who by her losses thrive,
Into captivity her Children drive!

Chap: 1

O Sions Daughter, all thy Beauty's lost !
 Thy chafed Princes are like Harts inbest,
 Which find no water, and intebled lye
 Before the Eager Hunters dreadfull Crie.
 Jerusalem in these her Miseries
 And Dayes of Mourning sets before her Eyes
 Those vanish't Pleasures which she once enjoy'd,
 Her People now by hostile swords destrey'd :
 Whil'st none afford Compassion to her woes ;
 Her Sabbaths scorn'd by her insulting foes.
 Jerusalem hath sinn'd ; is now remu'd
 For her unpeccanellie : those who lately lov'd,
 As much despise her nakednesse deserv'd
 Who sighes for shame, and turnes her face aside
 Pollution stains her skirts ; yet her last end
 Remembred not : for this without a friend
 Suspendiously shee fell, Great God behold
 My Sorrowes, since the Foe is grown so bold !
 Hath ravish't all wherein shee tooke delight ;
 His Insolence contending with his Might.
 Ah ! thee hath seene th'uncircumcis'd profane
 Thy Temple, whose approach thy Laws restrain
 Her People, sighing seeke for bread, who give
 Their wealth for food, that their faint soules may live.
 Consider Lord ; O looke on the towne
 Who am to all the World a generall Scorne !
 You Passengers, though this concerne not you,
 Here fix your steps and my strange sufferings view
 Was ever Sorrow like my Sorrow knowne !
 Which God hath on me in his fury throwne !
 He from the breaking clouds his flames hath cast,
 Which in my bones the boyling Marrow wast
 Hath set snares for my feet, thrown to the ground,
 Left desolate, and fainting with my wound.
 Who of my Sins hath made a yoke to check
 My Insolence, and cast it on my Neck.
 My Strength hath broken, to my Enemies
 Subdu'd my Powers ; now, ah ! too weake to rise.
 He, in the mid'st of me, hath trodden downe
 My mighty Men, and those of most Renowne :

His

His troops on my strong youth like Torrents rush'd ;
 As in a wine-press, Judah's Daughter crush'd.
 For this I weep ; my eye, my galled Eye,
 Dissolves in Sreames : for he who should apply
 Balm to my wounds, farre, O farre off is fled !
 My children desolate ; their For ; their head.
 Her Hands sad Sion rais'd, no comfort found ;
 Jehova charg'd her foes to gyrd her round.
 Jerusalem, O thou of late belov'd,
 Now like a Menstruous Woman art remov'd,
 The Lord is just : tis I that have rebell'd ;
 And by my wild revole his Grace expell'd.
 Heare, and behold my woes ; my Orphans torne
 From my forc'd Armes, and into exile borne
 I to my boasting Lovers call'd for ayd :
 But they their vov'es infring'd, my trust betray'd.
 My Priests and Princes, while they seeke for bread
 To feed their hungry Soules, augment the Dead.
 Lord looke on me ! my heart rules in my Breast.
 My Bowels toyle, like Seas with Stormes oppress'd.
 I have provok't thy Vengeance with my Sinne,
 Without the Sword destroyes, and Death within.
 My sighes no pity move ; my cruell Foes
 Enjoy thy Wrath, and glory in my Woes.
 Yet that prestiged Time will come when they
 Shall equal sorrowes to thy Justice pay.
 O set their impious deeds before thine eyes ;
 And presse them with my waightry Miseries ;
 (The Birth of Sinne) which breake into complaint ;
 My greanes are numberlesse, my Spirits faint.
 How hath Jehova's wrath, O Sion, spread
 A vail of Clouds about thy Daughters head !
 From Heaven to Earth thy beauty, Israel, throwne !
 Nor in his fierce displeasure spar'd his owne !
 How hath he swallow'd Judah's Mansions ! ra'st
 His Holds ! and to the ground his Bulwarks cast !
 The Land in his relentless rage profus'd,
 And with the Blood of her owne Princes stain'd !
 He, in his Indignation, hath the Horne
 Of Israel from his bleeding forehead torne.

Before

Chap. 2

Before the Foe, O for'to flye with Shame!
 His wrath to Jacob a devouring flame.
 Foe-like hath bent his Bow; his Hostile hand
 Advanc'd, and slaine the Beauty of the Land:
 All that the eye attracted with Desire,
 And pow'd his anger forth like floods of Fire.
 Against thee, Solyma, Converts his Powers;
 Sad Israel, and his Pallaces, devours.
 His strong built Fortresses to ruines tunes:
 Whil'st Judah's Daughter for her Children mournes
 His Tabernacle He with Violence
 Hath now demolish'd, like a Garden Fence.
 None Sions feasts and Sabbaths celebrate;
 Both King and Priest obnoxious to his hate.
 Deseys his Sanctuary, and forsakes
 His flamelesse Altar: while the Enemy takes
 His Palaces and Walles, fill'd with their Cryes:
 As late by us in our Solitudes,
 The ruine of Jerusalem design'd:
 And levels the Foundation with his Lines,
 Nor his fierce hand withdraws the tottering walls
 And Ropping Turrets, languish in their falls.
 Her Gates flake to the Earth, with shere'd bars
 Her King and Princes Slaves, or slaine in wars:
 All Lawes surcease, Jehova to her Seers
 No more by Visions or by Dreames appears.
 Her Elders sit on earth, with Wene Woe;
 And Dust upon their Silver, Treasures throw:
 In sack-cloth mourn, Her Virgins hang their heads,
 Like drooping Flowers that bow to their cold Beds,
 My Bowels toyl, mine eyes with tears are drown'd,
 My bleeding Liver pow'd upon the Ground;
 To see my tender Babes, unpitied, lye
 On stony Pavements, and through famine dye.
 While others to their weeping Mothers say;
 O give us Food, our hunger to allay!
 Then, fainting by the blowlesse wound of Death,
 In their infolding Armes sigh out their Breath.
 How shall my tongue expresse, O how compare
 Thy matchlesse Sorrows, to atwage thy Care.

Distressed

Distressed Sions Daughter! for thy brooch
 Is like the Seat, whose rage no bounds impeach.
 Vaine isles, and foolish, have thy Propheis told,
 Nor would they thy exiling Sins unfold;
 False Burthens, and false Prophecies, invent;
 The fatal Authors of thy Vanishment.
 The Passengers, they wry their heads aside;
 Hiss at thee, clap their hands, and thus deride:
 Is this their only Joy? which they of all
 The world the Beauty and Perfection call.
 Thy Feet make murther, scosse, grind their teeth, and
 Now have we swallow'd our desired prey; (say,
 This is thir Day we did so long expect,
 Wherein our hopes have had their with' effect,
 God hath accomplished his old Decree,
 We thy oft-menaced Destruction see;
 Hath ruin'd without pitié, made a Scorne
 To thy Triumphant Foe, and rais'd his Horne;
 To him their hearts now cry; O Sions Towers!
 All Day, all night, let teares descend in Showers.
 O never give thy labouring Thoughts repose!
 Nor let the humid Night thy eye-lids close:
 Arise, and cry, cry from the Nightes first houre;
 Thy Heart before thy God, like water, powre.
 O raise thy Hands to Heaven, least Famines force
 Thy Childrens soules from their pale corps divorce.
 Lord, see thy Masacre's! shall curled wombes
 Become their new-borne childrens fatal Tombe!
 Thy Priests and Prophets by the sword are slaine;
 And with their Blood thy Sanctuary staine.
 Lo! in the Streets old Men and Infants lye;
 My Virgins and bold Youth by slaughter dye;
 Thou with their Blood thy Vengeance did imbrow;
 Thy burning Fury without pitty flew.
 As in a solemn Day, thy Terrors have
 Invir'd us: thy Anger cloyes the Grave,
 Those whom I swaled, in my Bosome bred;
 The Barbarous Foe hath sent unto the Dead.
 Lo! I, the man, who by the wrath of God
 Have seen afflictions Rormes, and felt his Rod!

chap. 3.

Hee

He hath depriv'd me of the cheerefull Light,
 Inveloped with shades more darke then Night;
 Against me his revengefull Forces bent;
 Nor sets his Anger with the Suns descent.
 My flesh hath wasted, wrinkled my smooth skin
 With Sorrowes age, and broke my Bones within.
 Against me digg'd a trench, cast up a mound,
 With travels bitter gall besieg'd me round.
 Imprison'd where no beames their brightness shed;
 Like that darke Region peopled by the Dead.
 On every side my Flight with Barres restraines;
 And clogs my galled Legs with massie Chaines.
 Who stops his eares against my Cries and Prayers;
 With Stone immures, and spreads my Path with snares.
 He like a Beare, or Lion, lyes in waite;
 Divers, in pieces teares, leaves Desolate.
 At me, as at a mark, his Bow he drew,
 Whose Arrowes in my blood their wings imbrew.
 He lets the People circle me in Throng,
 Who all the Day deride, in spitefull Songs. (sed;
 With wormewood made me drunke, with gall hath
 My teeth with gravell broke, with Aches spread.
 My Soule to Peace is such a Stranger growne,
 As if I never better Dayes had knowne.
 When I my wrongs to memory recall,
 My Miseries, my Wormewood and my Gall,
 My Passions thus exclaim: Ah! Perished
 Are all my hopes I from me my strength is fled!
 These thoughts my Soul have humbl'd erod to Earth
 My Pride, and given my Hoopes a second birth.
 'Twas thy abundant goodnesse Lord, that all
 Did not together in one Ruine fall.
 Thy Mercies with the rising Light renew;
 And thy Fidelitie as large as true.
 My Soule is arm'd with steadfast Confidence;
 Since thou my Portion art and strong Defence.
 To those how gracious, who on thee relye!
 Who seeke thee with unfainting Industry!
 'Tis good to hope, and rest upon thy Truth,
 'Tis good to heare thy yeake in early youth.

Alone

Alone he silent sits, nor will distrust
 Thy Promise, when he hides his head in Dust.
 His cheek submits to blowes, by all revild,
 Yet knows at length thou wilt be reconcild.
 When God with griefe hath fixt thee to the ground,
 His Mercy will powre balme into thy wound.
 For he delights not in our Misery,
 On those to trample who in fetters lye.
 Hates that the weak should be oppress'd by might,
 Or Justice suffer in the Judges sight.
 O tell, what can befall beneath the Sun,
 That is not by the Lords appointment done?
 Both good and bad from him proceeds, why then
 Grudge you at punishment vaine, sinfull Men?
 Turne we to God by tryall of our wayes,
 To Heaven our hearts, our hands and voyces, raise.
 We have transgres'd, rebell'd, no pardon gaine;
 The Food of Wrath, by thee pursu'd andaine.
 Thou hast with cloud's thy selfe inclos'd of late,
 Through which no Prayers of ours can penetrate.
 With Men the refuse and off-scouring made,
 Whom all our Foes with open mouthes upbraid.
 Fill'd with vastation, ruines, snares, and feares?
 While for my Childrens losse I melt in Teares.
 Nor shall those brinie Rivers cease to flow,
 Till God looke Downe with piie on our woe.
 Mine eye ah! wounds my heart, when I behold
 My Cities Daughters to Afflictions sold,
 Those who thy Beauty, Solyma, detace,
 My Soule like a retrieved Partridge chace,
 Cut from the living in a Dungeon throwne,
 And over-whelmed with a Pile of Stone.
 Stormes o're my head: their rowling billowes tost;
 Then Cry'd I, ah! I am for ever lost!
 Then from the Dungeon, Lord, my cries didst heare;
 O never from my sight's divers shine Eare!
 Thou stood'st besides me in that horrid Day;
 And said'st, take courage, nor thy seate obey.
 My cause, thou Lord, hast pleaded in this strife;
 And from their greedy jaws redeem'd my Life.

Thou

Thou that hast seen my wrongs, restore my right:
Thou hast their vengeance seen and cursed sight;
The malice held which their false tongues disclose;
The thoughts and machinations of my Foes.
When they sit downe, and when they rise, I still
Become their Musick, and their Laughter fill.
Rewards according to their works I durst;
Their Hearts with Sorrow wound, blast with thy Curse,
Pursue; destroy; not, Lord thy wrath restrain;
Till none beneath the arch of Heaven remaine.

Chap. 4

How is our Gold growne dimme! of all the most
Refin'd and pure, hath now his Lustre lost.
That Marble which the Temple beautif'd,
Torne downe by impious rage and cast aside.
The wretched Sons of Sion, ah! behold!
Of late so precious, more esteem'd then Gold;
How slighted! to how low a value brought!
Like Earthen vessels by the Potter wrought.
The Monsters of the Sea, and Salvage Beasts,
Their young ones gently foster at their Breasts:
My Daughters, ah! more cruel are then these;
Or then the desert-haunting Estridges.
Their Children cry for Bread, but none receive;
Whose thirsty tongues to their hot pillars cleave.
Who fed Deliciously, now sit for home;
And those who scarlet wore, on dung hills mourne.
The Punishments, as did their sinnes, excell
That which from Heaven, on wicked Sodom fell,
Devour'd with sodaine flames: No Creature found
To whom his wrath could adde another wound.
Her Nazareth, late pure as falling Snow,
More white then Streams which from stretch'd udders flow;
Not Rubies of the rocke such red in'spear'd;
Nor polish'd Sapphires like their Veines appear'd;
Their faces now more blacke then Cinders growne,
To such as meete them in the Streets unknowne.
Whose wubber'd Skins, more dry then saplesse wood,
Cleave to their stickle-bones, for want of Food.
O wretched they, whose parting Breath (death)
Breaks through their wounds; then those who starve to

For

For they in lingering torments pine away;
And hide not Death so cruell as Delay.
Soft-hearted mothers live by horrid spoile;
And their beloved Babes in Caldrons boyle.
On these with weeping Eyes, and hearts that bleed,
The famish'd Daughters of my People feed.
The Lord his vengeance now accomplish'd hath,
And powred forth the Viols of his wrath;
Forfaken Sion sets on fire, whose Towres
And Palaces the hungry flame devours.
You Kings that sway the many-peopled Earth;
All who from groaning Mothers take your birth;
O would you have believ'd that thus the Foe
Should have triumph'd in her sad overthrow!
Her Priests and Prophets sink, who should have taught
By their example, how her ruine wrought;
With humane flesh her flaming Altars fed,
And blood of Innocents profusely shed.
Who blindly wander so desil'd with gore,
That none would touch the Garments which they wore.
Depart they cry'd, Depart, and touch us not;
Depart O you whom soule pollutions spot.
Thus chid, they stray'd, and to the Gentiles fled;
Yet said, ere long we shall from hence be led.
For this, the Lord hath scatter'd in his Ire,
Now ever shall they to their homes retire;
Their unregarded Priests slain by the Foe,
Who would no pierce to the aged shewe.
Yet vainly we in these our miseries,
With expectation have consum'd our eyes,
And fostered flattering hopes; built on their word,
Who can no ayd to our Extreames afford.
Like cruel Hunters they our steps pursue;
While wee in Corners lurke from publique view.
That Fatal Day draws neere, wherein we must
Descend to Death, and mingle with the Dust.
Not Eagles fearefull Doves so swiftly chase;
As they with winged feet our foot-steps trace;
Pursue o're mountaines, watch at every Streight;
And to intap us in the Desert wait.

The

The Lords Anointed, even our nostrils Breath,
They have enshar'd, and rendred up to Death.
Of whom we said, Among the Heavens wee,
Beneath his wings, shall live in exile free.
Daughter of Edom, thou that dweltst in Hus,
Exalt thy Joy; This Cup to thee from us
Shall swiftly passe; thy braines inebriate so,
As thou thy nakednesse shalt boldly show.
Yet when thy Sins deserved Punishment,
O wretched Sions Daughter, shall be spent;
Jehova will thy Banishment repeale,
Foment thy wounds, and all thy bruises heale.
Then he on Edoms Issue shall impose
Our yoke; and her deformitie disclose.

chap. 5

Remember Lord the Afflictions we have borne;
See how we are to all the world a Scorne!
Our Lands and Houses forreiners possesse,
Our Mothers, Widdowes; and we Fatherlesse.
To us our wofull greedy Stranger sels;
And dearly purchas't water from our wals.
Our necks with heavy burthens are oppress'd;
All Day we toyle, at Night depriv'd of Rest.
Wee, in the Egyptian and Assyrian Lands,
Are forc't to beg our bread with stretcht-out hands.
Our Fathers, who transgress'd, in Death remaine;
And we the pressure of their sinns sustaine.
Who were our vassals, now our Sovereignes are;
And none survive to comfort our despairs.
With perill of our lives we seeke our food.
The sword in pathlesse Deserts thirsts for blood;
While Stormes of Famine murther within,
And like a surance tan the saplesleskin.
In Judah's Cities Virgins they despoile,
In Sion, ravishd wives their wrongs deploire.
They crucifid our Princes in their rage,
Nor honour the aspect of reverend Age.
Our Youth enforce'd to grind, with lathes gall,
And Boyes beneath their treuell burthens fall.
No Judge on high Tribunalls now appeares,
No Musick drawes our Soules into our Eares.

Joy, from our broken hearts exiled, flies:
Our mirth is chang'd to mourning Elegies.
The crowne from our eclipsed browes is torne;
By all, except thy punishments, forlorne.
Woe to our Sins! for these we waste our yeares
In Servitude. Wee drowne our Eyes with teares
For thee deserted Sion; Foxes dwell
Among thy ruines! who our woes can tell!
Yet Lord, thou ever liv'st: Thy Throne shall last;
VVhen funerall Flames the VVorld to Cinders waste!
O why hast thou so long forgot thine owne!
VVilt thou forsake us as if never knowne!
O call us back, that we thy face may view;
Those happy Dayes wee once enjoy'd renew,
But thou hast cast us off to tread the path
Of Exile: made the Object of thy wrath.

Z

A PA



A
PARAPHRASE
UPON THE
SONGS COLLECTED
OUT OF THE OLD
AND
NEW-TESTAMENTS:

Exodus 15.

THE Praise of our triumphant King,
And of his Victory we sing;
Who in the Seas with horrid force
O'erthrow the Rider and his Horse.
My Strength, my God, my Argumēt,
My Fathers God, hath safety sent.
To him will I a Mansion raise,
There celebrate his glorious Praise.
His Sword hath won eternal fame;
And great Jehovah is his Name.
Lo Pharaoh's Chariots, his proud Host,
Are in the swallowing Billows lost.
God, in the fathomless Profound,
Hath all his choice Commanders drown'd.
Downe sunk they, like a falling stone,
By raging Whirl-pits overthrowne.
Thy pow'rfull Hand these Wonders wrought,
Our Foes by Thee to ruine brought.

Z 2

At the 1

Thou

Part 2.

Thou all that durst against thee fight
Hast crush'd by thy prevailing Might.
Thy Wrath thy Foes to Cinders turns,
As Fire the Sun-dry'd Stubble burns.
Blowne by thy Nostrils breath, the Flood
In heaps, like solid Mountains, stood.
The Seas divided Heavt congeal'd;
Her sandy Bottom first reveal'd;
Pursue, o'reake, th' Egyptian cry'd;
Let us their wealthy Spoile divide;
Our sword th' Egyptian's dethly,
And with their Slaughter feast our Joy.
Thou blow'st, those Hills their B'low's spread;
In mighty Seas they sunke like Lead.
What God is like our God? So high
So excellent in Sanctitie?
Whose glorious Praise such terror breeds!
So wonderfull in all thy Deeds!
Thy Hand out-stretch't; the closing Womb
Of Waves, gave all his Host one Tomb.
But us, who have thy Mercy try'd
In our Redemption, thou wilt guide:
Guide by thy Power, till we possess
The Mansion of thy Holinesse.
Our Foes shall this with terror heare;
Sad Palatine grow pale with feare:
Those who the Edomites comm'nd,
And Moabs Chiefs shall trembling stand.
The Hearts of Canaan melt away,
Like Snow before the Sun's bright Ray.
Horror shall seize on all, nor one
But stand like Statues cut in Stone.
Untill thy People passe; even those;
Whom thou hast ransom'd from their Foes.
Thou shalt conduct, and plaine them, where
Thy fruitfull Hills their Shoulders reare:
By thy Election dignifi'd;
Where thou for ever shalt abide.
Thy Reigne, eternall King, shall last,
When Heaven and Earth in vapours waste.

Part 3.

While

While Pharaohs Chariots and his Horfe
Twixt walls of Seas their way inforce;
Thy Hand reduc'd th'obedient Waves,
Which clos'd them in their rowling Graves;
But Israel through the bottonic land
Securely pass, as on dry Land.

DEUTERONOMY XXXII.

End, O you Heavens, unto my voyce an care; As the
And thou, O Earth, what shall I utter heare.
My words shall fall like Dew, like Aprill showers
On tender Herbs, and new-disclosed Flowers,
While I the Goodnesse of our God proclaim:
O celebrate his great and glorious Name!
Our Rocks, whose Works are perfect. Justice leads,
And equall Judgement walks the way he treads.
In him unfaill'd Sincerity excels;
The God of Truth in whom no falshood dwells.
But you are all corrupt, perverse; nor heare
Those Marks about you, which his Children weare.
O fooles! depriv'd of intellectuall Light!
Doe you your great Preserver thus requite?
Your Father? he who made you? did select
From all the World, and with his Beauty deck'd?
Remember, aske the Ancient: They will tell
What in old times, and Ages past, befell;
When the most High did distribute the Earth,
With lib'rall hand to all of humane birth:
When yet you were not, He, according to
Your numerous Race, design'd a Seat for you.
His People are his Portion: Jacob is
Th' Inheritance alone reserv'd for his.
He, when he wandred through a Desert-land,
And in a horrid Wildernesse of sand,
Conducted, taught him his high Mysteries,
And kept him as the Apples of his Eyes.
As the old Eagle on her Ayery spreads
Her sostring Plumes, renews their downy beds.

Part 2.

z 3

Feeds

Feeds, trains them for the flight, subdues their feares,
 And on her soaring wings her Eagles beares;
 So he sustein'd, So led him, He alone;
 No stranger Gods to Israel then were knowne.
 Whom like a Horse the towering Mountaines bore;
 That those rich fields might feast him with their store.
 With Honey the hard Rocks supply'd his want,
 And pure Oyle distill'd from cliftes of Adamant;
 Him with the Milke of Ewes, with butter fed;
 With fat of Lambs, and Rams in Bashan bred;
 With flesh of Goats, with Wheats pure Kernels fill'd;
 And dranke the Blood, which from the Grape distill'd.
Part 3. But Iesurun grew fat, kickt like a Horse,
 Full of high feeding, and untamed force;
 Forsooke his God, who made, sustein'd, adorn'd,
 And that strong Rocke of his Salvation scorn'd;
 With barbarous Gods, and execrable Rites,
 His Jealousie and Wrath at once excites.
 To Devils they profanely sacrific'd,
 Gods made with hands, before their Maker priz'd;
 Gods brought from forraigne Nations, strange and new;
 Gods, which their Ancestors nor fear'd, nor knew.
 Their Father, their firme Rocke, remembred not,
 And Him, who had created them, forgot.
 This having seene with burning eyes, the Lord
 His Daughters, and degenerate Sons, abhor'd;
 Said, from these Rebels I will hide my face,
 And see the end of this unfaithfull Race.
 Since they with Gods, that are but Gods in Name,
 My Soule with so great Jealousie inflame,
 And through their vanities my wrath incense;
 I, by the like will punish their offence.
 Their glory to an unknowne Nation grant,
 And in their roome a foolish People plant.
Part 4. A fire is kindled in my wrath, which shall
 Even in the depth of Hell devour them all;
 Polluted Earth, with her productions burne,
 And every Mountaine into ashes turne,
 One misery another shall invite,
 And all my arrowes in their bosomes light;

Famine

Famine shall eate them, hot Diseases burne,
 And all by violent deaths to Earth returne.
 The teeth of salvage Beasts their blood shall spill;
 And Serpents with their satall poyson kill.
 The Sword without, and home-bred Terrors shall
 Devoure their lives. Their Youth untimely fall;
 Betrothed Virgins such as stoope with Age,
 And sucking Babes, shall sinke beneath my Rage.
 Scatter I would like Chaffe by Tempests blowne,
 Nor should their memory to man be knowne;
 If not withheld by their insulting Foe,
 Lest he should triumph in their overthrow;
 And boasting say; This our owne hands have done;
 Our Swords, the Gods which have their battaile won.
Part 5. A Nation which hath no Intelligence;
 Incapable of Councell, void of sense.
 O that my words could to their hearts descend;
 To make them wise, and thinke of their last End!
 How would One man a thousand put to flight,
 And Two, a Myriad overthrow in Fight!
 But that their Strength hath sold them to their Foes,
 And left them naked to their deadly blowes.
 For, though our Enemies should judge, their Powers
 Are faint to His, their Rocke no Rocke to ours;
 Their Vine of Sodom, of Gomorahs fields,
 Which Grapes of Gall, and bitter clusters yields.
 Poison of Dragons is their deadly Wine,
 To which cold Aspes their drowne venome joine.
 Is not all this unto my Sight reveal'd?
 Laid up in store? and with my Signet seal'd?
 To me belongs Revenge and Recompence;
 Which I will in the time decreed dispense.
 The Day is neere which their destruction brings;
 And punishment now flies with speedy wings.
Part 6. God will his People judge, at length relent,
 And of his Servants miseries repent;
 Then when they are of all their power bereft,
 No strength, no hope of humane succour left.
 And say, Where are the Gods of your defence,
 Those Rocks of your presuming confidence,

Z 4

Whose

Whose flaming Altars you to often fed
With fat of Bieues, and Wine profusely shed?
Now let them from their crowned Banquets rise,
And shield you from your furious enemies.
Behold! I am your God; I, onely I,
Assisted by no forraigne Deity.
I kill, revive, I wound and heale; no hand
Or power of mortals can my strength withstand.
I, to the Heavens I made, my armes extend;
Pronounce, I ever was, and have no end.
What I my glittering Sword; if I advance
My hand in Judgement; woes past utterance,
And vengeance, equall to their merits, shall
Upon my Foe, and those who hate me, fall.
The hungry Sword shall eat their flesh like food,
My thirstie Arrowes shall be drinke with blood;
For Captives slaine, and for the blood they spilt,
I will with horror recompence their guilt.
You wiser Nations, with his people joy,
For he will all their Enemies destroy:
His Servant vindicate from their proud Foe,
And to their Land, and them, his mercy show.

JUDGES V.

As the 8

YOUR great Preserver celebrate;
He who reveng'd our wrongs of late,
When you, his sonnes, in Israels Aid
Of life so brave a tender made.
You Princes, with attention heare,
And you who awfull Scepters beare;
While I in sacred Numbers sing
The Praise of our eternall King.
When he through Seir his Army led,
In Edoms fields his Ensignes spread;
Earth shooke, the Heavens in drops descend,
And Clouds in teares their substance spend.
Before his Face the Mountaines melt:
Old Sinai unknowne servot felt,

When

When Israel Sangars Rule obey'd,
And Iael, that Virago, sway'd,
She bold of heart, He great in Warre;
Yet to the fearfull Travailer
All wayes were then unsafe: who crept
Through Woods, or past when others slept,
The Land uncultivated lay;
When I arose, I Deborah,
A Mother to my Countrey grew,
At once their Foe, and feares subdue.
When to themselves new Gods they chose,
Then were their VVals besieg'd by Foes.
Did one of forty thousand wear
A Coat of steel? or shooke a Spere?
You, who with such alacrity
Led to the Battaille; O how I
Assett your Valour! with me raise
Your voyces, Sing Jehovahs Praise.
Sing you who on white Atles ride,
And Justice equally divide:
You who those wayes so fear'd of late,
VWhere now no thieves assassinate:
You lately from your Fountaines barr'd,
VWhere you their clattering Quivers heard;
There with united joy record
The righteous Judgements of the Lord.
You who your Cities repossesse.
VWho reape in peace, his Praise professe.
Arise, O Deborah, arise;
In heavenly Hymnes expresse thy Joyes.
Arise, O Barak, Thou the Fame
And Off-spring of Abinoam;
Of Israel the renowned Head,
Captivie now captive had.
Nor shall the Noble memory
Of our Brong Aids in silence die:
The Quiver-bearing Ephraimite
Marche from his Mountaine to the Fight:
Those who on Antalek confide,
The small Remains of Benjamin:

Part 1.

Part 3.

From

From Machir, Princes; not a few
 Wife Zebulun with Letters drew;
 The valiant Chiefes of Issachar,
 With Deborah, troopt to this Warre,
 Who downe into the Valley tread
 The way which noble Barak led.
 But Reuben from the rest disjoyn'd
 By Hills and Flouds, was so in mind.
 Did'st thou these glorious Wars refuse,
 To heare the bleating of the Ewes?
 O great in Councell! O how wise!
 That couldst both Faith and Fame despise.
 Gilead, of thundring Drums afraid,
 Or slothfull, beyond Jordan staid.
 Dost his swift-sailing Ships affects,
 And publike Liberty neglects.
 While Ashur on his Clifts resides,
 And fortifies against the Tides.
 But Zebulun, and Nephthali,
 Who never would from danger flye,
 Were ready, for the publike good,
 On Tabor's top to shed their blood.
 Then Kings, Kings of the Canaanites,
 On Taanach Plaines address their Fights,
 Where Isebel Megiddo's Waters ran;
 Yet neither Spoile nor Trophée wan.
 The Heavens' gainst Sisera fought, The Stars
 Mov'd in Batalia to those Wars:
 By ancient Kishon swept from thence,
 Whose Torrent falling Clouds incense.
 Thou, O my joyfull Soule, at length
 Hast trod to Dust their puissant Strength,
 Their wounded Horse with flying haste
 Fall head-long, and their Riders cast.
 Thus spake an Angel; Cursed be
 Thou Meroz, all who dwell in thee;
 That basely would'st no aid afford,
 In that great Battaille to the Lord.
 Gincian Heber's Wife, thou best
 Of Women, be thou ever blest;

Part 4.

Blest

Blest above all: Let all that dwell
 In Tents, say Aſſe, O Iacel, tell.
 Shee brought him Milke, above his wish;
 And Butter in a Princely Dish.
 A Hammer, and a Nail shee tooke,
 This into Sisera's Temples strooke.
 Hee fell, fell downe, downe to the Flore;
 Lay where hee fell, bath'd in his Gore;
 Lay groveling at her Feet: and there
 His wretched Soule sigh'd into Aire.
 His Mother at her window staid,
 And thrusting out her shoulders said,
 Why are his Chariots wheelies so slow!
 Nor yet my Sonne in Triumph show!
 When her wife Ladies standing by,
 (Yea she her selfe) made this reply,
 Have not their Swords now won the Day,
 Have they not shar'd the wealthy Prey?
 Now every Souldier for his paines
 An Hebrew Dame or Virgin gaines;
 While Sisera, choosing, layes aside
 Rich Robes in various colours dy'd;
 Rich Robes with curious Needles wrought
 On either side, from Phrygia brought:
 The thred spun from the Silk-worms womb,
 Such as a Conqueror become.
 Great God! So perish all thy Foes;
 Love such as love thee: O let those
 Shine like the Sun, when hee display's
 Th' Orient his increasing Raies.

Part 5.

I SAMUEL II.

GOD hath rais'd my head on high:
 O my Heart, enlarge thy joy!
 God hath now my Tongue untied,
 To retort their scorne and pride.
 In thy Grace I will rejoyce;
 Praise thee, while I have a voyce.

Act 17

VWho

Who so holy as our Lord !
 VWho but hee to bee ador'd !
 VWho such wonders can effect !
 VWho so strongly can protect !
 Be no longer arrogant,
 Nor in folly proudly vaunt :
 God our secret thoughts displays ;
 All our works his ballance weighs.
 Giants Bowes his Forces breake,
 Hee, with strength, invests the weake.
 Who were full now serve for bread ;
 Those who serv'd, infranchis'd.
 Barren Wombs with Children flow ;
 Fruitfull Mothers childlesse grow.
 God, fraile man, of life deprives,
 Those who sleepe in Death, revives :
 Leads us to our silent Tombs,
 Brings us from those horrid Roomes :
 Riches sends, sends Poverty ;
 Casteth down, and lifts on high,
 Hee, from the despted Dust,
 From the Dunghill takes the Just ;
 To the height of Honour brings,
 Plants them in the Thrones of Kings :
 God, Earthemighy Pillars made,
 Hee the World upon them laid.
 Hee his servants fecte will guide :
 Wicked Soules who swell with Pride,
 Will in endlesse darknesse chaine ;
 Since all humane strength is vaine.
 Hee shall grind his Enemies ;
 Blast with Lightning from the Skies :
 Judge the habitable Earth,
 All of high and humble birth :
 Shall with strength his King renowne,
 And his Christ with Glory crowne.

II SAM-

II SAMUEL I.

Thy Beauty, Israel; is fled,
 Sunke to the Dead,
 How are the Valiant fall'n the Slaine
 Thy Mountaines staine.
 O let it not in Gath bee knowne ;
 Nor in the Streets of Ascalon !
 Lest that sad Story should excite
 Their dire delight ;
 Left in the Torrent of our woe
 Their pleasure flow :
 Lest their triumphant Daughters ring
 Their Cymbals, and cut's d Peans sing.
 You Hills of Gilboa, never may
 You Offerings pay ;
 No Morning Dew, nor fruitfull showers
 Cloth you with Flowers :
 Saul, and his Armes, there made a Spoyle ;
 As it untouch'd with sacred Oyle.
 The Bow of noble Jonathan
 Great Battailles swan :
 His Arrowes on the Mighty fed,
 With Slaughter red,
 Saul never rais'd his Arme in vaine ;
 His Sword still glutted with the Slaine.
 How lovely ! O how pleasant ! when
 They liv'd with Men !
 Then Eagles swifter, stronger far
 Then Lions are :
 Whom love in life so strongly ty'd
 The stroke of Death could not divide.

At the 39

Sad

Sad Israels Daughters, weep for Saul;
Lament his fall:
Who fed you wth the Earths increase,
And crown'd with Peace:
With Robes of Tyrian Purple deckt
And Gems, which sparkling light collect.
How are thy Worthies by the Sword
O'VVarre deuour'd!
O Jonathan, the better part
O'f my come Heare!
The salvage Rocks haue drunke thy blood
My Brother: O how kind! how good!

Thy love was great; O never more
Thy Man; Man bore!
No Woman, which most passionate
Loy'd at that rate:
How are the Mighty fall'n in fight!
They and their Glory set in Night!

II. SAMUEL VII.

As the 4
MY Lord, my God, O who art I!
Or what is my poore Family,
That thou shouldst crowne,
VVith Power & knowe,
And raise thy Throne on high!

As this were little, in my place
Hast promis'd to confirme my Race:
Doe men, O Lord,
To men afford
Such, such transcendent Grace?

Not to bee hop'd for, nor desir'd;
Not to bee utter'd, but admir'd:
My thoughts to mee,
Then they to thee,
Lesse knowne, when most retir'd.

These

These great things did'st Thou, to fulfill
Thy Word and neuer-changing VVill.
Into my Sight
This knowing Light;
Thy Widdomes Beames, dispill.

In Goodnesse, as in Power complet:
No God but thee: O who so great!
All this of old
Our Fathers told;
And often did repeat.

What Nation breathes, who can or dare
VVith thee, O Israel, compare?
For whom alone
God left his Throne,
As his peculiar Care.

To amplify his Name; to doe
Such great, such fearefull things for you;
Such VVonders wrought;
From Egypt brought;
From men, from Gods withdrew.

Establisht by diuine Decree;
That thou might'st bee our God, and wee
For evermore
Thy Name adore;
As consecrate to Thee.

Now, Lord, effect what thou hast said;
The Promise to thy Seruant made,
Confirme by Deed,
What to his Seed,
Thy VVord long since dislaid.

Great God, O bee thou magnifi'd!
Whose Hands the strife of Warre decide:
Let Davids Race,
Before thy Face
For ever fixt abide.

Thou

Thou said'st (who Israel dost protect)
I will my Servants House erect.
My thoughts indu'd
With gratitude
Thine Prayers to Thee direct.

Thou Lord, in goodness infinite
Whole Wood and Tusk like Twins unite.
Thy Promise hath
Content'd my Faith,
And fill'd me with delight.

Bee then my House for ever blest;
Of thy dear Presence still possess'd.
Thus hast thou said;
This Promise made;
O with thy Grace invest.

Esa. V.

As the 9

Now I, to my Beloved, will
A Song of my Beloved sing;
He hath a Vineyard on a Hill,
Which all the Year enjoy'd the Spring,
This he inclosed with a Mound,
Pickt up the Stones which scatter'd lay;
With generous Vines plant'd the rich Ground;
Dig'd, pruned, and weeded every day;
To press the Clusters made a Frame,
Plac'd in a new erected Tower;
But when the harvest Vintage came,
Idly stood the Watchmen wild and fowre
You who on Judah's Hills reside,
Who Children of Silence be,
Do you the Controversie decide
Between my Vineyard Judge, and me.
Though partial Judge, Could I have more
To my ungrateful Vineyard done?

Yet

Yet such unpleasant Clusters bore,
Unworthy of the soyle, or Sunne.
Then know, this Vineyard, late my Joy,
Manured with such diligence;
Wild Bores and Foxes shall destroy,
When I have trampled downe her Fence.
Then shall shee unregarded lye,
Undig'd, unprun'd, with Brambles spread;
No gentle Clouds shall on her dry
And thirsty Wombe their moisture shed.
That ancient House of Israel,
The great Jehovahs Vineyard is:
They who on Judah's Mountaines dwell,
Those choice, and pleasant Plants of his:
From whom he Justice did expect,
But Rapine, and Oppression found;
Thought they sweet Concord would affect;
When all with Strife, and Cryes abound.

ESAY XXVI.

As the 2

OUR Sion strongly is secur'd,
Which God himselfe hath fortifi'd;
High Bulwarks rais'd on every side,
And with immortall Walls immur'd:
Her Gates at their approach display,
Who Justice love, and Truth obey.

Who fix on him their confidence,
He will in constant Peace preserve.
O then with Faith Jehovah serve,
Your strong and ever sure defence;
Who hurt the mighty from their Thrones,
And Cities turnes to heaps of Stones.

Their Structures levels with the Floore,
Which Sepulchres of Dust inclose;
Trod underneath the Feet of those,
That were of late despis'd and Poore.

A a

Straight

Straight is the Way the Righteous tread ;
By Thee at once inform'd and led.

For wee thy Judgements, Lord, expect,
And only on thy Grace relye :
To thy great Name and Memory
Th' Affliction of our Soules erect
My Soule pursues thee in the Night,
And when the Morne displays her Light.

Part xi

Didst thou thy Judgements exercise,
Then Mortals should the Truth discern :
And yet the Wicked would not learne ;
But thy extended Grace despise :
Among the Just t' Injustice sold ;
Nor will thy Majesty behold.

Shouldst thou advance thine Arme on High,
Though willstull blind, yet should they view
The shame and vengeance which pursue
All those, who thy deare Saints envy ;
Those vindicating Flames, which burne
Thy Foes, shall them to Cinders turne.

Thou our eternall peace hast wrought,
And in our works, thy wonders showne.
Though other Lords, besides our owne,
H'd us to their subjection brought ;
Yet, through thy onely Goodnesse, wee
Remembred both thy Name and Thee.

Dead are they, never more to rise
From those darke Caves of endlesse Night;
Nor ever shall the cheerefull Light
Resist with their closed eyes.
Thy Vengeance hath expel'd their Breath,
And clos'd their memories in Death.

Part xi

Thou, Thou hast given us wounds on wounds ;
In punishing thy Glory shone :

Farre

Farre from thy chearfull Presence throwne,
Even to the worlds extreamest bounds ;
Amidst our Sripes, and sighings, wee
Adrest our zealous Prayers to Thee.

As women groaning with their Lord,
The time of their Delivery neere,
Anticipating paine with feare,
Screake in their Pangs ; So we to God :
So suffer'd, when in thy disgrace ;
So cry'd out, when thou hid'st thy Face.

For we, with Sorrow's burthen fraught,
Paine and anxiety of Mind,
Brought onely forth an empty winde ;
Nor our desir'd Delivery wrought.
We neither could repulse our Foes,
Nor give a period to our woes.

The Lord thus to his People spake,
Thy Dead shall live, those who remaine
In peacefull Graves, shall rise againe.
O you who sleepe in Dull awake
Now sing : on you my Plants I'll shed
My Dew ; the Graves shall cast their Dead.

Goe, hide thee in thy inward roomes
A little, till my wrath passe by :
To punish mans impiety.
The Lord from Heaven in Thunder comes :
The Earth then shall your Blood reveale,
Nor longer shall the Slaine conceale.

Esa y XXXVIII,

IN the subtraction of my yeares,
I said with Teares :
Ah ! now I to the Shades below
Must naked goe :

A 2 2

As the 39

Gut

Cut off by Death before my time,
And like a Flow'r cropt in my Prime.

Lord in thy Temple I no more
Shall thee adore :
No longer with mankind converse,
In my cold Horse.
My Age is past e're it be spent,
Removed like a Shepherds Tent.

My frail Life, like a Weavers thread,
My Sins have shred :
My vitall powers Diseases waste
With greedy haste :
Even from the Evening to the Day
I languish and consume away.

And when the morning Watch is past,
Thinke that my last.
Thou like a Lion-break'st my bones,
Nor hearst my groanes :
Even from the Dawning to the Night,
Death waits to close my failing Sight.

Thus Swallow-like, like to a Crane,
My Woes complaine :
Mourne like a Turtle-Dove, but late
Rob'd of his mate.
I my dim eyes to thee erect ;
The Weake O strengthen and protect !

Part 2.

What Praise can reach thy Clemency,
O thou most high !
Thy Words are ever crown'd with Deeds ;
Joy Griefe succeeds.
My bitter pangs at length are past ;
And long my peacefull dayes shall last.

My lively vigour dost restore,
Increase it with more :

My

My yeares prolong'd, now flourishing
In their new Spring :
Thou hast with Joy dry'd up my Teares,
And with my Griefe exil'd my Feares.

Thy Love hath drawne me from the Pit,
Where Horrors sit :
My Soule-infesting Sins thou hast
Behind Thee cast.
The Grave cannot thy Praise relate ;
Nor Death thy Goodnesse celebrate.

Can they expect thy Mercy, whom
Cold Earth intombe ?
The living must thy Truth display
As I this Day.
This Fathers to their Sons shall tell,
While Soules in humane Bodies dwell.

The Lord as ready was to save,
As I to crave ;
I therefore to the warbling string
His Praise will sing ;
And in his House, till my last Day,
My gratefull Vowes devoutly pay.

JONAH I.

ON Thee my captiv'd Soule did call ;
Thou, who art present every where,
From the darke Entrailles of the Whale,
Didst thy intomb'd Servant heare.
Thy Hand into the Surges threw,
The Seas blacke armes forthwith unfold,
Downe to the horrid Bottom drew,
And all our Waves upon me rould.
Then said my Soule ; For ever I
Am banish'd from thy glorious sight :

As the 9

A 3

And

And yet thy Temple with the Eye
Of Faith review'd, in that blind Night.
The Floods my Soule involv'd below;
The swallowing Deepes besieg'd me round;
And Weeds, which in the bottom grow,
My Head with funerall Drestes bound.
In the roots of Mountaines divid,
Whom bars of broken Recks restraine:
Yet from that Tombe of death reviv'd,
And rais'd to see the Sun againe.
I, when my Soule began to faint,
My Vowes and Prayers to thee prefer'd:
The Lord my passionate complain,
Even from his holy Temple heard.
Thou who affect false vanities,
The Mercy of their God I pray:
But I my Thankes will sacrifice,
And Vowes to my Redeemer pay.

HABAKKUK III.

As 1be 72

Great God, with terror I have heard thy Doome;
The fearfull punishments that are to come:
Yet in the midst of those devouring Yeares,
Then when thy Vengeance shall exceede our Teares,
Thy Worke in us revive, confirme our Faith,
And still remember Mercy in thy Wrath.
God came from Themsan, and the Ho's-sonne
From Parans Mountaine, where his Glory thone;
Which fill'd the heav'ns themselves with brighter Raies,
And all the Earth replenish't with his Praise.
His Brightnesse as the Sun: his Fingers Streames
Of Light project, his Power hid in those Beames,
Devouring Pestilence before him flew,
And wasting Flames his dreadfull Steps pursue.
Then fixt his Feete, and measur'd with his Eyes
The Earths Extent: yale Feares her Sons surpris'd,
The ancient Mountaines shrunke, eternall Hills
Stoopt to their Bases, All Amazement fill'd.

His

His Glory and his Terrour he displays,
In his unknowne and everlasting Vvaies.
I saw th'afflicted tents of Cushan quake,
And Midians Cortines in that Tempest shake:
When thou, O Lord, the Rivers didst divide;
And on the Chariots of Salvation ride,
Through the congested Billowes of the Seas:
Was it because thou wast displeas'd with these?
According to thy Oath thou drew'st thy Sword,
Thy Oath sworn to our Tribes, thy constant VVord.
From cloyen Rocks new Torrents took their flight
And aery Mountaines trembled at thy sight:
The overflowing Streames inforce their wayes,
The Deepes to thee their Hands and Voyces raise;
The Sunne and Moone obedient to Command,
Till then in restless Motion, made a Stand.
Thy Darts and flaming Arrowes, swift as Sight;
Confound thy Foes, but give thy People Light.
He, in his Fury, march'd through the Land;
And crush'd the Heathen with a vengefull Hand:
Th'Anointed, with thy Sword, their Leaders slew,
The joynts disclos'd, where Heads of Princes grew.
With thy transfixing Speare their Subjects strakes
Who like a black and dreadfull Tempest brake
Upon our Front, with purpose to devour,
And triumph over our despis'd Power.
He through the roaring Floods his People guides:
Through yelding Seas on fiery-Horses rides.
When I thy Threatnings heard, my entrails shooke
And my un-nerved knees each other strooke.
My lips with panting swell, my cheeks grow wan;
Through all my bones a swift Consumption ran.
O where may I repose in that sad day,
When armed Troops upon my Countrey prey!
Although the Fig-tree shall no blossom beare;
Nor Vines with their pure blood the pensive cheare;
Although the Olive no requittall yield;
Nor Corne apparell the deserted Field:
Though then our flocks be ravish'd from the Field,
And though our Stalls no well-fed Oxen hold:

Part 2.

Part 3.

A a 4

Yet

Yet will not I despaire, but cheerefully
Expect, and in thy knowne Salvation joy.
For thou my Strength and my Protection art:
My secte, more nimble then the flying Hart,
Ascend the Hills, where I, with holy fire,
Will sing thy Praises to my solemne Lyre.

LUKE I.

As the 2.

MY ravish'd Soule extols his Name,
Who rules the Worlds admired Frame:
My Spirit with exalted Voyce,
In God my Saviour shall rejoyce:
Who hath his glorious beames display'd,
Upon a poore and humble Maid.
Mee all succeeding Ages shall
The blessed Virgin-Mother call.
The Great, great things for me hath wrought;
His Sanctity past humane thought.
His Mercy still reflects on those,
Who in his Truth their Trust repose.
He with his Arme hath Wonders shewn:
The Proud in their owne pride ore-thrown;
The Mighty from their Thrones dejects:
The Lowly from the dust erects.
The hungry are his welcome-Guests;
The Rich excluded from his Feasts.
He mindefull of his Promise, hath
Maintain'd and crown'd Israels Faith;
To Abraham promis'd, and decreed
For ever to his holy Seed.

LUKE I.

As the 46

O Praise the Lord, his Wonders tell;
Whose mercy shines in Israel,
At length redeem'd from Sinne and Hell.

The

The Crowne of our Salvation,
Deriv'd from Davids royall Throne,
He now hath to his People showne.

This to his Prophets did unfold;
By all successively foretold,
Untill the Infant World grew old.

That he our wrongs would vindicate,
Save from our foes sweet'rate hate,
And raise our long deprest estate.

To ratifie his ancient Deed,
His promis'd Grace, by oath decreed,
To Abraham, and his faithfull Seed.

That we might our Preserver praise,
Walke purely in his perfect wayes,
And tearlesse serve him all our dayes.

His path thou shalt prepare, sweete Child,
And run before the undefild;
The Prophet of th'Almighty shalld.

Our knowledge to informe, from whence
Salvation springs: from penitence,
And pardon of each soule offence.

Through mercy, O how infinite!
Of our great God, who clears our sight,
And from the Orient sheds his Light.

A leading Starre t'enlighten those,
Whom Night, and shades of Death inclose;
Which that high Tract to glory shoves.

LUKE II.

LUKE II.

As the 34.

O Thou who art inthron'd on high,
In peace now let thy Servant die,
Whose hope on thee relies;
For thou, whose words and deeds are one,
At length hast thy Salvation shewn
To these my ravish'd Eyes.

By thee, before thy Hand displaid
The Heav'n's and Earth's Foundation laid,
Unto the world decreed:
A Lampe to give the Gentiles Light;
A Glory, O how infinite!
To Israels faithfull Seed.

FINIS.

Gloria Deo in excelsis.

Deo Opt. Max.

O Thou who All-things hast of Nothing made,
Whose Hand the radiant Firmament displaid,
With such an undiscern'd swiftnesse hurl'd
About the stedfast Centre of the World:
Against whose rapid course the restless Sun,
And wandring Flames in varied Motions run;
Which Heat, Light, Life infuse & Time Night, and Day
Distinguish, in our Humane Bodies sway:
That hang 't the solid Earth in fleeting Aire,
Vein'd with cleare Springs, which ambient Seas repaire.
In Clouds the Mountaines wrap their hoary Heads,
Luxurious Vailies cloth'd with flowry Meads:
Her trees yield Fruit and Shade; with liberall Breasts
All creatures She (their common Mother) feeds.
Then Man thy Image mad'st, in Dignity,
In Knowledge, and in Beauty, like to Thee:
Plac'd in a Heav'n on Earth; without his toils
The ever flourishing and fruitful Soile
Unpurchas'd Food produc'd: all Creatures were
His Subjects, serving more for Love than Feare.
He knew no Lord, but Thee. But when he fell
From his Obedience, all at once rebell,
And in his Ruine exercise their Might:
Concuring Elements against him fight:
Troup of unknowne Diseases, Sorrow, Age,
And Death, assaile him with successive rage.
Hell let forth all her Furies: none so great,
As Man to Man. Ambition, Pride, Deceit, (reign'd
Wrong arm'd with Power, Lust, Rapine, Slaughter
And flatter'd Vice the name of Vertue gain'd.
Then Hills beneath the swelling Waters flood,
And all the Globe of Earth was but one Floud:

Yet

Yet could not cleanse their Guilt: the following Race
 Worse then their Fathers, and their Sons more base.
 Their God-like Beauty lost; Sin's wretched Thrawls:
 No sparke of their Divine Originall
 Left unextinguisht: All enveloped
 With Darknesse, in their bold Transgressions dead.
 When thou didst from the East a Light display,
 Which rendred to the VVorld a clearer Day;
 VVhose Precepts from Helh-jawes our Steps withdraw;
 And whose example was a living Law;
 VVho purg'd us with his Blood; the way prepar'd
 To Heaven, & those long-chain'd-up Doores unbar'd:
 How infinite thy Mercy! which exceeds
 The VVorld thou mad'st; as well as our Misdeedes!
 Which greater reverence then thy Justice wins,
 And still augments thy Honour by our Sins.
 O who hath tasted of thy Clemency
 In greater measure, or more oft then I;
 My gratefull Verse thy goodnesse shall display.
 O Thou who went'st along in all my way;
 To VVhere the Morning with perfum'd VVings
 From the high Mountaines of Panchæ springs;
 To that new-found-out VVorld, where sober Night
 Takes from th'Antipodes her silent flight;
 To those darke Seas where horrid VVinter reignes,
 And binds the stubborn Flouds in Ice chaines;
 To Lybian VVasts, whose Thirst no showres assuage;
 And where swolne Nilus cooles the Lions rage.
 Thy wonders in the Deepe have I beheld;
 Yet all by those on Judah's Hills excell'd;
 There where the Virgins Son his Doctrine taught,
 His Miracles, and our Redemption wrought;
 VVhere I by Thee inspir'd his Praises sung,
 And on his Sepulchre my Offering hung.
 VVhich way so e're I turne my Face, or Feet;
 I see thy Glory, and thy Mercy meet.
 Met on the Thracian Shoares, when in the strife
 Of frantick Simoens thou preserv'dst my Life.
 So when Arabian Thieves belaid us round,
 And when by all abandon'd, Thee I found.

That

That false Sidonian Wolfe, whose craft put on
 A Sheepe-sote Fleece, and me Bellerephon
 To ruine by his cruell Letter sent,
 Thou didst by thy protecting hand prevent.
 Thou sav'dst me from the bloody Massacres
 Of faithlesse Indians, from their treacherous Wars;
 From raging Feavers, from the sultry breath
 Of tainted Aire, which cloy'd the jaws of Death.
 Preserv'd from swallowing Seas, when towering Waves
 Mix't with the Clouds, and open'd their deepe Graves.
 From barbarous Pirats ransom'd, by those taught,
 Succesfully with Salian Moores we fought.
 Then brought'st me Home in safety; that this Earth
 Might bury me, which sed me from my Birth;
 Blest with a healthfull Age, a quiet Minde,
 Content with little, to this worke design'd;
 Which I at length have finish't with thy Aid;
 And now my Vowes have at thy Altar paid.



Fam tetigi Portum, — Valet.



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