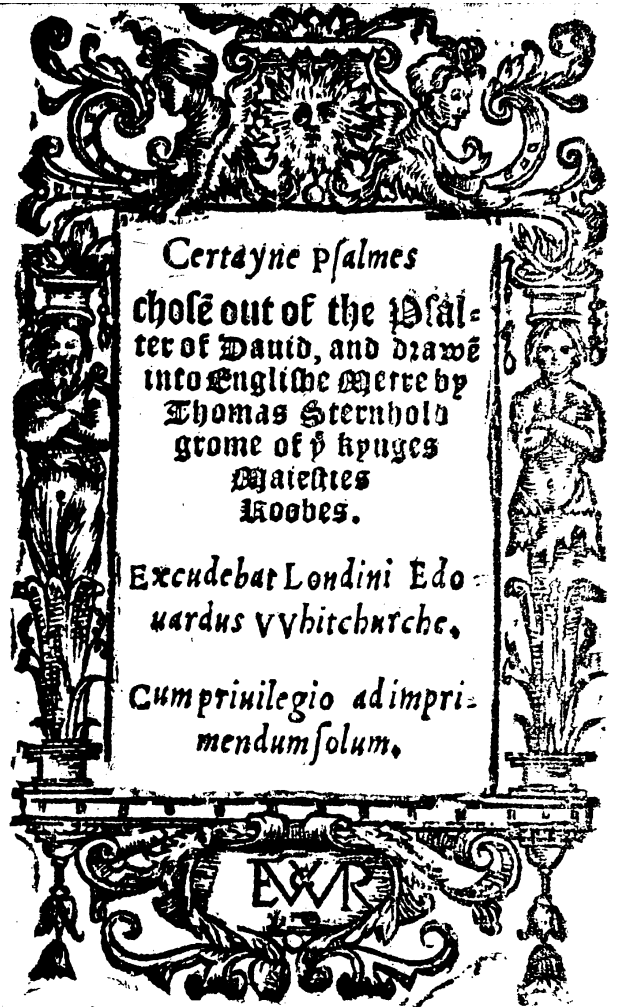


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BRITISH 1 MUSEUM 2

1577



Certayne psalmes
choſe out of the *Psal-*
ter of *Dauid*, and drawe
into *Engliſhe* Verse by
Thomas Sternhold
grome of *ſ* *kynges*
Majesties
Roobes.

Excudebat Londini Edo-
uardus vvhitchurche.

Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendum ſolum.

EWV

our soueraigne Lorde King Edward
the. vi. King of Englande, Fraunce, &
Ireland, descender of the faith, & in earth
of the church of Englande and also of
Ireland, the supreme head, Thomas
Sternhold Brome of his Maie-
ties robes, wiseth increase
of healty, honour, and
felicitie.

Although, most noble So-
ueraigne, the grossenesse of
my witte doth not suffice to
searche out the secret myste-
ries hydden in the booke of Psalmes,
which by the opinion of many learned
menne, comprehendeth the effecte of the
whole Byble: yet trustyng to y^e good-
nes of God, which hath in hys hand y^e
keye thereof, whiche shutteth and no
man openeth, openeth & no man shut-
teth, albeit I cannot geue to your Ma-
iestie great loanes therof, or bring into
the

The p̄face.

the lordes barne, full handfulls, yet
to thintente I woulde not appeare in
the haruest vtterly ydle and barraine,
beyng warned with the example of the
dye fyggtree, I am bolde to p̄sente
vnto youre Maestie, a fewe crummes
whiche I haue pyked vp frome vnder
the lordes bozd, and am glad with the
poze woman Ruth, the Mosbite, to
come behynde, and gather a fewe eares
of corne after the reapers, rendyng
thanks to almyghtye God, that hath
appoynted vs suche a kynge and go-
uernour, that forbyddeth not laye men
to gather and lease in the lordes har-
uest, but rather commaundeth the rea-
pers to cast out of their handfulls a-
mong vs, that we maye boldly gather
wythout rebuke: perceyuyng also that
your maestie hath so searched & foun-
taines of the scriptures, that yet being
young you vnderstande theym better
then manye elders, the verry meane to
attayne

The p̄face.

attayne to the perfyte gouernement of
this your realme, to goddes glozy, the
prosperitie of the publique wealth, &
to the comfozte of all youre maesties
subiectes: Seepe furdze that youre
tender and Godly zeale doethe moze
delyghte in the holpe songes of veritie,
than in anye fapned times of vanitie,
I am encouraged to trauayle furdze
in the sayed boke of psalmes, trustyng
that as your grace taketh pleasure to
heare them song somtimes of me, so ye
wyl also delyghte not onlye to see and
reade them your selfe, but also to com-
maūde thē to be song to you of others:
¶ as ye haue & psalme it selfe in youre
mynde, so ye maye iudge myne ende-
uoure by your eare. And yf I maye
perceyue your maestie wyllynglye to
accepte my wyl hereyn, where my do-
yng is no thanke wurthy, & to fauour
so this my begynnynge & my labor be
acceptable, in perfourming the residue,

A.iii.

I

The p[re]face.

I shall endeuoure my selfe wyth diligence, not onely to enterp[re]se that which better learned ought moze iustlye to doe, but also to perfourme that without fault, whiche your maiestie wil receiue with iuste thank. The Lorde of earthly kynges geue your grace, daily increase of honour and vertue, and fulfyll all your godly requestes in him, without whose gifte we haue or can ob-
taine nothyng.

Amen.

The psalmes of Dauid in Metre.

The fyrst Psalm.

Beatus vir.

Howe happy be the righteous men,
this psalme declarerh playne:
And howe the wayes of wycked men,
be damnable and vayne.

Themā is blest that hath not gon
by wycked rede astraye,
Ne late in chayre of pestilence,
nor walkt in sinners waye.

But in the lawe of God the Lorde,
doeth set his whole delyght,
and in that lawe doeth exerceyse,
hym selfe both day and nyght.

And as the tree that planted is
fast by the ryuer syde:
Euen so shall he byyng forth his frute
in his due tyme and tyde.

His leafe shall neuer fall a waye:
but flozrhe still and stande,
Eche thyng shall prosper wonderou:
that he doeth take in hande. (wel

Ps. l.iii.

S

The psalmes of Dauid

So shall the vngodly doe,
they shalbe nothyng so,
But as the dust whiche fro the earth,
the windes dyue to and fro.

Therefore shall not the wicked men,
in iudgement stande vpright,
Ne yet in counsel of the iust,
but shalbe voyde of myght.

For why the waye of godly men,
vnto the lorde is knowen,
And eke the waye of wicked men,
shall quite be ouerthrowen.

The.ii. Psalme.

Quare fremuerunt.

How Heathen kinges did Christ withstande,
yet he was kyng of all.
And of the counsell that he gaue,
to kynges terrestriall.

Why dyd þe gentiles fret & fume,
What rage was in their braine:
hy dyd the Jewishe people muse,
matters that were bayne?
The kynges and rulers of the earth
stode

In Agere.

stode vp and did conuent,
Against the lord and Christ his sonne
whiche he among vs sent.

Shal we be bound to them say they?
let all their bondes be broke,
And of their doctrine and theyr lawe
let vs reiecte the yoke.

But he that in the heauen dwelth,
their doynges will derpde:
And make the al as mocking stockes
through out the worlde so wyde.

For in his wrath þe lorde will speake
to them vpon a daye,
And in his fury trouble them,
and than the lorde wil saie:

Of hym was I appoynted kyng
vpon his holy hill,
To preache the people hys pceptes
and to declare hys wyll.

For in this wyse the lorde hymselfe
dyd say to me I wot,
Thou art my dere and onely sonne,
to daye I the begot.

A. b.

Al

The psalmes of Dauid

All people I shall geue to the,
as heires at thy request:
The endes and coastes of all þe earth;
by the shall be posselt.

Thou shalt thē rule, and gouerne al,
and bzeake them lyke a God,
As thou wouldest bzeake an earthen
euen with an yron rod. (pot

Howe ye, O kynges and rulers all,
be wyse therfoze and lernde,
By whom the matters of the world,
be iudged and discernde.

Se that ye serue the Lozde aboue,
in tremblyng and in feze:

Se that with reuerence ye reioyce
to him in lyke manere.

Se that ye kysse and eke embzace,
his blessed sonne I saye,
Lest in his wyathe ye perishe all,
and wandze from his waye.

For whan his wyath full sodenly
shall kiendle in his bzeft,
Than all that put their trust in hym,
shall

In Metre.

shall certaynely be blest.

The.iii. Psalme.

Domine quid multiplicati sunt.

The passion here is fygured,
and howe Christ rose agayne:
So is the churche and fapthfull men,
they? trouble and they? payne.

O Lozde how many do encrease,
and trouble me full sooze,
Howe many saye vnto my soule,
God wyll him saue no moze:

But thou O lozde art my defence,
whan I am harde bestead,
By wurshyp & myne honoure bothe
and thou holdest by my head.

And with my voyce vpon the lozde,
I do both eall and cry,
And he out of his holy hill,
doeth heare me by and by.

I layed me downe, and quietly
I slept and rose agayne:
For why, I knowe assuredly,
the Lozde wyll me sustayne.

The psalmes of Dauid

Ten thousand mé haue cōpast me
yet am I not afrayde,
For thou art still my lordē my god,
my sauour and myne ayde.

Thou smyttest all thyne enemyes,
euen on the harde cheke bone,
And thou hast broken all the teth
of eche vngodly one.

Saluacion onely doeth belong
to the O lordē aboue,
Bestowe therfore vpon thy folke,
thy blessing and thy loue.

The. iiii. Psalmē.

Cum inuocarem.

God heard the prayer of the Church,
mennes vanities are spent.
With sacrifice of righteousnes,
the lordē is best content:

O God that art my righteousnesse
Lordē heare me when I call,
Thou hast set me at lybertie,
whan I was bonde and thrall.

O mortall men how long wyll ye,
the glory of God despise,

Why

In metre.

Why wandze ye in vanitie,
and folowe after lyes:

Knowyng that good and godly men
the lordē doeth take and chuse,
And when to him I make my plainte
he doeth me not refuse.

Sinne not, but stand in a wetherfoze
examine well thine harte,
And in thy chambze quietly,
thou shalt thy selfe conuert:

Offre to God the sacrifice,
of rightwisenes I saye,
And looke that in the luyng lordē,
thou put thy trust alwaye.

The greater sorte craue worldly
and riches do embrace, (goodes
But lord graunt vs thy countenaūce
thy fauour and thy grace.

Wherwith þ shalt make al our her-
more ioyfull and more glad, (tes
Than they that of thy cozne and wine
full great increase haue had.

In peace therfore lye downe wyll I
takynge

takyng my rest and slepe:
For thou arte he that only doest.
all men in safetie kepe.

The. v. Psalme.

Verba mea auribus percipe Domine.
The churche doeth pray and prophetic
that god doeth not regarde,
Liers and bloudy Simatikes,
but good men haue reward.

Ponder my wordes O lord aboute
my studie lord consider,
And heare my voice my king my God
to the I make my prayer.

Lord thou shalt heare me cal betime
for I wyll haue respecte,
My prayer early in the moone,
to the for to directe.

And only the I wyll beholde,
thou arte the God alone,
that is not pleased with wyckednesse
and euyl in the is none.

And in thy syght there shal not stand
these

these furious fooles O lord,
Wayne workers of inquitie
of the shalbe abhorde.

The lyers and the flatterers,
thou shalt destroye them than:
And thou wilt hate the bloude thir:
and the deceitefull man. (ste)

But I wyll come into thy house,
trusting vpon thy grace:
And reuerently wyll worship the,
towarde thyne holy place.

Lord lead me in thy righteousnesse,
for to confounde my foes,
And eke the waye that I shall walke
before my face disclose.

For in their mouthes there is no
their harte is foule and wayne, (trueth)
Their throte an open sepulchre,
their tonges do glose and fayne.

Condemne them & their counsayles
let their deuyse decay, (all)
Subuerte the in their heapes of sinne
for they did the bettaye.

But

The psalmes of Dauid

But those þe put their trust in thee
let them be glad alwayes,
And rendre thanks for thy defence,
And geue thy name the prayse.

For thou with fauour folowest,
the iust and righteous styll,
And with thy grace as with a shilde,
Defendest him from yll.

The .xx. Psalme.

Exaudiat te deus.

As God preserved Christ his sonne,
in trouble and in thrall,
So when we call vpon the Lorde,
he wyl preserve vs all.

In trouble and aduersitie
the Lorde will heare the styll,
The maiestie of Jacobs God,
will the defende from yll.

And sende the from his holy place,
his helpe at euery nede,
And so in Sion stablishe the,
and make the strong in dede.

Re=

In dette.

Remembryng well the sacrifice,
that thou to him hast done:
And doeth receyue ryght thankfully
thyne offeringes euerychone.

Accordyng to thy hartes desire,
the lorde wyl gyue to the,
And all thy counsell and deuise,
full well persoutme will he.

In thy saluation we reioyce,
and magnifie the lorde,
That thy petitions and request
preserved with his woorde.

The lorde will his annoynted saue
I knowe well by his grace,
And send him helth, fro his righthand
out of his holy place,

In charrets some put confidence,
and some in horses trust,
But we remembre God our Lorde,
that kepeth promyse iust.

They fall downe flat, but we do rise
and stand by stedfastly,
Now saue and helpe vs lorde & kyng

B. i. or

The psalmes of Dauid
on the when we shall crye.

The. cxv. Psalm.

At te dominine leuau.

Foz ayed agaynst her enemyes
the faythfull churche doeth pray,
Foz pacence in aduersitie,
and foz the perfytt way.

Liste myne harte to the,
my God and guyde most iust,
Nowe suffer me to take no shame,
foz in the do I trust.

Let not my foes reioyce,
and make a scozne of me,
And let not them be ouerthrowen,
that put their trust in the.

Confounded are all suche,
whose doinges are but vayne,
O lorde therfore thy pathes & wayes,
declare vnto me playne.

Directe me in thy strength,
And teache me I the praye,
Thou art my God and sauour,
that helpest me euery daye.

Ch

In Metre.

Thy mercies manyfolde,
I praye the lorde remembre,
And eke thy pitte plentifull,
that doeth indure foz euer.
Remembre not the faultes,
and frayltie of my youth,
Remembre not howe ygnoraunt,
I haue bene of thy trowth.

Nowe after my desertes,
let me thy mercy fynde,
But of thyne owne benignitie,
lorde haue me in thy mynde.

His mercy is full swete,
his trowth the perfitte waye,
Therfore the lorde wyll geue a lawe
to them that go astraye.

Foz all the wayes of God,
are trowth and mercy both,
To them that seke his testament,
the wytnes of his trowth.

Nowe foz thy holy name
O lorde, I the intreate,
To graunt me pardon foz my synne,

B.ii.

foz

The psalmes of Dauid

For it is wonderous great.

Whoso doth feare the lord,
the lord doeth him directe,
To lead his lyfe in suche a waye,
as he doth best accepte.

His soule shall euermore
in goodnes dwell and stande,
His seede and his posteritie
inherit shall the lande.

To those that feare the lord
he is a firmament,
And vnto them he doeth declare,
his will and testament.

Myne eares and eke my harte
to him I will aduaunce,
That plukt my feete out of the snare
of wilfull ignozaunce.

With mercy me beholde,
to the I make my mone,
For I am poore and solitary,
somforteles alone.

The troubles of myne harte,
are multiplyed in dede,

Byng

In Metre.

Byng me out of this mysery,
necessitie and nede.

Beholde my pouertie,
myne angurthe and my payne,
Remytte my sinne and myne offence,
and make me cleane agayne.

O Lord beholde my foes,
howe they doe styll increase:
Pursuing me with dedly hate,
that fayne woulde lyue in peace.

Preserue and kepe my soule,
and eke delyuet me,
And let me not be ouerthrowen,
because I trust in the.

The iust and innocent
by me do stycke and stande,
Because I loke for to receyue,
my succour at thy hande.

Delyuet lord thy folke,
that be of thy belefe,
Delyuet lord thyne Israell,
from all his payne and grife.

Ps. iii.

¶ The

The psalmes of Dauid
The. xxvii. Psalm.

At te domine clamabo.

This psalme setteth out the phariseis
with flattering hartes vncleane,
And sheweth how God is all our strength,
by Christ our onely meane.

O Lozde I call to the for helpe,
and yf thou me forsake,
I shall be lykened vnto them,
that fall into the lake.

The voice of thy suppiaunt heare
that vnto the doeth crye,
Whan I lyft vp my hart and handes
vnto thy heauens hye.
Repute not me among the sorte
of wicked and peruerte,
That speake righte fayre vnto their
and thinke ful euyl in herte. (scendes)

Accordyng to their handy worke,
as they deserue in dede,
And after their inuencions,
let them receiue their mede.

The

In Metre.

They not regard the woꝝkes of God
his lawe ne yet his loze,
Therefore wyll he their woꝝkes & them
destroy for euermoze.

To rende thanks vnto the lozde,
howe great a cause haue I,
My voice my prayer and my cōplaint
that hearde so wyllyngly:

He is my shylde and fortitude,
my buckler in distresse,
My hope, my helpe, my hartes relese,
my song shall hym confesse.

He is our strength and our defence,
our ennies to resist,
The helth and the saluacion,
of his electe by Christe.

Thy people and thyne heritage,
thy blessed worde pꝛeserue,
Extoll thy flocke with faithfull foode
that they maye neuer swerue.

The. xix. Psalm.

Afferte domino.

B. iiii.

As

The psalmes of David

As David dyd the temple decke,
with yerthly sacrifice,
So Christes churche with spirituall giftes
Ye must adorne lykewyse.

¶ Geue to the Lorde ye potentates
and prynces of the worlde,
Ye Rammes that guyde the Christen
geue laude vnto the lorde. (flocke,

Geue glozy to his holy name
and honoz hym alone,
Worship him in his maiestie,
within his holy thzone,

His voyce doeth rule the waters all
euen as hymselfe doeth please,
He doeth prepare the thunderclappes
and gouerneth all the seas.

Of vertue is the voyce of God,
and wondrous excellent
Of greate purpose and effecte,
and mucche magnificent.

His voyce doeth breake in Libanus,
the Cedre trees full long,
which for their highnes are comparde
to

In metre.

to myghtie men and strong,
Whom God wyll strike with feare:
and make them all as milde, (fulnes,
As calves that come to sacrifice,
oz vnicorns full wilde.

His voyce deuiderth flames of fere,
and shaketh the wildernes,
He maketh the desert quake for feare
that called is Cades.

His voyce doeth make y^e wyld hartes
and maketh the couerte playne, (tame
And in his temple euery man,
his glozy doeth proclayme.

He stayed the rage of Noes floude,
and stopped the red see,
And kepeth his seate as lorde & kinge
in his eternitee.

The lord doeth geue his people power
in vertue to increase,
The lorde doeth blesse his people eke,
with euerlasting peace.

B. b.

The

The psalmes of Dauid

Che. xxxii. Psalm.

Beati quorum.

God promyseth saluation,
to the repentaunte harte,
Of his mere mercy and his grace,
not for the mannes deserte.

The man is blest whose wickednes
the lord hath clene remytted,
And he whose synne and wretchednes
is hid also and couered.

And blest is he to whom the lord
imputeth not his sinne,
Whiche in his harte hath hyd no gyle
nor fraude is founde therein.

For whyles I kept close my synne,
in sylence and constraynte,
My bones dyd wear and wast awaye
with dayly moene and playnte.

For nyght & daye thy hande on me
so greuouse was and sinerte,
That al my bloud and humors moist
to drynesse dyd conuerte.

But whan I had confest my fautes
and

In Metre.

and shroue me in thy syght;
My selfe accusing of my synne,
thou diddest forgyue me quite.

Let euery good man pray therfoze,
and thanke the lord in tyme,
And then þe floudes of euil thoughtes
shall haue no power of him.

Whan trouble and aduersitie,
do compasse me aboute,
Thou art my refuge and my ioye,
and thou doest rydde me out.

I shall instructe the sayth the Lorde,
howe thou shalt walke and serue,
And bende myne eyes vpo thy wayes
and so shall the prelerue.

Be not therfoze so ignoraunte,
as is the asse and mule,
whose mouthe without a rapne or bit
ye can not guyde or rule.

For many be the miseries
that wicked men sustayne,
Yet vnto them that trust in God,
his goodnes doth remayne.

Be

The psalmes of Dauid

Be mery therfoze in the lozde,
ye iust lifte vp your voyce:
And ye of pure and perfyte harte
be glad and eke reioyce.

Benedicam dominum. psal. xxx iii.

The prophete Dauid prayseth god,
Warning vs to sozbeare
From euill, and exorteth vs
to leue in godly feare.

I Wyl geue laude and honoz both
vnto the lozde alwayes:
And eke my mouth foz evermoze,
Shall speake vnto his prayse.

I doe delyght to laude the lozde,
in soule and eke in voyce,
That simple menne that suffer payne,
may heare and so reioyce,

Therfoze see that ye magnifie,
With me the lypung lozde,
And let vs nowe exalte his name
together with one accorde.

Foz I my selfe besought the lozde,
he answered me agayne,

And

In Ogetre.

And me deliuered incontinent,
from all my feare and payne.

Whoso they be that hym beholde,
and shewe hym theyz vnrest,
He dasheth not their countenaunce,
but graunteth their request.

Whoso in their afflictions,
vnto the lozde doe call,
He heareth their sute without delaye
and rydth them out of thzall.

The aungell of the lozde doth pitche
his tentes in euery place,
To saue all suche as feare the lozde,
that nothyng them deface.

See and consider well therfoze,
that God is good and iust,
And they be blest that put in hym,
theyz onely fayth and trust.

Feare ye the lozde his holynes,
Above all earthly thyng,
Foz they that feare the liuing lozde,
are sure to lacke nothyng.

The mightie & the riche shall want
ye

The psalmes of David

yea thirst and hunger muche,
But as for them that feare the lord
no lacke shall be to such.

Come nere therfore my children here
and to my worde geue eare,
I shall you teache the perfect waye,
howe you the lord should feare
Who so would leade a blessed lyfe,
must earnestly deuise,
His tong and lippes from all decepte
to kepe in any wise.

And turne his face from doing yll
and do the godly dede.
Enquyre for peace and quietnes,
and folowe her with spede.

For why, the eyes of God aboue
vpon the iust are bente,
His cares likewise are geuen muche
to heare the innocent.

The lord doeth frowne & bende hys
vpon the wicked trayne, (browes
And cutteth away the memozy,
that shoulde of them remayne,

But

But whan the iust do call and crye,
the lord doeth heare them so,
That out of payne and mysery,
forth with he letteth them go.

The lord is kynde and mercifull,
to suche as be contrite:
He saueth also the sorowfull,
the meke and pooze in spirite.

Full many be the miseries,
that righteous men do suffer,
But out of all aduersities,
the lord doeth them deliuer.

The lord doth so preferue and kepe
the bones of his alwaye,
That not so muche as one of them
doth perishe or decaye.

The wycked dye full wretchedly
they seke none other boote,
And those that hate the rightwylle,
are pluct vp by the roote.

But they that serue the luyng lord
the lord doeth saue them sound,
And who that put their trust in hym
nothyng shall them confounde.

The psalmes of Dauid

Beatus qui intelligit. psal. xli.

The lord will helpe that manne agayne
that helpeth poore and weke,
The passion here is figured,
and resurreccion eke.

The manne is blest that careful is
the neddy to consyder,
For in the season perilous,
the lord will hym deliuer.

The lord will make him safe & soude
and happy in the lande,
And he will not deliuer hym,
into his enemyes hande.

And in his bed whan he lyeth sicke,
the lord will him restore,
And thou O lord wilt turne to health,
his sickenes and his loze.

And in my sickenes thus saye I,
haue mercy lord on me,
And heale my soule whiche is ful woe
that I offended the.

Myne enemyes gaue me yll reporte,
and thus of me they saye,

Whan

In Metre.

Whan shall he dye that all his name
maye banishe quite awaye.

And where as they goe in and out
for to beholde and see,

They muse muche mischief in their
what so their sayings be. (harres
Mine enemyes runne against me stil
together on a throng,

To take a counsell, and conspire,
howe they maye doe me wrong,

Agreyng on a wicked woorde,
and doe determine plaine,
Be he destroyed with death saye they
he shall not ryle agayne.

The man eke that I trusted moste,
with me dyd vse dysceyte,
Whiche ate with me þe breade of lyfe,
the same for me layed wayte.

Haue mercie Lord on me therefore
and let me be preferude,

That I may tendre vnto them
the thynges they haue deserude.

By thys I knowe assuredly,

C. i. 10

The psalmes of Dauid

to be beloued of the,
Whā þ myne enemies haue no cause
to triumphe ouer me.

Because that I am innocent,
Lorde strength me I the praye,
And in thy presence poynte my place
where I shall dwell for aye.

The Lorde the God of Israell,
be prayled nowe therfoze,
Whiche hath bene euerlastyngly,
and shall be euermoze.

Audite hec gentes. psalme. xlix.

Though riche men doe oppresse the poore,
discourage not therfoze,
For vniuly trustyng in their goodes,
they perishe euermoze.

AL people harken and geue eare
to that that I shall tell,
Both high & low both riche & poore,
that in the world doe dwell.

For why my mouth shall make disc
of many thrnges right wysse, (course
In vnderstandyng shall my harte,
hye

In Metre.

his study exercise.

I wyll enclyne myne eare to knowe,
the parables so darke.
And open all my doubtfull speache,
in metre on my harpe.

The wycked dayes and euyl tyme
why shoulde I feare and doubt,
Whan the oppressours myscheuous,
doe compasse me about?

For some there be that ryches haue
in whom their trust is most,
And of their treasures infinite,
them selues doe bragge and boast.

No man can yet by any meane,
his brothers death redeme,
O make agreement acceptable
vnto God for hym.

O pay the ransome for his soule,
that he may lyue for euer,
And tall of no corruption,
this lyeth in no mans power.

We see that wyse men dye as soone,
as folysh men and soude,

C.ii.

And

The psalmes of Dauid

And both doe leaue to other men,
their goodes and eke their londe.

Although they buylde them houses
and doe determine sure, (saye
To make theyr name righte greate in
for euer to endure. (earth

We see agayne it is not geuen,
with riches to haue reast,
But in that poynte a riche man is,
compared to a beast,

This is the folishe way they walke
with pompe to get them fame,
And all their frendes that folow them
doe muche commende thesame,

Whom death wyll soone deuour like
whan they are broughte to hell, (shewe
Then shall the iust in lyght reioyce
whan they in darkenes dwell.

Yet for all this I trust that God,
wyll saue my soule from payne,
And from all suche infernall power,
and comfozte me agayne.

If any man waxe woonders syche,
feare

In Metre.

feare not I saye therfore,
Although the glozy of his house,
increaseth moze and moze.

For when he dieth, of al these thinges
nothing shall he receyue:

His glozy wyll not folowe him,
his pompe wyl take her leaue.

Yet in this lyfe he taketh himselfe
the happiest vnder Sunne,
And doeth commende all other menne,
that doeth as he hath done.

But when he shall goe to his kynde
where his forefathers be,
He shall his felowes fynde full darke
that lyght shall neuer see.

A folyshe man whome riches hath
to honoz thus pzeferde,
That doeth not knowe & vnderstand,
is to a beast comparde.

Quam bonus Israell. psal. lxxiii.

He woundreth howe the toes of god,
doe prosper and encrease.
And howe the good and godly men
doe seldome lyue in peace.

C.iii.

Howe

The plumes of Dauid

How good is God to suche as be
of pure and perfite hart:
Yet slippe my fecte awaye from him,
my steppes declyne aparte.

And why, because I fondely fall
in enuy and dysdayne,
That wicked men all thynges enioye
without diseale or payne.

And beare no yoke vpon theyr necke
nor burden on their backe,
And as for stooze of worldly goodes,
they haue no want or lacke.

And free from all aduersitie,
when other men be shent,
And with the rest they take no parte,
of plage or punyshment.

Wherby they be full gloriouse
in pride so high extolde,
And in their wrong and violence,
be wrapt so many folde:
That by aboundaunce of their goodes
they please their appetyte,
And doe all thynges accoꝛdindly,

unto

In Metre.

unto their hartes delyte.

All thynges are vile in their respect
sauiug themselues alone,
The bagge their myschefe openly
to make their power be knowen.

The heauens and the lyuing loꝛde
they care not to blasphemē,
And looke what thyng they talke of
the worlde doeth wel esteemē. (saye

The floske therfoze of flatterers
boe furnishe vp their trayne:
For there they be full sure to sucke,
some profite and some gayne.

Tush tush saye they vnto themselues,
is there a God aboue,

That knoweth and suffereth all thys
and wyll not vs reprove? (yll

Loe ye may see howe wycked menne,
in riches shyll increase.

Rewardēd wel with worldely goodes,
and lyne in rest and peace

Chan why doe I from wickednesse,
my fantasie refrayne,

C.iiii. And

The psalmes of Dauid

And wash my hādes with innocentes
and cense my harte in bayne:

And suffre scourges every daye,
as subiecte to all blame,
And euery moznyng from my youth,
Iustayne rebuke and shame.

And I had almost sayed as they,
mislyking myne estate,
But that I should, thy childzen iudge
as folke vnfortunate.

Chan I be thought me how I might
this matter vnderstande:

But yet the labour was to greate,
foz me to take in hande.

Untill the tyme I went into
thy holy place, and then,
I vnderstode right perfectly, the ende
of all these men.

And namely howe thou settest them
vnto a slippy place:

And at thy pleasure and thy will,
thou doest them all deface.

Chan lozde how soone doe they con-
sume

and

In metre.

and fearefully decay:

Muche lyke a dreame when one a wa-
their image passeth awaye. (keth

Thus greued was my hart ful soze
my mynde was muche opprest,
So fonde was I and ignoraunt,
and in thy syght a beast.

Yet neuertheles by my ryght hande
thou holdest me alwayes fast,
And with thy counsel doest me gyde,
to gloze at the laste.

What place is there prepared than
foz me in heauen aboue?

There is nothing in earth lyke the
that I desire oz loue.

My fleshe & eke my harte doe fayle,
but God doth fayle me neuer,
foz of my harte God is the strength,
my porcion eke foz euer.

And loe all suche as the forlake,
shall peryshe euery chone,
And those that trust in any thyng,
sayng in the alone.

Attendise

The psalmes of Dauid

Attendite. psal. lxxviii.

The couenaunt & the wonderous workes
of God in Israell.
And howe he proued them with plagis,
and yet howe ofce they fell.

Atende my people to my lawe,
and to my woorde encline,
My mouth shall speake straunge pa-
and sentences diuine. (tables
Which we our selues haue hearde
euen of our fathers olde, (a sene
And which for our instruccion,
our fathers haue vs tolde.
Bycause we should not kepe it close
from them that should come after,
But shew the power & glory of God,
and all his workes of wonder.
With Iacob he the couenaunt made
howe Israell should lyue,
And made their fathers thesame lawe
vnto their children geue.
That they and their posterite,
that were not sprong by tho,
Shoulde

In Metre.

Shoulde haue the knowlege of the
and teache their seide also. (lawe,
That they myght haue the better
in God that is aboue, (hope
And not forget to kepe his lawes
and his pceptes in loue.
Not being as their fathers were,
a kynde of suche a sprite,
That woulde not frame their wycked
to knowe their God aright. (hertes
Howe went the people of Ephraim
their neyghbours for to spoyle?
Shotinge their dartes y day of warre
and yet they toke the foyle?
For why they dyd not kepe with
the couenaunt that was made. (God
Nor yet would walke or leade their li-
ues according to his trade.
But put into obliuion,
his counsell and his wyll,
And all his workes most magnifiquie
which he declared styll.
What wonders to oure forefathers
dyd

The psalmes of David

Dyd he hymselfe disclose,
In Egypt lande within the fildes,
that called is Thareos.

He dyd deuide and cutte the sea,
that they myght passe at once,
And made the water stande as styll,
as doeth a heape of stones.

He led them secrete in a cloude,
by daye whan it was byght,
And all the nyght whan darke it was
with fier he gaue them lyght.

He brake the rockes in wyldernesse
and gaue the people drynke:
As plentiful as whan the depes,
doe flowe vp to the bynke.

He drew out riuers out of rockes,
that were both drye and harde.
Of suche aboundaunce y no fluddes
to them myght be comparde.

Yet for al this agaynst the Lorde,
their sinne dyd styll increase:
And stirred hym that is most highe
to wraoth, in wildernes.

Attemp-

In Metre.

Attemptyng hym within theyr hartes
lyke people of mistrust,
Requyryng suche a kynde of meate,
as serued to their lust.

Saying with murmuration,
in their vnfaithfulness,
Cannot this God prepare for vs,
a feast in wyldernes?

Beholde he strake the stony rocke
and fluddes furthwith did flowe,
Doubte not y he can geue his folke
both breade and fleshe also.
Whā god heard this he wared wroth
with Jacob and his sede,
So did his indignacion,
on Israel procede.

Bycause they did not faithfully
beleue and hope, that he
Coude alwaies helpe & succour them
in their necessitie.

Wherfore he dyd comaunde y clowd
forthwith they brake in sunder, (des)
And rained doune manns for the to eate
a food

The psalmes of Dauid

a foode of mykell wonder.

When earthly men with Angels
were fedde at their request, (foode
He had the east wynde blowe awaye,
and brought in the south west.

And rayned downe flesh as thicke as
and foule as thicke as sande, (dust
which he dyd cast a mydde the place
where all their tentes dyd stande.

Than dyd they eate exceedingly,
and all men had their fylles,
Nothyng dyd want to their desyre
he gaue them all their willes.

But as the meate was in their mou-
his wyath vpon them fell. (thes
And slewe the floure of all the youth,
and choyle of Israell.

Yet fell they to their wonted synne
and styll they dyd hym greue,
For al the wonders that he wrought
they had no fast belefe.

Their dayes therfore he shortened
and made their honour vayne,
Their

In Metre.

Theyr yeares did wast a passe a waite;
with terroure and with paine.

But euer whan he plagued them,
they sought him by and by,
Remembryng then he was their
their helpe & God most hye. (strength

Though in their mouthes they dyd
and flatter with the lorde, (but glafe
And w theyr tonges & in their hartes
dissembled euery woozde.

For why their hartes were nothyng
to him noz to his trade, (bente
For yet to kepe oz to perfourme,
the couenaunt that was made.

Yet he was styll so mercifull,
whan they deserude to dye,
That he forgaue them their misdedes
and would not them destroye.

Yea many a tyme he turned his
and dyd himselfe auple, (wyath
And woulde not suffre all his whole
dyspleasure to asple.

Considering that they were but fleshy
and

The psalmes of Dauid

and euen as a wynde,
That passeth away and cannot well,
returue by his owne kynde.

Howe often tymes in wyldernes,
Dyd they their lozde prouoke?
Howe dyd they moue and styre they?
to plage them with his stroke? (lozde,

Yea when they were conuerted well,
of purpose they would moue,
The holy one of Israell,
his power for to proue.

Not thinking of his hande & power
noz of the dape when he,
Deliuered them out of the bon-
dage of the enemy.

Howe he wrought his miracles
as they themselues behelde,
In Egypte, and the wonders that
he dyd in soan fielde.

Howe he turned by his power,
their waters into blood,
That no mā might receiue his drinke
at riuer ne at floud.

¶

In Metre.

Howe he sent them flies and lice
whiche did vpon them craull,
And filled the countrey full of frogges
to trouble them withall.

Howe he did commit their fruites
vnto the Caterpyller,
And all the labour of their handes
he gaue to the grasse hopper.

With hailstones he destroyed their
so that they were all lost, (vines
And also they mulberitrees,
he did consume with frost.

And yet with hailstones once againe
the Lozde their cattell smote,
And all their flockes & herbes likewise
with thunder boltes full hote.

He cast vpon them in his ire,
and in his fury strong,
Displeasure, wrathe, and aungels yll
to trouble them among.

Chan to his wrathe he made a waye
and spared not the leaste,
But gaue vnto the pestilence,

D. i.

the

The psalmes of Dauid

The man and eke the beast.

He strake also the first bozne all,
that by in Egypt came:
And all that they had laboured for,
within the tentes of Ham.

But as for all his owne dere folke
he dyd preserue and kepe,
And carred them through wyldernes
euen lyke a flocke of shepe.

Without al feare bouth safe & sound
he brought them out of thral
wheras their foes with rage of sea,
were ouerwhelmed all.

And brought them out into the boz-
ders of his holy lande,
Euen to the mount which he had pur-
chased with right hande.

And there cast out the heathen folke,
and dyd their lande deuide,
And in their tentes he sette the tribes
of Israell to abyde.

Yet for al this their god most highe
they styared and temptid styll,

And

In Metre.

And woulde not kepe his testamente
noz yet obey his wyll.

But as their fathers turned backe,
euen so they went astray,
Muche lyke a bowe that woulde not
but brake and start a way. (bende

And greued him wth their hil Aulters
their lyghtes & with their fire,
And with their Idols vehemently
prouoked hym to Ire.

Therwith his wrath began agayne,
to kyndle in his brest,
The naughtines of Israell,
he dyd so muche detest.

Chan he forsoke the tabernacle
of Silo, where he was,
Right conuersant with erthly men
euen as his dwellyng place.

Chan suffered he their might & power
in bondage for to stande,
And gaue the bewtie of his folke,
into their enemies haude.

And dyd comit them to the sworde,
wth both

The psalmes of Dauid

Wroth with his heritage,
The yong men were deuoured wth fyre,
maydes had no marriage.

And with the sword the priestes also
Dyd peryshe euerychone,
And not a wyddowe left a lyue,
theyr faute for to bemone.

And that the lord began to wake
lyke one that slepte a tyme,
Or lyke a souldier, that had bene,
refresched well with wine.

With emerauwdes in y^e hindre partes
he strake his enemies all:
And put them then vnto a shame,
that was perpetuall.

Chan he the tent and tabernacle,
of Joseph dyd refuse,
As for the trybe of Ephraim,
he woulde in no wise chuse.

By chole the trybe of Iuda,
wher he thought to dwell:
Ouer the mounte of Syon,
wher he did loue so well.

Where

In metre.

Where as he dyd his temple buylde,
both sumptuously and sure,
Like to y^e ground which he hath made
for euet to endure.

Chan chose he Dauid hym to serue
his people for to kepe,
Which he toke vp and brought away
euen from the foldes of shepe,

As he did folowe the ewes wth yonge
the lord did him auaunce.

To fede his people of Israel,
and his inheritaunce.

Chan Dauid with a faithfull harte
his flocke and charge did fede:
And prudently with al his power,
dyd gouerne them in dede.

Benedic anima mea. psal. ciii.

To God for all his benefites,
we render thanks eche one,
Who knoweth the frailtie of vs all,
and helpeth vs alone.

D.iii.

99

The psalmes of Dauid

My soule geue laude vnto þe lord
my spirite shall doe the same,
And all the secretes of my heart,
praise ye his holy name.

Geue thākes to god for al his giftes
shewe not thy selfe vnkind,
And suffer not his benefites,
to styppe out of thy mynde.

That gaue the pardon for thy faute
and the restored agayne,
For al thy weake and frayle disease,
and healed the of thy payne.

That dyd redeme thy lyfe from death
from which thou couldest not flee,
His mercy and compassion both,
he dyd extende to thee.

That filled with goodnes thy desire
and dyd prolong thy youth,
Lyke as the egle casteth her byll,
whereby her age renueth.

The lord with iustice doeth reuēge
all suche as be opress:

The patience of the perfit man, is

In metre.

is turned to the best,

His waics & his cōmaundementes
to þeoples he did shewe.
His counsels eke with his consentes,
the Israelites do knowe.

The Lorde is kynde and merciful,
when sinners doth him greue,
The slowest to conceyue a wrath,
and redicst to forgeue.

He chydeth not vs continually,
thoughe we be full of strife,
Nor kepeth our fautes in memoire,
for all our synfull lyfe.

Nor yet accordyng to our synnes,
the lorde doeth vs regarde,
Nor after our iniquities,
he doth not vs rewarde.

But as þe space is wonderous greate
twixt earth and heauen aboue,
So is his goodnes much moze large
to them that do him loue.

He doth remoue our synnes from vs
and our offences all,

D, iiii. As

The psalmes of David

As farre as is the sunne rising,
full distant from all his fall.

And loke what pitie parentes dere
vnto their childzen beare,
Lyke pitie beareth the Lorde to suche
as wurchip him with feare.

The Lorde þe made vs knoweth our
our mould and fashon iust, (Mape
Howe weake and frayle our nature is
and howe we be but dust.

And howe the tyme of mortall men
is lyke the widdering hay,
Or lyke the floure right fayre in felde
that fadeth full soone away.

Whose glosse and beautie stormy
doe vtterly disgrace, (wyndes
And make that after their assautes,
suche blossomes haue no place.

But yet the goodnes of the lorde,
with his shall euer stande,
Their childzens childzen byd receyue,
his rightwisenes at hande.

That they may kepe their promyses
with

In Metre.

With all their whole desire,
And not forget to do the thing,
that he byd them requere.

The heauens hve are made the seat
and fotstole of the lorde,
And by his power imperiall,
he gouerneth all the worlde.

Ye angels and ye vertuous men
laude ye the lorde I saye,
That ye may both fulfyll his bestes
and to his wordes obeye.

His host and eke his ministers,
cease not but laude hym styll,
And ye also that execute
his pleasure and his wyll.

Let all his workes in euery place,
geue laude vnto the lorde,
By harte my mynd and eke my soule,
Chall therunto accorde

Ad

The psalmes of Dauid

Ad dominum cum tribulauer. psal. cxxi.

The good men crye and muche lament,
that they so long doe dwell
In company of carnall men,
the sonnes of Ismaell:

In trouble and in thral,
Unto the lord I call,
And he doeth me comforte:

Deliuert me I saye.

From lyars lypes alwaye,
And tongue of false reporte.

Howe hurtfull is the thyng,
Or els howe doeth it stung,
The tongue of suche a lyer:

It hurteth no lesse I wene,
Then arrows sharpe and kene
Of whote consuming fier.

Alas to long I dwell,
With the sonne of Ismaell,
That Chedar is to name.

By whom the folke elect,
And all of Isaacks sect,
Are put to open shame.

With them that peace did hate,

I

In Metre.

I came a peace to make,
And set a quiet lyfe.
But whan my worde was tolde,
Causeles I was controlde,
By them that woulde haue stryfe.

Ad te leuani. psal. cxxii.

The pore in spirit wapt for the lord
tyll they some grace atteyne,
The proude and welyng pharisyas
the simple folke disdayne.

O Lord that heauen dost possesse
I lift myne eyes to the,
Euen as the seruaunt lifteth his,
his masters handes to se.
As handmaidens watch their mastres
some grace for to atcheue. (handes
So we beholde the lord our God,
tyll he doe vs forgene.

Lord graunt vs thy compassion,
and mercy in thy syght,
For we befyllid and ouercum,
with hatred and despyte.
Our mindes be stuffed wth great rebuke
the riche and wordly wyse

Doe

The psalmes of Dauid

Do make of vs their mocking stocke
the proude do vs despise.

Besti omnes. psal. Cxxxviii.

God blesseth with his benefites,
the man and eke the wyfe,
That in his wayes do rightly walke
and feare hym all their life.

Blessed art thou that fearest God
and walkest in his waye,
For of thy labour thou shalt eate,
happie art thou I saye.

Lyke fruitfull vines on the house
so doeth thy wyfe spryng out, (sydes
Thy childre stand like Oliue buddes
thy table rounde about.

Thus art thou blest y fearest God
and he shall let thee see,

The promysed Ierusalem,
and his felicitie,
Thou shalt thy childres childzen see
to thy great ioyes encrease,
Full quietly in Israell,
to passe their tyme in peace.

Finis.

Thus saith the Lorde.

All faire and vvhie art thou my churche, and no spot is in thee.



I haue hated the malignant congregacions.