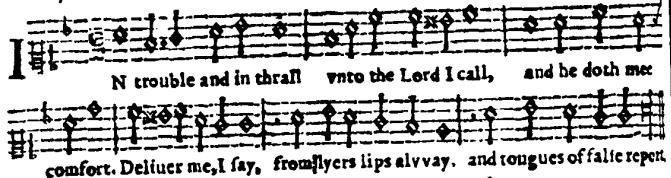
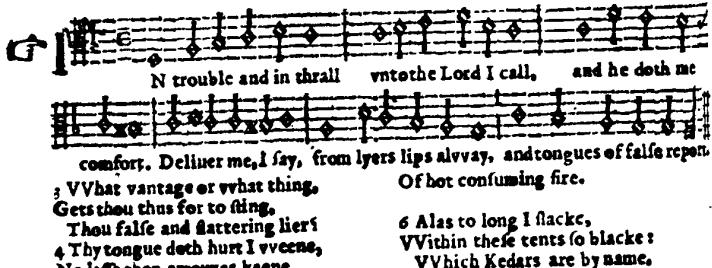
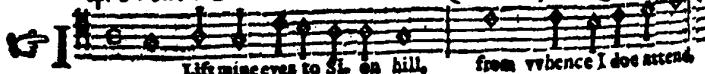


Psalme 120.

S C H I N. The XXI. Part.

161 Princes haue sought by cruelty
causelesse to make me couch:
But all in vain, for of thy word,
the feare did my heart touch.
162 And certaintly eu'en of thy word,
I was more merry and glad:
Then he that of rich spoiles and prayes
great store and plenty had.
163 As for all lies and falsity,
I hate most and detest:
For whyn thy holy lasses doe I,
aboue all things loue best.
164 Seven times a day I praise the Lord,
singing wth hart and voice:
Thy righteous acts and wonderfull,
so cause me to reioyce.

Psalme 120. CANTVS. Tho. Rawens. B. of M.1. Italian Tune. *TENOR, or Faburden.**Psalme 121. CANTVS. G. Farnaby B. of M.*4. French Tune. *TENOR or Playnsong.**Psalme 120.*

T A V. The XXII. Part.

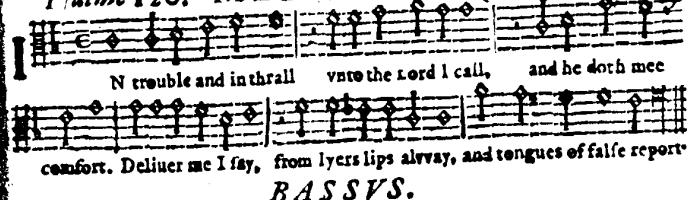
165 Great peace and rest shall all such
vvhich doe thy statutes loue. (hawt,
No danger shall their quiett state,
empire or once remoue.
166 Mine onely health & comfort Lord,
I looke for as thy hand:
And therefore haue I don: those thingz,
vvhich thou didst me command.

167 Thy lasses haue beeene my exercize
vvhich my soule much deird':
So much my loue to them was bent,
that nought else I requireid.
168 Thy statutes and commandementz,
I kept them knowell aight:
For all the thingz that I haue done,
are present in thy light.

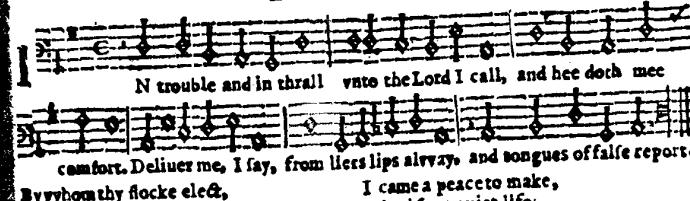
173 Stretch out thy hand I thee beseech,
and speedely me sauie:
For thy commandementz toobserue,
choose O Lord I haue.
174 Of thee alone Lord I crave health
for other I knowe none:
And in thy lass and nothing else
I doe delight alone.

171 Then shall my lips thy praises speak
after it. of ample sorte:
VWhen thou thy statutes hast me taught
vvhether stands my comfort:
172 My tongue shall sing & preach thy
and on this wylf fayshall. (vvord
Gods famous acts and noble lasses,
are full and perfect all.

175 Grant mee therefore long dayes to
thy name to magnifie: (lue
And of thy iudgements mercifull,
let me thy fauouritry.
176 For I was lost and went astray,
much like a vvandering shepe:
Oh seek me for I haue not faild
thy commandementz to keepe.

Psalme 120. MEDIVS. Tho. Rawens. B. of M.

BASSVS.



By whom thy flocke elect,
And all of Isacks sorte:
are put to open shame.

I came a peace to make,
And set a quiet life:
But when my tale was told,
Causelesse I was contred,

By them that would haue strife.

Psalme 121. MEDIVS. G. Farnaby B. of M.

BASSVS.

