

Pfalme 128.

3 Like fruitfull vines on thy house side,
 so doth thy wife spri:gout:
 Thy children stand like Oliue plants,
 thy table round about.

4 Thus art thou blest that fearest God,
 and he shall let thee see
 5 The promised Ierusalem,
 and his felicitie.

Pfalme 129. CANTVS. Iohn Bennet.

Et they, novv Israel may say, me from my youth assailld: Oft
 they assailld me from my youth, yet neuer they preuailld.

Cheshire Tune. TENOR, or Playsong.

Et they, novv Israel may say, me from my youth assailld: Oft
 they assailld me from my youth, yet neuer they preuailld.

3 Vpon my back the plovvers plovv'd
 and furrowes long did cast:
 4 The righteous Lord hath cut the cords
 of vvicked foes at last.

5 They that hate mee shall be asham'd
 and turned backe also.
 6 And made as grasse vpon the house,
 vvich vvithereth ere it growv.

Pfalme 130. CANTVS. Tho. Ravens. B. of M.

Ord to thee I make my mone vwhen dangers mee oppresse:
 I call, I sigh, plaine and grone, trusting to finde release. Heare novv

9. French Tune. TENOR, or Faburden.

Ord to thee I make my mone vwhen dangers mee oppresse:
 I call, I sigh, plaine and grone, trusting to finde release. Heare novv

Pfalme 128.

6 Thou shalt thy childrens children see,
 to thy great ioyes increasē:
 And likewise grace on Israel,
 prosperitie and peace.

Pfalme 129. MEDIVS. Iohn Bennet.

Et they, novv Israel may say, me from my youth assailld: Oft
 they assailld me from my youth, yet neuer they preuailld.

BASSVS.

Et they, novv Israel may say, me from my youth assailld: Oft
 they assailld me from my youth, yet neuer they preuailld.

7 VVhereof the mover cannot finde,
 enough to fill his hand:
 Nor he can fill his lap, that goeth
 to glean vpon the land.

8 Nor passers by pray God on them,
 to let his blessing fall:
 Nor say, vve bleesse you in the name
 of God the Lord at all.

Pfalme 130. MEDIVS. Tho. Ravens. B. of M.

Ord to thee I make my mone vwhen dangers me oppresse:
 I call, I sigh, plaine, and grone, trusting to finde release. Heare novv

BASSVS.

Ord to thee I make my mone vwhen dangers me oppresse:
 I call, I sigh, plaine and grone, trusting to finde release. Heare novv
 O Lord