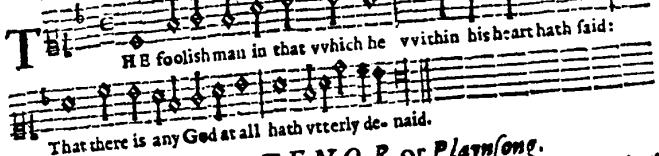
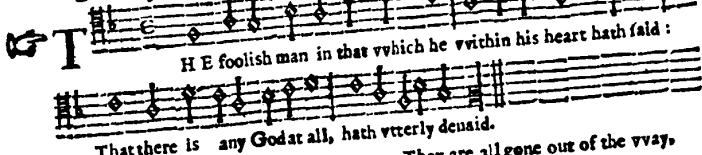


Psalme 53.
But of his goods his God did make,
and trust his corrupt fence.
2 But I an Olive fresh and greene,
vwill spring and spread abroad:
For vhy my trust all times hath beeне
upon the liuing god.

CANTVS. Tho. Rawens. B. of M.



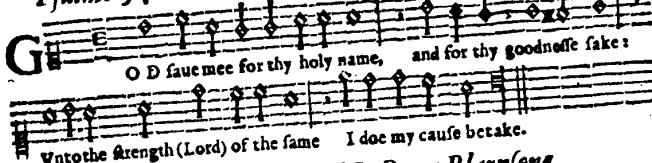
Chichester Tune. TENO R or Playnsong.



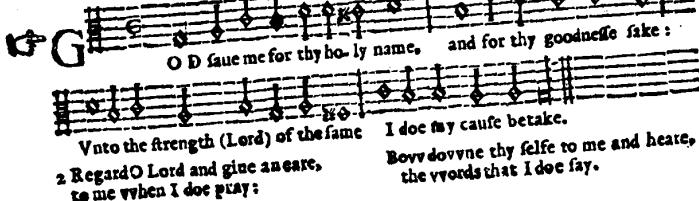
2 They are corrupt and they also
a hainous vworke haue vrought:
Among them all there is not one,
of good that vverketh ought.
3 The Lord lookt down on sons of men
from heaven all abroad:
To see if any vvere that vwould
be vwife, and secke for God.

4 They are all gone out of the vway,
they are corrupted all:
There is not one doth any good,
there is not one at all.
5 Doe not all wicked workers know
that they doe feed vpon
My people as they feed on bread:
the Lord they call not on:

CANTVS. Tho. Rawens. B. of M.

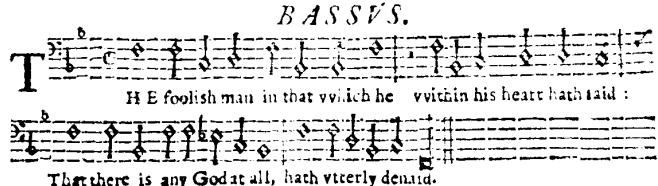
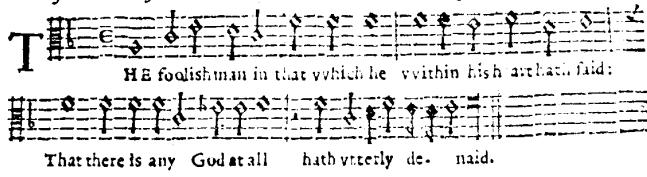


Salisbury Tune. TENO R, or Playnsong.



Psalme 53.
9 For this therefore vwill I giue praise, I vwill set forth thy name alvways
to thee with heart and voce: vwherein thy Saints reioyce.

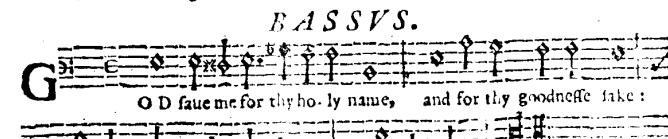
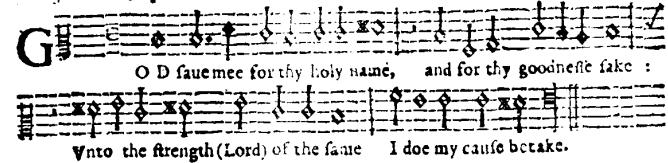
MEDIVS. Tho. Rawens. B. of M.



6 Even there they were afraid & flood
vwith trembling all diuided:
VWhereas there was no cause at all
vwhy they should be afraid.

7 For God his bones that thee besieged
had scattered all abroad:
Thou hast confounded them, for they
reected are of God.

Psalme 54. MEDIVS. Tho. Rawens. B. of M.



For strangers vpag ainst me rise,
and tirany vxe me still,
Vwhich haue not God before their eyes,
they secke my soule to spill.