



3 For loe they wait my foule totake, they rage against me still: Yea, for no fault that I did make, I never did them ill.

They run and doe themselves prepare, vyhen I no whit offend

Arite and faue me from their fnare, and ice what they intend.

5 () Lend of hofts of Ifrael. ri'e vp and ftrike all lands And pittle none that doe rebell. and in their mischiefe stands.

At night they fitr and seeke about, as hounds they houle and grin : And all the Citie cleane throughout from place to place they ren.

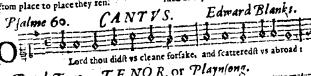
7 They spake of me with mouth alway but in their lips were fevoreds 1 They greed my death, and then evould fay what none can heare our words.

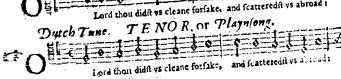
3 But Lord thou haft their vvayes cipide and laught therest space : The heathen folke to shalt deside,

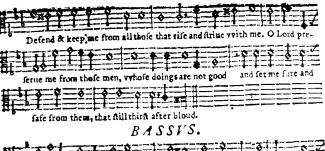
and mocke them to their face. 9 The fliength that doth my foes with-

O Level dorh come of thee:
My God he is my hely at hand, a fort of fence to mee.

so The Lord to me doth sheve his grace in great abundance still:
That I may see my foes in case,
such as my heart doth will.









II Defiroy them not at once O God, leaft it from minde doe fall

But with thy ftrength divine them abroad and so consume themali.

12 For their ill vyords & truthles tongue confound them in their pride Their wicked other withlyes & wrong let all the world deride.

13 Confume them in thy worath @ Lord, that nought of them remaine : That men may know throughout the that Iacobs God doth raigne. world 14 Acesening they returne apace,

Throughout the Arects in every place, they runne about and spie.

19 They feeke about for meat I fly, but letthem not be fed: Norfinde a house voherein they may be bold to put their head.

16 But I vvillsheve the ftrength abroad the goodnessel vvill praise:

For thou art my defence and aide at need in all affayes.

17 Thou art my ftrength, thou haft me ftaid O Lord I fing to thee : Thou art my fort, my firength and aide, a louing God to mee.



