17 In these may birds build, and make there their nest: In Firre trees the Storks remaine and abides 18 The highhils are succour for wilde Goates to rest: And eke the rocks stony for Conics to hide.

19 The Moonethen is fet her fea fons to runne,
The dayes from the nights thereby to differne:
And by the afcending all of the Sunne
The cold from heat alway thereby we doc learne.

20 VVhen darkenefie doth come by Gods vvill and povver, Then creepe forth dee all the beafts of the vwood-21 The Lyons range roaring, their prey to demoure: But yet it is thou Lord, which giuest them food. 23 As foone as the Sunne is up, they retire,
To couch in their dens then are they full faine:
23 That man to his worke may, as right doth require:
Till night come and call him to take reft againe.
The third part.

The three pare.

24 Hove fundry, O Lord,
are all thy everkes found?

Vith wricedome full great
they are indeed every
as So that the whole everld
of thy praife doth found,
And as for thy riches
they passe all mens thought.

So in the great fea,
which large is and broad:
VVhere things that creepe fovarme,
and beafts of each fort.
26 There both mighty ships faile,
and fome lye at toad:
The VVhales huge and monstrous



Psalme 104.

27 All things on thee evalt,
thou don't them relieue:
And thou in due time
full well don't them feed.
28 Now when it doth pleafe thee,
the fame fo to giue:
They gather full gladly
those things which they need.

Thou openest thy hand
and they finde such grace:
That they with good things
are filled we see.
29 Sut fore are they troubled
if the sturne thy face:
For if this touther breath take,
wile cust then they be.

30 A gaine when thy spirit from thee doth proceed:
All this gs to appoint, and what shall ensue.
31 Then are they created, as thou hast decreed:
And dost by thy goodnesse the dry earth renue.

32 The praise of the Lord for euershall last:
VYto may in his vvorks,
by right vvell reioyce.
His looke can the earth make to tremble full fast:
And like vise the mountaines, to sinoake at his voyce.
3: To this Lord and God sing vvill I alvayes:
Solong as I live my God praise vvill I:
34 Then am I most certaine my vvords shall him please:
I vvill reioyce in him,

35 The finners, O Lord, confume in thine ire:
And cke the peruerfe them roote out virth shame.
But as for my foule, novy, let it fill defie:
And fay with the faithfull, prayfe ye the Lords name.

to him will I cry.

