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An Essay on a few of *DAVID's*  
*P S A L M S* Translated into Plain Verse,  
in Language more agreeable to the clearer  
Revelations of the Gospel.

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THE  
HAPPY SAINT  
AND  
Curfed Sinner.

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*P S A L M I.*

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I.

**B**LEST is the Man, whose cautious Feet  
Shun the broad Path which Sinners chuse,  
Who hates the House where Atheists meet,  
And dreads the Words that Scoffers use.

II.



## II.

He loves t' employ his Morning Light  
Reading the Statutes of the Lord,  
And spends the wakeful Hours of Night  
With Pleasure pond'ring o're the Word.

## III.

He like a Plant by gentle Streams  
Shall Flourish in Immortal Green ;  
And Heav'n will shine with Kindest Beams  
On every Work his Hands begin.

## IV.

But Sinners find their Counsels cross'd ;  
As Chaff before the Tempest flies,  
So shall their Hopes be blown and lost  
When the last Trumpet shakes the Skies.

## V.

In vain the Rebel crouds to stand  
In Judgment with the Pious Race ;  
The dreadful Judge with Stern Command  
Divides him to a different Place.



## V I.

“ Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,  
 “ I blest the Path and drew it plain :  
 “ But you would chuse the crooked Road,  
 “ And it leads down t’ Eternal Pain.

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## Doubts and Fears

S U P P R E S ’ D.

## P S A L M III.

## I.

**L**OOK, Gracious God, how numerous they  
 Whose envious Power and Rage  
 Conspiring my Eternal Death  
 Against my Soul engage.

## II.

The lying Tempter would perswade  
 There’s no Relief in Heaven ;

And