

THE 55TH PSALM.

HEAR, oh my God! thy grace extend,
Hide not thyself, O Lord, from me!
Hear my petition, and befriend
The mournful cause I plead to thee!

The enemy with ceaseless strife,
Their minds on mischief ever set,
Maliciously pursue my life,
And impious men their cause abet.

My heart's disquieted with dread,
The fears of death are on me come,
With ghastly horrors overspread
And tremblings, I expect my doom.

Then did I wish with silver wings
Dovelike to fly and seek my rest,
Far from the source whence sorrow springs,
In some lone wild to make my nest.

With haste I would escape and fly,
Or ere the storm takes hold of me :
Destroy their tongues, for I espy
How wickedly they strive with thee.

The city walls both night and day
With mischief they encompass round ;
Deceit and guile are in their way,
Sorrows within their streets abound.

Were it an enemy declar'd,
That wrought this shame, an open foe,
From such disgrace I had been spar'd,
And 'scap'd the meditated blow.

'Twas

'Twas thou, my counsellor and guide,
Companion and familiar friend,
With whom I commun'd side by side,
As to God's house we did ascend.

Them death shall hastily o'ertake,
And whelm them quick into the grave;
But as for me my pray'r I'll make
To God, whose power alone can save.

At evening and at early dawn,
At noon-day also will I pray,
So shall He hear my voice, nor scorn
To lead my soul in his right way.

The God, who all things doth behold,
Th' eternal King and Lord of all,
Will hear my pray'r, and me uphold,
So that I shall not greatly fall.

'Tis He, that from the battle's rage
My soul to safety hath restor'd,
He can their furious wrath assuage,
He is the only God and Lord,

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