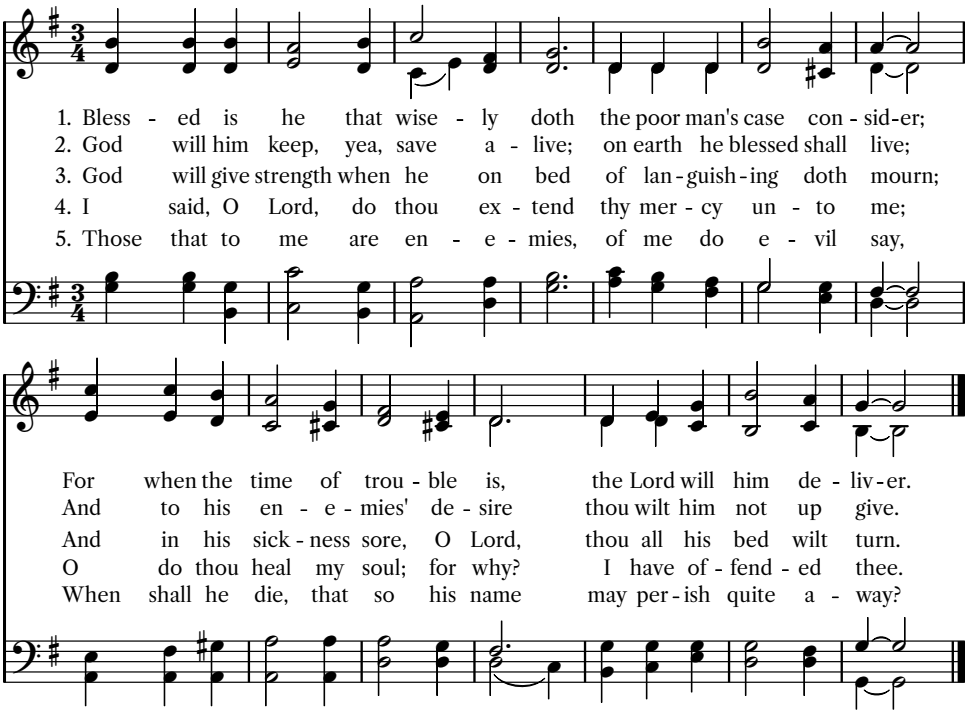
Blessed Is He That Wisely Doth



6. To see me if he comes, he speaks
vain words: but then his heart
Heaps mischief to it, which he tells,
when forth he doth depart.

7. My haters jointly whispering,
'gainst me my hurt devise.
Mischief, say they, cleaves fast to him;
he lieth, and shall not rise.

8. Yea, ev'n mine own familiar friend,
on whom I did rely,
Who ate my bread, ev'n he his heel
against me lifted high.

9. But, Lord, be merciful to me,
and up again me raise,
That I may justly them requite
according to their ways.

10. By this I know that certainly
I favoured am by thee;
Because my hateful enemy
triumphs not over me.

11. But as for me, thou me uphold'st
in mine integrity;
And me before thy countenance
thou sett'st continually.

12. The Lord, the God of Israel,
be blessed for ever then,
From age to age eternally.
Amen, yea, and amen.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

ST. AGNES C.M.
John Bacchus Dykes, 1875