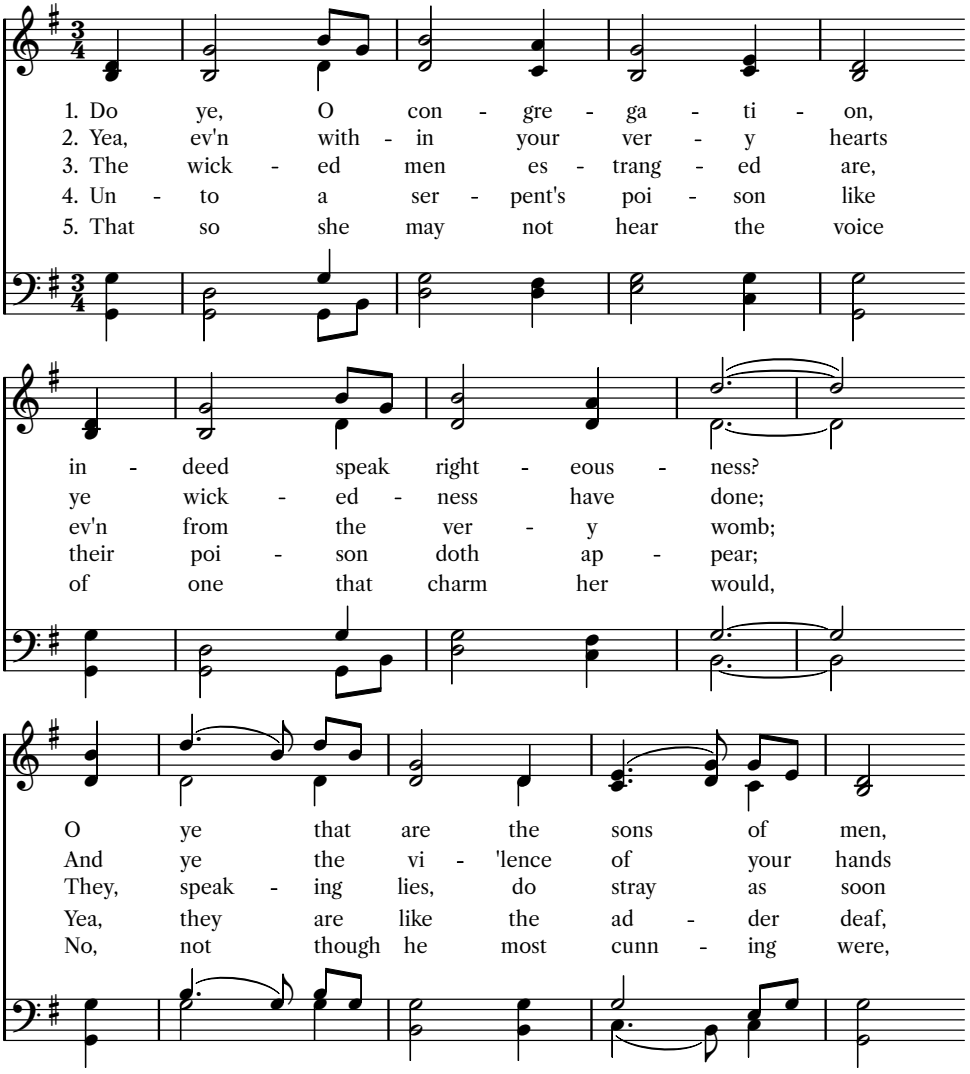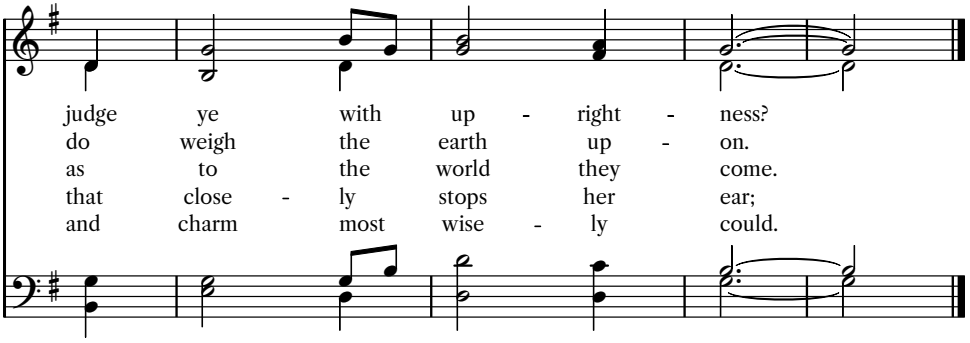
Do Ye, O Congregation





6. Their teeth, O God, within their mouth
break thou in pieces small;
The great teeth break thou out, O Lord,
of these young lions all.

7. Let them like waters melt away,
which downward still do flow:
In pieces cut his arrows all,
when he shall bend his bow.

8. Like to a snail that melts away,
let each of them be gone;
Like woman's birth untimely, that
they never see the sun.

9. He shall them take away before
your pots the thorns can find,
Both living, and in fury great,
as with a stormy wind.

10. The righteous, when he vengeance sees,
he shall be joyful then;
The righteous one shall wash his feet
in blood of wicked men.

11. So men shall say, The righteous man
reward shall never miss:
And verily upon the earth
a God to judge there is.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

NEW BRITAIN C.M.
Carrell & Clayton, 1831