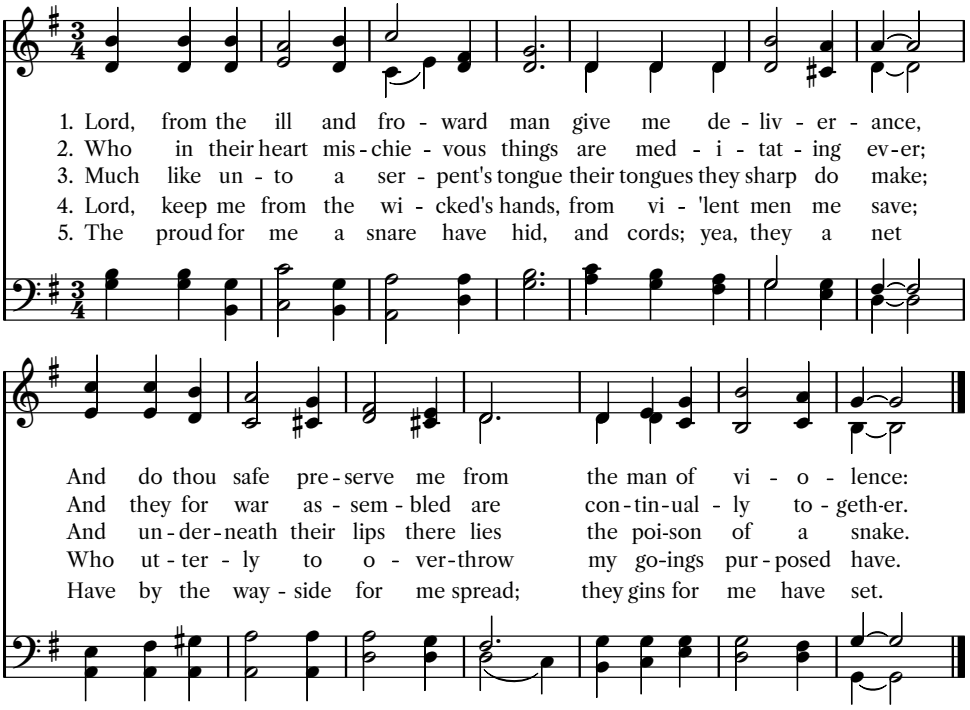
Lord, from the Ill and Froward Man



6. I said unto the Lord, Thou art
my God: unto the cry
Of all my supplications,
Lord, do thine ear apply.

7. O God the Lord, who art the strength
of my salvation:
A cov'ring in the day of war
my head thou hast put on.

8. Unto the wicked man, O Lord,
his wishes do not grant;
Nor further thou his ill device,
lest they themselves should vaunt.

9. As for the head and chief of those
about that compass me,
Ev'n by the mischief of the lips
let thou them covered be.

10. Let burning coals upon them fall,
them throw in fiery flame,
And in deep pits, that they no more
may rise out of the same.

11. Let not an evil speaker be
on earth established:
Mischief shall hunt the vi'lent man,
till he be ruined.

12. I know God will th' afflicted's cause
maintain, and poor men's right.
Surely the just shall praise thy name;
th' upright dwell in thy sight.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

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