

**A LYRICAL LITERAL
VERSION OF THE PSALMS.
IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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A Lyrical Literal Version of the Psalms. In Two Volumes. Vol. II by Frederic Fysh

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FREDERIC FYSH

**A LYRICAL LITERAL
VERSION OF THE PSALMS.
IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**

A LYRICAL
LITERAL VERSION OF THE PSALMS.

BY THE REV. FREDERIC FYSH, M.A.
AUTHOR OF "ANASTASIS EXAMINED," "CATRECHISM OF THE APOCALYPSE,"
&c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

He that wends his way and weeps,
Bearing the seed-draught,
Will doubtless come with singing,
Bearing his sheaves.



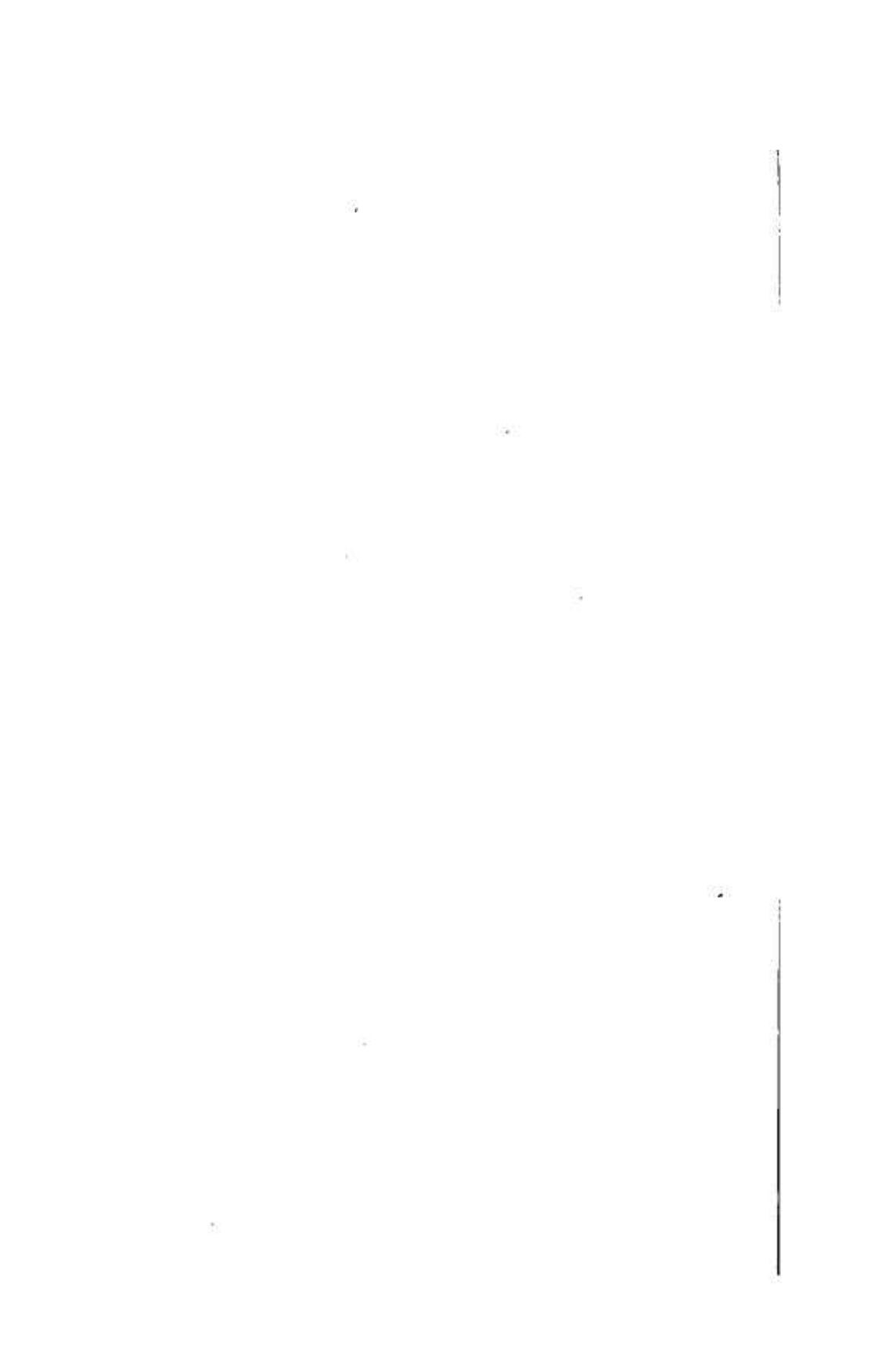
Seeleys.

FLEET STREET, AND MANOVER STREET,
LONDON : MDCCCLI.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

PART III.

PSALM LXXIII. TO LXXXIX. INCLUSIVE.



PART III.

PSALM LXXIII. TO LXXXIX. INCLUSIVE.

PSALM LXXIII.

A PSALM OF ASAPH.

I.

- 1 ONLY good is God to Israel :
To the pure in heart.

II.

- 2 But as for me,
My feet had well nigh swerv'd :
My steps had all but slipt.
3 For I envied the vain-glorious :
I was habitually seeing
The prosperity of the wicked.
4 For they are free from pains :
And their body is sound and plump.
5 They're exempt from the troubles of mortals :
Nor are they plagued, with men.

- 6 Therefore pride, as a neck-chain, encircles
them :
- The garment of violence covers them.
- 7 Their eyes stand out from fatness :
The thoughts of their hearts flow over.
- 8 They scoff, and speak in wickedness :
From on high they speak oppression.
- 9 They set their mouth in the heavens :
And their tongue parades on earth.
- 10 Therefore he turns his people hither :
And abundant waters are quaff'd by them.
- 11 "How should God know?" say they :
"And knowledge be in the Most High?"

III.

- 12 Lo, these are the wicked—the ever prosperous :
They increase in riches.
- 13 Only in vain have I cleansed my heart :
And washed my hands in innocence.
- 14 For I have been plagued all day :
And chasten'd every morning.
- 15 Should I say, "I WILL announce this,"
Lo, I should be acting treacherously
Against the race of Thy children.
- 16 I earnestly mused to know this :
A pain it was in mine eyes.
- 17 Till I enter'd the sanctuary of God,
And understood their end.

IV.

- 18 Only in slippery places Thou settest them :
 Thou lettest them fall to ruin.
- 19 How are they desolate, as in a moment !
 They perish *and* come to an end with terror.
- 20 Like a dream through awaking,
 In the city, O Lord, Thou despisest their image.

V.

- 21 For my heart was embitter'd :
 And I was pierced in my reins.
- 22 I also was dumb, and knew not :
 I was a beast before Thee.
- 23 Yet I am continually with Thee :
 Thou layest hold of my right hand.
- 24 Thou guidest me by Thy counsel :
 In the train of honour Thou takest me.

VI.

- 25 Whom have I in heaven *but Thee* ?
 I desire none on earth beside Thee.
- 26 My flesh and my heart do waste :
 But God is the Rock of my heart,
 And my portion for ever.
- 27 For lo, who are far from Thee perish :
 Thou destroyest all those who are wanton against
 Thee.
- 28 But as for me,
 Nearness to God is good for me :

In Jehovah my Lord I place my confidence,
To publish all Thy works.

STROPHE—DIVISION 1. 10. 6. 3. 4. 4.=10. 10. 4. 4.
=28.

PSALM LXXIV.

A LESSON OF ASAPH.

I.

1 WHEREFORE, O God,
Hast Thou cast us off for ever?
 Thine anger smokes
 Against the sheep of Thy pasture.

2 Remember Thy congregation
 Which Thou hast acquired of old:
 Thine inheritance which Thou redeemedst:
 Mount Sion whereon Thou hast dwelt.

II.

3 Lift up thy footsteps
 To the eternal ruins:
 All in the sanctuary the foe has destroyed.

4 Thine adversaries roar in the midst
 Of Thy places of revelation:
 They set up their ensigns for signs.

5 He might be taken for one
 Who lifts up the axe in a forest-thicket.