

Lord, from the Ill and Froward Man
Scottish Psalter, 1650.
Este's Psalter, 1592.

Lord, from the ill and froward man
Give me deliverance,
And do Thou safe preserve me from
The man of violence:

Who in their heart mischievous things
Are meditating e'er;
And they for war assembled are
Continually together.

Much like unto a serpent's tongue
Their tongues they sharp do make;
And underneath their lips there lies
The poison of a snake.

Lord, keep me from the wicked's hands,
From violent men me save;
Who utterly to overthrow
My goings purposed have.

The proud for me a snare have hid,
And cords; yea, they a net
Have by the wayside for me spread;
They gins for me have set.

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

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.

Unto the wicked man, O Lord,
His wishes do not grant;
Nor further Thou his ill device,
Lest they themselves should vaunt.

As for the head and chief of those
About that compass me,
E'en by the mischief of their lips
Let Thou them covered be.

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.

Let not an evil speaker be
On earth establishe d:
Mischief shall hunt the violent man,
Till he be ruine d.

I know God will th'afflicted's cause
Maintain, and poor men's right.
Surely the just shall praise Thy name;

