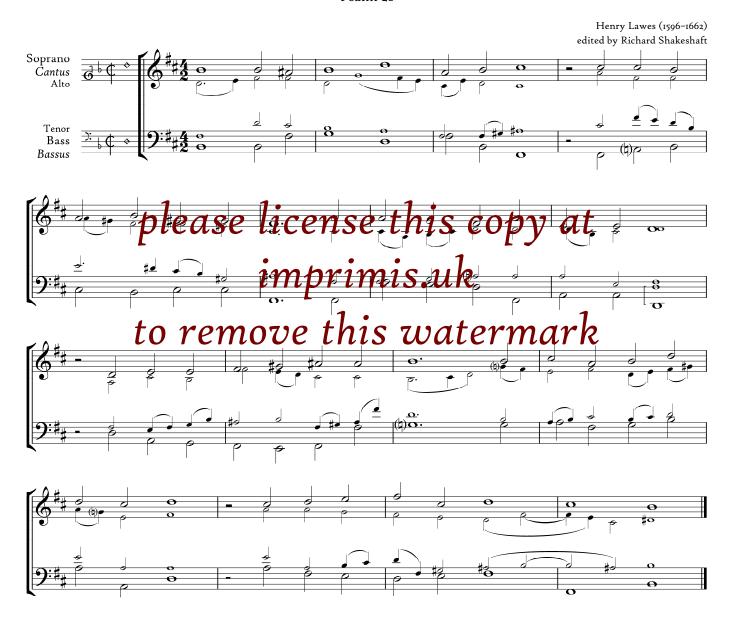
Psalm 28



- My God, my rock, regard my cry;
 Left I unheard, like those that die,
 In shades of dark oblivion lie.
 To my ascending grief give ear,
 When I my hands devoutly rear
 Before thy mercy seat with fear.
- With wicked men mix not my fate; Nor drag me with the reprobate, Who speak of peace, but foster hate. Such as their works, their dire intent, And practices to circumvent; Such be their dreadful punishment.
- 3 Since they will not thy choice renown;
 But hate whom thou intend'st to crown;
 O build not up, but pull them down!
 He hears! His name be magnified!
 My strength, secured on every side,
 Since all my hope on him relied.
- 4 These seas of joy my tears devour.
 My songs shall celebrate thy power,
 O thou that art to thine a tower.
 O thou my strong deliverance,
 Thy people, thine inheritance,
 Bless, feed, preserve and still advance.

George Sandys (1578-1644)