

# Psalm 10

No copyright. Transcribed from Este, *The Whole Booke of Psalmes*, 1592.

1. What is the cause that Thou, O Lord, Art now so far from thine? And keepest close Thy countenance From us this troublous time?

2. The poor do perish by the proud,  
And wicked mens desire:  
Let them be taken in the craft,  
That they themselvs conspire.

7. His mouth is full of cursedness,  
Of fraud, deceit, and guile:  
Under his tongue doth mischief sit,  
And travaill all the while.

12. Arise, O Lord, O God, in whom  
The poor man's hope doth rest:  
Lift up thy hand, forget not, Lord  
The poor that be oppressed.

17. Thou hearest, O Lord, the poor men's plaints,  
Their prayers and requests:  
Their hearts thou wilt confirm, until  
Thine ears to heare be pressed.

3. For in the lust of his own heart,  
The ungodly doth delight;  
So that the wicked praise himself,  
And doth the Lord despite.

8. He lieth hid in ways and holes,  
To slay the innocent:  
Against the poor that pass him by,  
his cruel eyes are bent.

13. What blasphemy is this to thee,  
Lord dost thou not abhor it?  
To hear the wicked in their hearts,  
Say tush, thou carest not for it!

18. To judge the poor and fatherless,  
And help them to their right:  
That they may be no more oppressed,  
With men of worldly might.

4 He is so proud that right and wrong,  
He setteth all apart.  
Nay, nay, there is no God saith he,  
For thus he thinketh in heart.

9. And like a lion privily,  
Lie lurking in his den:  
If he may snare them in his net,  
To spoil poor simple men.

14. But thou seest all this wickedness,  
And well dost understand:  
That friendless and poor fatherless  
Are left into thy hand.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2015.  
All notes half values of original.  
Measure 4, *Cantus*: last note changed  
from B-natural to B-flat.

5 Because his ways do prosper well,  
He doth thy laws neglect:  
And with a blast doth puff against,  
Such as would him correct.

10. And for the nonce full craftily,  
He coucheth down I say:  
So are great heaps of poor men made  
By his strong power his prey.

15. Of wicked and malicious men,  
Then break the power for ever:  
That they with their iniquity,  
May perish altogether.

6. Tush, tush (saith he) I haue no dread,  
Lest mine estate should change:  
And why? for all adversity,  
To him is very is very strange

11. Tush, God forgetteth this (saith he)  
Therefore I may be bold:  
His countenance is cast aside,  
He doth it not behold.

16. The Lord shall reign for evermore,  
As king and God alone:  
And he will chase the heathen folk,  
Out of his land each one.