

PSALM II. C. M.

WITH restless and ungoverned rage
 Why do the heathen storm ?
 Why in such rash attempts engage,
 As they can ne'er perform ?

2 The great in counsel and in might
 Their various forces bring ;
 Against the Lord they all unite
 And his anointed King.

3 But God who sits enthron'd on high
 And sees how they combine,
 Does their conspiring strength defy
 And mocks their vain design.

4 Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare
 God's uncontroll'd decree ;
 Thou art my Son, this day my heir
 Have I begotten thee.

5 Ask and receive thy full demands ;
 Thine shall the heathen be :
 The utmost limits of the lands
 Shall be possess'd by thee.

6 Learn, then, ye princes ; and give ear,
 Ye judges of the earth ;
 Worship the Lord with holy fear ;
 Rejoice with awful mirth.

7 Appease the Son, with due respect
 Your timely homage pay ;