

that thou didst ride upon
thyne horses, and thy char-
iots of salvation? Thy bow
was made quite naked, ac-
cording to the oaths of the
tribes, even thy word. Selah.

Thou didst cleave the earth
with rivers. The mountains
saw thee, and they trembled;
the overflowing of the waters
passed by: the deep uttered
his voice, and lifted up his
hands on high. The sun
and moon stood still in their
habitation: at the light of
thine arrows they went, and
at the shining of thy glitter-
ing spear. Thou didst march
through the land in indig-
nation, thou didst thrash
the heathen in anger. Thou
wentest forth for the salva-
tion of thy people, even for
salvation with thine anoint-
ed; thou woundedst the head
out of the house of the wick-
ed, by discovering the founda-
tion unto the neck. Selah.

Thou didst strike through
with his staves the head of
his villages; they came out
as a whirlwind to scatter me:
their rejoicing was as to de-
vour the poor secretly. Thou
didst walk through the sea
with thine horses, through
the heap of great waters.

When I heard, my belly
trembled; my lips quivered
at the voice: rottenness en-
tered into my bones, and I
trembled in myself, that I
might rest in the day of
trouble: when he cometh up
unto the people, he will in-
vade them with his troops.

Although the fig-tree shall
not blossom, neither shall
fruit be in the vines; the la-
bour of the olive shall fail,
and the fields shall yield no
meat; the flock shall be cut
off from the fold, and there
shall be no herd in the stalls;

That on thy steeds of victory,
And in thy chariots, thou didst ride?
—His bow was made quite bare,
After the oath which to the tribes he sware.

(Pause.)

Jehovah, when thy might appeared,
The mountains saw thee, and they feared.
The earth was rent. The waters poured
In deluge from the sky.
The ocean roared,
And lifted up its hands on high.
The sun and moon in their abode
Stood still; while by thine arrows bright,
Thy people forth to victory rode;
Thy glittering javelin was their light.
Thou didst direct their conquering path,
And thresh the heathen in thy wrath.
Thus to th' anointed ones he brought relief,
And saved the nation which he chose—
Smiting, with utter overthrow, the chief
Of all who were his people's foes.

(Pause.)

Forth, whirlwind-like, th' oppressor rushed—
Thy feeble flock he would have crushed,
But whelmed beneath the surging wave,
His haughty princes found a grave.
Thy horses through the waters vast,
The deep and boiling waters, passed.
—Now troops once more against us come,
I heard the rumour, and was pained.
My cold and quivering lips were dumb;
No strength within my bones remained.
Dismay and terror filled my mind:
What refuge (thought I) shall we find,
When once the fierce invading band
Has poured its floods upon the land?

—But, though the fig-tree should not blow,

The vine no produce yield,
Nor fruit upon the olive grow,
Nor meat be in the field;
Flocks in the fold no more abound,
Nor cattle in the stalls be found;