Except the Lord the house doe make



2. Though ye rise early in the morn, And so at night go late to bed, Feeding full hardly with brown bread, Yet were your labor lost and worn: But they whom God doth love and keep Receive all things with quiet sleep. 3. Therefore mark well, when ever ye see That men have hearts t'enjoy their land It is the gift of God's own hand: For God himself doth multiply, Of his great liberality, The blessing of posterity. 4. And when the children come to age, they grow in strength and activeness, In person and in comeliness: So that a shaft shot with courage Of one that hath a most strong arm, Flyeth not to swift nor doth like harm.

5. O well is him that hath his quiver, Furnish'd with such artillery: For when in peril he shall be, Such one shall neither shake nor shiver, When that he pleadeth before the judge Against his foes that beat him grudge.

Critical notes: Medius bar 5, note 2 is F in the original; this setting is similar to the one of Psalm 112 & "The Lord's Prayer" from the same book; text somewhat modernised