

Psalm ii.

BY PROF. T. H. RICH, D.D.

(The Seer.)

WHY do the nations rage,
 And peoples plot an idle thing !
 Kings of the earth array themselves,
 And princes have in consultation sat,
 Against Jehovah, and against his Christ :
 "Come ! let us burst their bonds asunder,
 And hurl from us their twisted cords !"

(Jehovah.)

Who dwelleth in the heavens doth laugh ;
 The Lord doth mock at them.
 Then shall He to them in his anger speak,
 And disconcert them in his wrath :
 "But I have set my king
 On Zion, mountain of my holiness."

(The Divine King.)

I fain would tell of a decree !
 Jehovah said to me : "Thou art my Son,
 This day have *I* begotten thee ;
 Ask of me, and I will nations give for thine inheritance,
 And for thy possession, the remotest bounds of earth.
 Thou shalt rule them with a rod of iron ;
 Like a potter's vessel, them to pieces dash."

(The Seer.)

And now, O kings, be wise !
 Admonished be, O judges of the earth !
 Serve ye Jehovah reverently,
 And tremblingly rejoice.
 Kiss the Son, lest he angry be,
 And ye perish by the way ;
 For his anger suddenly may burn.
 The blessedness of all who hide in Him !