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!