

Psalm 129

4. ⁶All such men shall
 be like the grass that growth
 Upon the walls,
 or tops of houses most high,
Which suddenly,
 or one beware, withereth:
So that no fruit
 on such herbs can gathered be.
5. ⁷Never man saw
 that any mower mowed
Such grass as that,
 or thereof his hand did fill:
Much less that he,
 which gleaneth of that is sowed,
Under his arm
 bear something his house until.⁸²
6. ⁸Nor yet that he
 that passeth by that way,
Sayeth to the reapers,
 God save you, or God speed.
No, no man doth
 wish them good luck, I say,
Or pray that God
 would for their work grant them mead.

⁸² Unto.