

## Chapter 15

*The wife gratefully praise the fwetenes, and mercie of God, by whom they are deliuered from idolatrie: 6. detesting the makers, & worshippers of idols.*

**B**ut ô thou our God, art fweete, and true, patient, and difpofing al thinges in mercie. <sup>2</sup> For if we finne, we are thine, knowing thy greatnes: and if we finne not we know that we are counted with thee. <sup>3</sup> For to know thee, is absolute iuftice: and to know iuftice, and thy powre, is the roote of immortalitie. <sup>4</sup> For mens inuention of euil art hath not brought vs into error, nor the shadow of a picture being labour without fruite, a shape grauen by diuerfe colours, <sup>5</sup> the fight wherof geueth concupifcence to the fenfles, and he loueth the shape without life of a deade image. <sup>6</sup> The louers of euils, are worthie to haue their hope in fuch thinges, both they that make them, and that loue, and that worshippe them. <sup>7</sup> Yea and the potter preffing fofte earth, with labour fashioneth euerie veffel to our vfes, and of the fame clay maketh the veffels, that are cleane to vfe, and in like maner them, that are contrarie to thefe: but what the vfe of thefe veffels is, the potter is iudge. <sup>8</sup> And with vaine labour he <sup>a</sup>)fashioneth a god of the fame clay: he which a litle before was made of earth, and a litle after returneth backe, whence he was taken, being exacted the debte of the life which he had. <sup>9</sup> But his care is, not becaufe he shal labour, nor becaufe he hath a short life, but he contendeth with gold fmithes, and filuer fmithes: yea and he imitateth the copper fmithes, and counteth it a glorie, becaufe he maketh vaine thinges. <sup>10</sup> For his hart is ashes, and his hope vaine earth, and his life viler then clay: <sup>11</sup> becaufe he was ignorant who made him, and who inſpired into him the foule which worketh, and

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<sup>a</sup> Of the diuers fortes of idols and idolaters ſee our brife *Annotation vpon the 113. Pfal.*

who breathed into him the vital spirite. <sup>12</sup> Yea and <sup>a)</sup>they esteemed our life to be a pastime, and the conuerfation of life made for a gayne; & that we muft get euerie way euen of euil. <sup>13</sup> For he knoweth that he offendeth aboue al men, which of the matter of earth fashioneth frayle veffels, and fculptils. <sup>14</sup> For al the vnwife, and vnhappy aboue meafure of the foole, proude <sup>b)</sup>are the enemies of thy people, and rule ouer them: <sup>15</sup> becaufe they haue esteemed al the idols of the nations for goddes, which neither haue vfe of eies to fee, nor nofthrels to take breath, nor eares to heare, nor fingers of the hands to handle, yea and their feete are flow to walke. <sup>16</sup> For a man made them: and he that borrowed breath, the fame fashioned them. For no man can make God like to himself. <sup>17</sup> For wheras himself is mortal, he maketh a dead thing with his wicked handes. For he is better then they, whom he worshipping, becaufe he in deede liued, though he were mortal, but they neuer. <sup>18</sup> But <sup>c)</sup>they worship alfo moft miferable beafts: for the fenfleffe thinges compared to thefe, are worfe then they. <sup>19</sup> Yea neither by fight can any man fee good of thefe beafts. But they haue fled from the prayfe of God, and from his bleffing.

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<sup>a</sup> Idolaters hauing forfaken and forgot the onlie true God, become as Atheifts, making their temporal gaine of falfe goddes.

<sup>b</sup> And fo waxing infolent, contemne and perfecute the feruants of God.

<sup>c</sup> Some idolaters worhipped brute beaftes for goddes, as being better then fenfles images: but al are abominable.