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LYRICS *from The* PSALTER

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*EDWARD A. COLLIER*



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Collier.













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# LYRICS

FROM THE

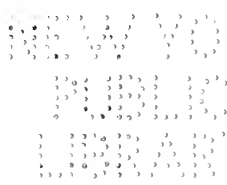
# PSALTER

*A METRICAL RENDERING OF SELECTIONS  
FROM THE PSALMS*

BY

EDWARD A. COLLIER, D.D.

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## PREFACE

THIS volume is designed primarily for devotional reading. It contains a selection of Psalms and parts of Psalms from a metrical rendering of the entire Psalter. The work was begun twenty years ago, and much of it has appeared in many religious papers. Kind commendation of initial portions, by the late Francis N. Zabriskie, D. D. (then Editor of the *Christian Intelligencer*), and especially his laconic message on a postcard—"Keep it up"—encouraged the author to go on until the whole was done. By many others than the author it has been thought that a volume of selections of the most lyrical portions of his work would be welcomed for devotional reading by those who love the songs of the great singer of the Church.

Strict adherence to the spirit of the original has been conscientiously sought. With that, slight freedom of paraphrase has been exercised here and there, as seemed necessary to correct and smooth versification. Without some degree of such freedom, as Keble long ago maintained, a good acceptable metrical rendering is "impossible." Rigid literalism makes crudities and infelicities of rhythm and rhyme, as well as of expression, unavoidable. Occasional expansion also, if true to the thought of the Psalm, has been deemed preferable to the compression which squeezes out every vestige of poetry. These unavoidable results of strict adherence to the *ipsisima verba* of a version of the original furnish a striking illustration of how "the letter killeth." None can "paint the lily"; but we need not let the beauty of the Psalms be marred and bruised by the iron-clad feet of English verse.

If the author has contributed anything that shall be profitable devotional reading, or anything that may be helpful toward an ultimate metrical version that shall be widely acceptable to the Church for the service of song in the house of the Lord, the pleasant labor of many years will not be in vain. That a few of these entire Psalms, and fragments of others,—stanzas, couplets, lines, are to be found in the “Psalms in Meter, prepared by a Committee of American and Canadian Churches,” is due to the fact that the author was a member of that committee. Nearly everything here given was written and printed years before that committee began its work.

# LYRICS FROM THE PSALTER

## I.

How blest the man who day by day  
From wicked counsels keeps his feet;  
Who stands not in the sinners' way,  
Nor sits upon the scorners' seat.  
Jehovah's law is his delight,  
His meditation day and night.

He, like a tree in favored field  
By full refreshing streams made glad,  
Shall ample fruit in season yield,  
And stand with fadeless verdure clad;  
His precious fruit matured shall be;  
His work all prospered well by Thee.

Not so the wicked of the land;  
As chaff the wind doth drive apace—  
They shall not in the judgment stand,  
Nor have among Thy saints a place.  
Thou, LORD, the righteous' way dost know,  
But ways of sin shalt overthrow.

II.

PART I.

O wherefore do the nations rage?  
The peoples vainly dream  
They can triumphant warfare wage  
Against the King supreme?

Against the LORD, the mighty One,  
The kings rebellion make;  
Against His own anointed Son  
The rulers counsel take.

Up now and break their bands—they say—  
And from their yoke be free;  
Come, let us cast their cords away  
And walk at liberty.

The LORD, enthroned in heaven's far height,  
Shall all their rage deride;  
With words of wrathful thunder smite  
And vex their swelling pride.

Though worlds with wildest tumults ring  
Against My sovereign will,  
Yet I, saith He, have set My King  
Upon My holy hill.

PART II.

This is Jehovah's firm decree—  
Thou art My only Son,  
This day have I begotten Thee,  
My well-beloved One.

Ask Thou, and I will give to Thee  
The nations for Thine own,  
And earth from end to end shall be  
Thy heritage alone.

Thy sceptre, as an iron rod,  
Shall all Thy foes dismay,  
And break them as an earthen clod—  
A shattered vase of clay.

O kings, be wise! O judges, hear!  
Regard His warning voice;  
Serve ye the LORD with filial fear,  
With trembling hearts rejoice.

With reverence kiss the royal Son,  
Adoring homage pay.  
Lest by His wrath ye be undone  
And perish in the way.

For soon that wrath against His foes  
In kindling flames will break;  
But O the blessedness of those  
Who Him their refuge make!

III.

O LORD, how fast my foes increase;  
How many rise against my peace,  
And at my sorrow scoff.  
“There is no help for him,” they say—  
“Now let us make his soul our prey;  
His God has cast him off.”

But Thou, my shield around me spread,  
Thou dost uplift my drooping head,  
    Thou art my glory still.  
To Thee I call in every grief,  
And Thou dost swiftly send relief  
    From Thine own holy hill.

I laid me down, O LORD, and slept;  
I waked, in peace and safety kept,  
    Thine arm my pillow made.  
And now, though myriads in their wrath  
Encamp around my morning path,  
    I will not be afraid.

Arise, and save me, O my God,  
Who oft before, with wrathful rod,  
    Hast smitten down my foes.  
Salvation, LORD, belongs to Thee,  
Thy blessing on Thy people be,  
    Their hopes on Thee repose.

IV.

vv. 4-8.

O sin ye not, but stand in dread,  
    Revere the great Triune;  
In silence rest upon your bed  
    And with your heart commune.

The sacrifice of righteousness  
    Present before His throne;  
And should the darkness bring distress,  
    Trust in the LORD alone.



Though many say, in troubles' night—  
    "Where can there good be found?"  
LORD, lift on us the blessed light  
    Thy presence scatters round.

Then will Thy comforts make more glad  
    This heavy heart of mine  
Than could all fields with harvests clad,  
    Or clusters of the vine.

In peace I'll lay me down and sleep,  
    For Thou my fear dost quell,  
In solitude and darkness deep  
    Dost make me safely dwell.

V.

vv. 1-8, 11, 12.

Jehovah, to my words give ear,  
    My meditation heed.  
My voice of supplication hear,  
    My King, my God, I plead.  
For unto Thee alone I pray,  
Whose goodness brings the dawn of day.

To Thee, O LORD, my voice of prayer  
    Shall in the morning rise;  
Yea, unto Thee will I prepare  
    My morning sacrifice;  
And for Thy coming look and wait,  
As they that watch at morning's gate.

For Thou art not a God whose heart  
In evil hath delight ;  
Sinners sojourn not where Thou art,  
Nor stand before Thy sight.  
The men whose lips deceit employ  
Thou dost abhor and wilt destroy.

But I, through boundless grace divine,  
Will in Thy house appear ;  
And bowing toward Thy holy shrine,  
Will worship in Thy fear.  
Lead me in righteousness and grace,  
Make plain Thy way before my face.

Let all who trust in Thee rejoice,  
Protected by Thy might ;  
Yea, let them shout with gladsome voice  
Who in Thy name delight ;  
For Thou the righteous man wilt bless,  
And shield him with Thy tenderness.

VI.

In anger, LORD, rebuke me not,  
Nor in Thy wrath chastise ;  
Consumed by Thy displeasure hot  
My spirit droops and dies.

Have mercy, LORD, remove my guilt.  
My trembling weakness see ;  
How long, O LORD, before Thou wilt  
Return and rescue me ?

O for Thy loving-kindness' sake,  
Have pity, LORD, and save;  
Shall death-sealed lips their silence break,  
And praise Thee in the grave?

My days are wearied with my sighs,  
My couch with tears I drench;  
The griefs that flood my weeping eyes  
My wasting vision quench.

But now, ye evil men, depart,  
The LORD my plea doth hear,  
And ever, with a pitying heart,  
Will lend a listening ear.

VIII.

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent  
In all the earth Thy name divine!  
Upon the starry firmament  
The records of Thy glory shine.

To still the rage of vengeful foes  
Thou makest infant weakness strong;  
When wrathful men Thy name oppose,  
The children's lips break forth in song.

When I behold Thy lofty skies—  
The moon and stars ordained by Thee—  
O what is man, my spirit cries,  
That Thou of him shouldst thoughtful be?

For Thou didst make a child of dust  
But little lower than his God;  
And crown him with this glorious trust,  
To bear on earth Thy sovereign rod.

For rule o'er all in field and fold,  
In air and sea, Thou didst accord.  
How excellent Thy name of old,  
In all the earth, O LORD, our Lord.

XI.

My trust is in Jehovah placed;  
How say ye then to me—  
“Now like a bird from peril haste,  
And to your mountain flee?”

For lo, the wicked bend the bow,  
With arrow fixed for flight,  
And stealthy through the darkness go  
The pure in heart to smite.

. . . . .  
Still doth my heart in Him confide  
Who is the LORD alone;  
He in His temple doth abide,  
And hath in heaven His throne.

His eyes the sons of men behold,  
Their hearts His eyelids try;  
The righteous, as refinèd gold,  
From dross He'll purify.

. . . . .

For righteous is the God of grace,  
And righteousness doth love;  
The upright shall behold His face,  
And dwell with Him above.

XIII.

How long, O LORD, this weary night?  
Wilt Thou forget me evermore?  
When wilt Thou to my failing sight  
The sunshine of Thy face restore?

How long, 'mid sorrows day by day,  
Shall all my plans of comfort fail?  
How long shall foes in proud array  
Rise up against me and prevail?

O LORD, my God, regard my woes,  
Let light upon mine eyelids break;  
Lest soon in sleep mine eyes I close,  
The sleep of death, no more to wake.

Lest foes rejoice when I am moved,  
And say "We have at last prevailed."  
But I Thy mercy oft have proved,  
And trust the love that never failed.

My trustful heart shall yet rejoice,  
When I Thy great salvation see;  
I'll praise Thee, LORD, with thankful voice,  
For Thou hast kindly dealt with me.

XV.

Who, O LORD, with Thee sojourning,  
Shall in Zion be Thy guest?  
Who, a pilgrim homeward turning,  
In Thy holy hill shall rest?  
He that walketh in uprightness,  
Doeth right without a fear,  
Speaketh not in heartless lightness,  
But in truth and love sincere.

He who slandereth not a brother,  
Doth no evil to a friend,  
Never doth reproach another,  
Though the wicked be condemned.  
He to them all honor giveth  
Who the Lord Jehovah fear;  
True to every vow he liveth,  
Though he suffer loss severe.

He in kindly pity lendeth,  
Asking no excess again;  
He the innocent befriendeth,  
Seeking no reward of men.  
He, thus doing, ne'er is moved;  
Living thus, he liveth well:  
This the man, by Thee approved.  
Who within Thy house shall dwell.

XVI.

Preserve me, O God, for my trust is in Thee;  
I've said to Jehovah, My Lord Thou shalt be.

Beside Thee there's none that is good in my sight ;  
Thy saints are earth's nobles in whom I delight.

Thou, LORD, art my portion, my cup of delight ;  
My lot Thou maintainest, defendest my right.  
In life's pleasant places my lines ever fall ;  
Yea, goodly my portion, for Thou art my all.

I'll bless Thee, O LORD, Who hast taught me Thy will ;  
My heart shall instruct me in night seasons still.  
I've set Thee before me, Thy faithfulness proved ;  
With Thee at my right hand I shall not be moved.

My heart shall be glad, and my spirit rejoice ;  
My flesh dwell in safety awaiting Thy voice.  
Thou wilt not abandon my soul to death's gloom ;  
Nor leave Thy beloved to waste in the tomb.

But life's brightening pathway to me Thou wilt show ;  
And fulness of joy in Thy presence bestow ;  
And there, in Thy right hand, for saints kept secure,  
Are pleasures unmingled that ever endure.

XVIII.

VV. 1-10.

I love the LORD, my joy and song,  
My strength, my rock, my fortress strong,  
My great deliverer He.  
My God, my rock, my hiding place.  
My shield, and my all-conquering grace,  
My tower to Whom I flee.

Now to the LORD a song I'll raise,  
For He is worthy of all praise  
    Who from my foes will save.  
Around me snares of death were spread;  
By floods of evil whelmed with dread,  
    I bowed me to the grave.

Then as my sorrows multiplied,  
I called upon the LORD, and cried  
    To God, my God, to hear.  
From out His temple-courts on high  
He heard my supplicating cry;  
    It came unto His ear.

Then shook the earth with fear dismayed;  
The mountains' strong foundations swayed  
    And trembled at His ire.  
His wrath as rising smoke became,  
And from His mouth devouring flame  
    Enkindled coals of fire.

The heavens bowed, the LORD came down:  
Thick darkness, as when tempests frown,  
    Beneath His feet was spread.  
Upon a cherub swift He rode;  
On clouds that hastening storm forebode,  
    On wings of wind He sped.

VV. 11-19.

He darkness His pavilion made;  
Dark waters and the clouds' thick shade  
    Were His august attire.



Then from the blaze before Him cast,  
Down through the gloomy clouds, there passed  
Hailstones and coals of fire.

He thundered also through the sky ;  
It was the voice of God Most High ;  
Hailstones and coals of fire.  
As arrows from His dreadful bow,  
He shot forth lightnings on the foe,  
And smote them in His ire.

Then were the waters' channels seen,  
And earth's foundation-depths serene  
Were open to the day.  
At His rebuke the earth was moved,  
And, by His wrathful breath reprov'd,  
The waters fled away.

With hand reached out from heights above,  
He grasped me, and with tender love  
From many waters drew.  
He saved me from the mighty foe  
Too strong for me to overthrow.  
Their hate no pity knew.

They sought me in my trouble's day ;  
But still the LORD, my staff and stay,  
Upheld me by His might.  
He brought me to an open place,  
He saved me freely by His grace,  
For I was His delight.

XIX.

The heavens God's glory proclaim,  
The skies show His handiwork bright,  
The day unto day speaks His name,  
And night tells His praise unto night.  
With speech and with language divine,  
No voice breaks their silence profound,  
Yet far through the earth goes their line,  
Their words to the world's utmost bound.

In them is a tent for the sun,  
Whence coming, in bridegroom-like grace,  
He joyeth his pathway to run,  
As runneth the strong in a race.  
From end unto end of the sky,  
He maketh his circuit complete;  
To none doth his radiance deny,  
And nothing is hid from his heat.

How perfect the law of the LORD,  
Restoring the soul when cast down;  
The witnessing sure of His word  
With wisdom the simple doth crown.  
His precepts, all holy and right,  
Give gladness to hearts filled with sighs;  
His statutes, as pure as the light,  
Enlighten the dim, failing eyes.

All clean is the fear of the LORD,  
Outshining, outlasting the sun;  
The judgments, revealed in His word,  
Are righteous and true every one.

Such treasures, beyond all compare,  
No gold well refined can bestow ;  
And sweeter than honey they are,  
Than drops that from honeycomb flow.

In keeping their precepts so kind,  
Thy servant most blessed shall be ;  
The way of the perfect shall find,  
And from all transgression be free.  
The words that my lips breathe in speech,  
The thoughts that abide in my heart,  
Accept Thou, O LORD, I beseech ;  
My Rock and Redeemer Thou art.

XX.

The LORD ever hear thee when troubles are nigh ;  
The name of our God set thee safely on high.  
The LORD send thee help from His own holy fane,  
And out of His Zion thy weakness sustain.

May He all the gifts of thy love keep in mind,  
And all of thine offerings acceptable find ;  
May He ever grant thee the wish of thine heart,  
Fulfil all thy counsel, and wisdom impart.

For victory vouchsafed thee we'll shout to His praise ;  
In the name of our God we our banners will raise.  
The LORD Who hath saved be thy confidence still,  
And all thy petitions in mercy fulfil.

Now know I in truth that Jehovah is nigh,  
To save His anointed and answer his cry;  
He will from the heaven of His holiness send  
The strength of His right hand to save and defend.

Some trust in their chariots prepared for the fray,  
And some in their horses the foe to dismay,  
But we will make mention of One only Name—  
The LORD, our own God, as our glory proclaim.

Lo, they are bowed down and are fallen at length,  
While we have arisen and stand in His strength.  
Save, LORD! and let Him Who is King over all  
Give answers of peace in the day when we call!

XXII.

VV. I-II.

Why hast Thou me forsaken,  
O God, my God for aye?  
Why from me, help entreating,  
Art Thou so far away?  
Though all day long my crying  
Doth rise, my God, to Thee,  
And night doth bring no silence,  
Thou dost not answer me.

But Thou art ever holy,  
O Thou Who dwellest still  
Amid Thy people's praises,  
On Zion's holy hill.

In Thee our fathers trusted,  
They trusted in Thy name;  
They cried and were delivered,  
And ne'er were put to shame.

No man am I accounted—  
A worm, despised, forlorn:  
All they that see me mock me  
And laugh at me in scorn.  
“He trusted in Jehovah”—  
They say with taunt and sneer;  
“If He in him delighteth  
Now let His help appear.”

But Thou art He Who laid me  
Upon my mother's breast,  
And taught me how to trust Thee,  
Within Thine arms at rest.  
But near me now is trouble;  
Be Thou not far from me;  
For there is not another  
Who can my helper be.

vv. 22-31.

And now to all my brethren  
I will declare Thy name;  
Amid the congregation  
Thy praise I will proclaim.  
Who fear Jehovah, praise Him!  
Ye chosen seed draw near!  
All Israel glorify Him,  
While yet ye stand in fear!

The affliction of the afflicted  
Thou never didst deride;  
Nor long Thy face hide from him;  
But heardst him when he cried.  
And thus from Thee there cometh  
The praise I bring Thee now  
Among the congregation,  
Where I will pay my vow.

Well satisfied, the humble  
Shall eat what Thou dost give;  
Who seek the LORD shall praise Him;  
Their heart forever live!  
All earth shall yet remember  
And to Jehovah turn;  
All kindreds of the nations  
No more Thy worship spurn.

For Thine, O LORD, the kingdom;  
The nation's ruler Thou;  
Earth's prospered ones and mighty  
Shall eat and humbly bow.  
Yea, all shall bow before Thee,  
Though soon in death they sleep;  
E'en he whose fainting spirit  
Alive he cannot keep.

A seed shall ever serve Thee;  
And ever shall be told  
To coming generations  
Jehovah's works of old.

And they in turn to others  
His righteousness shall tell,  
And say to unborn peoples—  
He doeth all things well.

XXIII.

The LORD'S my Shepherd ever blest;  
And surely I no want shall know.  
In pastures green He makes me rest,  
He leads me where still waters flow.

His grace restores with succor meet  
My soul when faint and comfortless;  
He for His name's sake guides my feet  
In paths of peace and righteousness.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
No fear of evil shall there be;  
For Thou art with me; nor can fail  
Thy rod and staff to comfort me.

For me Thou hast a table spread  
Before the presence of my foes;  
With oil Thou dost anoint my head;  
My cup of blessing overflows.

O surely only grace and love  
Shall follow me till life is o'er;  
Then in Jehovah's house above  
I'll happy dwell forevermore.

XXIII.

Thou, Jehovah, art my Shepherd,  
Therefore I no want shall know ;  
In green pastures Thou dost rest me,  
Leadest where still waters flow.  
Thou, O Shepherd,  
Sweet refreshment dost bestow.

For Thy name's sake, Thou dost guide me  
In the paths of righteousness.  
Though I walk the vale of shadows,  
Fears no more my soul oppress :  
Thou art with me,  
With Thy rod and staff to bless.

Thou preparest me a table  
In the presence of the foe.  
Thou my head with oil anointest,  
Yea, my cup doth overflow.  
O my Shepherd,  
Having Thee, no want I know.

Surely grace and lovingkindness  
Shall forever follow me ;  
Till, the days of life all ended,  
Evermore my home shall be,  
O Jehovah,  
In Thy holy house with Thee.



XXIV.

The earth, O LORD, is all Thine own;  
The teeming world is Thine alone,  
    And all its people Thine.  
For, founded on the obedient sea,  
Established on the floods by Thee,  
    Thou didst its bounds assign.

Who shall ascend Thy hill of grace?  
And who, within Thy holy place,  
    Shall stand in joy complete?  
The man whose heart and hands are pure,  
Who can no vanity endure,  
    Nor sweareth for deceit.

He shall receive Thy blessing, LORD,  
And righteousness Thou wilt accord,  
    The gift of Thine own grace.  
This is the generation blest  
That ask for Zion's God confessed,  
    And seek Thy favoring face.

Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
For lo! the King of Glory waits  
    His high reward to win.  
Ye stately portals, wide unfold  
Your everlasting doors of gold,  
    And let the King come in!

And do ye ask—ye watchmen true,—  
“Who is this King of Glory, who?  
    And what His right to reign?”

The LORD, victorious by His might;  
The LORD, Who won His regal right  
By shameful cross and pain.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of day!  
And you, ye ancient doors, give way,  
The glorious King is near!  
The angels are His escort bright,  
And in His train the saints in white  
As countless stars appear.

And ask ye still—ye watchmen true,—  
“Who is this King of Glory, who?  
Whom saints and angels sing?”  
The LORD, the God of Hosts. His name—  
The sinner’s Friend of matchless fame—  
He is the glorious King.

XXVII.

PART I.

vv. 1-6.

The LORD is the light of my life.  
And He my salvation is made:  
My stronghold from trouble and strife;  
Of whom then shall I be afraid?

When hungering as beasts for their prey  
My foes my destruction have sought,  
They stumbled and fell in the way;  
The LORD brought their counsel to nought.

Though hosts should encamp round my path,  
Still fearless my heart shall abide;  
Though war rise against me in wrath,  
I yet in the LORD will confide.

One thing I have asked of the LORD,  
And that will I humbly implore—  
That He will my portion accord,  
To dwell in His house evermore.

That I, in His temple of grace,  
The LORD in His beauty may see;  
May gaze with delight on His face,  
And muse on His mercy to me.

For in His pavilion of peace,  
He'll hide me from trouble's rude shock;  
Will shield me when perils increase,  
And set me secure on a rock.

Set high o'er my foes all around,  
With joy will I sacrifice bring,  
With harp and with trumpet's glad sound  
Jehovah's high praises will sing.

PART II.

vv. 7-14.

O hear Thou the voice of my cry,  
Deal kindly and answer in grace;  
My heart to Thy call makes reply—  
"I will, O my LORD, seek Thy face."  
But hide not that face from my tears,  
Nor put me in anger away;  
Thou hast been my help in past years,  
Nor leave nor forsake me, I pray!

When father and mother forsake,  
And all earthly comforts depart,  
Then Thou, LORD, wilt tenderly take  
Thy child to Thy pitiful heart.  
O teach me Thine own perfect way,  
And lead me in paths plain and straight;  
For, watchful as beasts for their prey,  
My foes for my soul lie in wait.

I surely had fainted with fear  
Except I had trusted in Thee;  
Expecting Thy goodness e'en here  
In the land of the living to see.  
Then wait, O my soul, for the LORD!  
Be strong and be brave in His might!  
Yea, patiently wait for the LORD,  
The LORD, thy Salvation and Light.

XXIX.

O give ye glory to the LORD,  
Ye sons of God His praise proclaim!  
Honor and might to Him accord,  
Give Him the glory due His name,  
And worship Him in beauteous dress—  
The spotless robes of holiness.

Jehovah's voice is on the deep,  
The God of glory thunders loud;  
His voice is heard when waters sweep  
In torrents from the riven cloud.  
Jehovah's voice, in depth and height,  
Is full of majesty and might.

Jehovah's voice the cedars breaks,  
It breaks the pride of Lebanon's steeps;  
The listening mountain hears and quakes,  
And Hermon in its terror leaps.  
His voice hews out the lightning flash  
That cleaves the sky with tempest crash.

Jehovah's voice the wild woods hear,  
And tremble in their depths concealed;  
The forests stripped and bare appear,  
With all their dark retreats revealed.  
But in His temple with acclaim,  
They all say—Glory to His name!

Jehovah sat, a kingly form,  
Upon the Flood's all-whelming wave;  
And still He sits, on flood and storm,  
Our King, forever strong to save.  
His people's strength He will increase;  
The LORD will bless them with His peace.

XXX.

PART I.

I'll praise the LORD with gladsome voice,  
Who raised me from the grave,  
And hath not let my foes rejoice  
That none were near to save.

O LORD, my God, I cried to Thee,  
And Thou didst healing give;  
Thou from the depths hast lifted me,  
Restored and bid me live.

O ye beloved of the LORD,  
With music sound His fame;  
Awake the harp's most tuneful chord  
To praise His Holy Name.

He hath for wrath a moment brief,  
For favor all life long;  
With evening cometh transient grief,  
With morning joyful song.

PART II.

I never shall be moved, I said—  
Secure in earthly good;  
Thy face was hid; my comfort fled;  
Through Thee my mountain stood.

Then 'mid my trouble's rising flood,  
To Thee arose my prayer—  
What profit were there in my blood?  
Shall dust Thy praise declare?

For Thine own glory's sake, O LORD,  
My supplication hear;  
Thine answering mercy now accord,  
My Helper still appear.

Yea, hast Thou, LORD, for my relief,  
Turned sad to joyful days;  
Put off the sackcloth of my grief,  
And girded me with praise.

Now shall my glory silence break,  
And Thee, O LORD, adore;  
Yea, all my powers to song awake,  
And praise Thee evermore.

XXXII.

VV. 1-7.

How blessed of the LORD is he  
Who no more bears transgression's load;  
Whose sins are hid beneath the sea,—  
The sea whose streams from Christ have flowed.

Yea, blessed he, and he alone,  
To whom the LORD imputes no sin;  
Within whose heart no guile is known,  
For grace has made him pure within.

While I my lips in silence sealed,  
Nor would for Thy forgiveness pray,  
My waning strength the grief revealed  
That filled with moaning all the day.

For O, so heavy, day and night,  
Thy chastening hand upon me laid,  
That all my fountains of delight  
Were as the drought of summer made.

But when my lips my sin confessed,  
And all my guilt to Thee I told,  
I was that happy man so blest,  
Whose burden from his heart is rolled.

For this, while yet Thou mayst be found,  
Let all the godly humbly pray.  
Great waters may their soul surround,  
But cannot sweep their hope away.

O LORD, Who art my hiding place,  
Thou wilt my sure protector be,  
And through Thine all-delivering grace  
With songs Thou wilt encompass me.

XXXIII.

VV. 1-12.

Rejoice in the LORD! ye righteous, rejoice!  
His praises record with jubilant voice.  
O banish all sadness and cease your complaints,  
For garments of gladness are comely for saints.

Give thanks to the LORD! His praise loudly sing  
With harp's sweetest chord and lute's tuneful string.  
Your skill gladly bringing a new song prepare;  
With trumpet-toned singing His goodness declare.

His word ever stands most upright and sure;  
The works of His hands are faithful and pure.  
He righteousness loveth and sin will destroy;  
His kindness He proveth in earth's ample joy.

The word of His might spread forth the blue sky;  
He breathed through the night, and stars shone on high.  
The seas in commotion He gathered in heaps,  
In treasuries of ocean He storeth the deeps.



Let all the earth fear Jehovah alone,  
Let nations revere and bow at His throne.  
For He but commandeth, and lo, it is done;  
He saith, and it standeth more sure than the sun.

The counsels of foes He bringeth to nought,  
And none can oppose His heart's secret thought:  
They're blest beyond measure who in Him rejoice,  
For they are His treasure, the lot of His choice.

XXXIV.

VV. 1-10.

I'll bless the LORD, whate'er betide,  
And ever praise Him with my voice;  
My soul shall boast in none beside,  
The meek shall hear it and rejoice.  
O magnify the LORD with me,  
And let His name exalted be!

I sought the LORD, He answered soon,  
And all my gloomy fears were gone.  
They looked to Him, and bright as noon  
Their unveiled face with glory shone.  
This poor man cried, the LORD gave ear  
And saved him from distress and fear.

Around all them that fear the LORD  
Encamps His angel day and night,  
Keeping his faithful watch and ward,  
And saving them when fears affright.  
That He is good, O taste and see;  
Trust Him, and blessed shalt thou be.

O fear the LORD, all ye His saints—  
No want shall they who fear Him know.  
Young lions' strength within them faints,  
And hungry through the woods they go:  
But they shall want no good thing here,  
Who seek the LORD with hearts sincere.

XXXVI.

VV. 5-12.

Thy mercy, LORD, the heaven fills,  
Thy truth extends above the sky;  
Thy righteousness is like the hills,  
The mighty hills of God Most High;  
Thy judgments are a boundless sea;  
All living things depend on Thee.

O God, how precious is the grace  
That unto men this blessing brings,  
That they should find a hiding place  
Within the shadow of Thy wings.  
With goodness from Thy house supplied,  
They shall be fully satisfied.

For drink, Thy pleasures Thou wilt give,  
A flowing river, pure and bright.  
O Fount of Life, in Thee we live,  
And in Thy light shall we see light.  
Let not Thy grace and truth depart  
From men of pure and upright heart.

Let not the trampling foot of pride  
    Against me ever come, I pray;  
Nor let me from Thy sheltering side  
    By wicked hands be driven away.  
There are they fallen who ill devise,  
By Thee cast down, no more to rise.

XXXVII.

PART I.

Fret not thyself, nor envious be  
Of those that work iniquity  
    And prosper in their way;  
For like the grass they perish soon,  
And like the herb cut down at noon,  
    They wither in a day.

Trust in the LORD and still do well;  
Within the land securely dwell;  
    Feed on His faithfulness.  
Delight thee also in the LORD,  
And to thy heart He will accord  
    The good it would possess.

Yea, to the LORD thy way commit;  
Confide in Him Who still doth sit  
    Enthroned in power divine;  
For He thy righteousness shall make  
As light amid the darkness break,  
    Thy right as noonday shine.

Rest in the LORD and be thou still ;  
With patience wait His holy will,  
    Enduring to the end.  
Fret not though sinners' gains increase :  
Forsake thy wrath ; from anger cease ;  
    It doth to evil tend.

PART II.

A little that the righteous hath  
Is better than the ample wealth  
    Of many wicked men.  
Destroyed shall be their arms of pride ;  
But saints, who in the LORD confide,  
    Shall be upholden then.

He knows the days the perfect live,  
And an inheritance will give  
    Which ever shall abide.  
In evil times no shame they know,  
And in the days of famine's woe  
    They shall be satisfied.

Although the wicked prospered seem,  
At last they vanish like a dream,  
    And perish in a day.  
Jehovah's foes shall soon appear  
Like fields once fair, now brown and sear ;  
    Like smoke they pass away.

The good man's steps are led aright ;  
The LORD doth in his way delight :  
    Established it shall stand.

He shall not perish though he fall :  
The LORD Who ruleth over all  
Upholdeth with His hand.

Though I am old who young have been,  
No saint have I forsaken seen,  
Nor yet his child in need.  
All day he dealeth graciously ;  
He lendeth in his charity ;  
And blessed is his seed.

PART III.

Wait on Jehovah ; keep His way,  
And He'll exalt thee, nor delay  
To give the land to thee.  
And when His judgment shall cut off  
The wicked who against thee scoff,  
Thou shalt the judgment see.

The wicked in great power I've seen,  
Like some hale tree with foliage green  
That grows in native ground.  
But one passed by ; it was no more ;  
I sought the man so strong of yore,  
But he could not be found.

But mark the upright day by day ;  
Behold the perfect in his way ;  
His latter end is peace.  
Destroyed at once shall rebels be ;  
Cut off from all posterity,  
Their very name shall cease.

Salvation's from the LORD alone,  
Whom as their covert saints have known  
When by sore trouble tried.  
The LORD Who helped and saved them then  
Will save them still from wicked men,  
For they in Him confide.

XXXIX.

VV. 4-13.

Make me, O LORD, mine end to learn,  
And what the measure of my days;  
How frail I am, I would discern,  
And then "take heed unto my ways."

My days are but a hand-breadth long;  
My life-time nothing to Thine eye;  
Yea, every man, however strong,  
Is but a breath, a passing sigh.

He walketh in an empty show,  
And is disquieted in vain;  
He hoardeth up, but doth not know  
What hand shall reap his toil and pain.

And now, what wait I for but Thee?  
In Thee I all my hopes repose;  
From all transgression set me free,  
Nor let me be reproached by foes.

My tongue is dumb, my lips are hushed,  
For Thou hast done it, O my God;  
Remove Thy stroke lest I be crushed,  
For I'm consumed beneath Thy rod.

When Thou with sinful man art wroth,  
And dost Thy chastening power display,  
Consumed as by the fretting moth,  
His beauty wasteth fast away.

Give ear, O LORD, hear Thou my cry,  
Nor silent see the frequent tear ;  
As were my fathers, so am I,  
A pilgrim and a stranger here.

Thy wrathful look avert at length,  
And spare me as in days of yore,  
That I may yet recover strength  
Ere I go hence, and be no more.

XL.

vv. 1-6.

I waited, waited for the LORD,  
And He to me His ear inclined ;  
He heard my cry from depths abhorred,  
Wherein my fainting spirit pined.

He drew me with a mighty hand  
Out of the pit of miry clay ;  
Upon a rock He made me stand,  
And rendered firm and sure my way.

Then to my lips, for mercies new,  
A glad new song of praise He gave ;  
Many with fear His work shall view,  
And trust in Him so strong to save.

How blest the man whose trust Thou art,  
Who maketh Thee, O LORD, his stay;  
Regarding not the proud of heart,  
Nor such as falsely turn away.

Thy works and thoughts toward us, O LORD,  
Are wonderful and manifold;  
Who can their wondrous grace record,  
By whom their number e'er be told?

No sacrifice dost Thou desire,  
No offerings that in smoke arise;  
Love is Thine altar's holy fire,  
Obedient hearts Thy sacrifice.

vv. 11-17.

Thy tender mercies, O my LORD,  
Do not in wrath from me withhold;  
But still Thy grace and truth accord  
To guard me as in days of old.

For ills unnumbered gather fast,  
And countless sins against me rise,  
So that my eyes are downward cast,  
And all my heart within me dies.

Be pleased, O LORD, to rescue me,  
Thy gracious help do not delay.  
Let them with shame confounded be  
Who seek to take my life away.



Turned back and shamed be they, O LORD,  
Who in my trouble take delight;  
Appalled be they at shame's reward,  
Who taunt Thy servant day and night.

Let all rejoice who seek Thy face,  
And ever glad in Thee abide;  
Let those that love Thy saving grace  
E'er say—The LORD be magnified.

But I am poor and needy now,  
Make haste to me, O God, I pray;  
My help and my deliverer, Thou;  
Let not Thy footsteps long delay.

XLI.

vv. 1-3.

How blest is he that taketh thought  
The needy to befriend;  
To him, in days with evil fraught,  
The LORD will help extend.

The LORD will guard and let him live,  
Will bless him in the land;  
And never to his foes will give  
His life within their hand.

Upon the couch of languishing  
The LORD will still sustain;  
And by the comforts He will bring,  
Transform his bed of pain.

XLII.

vv. 1-6.

As the hart, when noonday burns,  
Pants for springs whence waters burst,  
So for God my spirit yearns,  
For the living God athirst.  
In Thy courts, where oft I've stood,  
When shall I again appear?  
Tears are day and night my food,  
While the scoffer's taunt I hear.

If my sorrow seek relief  
In the scenes of happier years,  
They but stir anew my grief—  
Open every fount of tears.  
For how oft I led the throng  
Who to Zion sought their way,  
Where with voice of praise and song  
Glad we kept Thy holy day.

Why art thou, my soul, cast down?  
Why so troubled and dismayed?  
Hope in God; fear not His frown;  
I shall praise Him for His aid.  
Though my heart within me sighs—  
Still cast down in deep distress,  
Unto God my spirit flies  
From a dreary wilderness.

vv. 7-11.

Deep still calleth unto deep,  
As when seas tumultuous roll;

All Thy waves and billows sweep  
O'er my helpless, sinking soul.  
Yet the LORD will make my days  
With His loving-kindness bright;  
And His sweetest song of praise  
Shall be with me in the night.

Shouldst Thou still withhold Thy face  
From my longing, weeping eyes,  
Yet, O God of life and grace,  
Unto Thee my prayer shall rise.  
O my refuge and my rock,  
Why hast Thou forgotten me?  
Why should foes my mourning mock,  
Pierce my soul with scoffs at Thee.

Why art thou, my soul, cast down?  
Why disquieted so long?  
Hope in God, Who yet will crown  
Happy days with joyful song.  
Yea, I yet shall praise His grace,  
Who, though now I feel His rod,  
Is the health that cheers my face,  
My Redeemer and my God.

XLV.

PART I.—THE KING.

My heart, as some o'erflowing spring,  
Pours forth its tribute to the King.  
I have a goodly theme.

My tongue, a ready writer's pen,  
Makes haste to sing of Thee again,  
O King of kings supreme.

For Thou art fair, supremely fair,  
No sons of men with Thee compare,  
In every loveliness.  
Such grace upon Thy lips is poured,  
That God, by heaven and earth adored,  
Doth Thee forever bless.

Gird on Thy sword, O Mighty One;  
Majestic, glorious as the sun,  
And on to victory ride.  
Ride forth for truth and humble right,  
And let the right hand of Thy might  
To deeds of valor guide.

The arrows of Thy wrath are keen;  
The peoples, who Thy foes have been,  
Pierced to the heart shall fall.  
Forever is Thy throne, O God;  
And equity Thy Kingdom's rod  
That ruleth over all.

Thou lovest righteousness, O King,  
But hatest every evil thing,  
And wilt at last destroy.  
And therefore, over all to be  
Hath God, Thy God, anointed Thee  
With oil of holy joy.

Thy robes of sweet perfume are made;  
And from Thy palace, ivory-laid,  
    The harp-strings make Thee glad.  
King's daughters as Thy maids are seen,  
And on Thy right doth stand the queen,  
    In gold of Ophir clad.

PART II.—THE BRIDE.

O daughter hear, incline thine ear;  
Forget thy home and kindred dear,  
    Nor let thy heart delay.  
So shall the King thy beauty own;  
He is thy lord, and He alone;  
    To Him thy homage pay.

Tyre's daughters shall with gifts be there;  
The rich shall seek thy grace to share,  
    And of their treasures bring.  
All glorious art thou, chosen queen,  
In robes inwove with golden sheen,  
    Prepared to meet the King.

On broidered work before thee spread,  
Mid songs of joy thou shalt be led,  
    With virgins in thy train,  
Until the bridal hymn they sing  
Within the palace of the King,  
    Who over all doth reign.

Where stood the fathers, there shall stand  
Thy sons, whom thou, o'er every land,  
    Shalt princes make, O King!

I'll make Thy name to endless days  
To be remembered; and Thy praise  
Shall nations ever sing.

XLVI.

God is our refuge on our side;  
Our fortress strong, in trouble tried;  
Our very present aid.  
Though earth convulsed and changed should be,  
The mountains sink in depths of sea,  
We will not be dismayed.

Yea, though the waters tumult make,  
And mountains with their swelling shake,  
Yet this our song shall be—  
The LORD of Hosts is on our side,  
In Israel's God we will confide,  
Our strong, high tower is He.

A river flows whose streams of grace  
Make glad God's holy dwelling place,  
The city of the King.  
With God in her she stands unmoved,  
And He His help for Zion loved  
At early dawn will bring.

The nations rage, the kingdoms quake,  
And if His lips their silence break,  
The earth dissolved shall be.  
The LORD of Hosts is on our side,  
In Israel's God we will confide,  
Our strong, high tower is He.

Come, see the judgments of the LORD,  
When with His desolating sword  
    He smites the earth in ire;  
And then great peace on earth He makes,  
The bow and spear asunder breaks,  
    The chariots burns in fire.

Be still, vain man, before His rod!  
Be still and know that He is God,  
    And will exalted be.  
The LORD of Hosts is on our side,  
In Israel's God we will confide,  
    Our strong, high tower is He.

XLVII.

O all ye peoples, clap your hands,  
    To God your shouts of triumph raise;  
In awful majesty He stands,  
    The LORD Most High, to endless days.  
Let all the earth its tribute bring  
    To Him the great and only King.

He shall subdue beneath our feet  
    The nations that His grace refuse;  
But ours shall be a portion meet,  
    Which He Himself for us shall choose.  
The pride of Jacob whom He loved,  
    Shall be our heritage approved.

With shouts of joy, with trumpet's voice,  
    Is God gone up above the sky.  
Sing praise to God, in Him rejoice;

Sing praises to our King on high,  
For God o'er all the earth is King;  
With skilful song His praises sing.

Our God doth o'er the nations reign;  
He sitteth on His holy throne;  
Earth's princes come, a captive train,  
To be His people, His alone.  
The shields of earth to God belong;  
Exalt Him greatly in your song.

XLVIII.

The LORD is very great;  
His worthy praise confess  
Within the city of our God—  
His mount of holiness.

How beautiful appears  
Mount Zion's lofty height!  
The city of the King Supreme,  
And all the earth's delight.

God in her palaces  
Is for a refuge known;  
The kings drew near, they saw, they fled,  
As ships by tempests blown.

Thus have our eyes beheld  
What oft we heard before,  
That God, Who in His Zion dwells,  
Will keep her evermore.



Within Thy house, O God,  
How often have we thought  
Of all Thy mercy to us shown,  
And what Thy hand hath wrought.

Far as Thy name is known,  
So far Thy praise extends;  
Thy righteous sceptre and Thy sword  
Are seen to earth's far ends.

Let Zion then be glad,  
Rejoicing in her King;  
Because Thy judgments are so just,  
Let all her daughters sing.

About Mount Zion walk,  
All round about her go;  
Exulting count her towers of strength,  
That guard from every foe.

Her palaces traverse,  
Her bulwarks mark ye well!  
That to the children following on  
Ye may her glory tell.

Since such a God is ours,  
In Him we will confide;  
He is our God forevermore,  
And unto death will guide.

LI.

O God, be merciful to me,  
According to Thy love and grace;  
In Thy compassions, boundless, free,  
Blot out my sins, their stain efface.  
O wash me wholly from my sin,  
And cleanse me from my guilt within.

For I my great transgressions own;  
My sin's before me, day and night;  
I've sinned against Thee, Thee alone,  
And done this evil in Thy sight;  
That Thou mayst be in judgment clear,  
And justified in words severe.

Conceived and born was I in sin;  
From fount corrupt foul waters flow;  
But Thou desirest truth within,  
And there wilt make me wisdom know.  
With sprinkling hyssop cleanse Thou me,  
And clean indeed I then shall be.

Yea, wash me, and I shall appear  
E'en whiter than the driven snow;  
O make me joy and gladness hear,  
That bones Thou'st broken joy may know.  
From all my sins hide Thou Thy face,  
And blot them out in Thy free grace.

Create in me a clean, pure heart;  
Renew a spirit steadfast, right;  
O cast me not from Thee apart,  
Nor take Thy Spirit from me quite.

Restore salvation's joy untold,  
And with Thy Spirit free uphold.

Transgressors then I'll teach Thy way,  
And sinners shall return to Thee.  
Cleanse me from crimson guilt, I pray,  
Thou God of my salvation free.  
Aloud my tongue shall then confess  
And sing Thy glorious righteousness.

Open my lips, my song inspire;  
And from my mouth Thy praise shall pour.  
No sacrifice dost Thou desire;  
No offering-burnt delights Thee more;  
Else would I give it for my sin,  
But Thou no pleasure hast therein.

A spirit broken for its sins,  
A heart that in contrition sighs—  
This sacrifice Thy favor wins;  
This, Thou, O God, wilt not despise.  
The contrite heart, the humble mind,  
Alone with Thee acceptance find.

Do good to Zion; grace accord,  
And in Thy favor shown to them  
Build Thou again the walls, O LORD,  
The walls of Thy Jerusalem.  
Then men shall all right offerings make,  
And Thou in them new pleasure take.

LV.

SELECTED VERSES

O God, give Thou ear to my plea,  
And hide not Thyself from my cry;  
Attend Thou, and answer Thou me,  
As restless and moaning I cry.

O that I had wings like a dove!  
For then I would fly far away,  
And seek for the rest that I love,  
Where trouble no more could dismay.

Afar would I wander unseen,  
And lodge in the wilderness vast;  
I'd haste to a shelter serene  
From tempest and wind's stormy blast.

Nay, soul; call on God all the day;  
The LORD for thy help will appear.  
At eve, morn, and noon humbly pray,  
And He thy petition will hear.

Thy burden thus cast on the LORD,  
And He shall thy weakness sustain.  
The righteous who trust in His word  
Unmoved shall forever remain.

LVII.

VV. 1-3, 7-11.

O God, be merciful to me,  
Be merciful to me, I pray;  
My soul its refuge finds in Thee,  
When troubles thicken o'er my way;  
Beneath Thy sheltering wings in peace  
I safe will hide till troubles cease.

To Thee, Most High, shall rise my prayer,  
For Thou dost perfect all for me;  
When foes reproach and would ensnare,  
Thy help from heaven mine eyes shall see;  
Thou wilt Thy truth and mercy send,  
As guardian angels to defend.

My heart is fixed, O God, on Thee,  
My heart is fixed, to Thee I cling;  
Awake my soul to minstrelsy,  
My harp and lute, awake each string;  
The shades of night are now withdrawn,  
I would with song awake the dawn.

To Thee a thankful hymn I'll raise,  
Thou hast been merciful to me;  
Among the people will I praise,  
Among the nations sing to Thee  
Of mercy great as heaven is high,  
Of truth that reaches to the sky.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high  
Above the heaven's majestic frame;  
Above the earth now magnify  
The matchless glory of Thy name;  
Let earth below, and heaven above,  
Exalt and praise Thee, God of love.

LXI.

Hear Thou, O God, my mournful plaint,  
And to my humble prayer attend.  
When overwhelmed my heart grows faint,  
To Thee I'll call from earth's far end;  
O, lead me, as for help I flee  
Unto the rock too high for me.

Since Thou my refuge oft hast been,  
When fierce the storm against me rose;  
My tower of strength and peace serene,  
Secure against my wrathful foes,  
I'll ever in Thy house abide,  
And 'neath Thy sheltering wings will hide.

For Thou hast heard my vows and prayer,  
And in Thy grace hast made my own  
The heritage Thou dost prepare  
For those who fear Thy name alone.  
Days to the King Thou wilt increase;  
Nor shall His years through ages cease.

He shall forevermore abide  
Enthroned, O God, at Thy right hand:  
Mercy and truth do Thou provide,

And bid as guards around Him stand:  
So will I praise Thy name for aye,  
And thus my vows will daily pay.

LXIII.

O God, my God, yes, Thou art mine,  
And I will early seek Thy face;  
My thirsty soul for Thee doth pine,  
My flesh doth long to taste Thy grace,  
As in a dry and weary land,  
Whose springs are sunk in desert sand.

So in Thy hallowed house of prayer  
With joy I oft have looked on Thee,  
And seen Thy power and glory there  
Revealed in vision unto me.  
For kindness, e'en than life more sweet,  
My lips would render praises meet.

So will I bless Thee while I live,  
Lift, in Thy name, my hands in prayer;  
A full content Thy love doth give,  
And sweeter than earth's daintiest fare.  
My lips shall praise Thee with delight,  
And thoughts of Thee make glad the night.

Thou art my helper by my side;  
O'ershadowed by Thy wings I sing.  
I follow Thee, my faithful guide,  
And to Thine arm I closely cling:  
Thy strong right hand upholdeth me,  
And giveth strength to walk with Thee.

While those that would my soul destroy  
Shall sink away in earth's dark deeps,  
In God, my Saviour, I will joy,  
Who gently leads and safely keeps.  
The saints shall glory in His name,  
When foes are filled with silent shame.

LXV.

O God, in Zion, unto Thee,  
In stillness comes a song of praise;  
And there to Thee performed shall be  
The vow we made in troubled days.  
O Thou Whose ear doth ever hear,  
To Thee in prayer shall all draw near.

Prevailing sins my soul cast down,  
But Thou wilt our transgressions hide.  
How blest the man Thy choice doth crown,  
And bid within Thy courts abide.  
We shall be satisfied with grace,  
The goodness of Thy holy place.

By fearful deeds of righteousness,  
And by Thy judgments ever just,  
Thou'lt answer us when in distress,  
O God, our sole salvation's trust;  
Earth's utmost ends confide in Thee,  
And those far off upon the sea.

Thou dost with strength the mountains gird,  
And restless waves and nations still;  
Earth's utmost bounds with fear are stirred  
Before the tokens of Thy will.



The gates that yield and hide the day,  
In songs of joy their tribute pay.

Thy showers make glad the wilderness;  
Thy fountains full enrich the plain;  
The softened furrows Thou dost bless  
With springing blade and waving grain.  
The year with goodness Thou dost crown,  
And riches from Thy paths drip down.

They drop upon the pastures sere;  
They make the joy-girt hills more glad;  
The meadows clothed with flocks appear;  
The vales in harvest robes are clad.  
And unto Thee, O God, our King,  
They shout for joy; they also sing.

LXVII.

O God, be merciful to us,  
And bless Thou us, Thy servants pray,  
And cause the brightness of Thy face  
To shine on us with cheering ray;  
That known on earth Thy way may be,  
And nations Thy salvation see.

O let the peoples praise Thee, LORD,  
Let all the peoples give Thee praise;  
O let the nations all be glad,  
And sing to Thee in joyful lays;  
For Thou wilt judge in righteousness,  
Earth's nations shall Thy sway confess.

O let the peoples praise Thee, LORD,  
Let all the peoples give Thee praise.  
The earth hath yielded her increase,  
And God will bless us all our days.  
Yea, God, our God, will blessing send,  
Till He is feared to earth's far end.

LXVIII.

PART I.

Let God arise, and by His might  
Let all His foes be put to flight;  
Let them that hate Him flee apace  
Before the brightness of His face.

As smoke is driven before the blast,  
So drive Thou them away at last:  
As wax is melted by the fire,  
Let sinners perish at God's ire.

But let the saints before Him sing,  
Let them rejoice before their King;  
Yea, let them all with heart and voice  
In Him exceedingly rejoice.

Sing unto God, declare His fame,  
And praise Jehovah's holy name.  
Cast up a highway, smooth and wide,  
For Him Who doth through deserts ride.

For He within His holy place  
Is evermore a God of grace;  
A Father of the fatherless,  
A Judge of widows in distress.

On those in loneliness and woe  
Doth God a happy home bestow;  
To captives He doth freedom give,  
In deserts the rebellious live.

PART II.

When Thou, O God, didst lead the way  
Before Thy people day by day—  
When through the wilderness so dread  
Thou marchest on with stately tread—

Earth shook with fear; the heavens were bowed  
Before Thy presence in the cloud;  
Yon Sinai trembled to its base  
Before the God of Israel's race.

Thou, God, didst send a plenteous rain  
To cheer Thy weary, parched domain.  
Thy people dwelt therein, and shared  
Thy goodness for the poor prepared.

The LORD Himself the word hath shown,  
A host of women make it known.  
The kings of armies flee away,  
And she at home divides the prey.

Ye peaks of Bashan, though so high,  
Why look askance with envious eye  
At this the Mount God loves so well?  
For here the LORD will ever dwell.

God's chariots on His people's side  
Are thousands, thousands multiplied;  
The Lord's among them in His grace,  
As once in Sinai's holy place.

Thou hast ascended gloriously,  
And captive led captivity.  
They come with gifts who did rebel,  
That God the LORD with them may dwell.

PART III.

Blest be the LORD, for us He cares,  
And day by day our burden bears;  
Blest be the God Who in His love  
Salvation sends us from above.

God is to us a God Whose arm  
Delivers us from every harm;  
Jehovah, LORD of life, will save  
His own though drawing near the grave.

They have, O God, Thy goings seen,  
Thy royal progress, glorious mien,  
When Thou, my God, my King, in grace  
Didst go within Thy holy place.

The singers led the way with song;  
Behind them played the minstrel throng;  
While happy maidens all around  
Made timbrels with their joy resound.

O bless ye God; your praises bring;  
Amid the congregation sing,  
The praises of the LORD recount,  
All ye that spring from Israel's fount.

Yea, sing to God! earth's kingdoms sing!  
Sing praises to the LORD our King!  
Who rides upon the highest heaven,  
And by Whose voice the clouds are riven.

Ascribe ye strength to God alone:  
His strength is in the heavens shown.  
His glorious majesty and grace  
Are over Israel's chosen race.

How dreadful from Thy holy hill,  
O God of Israel, art Thou still.  
Thou art Thy people's strength confessed:  
Thou givest power. Let God be blest.

LXXII.

PART I.

VV. I-II.

Give Thy judgments, O our God,  
To the King of all the earth;  
Give Thy righteous sovereign rod  
To the Son of royal birth.  
Glorious shall His kingdom be,  
He will rule Thy saints aright;  
And Thy suffering poor shall see  
His delivering, saving might.

Then the very hills shall yield  
Fruits of peace and righteousness:  
He Thy needy ones will shield,  
Save their children in distress.  
Breaker of the oppressor's pride!  
All to Thee in fear shall bend,  
While the sun and moon abide,  
Through all ages till the end.

He will come as gentle rains  
On the new-mown grass distilled;  
And, as on the thirsty plains  
Fall the showers with blessing filled,  
In His days, with glory crowned,  
Righteousness shall wide prevail;  
Peace through all the earth abound  
Till the light of moons shall fail.

He shall reign from sea to sea,  
Through all lands to earth's far end;  
Wildest tribes shall bow the knee,  
Foes to dust their faces bend.  
Kings of distant lands shall lay  
Rich oblations at His feet;  
All earth's kings shall tribute pay,  
Nations render service meet.

PART II.

vv. 12-19.

When the poor and needy cry  
In their helplessness and grief,  
Then the pitying LORD is nigh,  
And will grant them swift relief.

From the oppressor's wrath and power  
He'll redeem them by His might;  
And their blood, in life's last hour,  
Shall be precious in His sight.

They shall live and, thankful, bring  
Sheba's gold in offering meet.  
Ceaselessly for Zion's King  
Prayer shall rise as incense sweet.  
Constant as His gifts descend,  
Shall return the gladsome song;  
Praise of earth and heaven blend,  
Blessing Him the whole day long.

Yea, upon the mountain height  
Plenteous fields of grain shall stand;  
Rustling in the winds of night,  
As old Lebanon's cedars grand.  
And in Zion, happy place,  
Numerous sons shall spring to birth,  
Flourishing in princely grace,  
As the grass that decks the earth.

Ever shall His name endure  
And increase while shines the light;  
Scattering wide its blessings pure,  
Till the sun shall sink in night.  
Yea, though sun and stars grow dim,  
Fade away to shine no more,  
Men shall still be blessed in Him,  
Call Him happy and adore.

Blessed be the King of kings!  
Blessed Thou, Jehovah God!  
Who alone dost wondrous things,  
God of Israel and our God.  
Blessed be Thy glorious name!  
Name of all surpassing worth—  
Jesus Christ fore'er the same—  
Let Thy glory fill the earth!

LXXVII.

vv. 16-20.

The waters saw Thee, mighty God,  
The waters saw and fled,  
The depths were shaken 'neath Thy rod,  
They trembled in their dread.

The clouds outpoured their waters, LORD,  
The skies sent out a sound,  
Thine arrows also flew abroad,  
And scattered fears around.

Thy thunder's voice in whirlwinds came;  
Thy lightning's vivid light  
Lit up the world with lurid flame;  
Earth trembled at the sight.

Thy way within the sea hath been,  
Thy path through waters deep;  
And though Thy footsteps were not seen,  
Thou didst Thy people keep.



For Thou didst lead them like a flock,  
By Thine own servants' hand,  
Through parted sea, by riven rock,  
To Canaan's promised land.

LXXX.

vv. 8-14.

Forth from a land of barrenness and gloom  
A vine Thou broughtest with most patient toil,  
And badst the fruitless nations give it room,  
That Thou mightst plant it in a fertile soil.

Deep struck its roots, it filled the land's far length,  
The hills were covered with its perfumed shade;  
And with its tendrils clinging to their strength,  
The goodly cedars stood with grace arrayed.

Its boughs reached out to greet the mighty main,  
Far to the river ran its tender shoots;  
And through Thy nurturing sunshine, dew, and rain  
How bright its verdure and how fair its fruits!

Why hast Thou then its hedges broken down,  
That all do pluck it who pass by the way?  
Foes from the wood despoil its beauty's crown,  
Wild from the field, they waste it as their prey.

O God of hosts, return Thou to Thine own,  
Behold and visit this Thy vine once more;  
Protect the branch that for Thyself alone  
Thy right hand nurtured in the days of yore.

LXXXIV.

PART I.

O LORD, how lovely to Thy saints  
    Appear the dwellings of Thy grace;  
My spirit in its longing faints  
    To be within Thy holy place.  
O living God, from bended knee,  
My heart and flesh cry out for Thee.

The sparrow in Thy house finds rest,  
    And near Thy very altar flits;  
There too the swallow builds her nest,  
    And quiet through her brooding sits:  
Where birds may sing, Thy children bring,  
O LORD of Hosts, my God and King.

Forever happy, LORD, are they  
    Who in Thy house as inmates dwell:  
Their praises fill the live-long day,  
    And still 'mid evening shadows swell:  
Most blessed they, their strength Thou art;  
And Zion's ways are in their heart.

When through the vale of tears they pass,  
    They make it as a place of springs,  
Where grow sweet comforts as the grass,  
    When autumn's rain its treasure brings.  
Thus may each vale of weeping be  
A vale of comfort unto me.

PART II.

They onward go from strength to strength,  
By Thee supported, blessed, and cheered;  
Nor falter they, until at length  
They all in Zion have appeared.  
LORD God of Hosts, my prayer attend,  
Give ear, O Jacob's God and friend.

Behold, O God, our perfect shield,  
And look on Thine anointed's face.  
One day with Thee more joy doth yield  
Than thousands could without Thy grace;  
Though only at Thy door I wait,  
No tents of sin give joy so great.

Thee, LORD, our sun and shield, we sing;  
All grace and glory Thou wilt give,  
Nor any good nor perfect thing  
Withhold from those who purely live.  
O LORD of Hosts, how blest is he  
Who trusteth evermore in Thee.

LXXXV.

vv. 9-13.

To them that fear the LORD of Hosts  
Is His salvation near,  
That ever dwelling in our coasts  
His glory may appear.

Mercy and truth, of heavenly birth,  
In Him together meet;  
And righteousness and peace on earth  
Abide in concord sweet.

Truth springs from earth in vernal crown  
Of grass and golden grain,  
And righteousness from heaven looks down  
In sunshine and in rain.

The LORD will give us every good,  
And bless the fruitful field;  
The earth, to fill our mouth with food,  
Shall ample increase yield.

Before Him righteousness divine  
Shall as a herald go,  
And on our path His footprints shine  
To guide our way below.

LXXXVI.

Bow down Thine ear and answer, LORD, Thine own,  
Needy and poor beneath affliction's rod:  
Preserve my soul, for I am Thine alone;  
Thy trustful servant save, O Thou my God!

Hear Thou my cry, be merciful to me,  
For all day long I seek Thy help divine;  
Make glad Thy servant's heart, for unto Thee  
Do I lift up my soul, forever Thine.

For Thou art good and ready to forgive,  
Plenteous in grace to praying hearts sincere.  
Give ear, O LORD, and bid Thy servant live;  
The voice of all my supplications hear.

In trouble's day I'll call on Thee alone,  
For Thou wilt ever hear and answer prayer.  
None like to Thee among the gods is known,  
Nor are there works that can with Thine compare.

All nations, whom to serve Thee Thou hast made,  
Shall come and worship at Thy holy shrine:  
Before Thee, LORD, their homage shall be paid,  
And they shall glorify Thy name divine.

For Thou art great, and wondrous things Thou dost;  
Thou, Thou art God; Thy way to me make clear;  
Then in Thy truth I'll walk with filial trust:  
Unite my heart Thy holy name to fear.

Thee, LORD, my God, I'll praise with all my heart!  
Yea, I will ever glorify Thy name!  
For great in mercy unto me Thou art,  
And Thou hast saved me from the lowest shame.

Behold, O God, the proud against me rise!  
Behold their throngs who violence employ!  
They have not set Thy fear before their eyes,  
But would with cruel hands my soul destroy.

But Thou, O LORD, art still a gracious God,  
Full of compassion as in days of old,  
Slow unto wrath, withholding long Thy rod,  
Rich in Thy truth and mercies manifold.

O turn to me ; Thy mercy I implore ;  
Hide not Thy face away from me in scorn :  
Thy fainting servant with Thy strength restore,  
And save the son of Thine own handmaid born.

To me a token of Thy goodness show,  
Which they who hate me may with wonder see  
And be ashamed, as at the last they know  
That Thou hast comforted and holpen me.

LXXXVII.

In His high and holy mountains,  
God's foundation firm behold !  
More than earth's most stately dwellings  
Loves He Zion's gates of old.  
O God's City!  
Glorious things of thee are told !

Many—saith He—will I mention  
As of those that know My name.  
Yea, of many alien peoples,  
This shall be their joy and fame—  
That, O Zion,  
Birth in thee they each may claim.

Yea, it shall be said of Zion—  
This one, that one, there had birth.  
Her the Lord Most High forever  
Will establish in the earth.  
Happy Zion!  
This thy surety and thy worth.

When Jehovah counts His people  
And their written names shall see,  
This and that one born in Zion  
Shall her crowning honor be.  
Zion's singers  
Say—My springs are all in thee!

LXXXVII.

The LORD His Church has founded  
Upon His holy hills,  
Where His abiding presence  
Its courts with glory fills.  
He loves His people's dwellings  
And guards them day and night,  
But in the gates of Zion  
He takes supreme delight.

City of God, how glorious  
The things of thee foretold!  
How great this word of promise  
The ages shall unfold—  
"Each fierce and alien nation  
Shall yet acknowledge Me,  
And I confess them children,  
All born anew in thee."

Soon shall it be recorded  
Of each and every one,  
That life forever lasting  
In Zion was begun.

That glorious day to hasten,  
The LORD Himself, Most High,  
Will firm His Church establish  
And bring the nations nigh.

And when His saints He numbers,  
And writes His people down,  
Their birth in thee, O Zion,  
Shall be their high renown.  
The singers and the dancers,  
With shouts of jubilee,  
Will sing—"O Zion glorious,  
My springs are all in thee."

LXXXIX.

VV. 1-10.

Forever I'll sing of Thy mercies, O LORD,  
And unto all ages Thy truth will record:  
Thy mercy shall ever be builded on high,  
Thy truth be established e'en unto the sky.

A covenant sure Thou hast made with Thine own,  
And sworn to Thy Servant to build up His throne;  
His seed to establish, His kingdom extend,  
Through all generations and world without end.

The heavens to Thy wonders glad tribute shall bring;  
Yea, all holy angels Thy faithfulness sing,  
For who in the sky can be likened to Thee?  
What sons of the mighty Thine equal can be?



A God to be feared in Thy council art Thou,  
Above all who round Thee in reverence bow;  
O LORD God of Hosts, who is like Thee in might,  
With faithfulness round Thee a girdle of light?

Thou rulest the pride of the sea at Thy will,  
Its proud swelling waters Thou biddest be still;  
Thou Egypt hast crushed like the slain from the land,  
And scattered Thy foes with omnipotent hand.

vv. 11-18.

The heavens, LORD, are Thine; Thine the earth and  
the sea;  
The world and its fulness were founded by Thee;  
The North and the South their Creator proclaim,  
And Tabor and Hermon rejoice in Thy name.

An arm clothed with might, yea, a strong hand is  
Thine,  
And high is Thy right hand of power divine:  
On justice and judgment is founded Thy throne,  
While mercy and truth as Thy heralds are known.

How happy the people who know the glad sound;  
They walk in the sunshine Thy face sheds around;  
All day they rejoice in the LORD Whom they love,  
And righteously wilt Thou exalt them above.

For Thou dost their strength with Thy beauty adorn,  
And in Thy great favor wilt lift up our horn;  
Our King and our shield of protection are Thine,  
Who only art holy, O Saviour divine!

XC.

PART I.

LORD, Thou our dwelling place hast been  
In every generation.

Before the new-born hills were seen,  
Or earth was Thy creation,

Thou, Thou art God from endless years  
To ages never ending.

But man, when he Thy summons hears,  
How soon to dust descending!

A thousand years, before Thy sight,  
As yesterday have tarried.

They vanish as a watch of night ;  
Away by floods are carried.

They're like a sleep, or like the grass  
The morning light doth cherish :

It groweth up, but, then, alas !  
At evening time doth perish.

For by Thy wrath are we consumed ;  
We fear Thine anger's terrors.

Our sins before Thee stand illumed,  
Our secret sins and errors.

For all our days are passing by,  
Before Thine anger flying ;

Our wasting years are as a sigh  
In silence quickly dying.

PART II.

Life's days are three score years and ten;  
If strength ten more may borrow,  
Their pride is toil and grief; and then  
We fly away to-morrow.

Who knows the power Thine anger hath,  
When mercy may not sue Thee?  
O let Thy fear be as Thy wrath,  
The fear from mortals due Thee!

So teach Thou us to count each day,  
That wisdom may avail us!  
Return, O LORD; how long delay?  
Let not Thy mercy fail us!

O fill us early with Thy grace,  
That life may be all gladness!  
Yea, in our hearts may joy have place,  
As Thou hast given us sadness!

Thy work to all Thy servants show,  
And to their sons Thy glory!  
Thy beauty, LORD, our God, bestow,  
And prosper Thou life's story!

XCI.

Who dwelleth by His grace  
Within the secret place  
Of God Most High shall e'er abide  
Within the Almighty's shade,  
Whom I've my refuge made;  
The LORD my God, in Whom I hide.

Then thee, with watchful care,  
He'll save from fowler's snare,  
And from the deadly pestilence.  
His wings shall cover thee;  
His truth thine armor be,  
Thy shield and buckler of defence.

No terror of the night  
Shall ever thee affright;  
Nor arrow flying swift by day.  
Though plagues in darkness haste,  
Or at the noonday waste,  
Naught shall thy trustful heart dismay.

Though myriads at thy side  
Are smitten in their pride,  
No ill shall e'er come nigh to thee.  
Since thou hast made the LORD—  
My refuge—thine abode,  
Thine eyes alone their doom shall see.

His angels He commands  
To bear thee on their hands,  
To keep thy way and smooth thy path.  
If fierce and treacherous foes  
Thy footsteps should oppose,  
Thou shalt tread down their harmless wrath.

Yea, since on God above  
Thy heart hath set its love,  
He'll rescue thee when sore distressed;  
Yea, high above assault  
He will thy soul exalt;  
Because thou hast His name confessed.

And when thy prayers arise,  
He'll answer from the skies,  
And help and honor will bestow.  
In trouble will be nigh;  
With life will satisfy;  
And then His great salvation show.

XCII.

VV. 1-7, 12-15.

How good it is to praise Thee, LORD,  
To sing Thy name, O Thou Most High,  
Thy morning mercies to record,  
And tell Thy truth when night is nigh.  
The ten-stringed lute and lyre I'll bring,  
And with the tuneful harp I'll sing.

Glad in Thy work, Thy day I'll keep;  
I'll boast the wonders of Thy hand.  
How great Thy works, Thy thoughts how deep,  
The wicked ne'er can understand.  
As grass they flourish for a day,  
And then destroyed are swept away.

Like palm trees in their stately grace,  
Like Lebanon's cedars, strong and fair,  
The saints within Thy holy place  
Shall ever grow, and flourish there.  
Planted within Thy Church they stand,  
The strength and glory of the land.

Still in old age their fruit they bear,  
Their leaf abides forever green,  
That they to all men may declare  
That Thou, O LORD, hast upright been.  
O Thou my Rock, to Whom I flee.  
There's no unrighteousness in Thee.

XCIII.

Jehovah reigns; He sits enrobed  
With majesty and light;  
Jehovah robes Himself with strength,  
And girds Him round with might.

The world is fixed, nor can be moved;  
Established it appears.  
And fixed Thy throne of old, Who art  
From everlasting years.

The floods have lifted up, O LORD,  
Have lifted up their voice;  
The floods lift up their roaring waves,  
And in their might rejoice.

But throned above them is the LORD;  
And mightier far is He  
Than many waters' lifted voice,  
Or breakers of the sea.

Thy testimonies, very sure,  
Abide as from of yore;  
And holiness becomes Thy house,  
O LORD, forevermore.

XCV.

Now with joyful exultation  
Let us sing Jehovah's praise;  
To the Rock of our salvation  
Loud hosannahs let us raise.  
Thankful tribute gladly bringing,  
Let us come before Him now,  
And with psalms His praises singing,  
Joyful in His presence bow.

For, how great a God, and glorious,  
Is Jehovah Whom we sing!  
Over idol-gods victorious,  
He's a great, the only, King.  
In His hand are earth's deep places;  
His the strength of all the hills;  
His the sea whose bounds He traces;  
His the land His bounty fills.

To the LORD, such might revealing,  
Let us bow with reverence meet;  
To the LORD our Maker kneeling,  
Come and worship at His feet.  
He is our own God and leads us;  
We the people of His care;  
With a shepherd's hand He feeds us  
As His flock in pastures fair.

While He proffers peace and pardon,  
Let us hear His voice to-day;  
Lest if we our hearts should harden,  
We should perish in the way.

Lest to us, so unbelieving,  
He in righteous wrath shall swear—  
“Ye so long My Spirit grieving,  
Never in My rest can share.”

XCVI.

PART I.

O sing to Jehovah, a new song prepare;  
O sing, all ye people, His glory declare.  
Yea, sing to Jehovah, and bless ye His name;  
From day unto day His salvation proclaim.

Among all the nations His glory make known;  
Among all the peoples His wonders be shown.  
For great and most worthy of praise is the LORD,  
Above all the gods to be feared and adored.

The gods of the peoples are idols, and nought;  
Jehovah the heavens hath wondrously wrought.  
All honor and glory encompass Him round,  
And beauty and strength in His temple are found.

O give to Jehovah, each kindred and tribe,  
Yea, glory and strength to Jehovah ascribe;  
O give Him the glory becoming His name;  
And come with an offering, His praise to proclaim.

O worship Jehovah in holy array,  
In beautiful garments of holiness pray.  
Yea, let all the earth in His presence appear,  
And bow down before Him with trembling and fear.



PART II.

O say to the nations—Jehovah doth reign;  
The world He hath founded unmoved shall remain.  
The peoples He'll judge, with His equity clad;  
Let heaven, earth, and sea, and their fulness be glad.

Let fields and their fruitage before Him rejoice,  
And let all the trees sing for joy at His voice.  
Yea, let them before Him, Who only is LORD,  
Rejoice, for He cometh to judgment award.

He cometh, He cometh to judge at His bar  
The earth and all peoples though scattered afar.  
The world He shall judge in His righteousness pure,  
And all of the peoples with truth ever sure.

XCVII.

PART I.

Let earth rejoice, the LORD doth reign,  
Let all the isles be glad;  
Judgment and right His throne maintain,  
With clouds and darkness clad.

Devouring fire before Him burns,  
Consuming every foe;  
The trembling earth with fear discerns  
His lightnings' vivid glow.

Before Him mountains melt away  
Like wax before the flame,  
Before the LORD Who day by day  
Upholds earth's solid frame.

The heavens that shine by His decree  
His righteousness declare;  
And all the wondering people see  
His glory everywhere.

Ashamed be they who serve and boast  
Their gods of wood and stone.  
Worship the LORD, ye idol host,  
For He is God alone.

PART II.

Because Thy judgments, LORD, are just,  
And great deliverance bring,  
Zion is glad, and from the dust  
Her daughters rise and sing.

For Thou, Jehovah, art Most High,  
Above the earth apart;  
Above all gods beneath the sky  
Exalted far Thou art.

O ye who love the LORD indeed  
Hate sin, for He is pure;  
His saints from wicked hands are freed  
And kept by Him secure.

Light for the righteous man is sown  
Upon his way below;  
And joy for upright hearts is strewn,  
As to their home they go.

Then in the LORD, ye saints, rejoice;  
With song His grace proclaim;  
Give thanks to Him with heart and voice,  
And bless His holy name.

XCVIII.

Sing to the LORD a glad, new song,  
For He most wondrous things hath done;  
With holy arm, and right hand strong,  
He hath salvation's victory won.

The LORD, our Saviour, hath made known  
His great salvation from the skies;  
And thus His righteousness hath shewn  
Before the nations' wondering eyes.

Mercy and truth toward Israel's race  
The LORD hath ever kept in mind;  
And earth's far ends have seen the grace  
That brought salvation to mankind.

And now let earth unto the LORD  
A shout of glad thanksgiving raise;  
Break forth and sing, and strike each chord,  
And joyful sing His worthy praise.

Yea, to the LORD your music bring,  
With harps and all-melodious voice;  
Let trumpets shout, let cornets ring,  
Let all before the King rejoice.

Let seas and all their fulness roar,  
The world, and they that on it dwell;  
Let floods clap hands from shore to shore,  
And hills their joy together tell—

Before the LORD, Who comes in might  
To judge the earth in righteousness;  
The LORD will judge the world aright,  
And will in grace His saints confess.

XCIX.

Jehovah reigns; exalt and worship Him;  
Let all the people tremble in His sight;  
He sits enthroned upon the cherubim;  
Let earth be moved before His presence bright.

Great is the LORD; in Zion great His fame;  
Above the people He is throned on high;  
Then let them praise His great and fearful name,  
For ever Holy, Holy, Holy, cry.

His kingly strength in judgment takes delight,  
In equity His throne established stands;  
Just are His ways; His judgments true and right,  
Wrought for His people by His holy hands.

Exalt the LORD our God and worship Him;  
Before His holy footstool bow the knee,  
Responsive sing, with veiled seraphim,  
For ever Holy, Holy, Holy, He.

His own anointed called upon His name,  
They called on Him Who cleft the surging wave;  
He, answering, spake from pillar-cloud and flame;  
They kept His law and He their sin forgave.

Exalt the LORD our God, and worship Him,  
Before His holy mountain bend the knee;  
Holy He dwells between the cherubim,  
For ever Holy, Holy, Holy, He.

C.

O make a joyful noise, ye lands,  
And serve the LORD with fear!  
With gladness wait His high commands,  
And with a song draw near.

Know that the LORD is God alone,  
He made us and will keep;  
For His we are and not our own,  
His people and His sheep.

With glad thanksgiving throng His gates  
His goodness to proclaim;  
Within His courts where mercy waits  
Give thanks and bless His name.

For He is good, and time shall prove  
His mercies ever sure;  
And while the ages onward move  
His truth shall still endure.

CIII.

VV. 1-12.

Awake, my soul, and bless the LORD,  
Let all within me bless His name;  
Awake, my soul, and bless the LORD,  
His countless benefits proclaim;  
Who cleanses every guilty stain,  
Who heals thy sickness, soothes thy pain.

Thy life from death His love redeems,  
And, like a sun, He crowns thy days  
With loving-kindness' gentle beams,  
And tender mercy's warmer rays;  
Thy heart's desire He satisfies,  
And strength of youth anew supplies.

By deeds of righteousness confessed  
The LORD hath set His captives free;  
And all His suffering and oppressed  
Shall His delivering judgments see.  
Thus were His ways to Moses known,  
His acts to pilgrim Israel shown.

Most merciful and gracious LORD!  
How slow to wrath! how rich in grace!  
Thou lovest not the chiding word,  
Nor keepest long an angry face.  
Not as our guilt and sins have been,  
Have we Thy righteous judgments seen.

For high as heaven above us bends,  
So great Thy mercy stands approved;  
As far as East from West extends,  
Hast Thou from us our sins removed.  
In vain, in height or depth of space,  
We seek the measure of such grace.

vv. 13-22.

Like as a father pity shows  
For children who in him confide,  
The LORD His pitying love bestows  
On all who in His fear abide;  
He knows our frame, and, ever just,  
Remembers well we are but dust.

The days of man are as the grass,  
And as a flower he blooms and dies;  
If but a breath shall o'er it pass,  
How soon the blossom faded lies;  
And where but late its beauty shone,  
It blooms no more, forever gone.

But still from age to age endures  
The loving-kindness of the LORD ;  
And still His righteousness assures  
To children's children rich reward—  
To such as keep His covenant true,  
And seek His holy will to do.

Bless Him Whose throne established stands,  
Whose kingdom ruleth over all!  
Bless Him, ye mighty angel bands,  
Whose legions wait the Master's call!  
Bless Him, His works, from pole to pole,  
Bless thou Jehovah, O my soul!

CIV.

PART I.

vv. 1-9.

Now, O my soul, Jehovah bless;  
O LORD, my God, let all confess  
That Thou art very great.  
How gloriously Thou art arrayed,  
With majesty and honor made  
Thy robes of royal state.

Thou, LORD, dost gird Thyself with light,  
And stretchest out with wondrous might  
The curtain of the sky.  
Thou dost within the waters place  
The crystal beams, that bear in grace  
Thy palace halls on high.

Thou dost of clouds Thy chariot form;  
And on the wings of wind and storm  
Thou movest at Thy will.  
The winds Thy messengers are made;  
By flaming fire Thou art obeyed;  
They all Thy word fulfil.



Fixed on a firm foundation stone,  
Whence it could ne'er be overthrown,  
The earth proclaimed Thee good.  
Then with the waters, as a robe,  
Thou didst enwrap the circling globe;  
Above the hills they stood.

At Thy rebuke they fled away;  
The hastening waters with dismay  
Thy voice of thunder heard.  
The mountains rose, the valleys sank,  
The seas within the confines shrank  
Appointed by Thy word.

Their bounds Thou didst establish then,  
That they might ne'er return again  
The earth to desolate.  
Now, O my soul, Jehovah bless;  
O LORD, my God, let all confess  
That Thou art very great.

PART II.

VV. 10-18.

Down through the valleys, 'mid the hills,  
Thou sendest springs, whose flowing rills  
All creatures' thirst allay.  
The birds of heaven above them dwell,  
And from amid the branches swell  
The songs that greet the day.

From out Thine upper rooms, with rain  
Thou waterest every hill and plain,  
    With fruit dost fill the field.  
Thou makest grass for pasture grow,  
And herbs to serve man's need bestow,  
    That earth his bread may yield.

The gladdening clusters of the vine,  
And oil to make his face to shine,  
    Thou dost for man prepare.  
Thy trees with rain are satisfied—  
The cedars of old Lebanon's pride—  
    Which Thou hast planted there.

The little bird there builds its nest,  
And on the fir-tree's lofty crest  
    The kindly stork abides.  
The wild goat climbs the mountain peaks,  
And in the rocks the coney seeks  
    A refuge where it hides.

PART III.

VV. 19-23.

The changeful moon His mandate hears,  
And leads, through all the circling years,  
    The seasons in their flight.  
The sun his time of setting knows,  
Darkness He makes for twilight's close,  
    And it at once is night.

Then all the forest beasts awake,  
And through the woods their way they take  
    With creeping, stealthy feet.

Young lions in their hunger roar,  
As though they would His care implore  
    Who gives them all their meat.

The sun appears; they hide away,  
And down to rest themselves they lay,  
    Each in his secret den.

Then man unto his labor goes,  
To toil until the day shall close,  
    And evening come again.

PART IV.

vv. 24-35.

How manifold beyond our thought  
The works that Thou, O LORD, hast wrought  
    In wisdom all divine!

Thy riches fill the earth below,  
In circling suns and stars they glow,  
    And in the deep they shine.

There is the sea, so great and wide,  
Wherein in countless number hide  
    Thy creatures small and great;  
There move the ships the waves athwart,  
Therein the ocean-monsters sport,  
    And all upon Thee wait.

Yea, all as at Thy table stand,  
Till Thou dost open wide Thy hand,  
    To give them timely food;  
What Thou dost give they gather up,  
And from Thine overflowing cup  
    Are satisfied with good.

When Thou dost turn Thy face away,  
Their sun is gone; no cheering ray  
    Their troubled hearts discern.  
And when their breath Thou dost recall,  
In death's embrace they helpless fall,  
    And to their dust return.

But when Thou sendest from above  
Thy Spirit, like the brooding dove  
    O'er all the waters' face,  
Again, as at creation's birth,  
They are renewed, and all the earth  
    Is crowned with wondrous grace.

Eternal let Thy glory be,  
O Maker of the earth and sea!  
    With joy Thy works behold.  
Earth trembles 'neath Thy piercing gaze,  
Thy touch sets all the hills ablaze,  
    As Sinai flamed of old.

To Thee, O LORD, my whole life long,  
Yea, to my God, a gladsome song  
    With harp and voice I'll sing;  
And be my meditation sweet  
To Thee, Who art my joy complete,  
    My Maker, Saviour, King.

Consumed as dross from precious ore  
The wicked soon shall be no more,  
    And Eden come again.  
Then bless the LORD, O thou my soul!  
And all ye saints, while ages roll,  
    Praise ye the LORD! Amen.

CVII.

VV. 23-32.

They that go forth to toil upon the deep,  
And 'mid great waters weary vigil keep,  
These see Jehovah's works of power untold;  
His mighty wonders in the deep behold.

He speaks the word, and stormy winds arise,  
Lifting His waves as to the very skies;  
To heaven they mount, again to depths go down,  
Hearts melt with trouble at the surges' frown.

Tossed by the billows, reeling to and fro,  
Their hopes all sink as in the depths below;  
Then to the LORD they cry in humble prayer,  
And He delivers them from deep despair.

Again He speaks, and at His high behest  
The storm is calm, the waves are hushed to rest:  
Then are they glad, as now all tumults cease,  
And thus He brings them to the port of peace.

O then let such give praise, O LORD, to Thee,  
For goodness, broader, deeper than the sea;  
Let them exalt Thee, where Thy people meet,  
And all Thy wondrous works with praise repeat.

CXII.

Jehovah praise! How blest the man  
Who feareth Thee, O LORD,  
Whose heart with great delight dost scan  
The precepts of Thy Word.

On earth his seed shall mighty be;  
The upright race shall blessing see.

Both wealth and riches from Thy hand  
Within his house appear;  
His righteousness doth stedfast stand,  
Unchanged from year to year.  
To all the upright in Thy sight  
In darkness there ariseth light.

Kind and compassionate is he,  
A righteous, faithful friend;  
'Tis well with him who graciously  
Doth deal and freely lend.  
His justice, sought by none in vain,  
Shall his own righteous cause maintain.

Unmoved he stands, whate'er betide;  
And when this life is passed,  
His memory shall long abide,  
A blessing to the last.  
Of evil tidings ne'er afraid,  
His heart is on Jehovah stayed.

He hath dispersed with liberal hand,  
And given to the poor:  
His righteousness doth stedfast stand,  
And ever shall endure.  
Exalted highly, LORD, shall be  
The blessed man who feareth Thee.

CXIII.

Ye servants of the LORD, our King,  
With every song that praise can bring  
His blessed name adore.  
From early dawn to evening dim,  
His name be praised with ceaseless hymn,  
Henceforth for evermore.

Above all nations He is high,  
Above all hosts that fill the sky  
His glory bright appears.  
Who, like the LORD our God, is known,  
The LORD, Who sitteth on His throne  
Above the starry spheres?

But yet He humbly condescends,  
And down to heaven and earth He bends  
An all-discerning eye.  
The poor and needy in distress  
He lifts from dust and wretchedness,  
To sit with princes high.

The silent home His love discerns,  
And to the heart that lonely yearns  
He gives the mother's joy.  
Ye servants of the LORD, our King,  
With every song that praise can bring  
Your heart and voice employ.

CXIV.

When Israel, through the riven sea,  
From Egypt came, as Miriam sung—  
And Jacob's house, from bondage free,  
Went forth from people strange of tongue:  
Then Judah was His holy place;  
His kingdom Israel's chosen race.

The sea beheld the host draw near,  
And from their pathway quickly fled:  
And Jordan's waters in their fear  
Turned back and left their stony bed:  
The trembling mountains leaped like rams,  
The little hills like sportive lambs.

What aileth thee, O mighty sea?  
Whom do thy shrinking waves discern?  
O Jordan, wherefore dost thou flee  
And all thy waters backward turn?  
Ye mountains, that ye leap like rams,  
Ye little hills, like sportive lambs?

Tremble, O earth, before the LORD,  
The mighty God of Jacob fear:  
Let all things tremble at His word  
Who doth in majesty appear:  
He made the rock a water-pool,  
The flint to gush with fountains cool.



CXV.

Not unto us, not unto us,  
To whom belongeth only shame,  
But for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
O LORD, give glory to Thy name.

O wherefore should the nations say,  
"Where is their God? pray can they tell?"  
Our God is in the heavens throned,  
And all hath done as pleased Him well.

Silver and gold their idols are;  
The work of men, like men they seem;  
But naught they see, or hear, or do,  
And all their power is but a dream.

And like their idols shall they be  
Who make them, or their worship yield.  
Trust thou, O Israel, in the LORD;  
He is their help and He their shield.

O house of Aaron, trust the LORD:  
He is their help and He their shield.  
All ye that fear Him, trust the LORD:  
He is their help and He their shield.

Mindful of us the LORD hath been,  
And He will bless us when we call;  
The house of Aaron He will bless,  
And them that fear Him, great and small.

The LORD increase you more and more;  
You and your children multiply:  
Blessed indeed are ye of Him,  
Creator of the earth and sky.

The heavens are evermore the LORD'S:  
His own abode, His royal seat;  
But earth on men He hath bestowed,  
And made it for their dwelling meet.

The voiceless dead praise not the LORD;  
The silent grave no song can raise:  
But we will bless Him evermore;  
Praise ye the LORD, Jehovah praise!

CXVI.

VV. I-II.

I love the LORD, Who bowed His ear  
To hear my supplicating voice:  
And while I live, with heart sincere  
On Him I'll call, in Him rejoice.

The cords of death enclosed me round;  
The pains of hell my soul enthralled;  
Trouble and grief alone I found;  
Then on Jehovah's name I called—

“Deliver me from sin abhorred,  
O spare my soul and lift Thy rod;”  
Most gracious, righteous, is the LORD;  
Yea, ever merciful our God.

He saves the simple and oppressed;  
I was brought low; He rescued me.  
Return, my soul, unto thy rest,  
For He hath kindly dealt with thee.

Since He hath saved from death and tears,  
And kept my faltering feet aright,  
I'll walk before Him freed from fears  
In the broad land of life and light.

VV. 12-19.

With what return of lofty praise  
Shall I Jehovah's love proclaim?  
Salvation's cup on high I'll raise,  
And call, rejoicing, on His name.

My vows to Him in times of fear  
Among His saints will I fulfil;  
The life they live to Him is dear,  
The death they die more precious still.

LORD, I'm Thy servant, Thine, indeed;  
Born of Thy handmaid, I am Thine;  
Thou hast my soul from bondage freed,  
And I will praise Thy name divine.

Before the saints my vows I'll pay,  
And in God's house His praise record;  
In thee, O Zion, will I say,  
Praise ye the Lord, O praise the LORD!

CXVII.

Praise the LORD with exultation,  
Every people, every nation;  
Laud Him for His great salvation;  
Praise, O praise the LORD!

Mighty, but most condescending,  
Is His mercy o'er us bending;  
Truth is His that hath no ending,  
Praise, O praise the LORD!

. . . . .  
To the Father praises render,  
Praise the Son and Spirit tender,  
Triune God, Eternal Splendor,  
Praise the LORD! Amen!

CXVIII.

vv. 1-18.

Jehovah is good, O give thanks to His name,  
His mercy endureth forever the same;  
Let Zion, with all them that fear Him, now say—  
His mercy endureth for aye and for aye.

In anguish I called on the God of all grace;  
He answered and set me within a large place;  
With Him on my side I shall not be afraid,  
For what can man do, when the LORD is mine aid?

Among them that help me the LORD doth appear,  
And therefore I look on my foes without fear;

'Tis better to trust in the LORD to provide,  
Than ever in man or in princes confide.

Though nations may gather in wrathful array,  
Yet in His great name I will sweep them away;  
Though nations like bees may surround and assail,  
I yet in His name will against them prevail.

The LORD is my strength and my song in the night;  
Yea, He is my Saviour, in Whom I delight;  
The voice of rejoicing, salvation's glad song,  
Is heard in the tents of the saints' happy throng.

His right hand is valiant, but tender to spare;  
I die not, but live, all His works to declare.  
Although He in wisdom hath chastened me sore,  
Yet not unto death hath He given me o'er.

vv. 19-29.

The portals of righteousness open to me;  
I'll enter, O LORD, to give thanks unto Thee—  
This gate of the LORD, where in festal array  
The righteous shall enter their worship to pay.

To Thee I'll give thanks, Who hast answered my call,  
And art my salvation, my all and in all.  
The stone which the builders rejected with scorn  
Doth now, as the head-stone, the corner adorn.

O this is Thy doing, Who humblest the wise;  
Most wondrous it is in the sight of our eyes.  
And this is the day Thou madest of old;  
And we will rejoice its glad light to behold.

Save now, we beseech Thee; Jehovah attend;  
Now LORD, we beseech Thee, prosperity send.  
O blessed be He that doth come in Thy name,  
Thy Zion doth bless Him with joyful acclaim.

Jehovah is God, He enlighteneth the blind;  
Now unto His altar the sacrifice bind.  
Yea, Thou art my God Whom I'll praise and adore,  
And as my own God will exalt evermore.

Jehovah is good; O give thanks to His name!  
His mercy endureth forever the same;  
Let Zion and all her glad children now say—  
His mercy endureth for aye and for aye.

CXIX.

vv. 1-8.

How blest and happy they  
Who walk the perfect way,  
And never from Thy law depart!  
Yea, blest are they indeed  
Who all Thy precepts heed,  
And seek Thee, LORD, with all their heart.

Thou hast commanded, LORD,  
That we observe Thy word,  
And keep Thy precepts there proclaimed.  
O that my daily ways  
Were fixed to live Thy praise;  
Then should I never be ashamed.

I will give thanks to Thee,  
With heart upright and free,  
When I Thy righteous judgments learn.  
Thy statutes I'll observe,  
Nor from them ever swerve ;  
Ne'er, LORD, from me in anger turn.

vv. 169-176.

Now let my supplicating cry  
Come near before Thee, O my LORD.  
Give wisdom and deliver me,  
According to Thy faithful word.

Since Thou Thy statutes teachest me,  
O let my lips Thy praise confess.  
Yea, of Thy word my tongue would sing,  
For Thy commands are righteousness.

Be ready with Thy hand to help,  
Because Thy precepts are my choice.  
I've longed for Thy salvation, LORD,  
And in Thy holy law rejoice.

O let me live, and Thee I'll praise ;  
And let Thy judgments help me yet.  
A straying sheep, Thy servant seek,  
For Thy commands I ne'er forget.

CXXI.

I to the hills will lift mine eyes ;  
O whence shall come mine aid ?  
My help is from the LORD alone,  
Who heaven and earth hath made.

He will not let thy foot be moved;  
Thy keeper will not sleep;  
No sleep, no slumber will He take  
Who doth His Israel keep.

Thy faithful keeper is the LORD,  
Thy shade upon thy right.  
The sun shall smite thee not by day,  
Nor yet the moon by night.

The LORD shall keep thee from all ill,  
Will keep thy soul always;  
Will keep thy going out and in  
From this time forth for aye.

CXXI.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes;  
O whence shall come mine aid?  
My help doth from the LORD arise,  
The LORD Who built the earth and skies,  
And all their host hath made.

He will not let thy footsteps slide,  
But watchful vigil keep;  
Unmoved His Israel shall abide,  
Since He, her keeper by her side,  
Shall slumber not nor sleep.

The LORD it is Who keeps thy way,  
And well He shades thy head;  
No scorching sun can smite by day,  
Nor moon by night with hurtful ray  
Invade thy curtained bed.



He keeps thee from all evil's might,  
And daily watches o'er  
Thy going out at dawn of light,  
Thy coming in at fall of night,  
Now and for evermore.

CXXII.

How glad was I to hear them say—  
Come, let us seek, this holy day,  
Jehovah's House of prayer.  
Jerusalem, within thy gate  
Our feet are standing; here we wait  
Within thy courts so fair.

Thou, O Jerusalem, our song,  
Art builded as a city strong,  
That all compact doth stand!  
There come the people of the LORD  
To praise His name with one accord,  
As Israel had command.

For there set up within the gate  
The thrones of judgment stand in state,  
The thrones of David's line.  
O pray that Zion peace may see,  
For they shall ever prospered be  
Who love thy courts divine.

Peace be within thine hallowed walls!  
And ever in thy palace halls  
Be there prosperity!

For brethren who thy courts have trod,  
And for the LORD'S own house, our God,  
I'll seek all good for thee.

CXXII.

How glad was I to hear them say,  
Come let us go this holy day  
And in God's house appear.  
And now Thy temple gates we greet,  
And enter in with eager feet,  
Jerusalem most dear!

Jerusalem, our pride and song,  
Is builded as a city strong,  
Compact in unity.  
And there the LORD'S own people meet  
To bless His name for joys complete,  
Jerusalem, in thee.

For there, by God's supreme command,  
The stately thrones of judgment stand,  
The thrones of David's line.  
Of thee, O city of the King,  
The joy of all the earth we sing,  
Jerusalem divine!

Forever pray for Zion's peace;  
For greatly shall their joy increase  
Who love and for her care.  
May peace abide within thy walls,  
Rejoicing in thy palace halls,  
Jerusalem the fair!

And still again this prayer I make  
For brethren and companions' sake,  
Let peace within thee rest.  
And for Christ's Church and brotherhood,  
I evermore will seek thy good,  
Jerusalem the blest!

CXXIV.

Had it not been the LORD, let Israel say—  
Had it not been the LORD, Who day by day  
Was on our side when men against us rose,  
We had been swallowed up alive by foes.

Yea, we had perished, when their wrath became  
Kindled against us, a devouring flame;  
Whelmed had we been by waters uncontrolled;  
Yea, the proud waters would have o'er us rolled.

But blessed be the LORD, our helper then,  
Who gave us not a prey to wrathful men.  
Our soul is like a captive bird set free;  
Broken the snare, and we at liberty.

Our help is therefore in the LORD alone  
Who built the heavens and laid earth's corner-stone.  
Secure are they who in the LORD confide,  
For He is ever on His people's side.

CXXV.

They who in the LORD confiding,  
Put their trust in Him alone,  
As Mount Zion, firm abiding,  
Never shall be overthrown.

As thy hills, O holy city,  
Stand as sentinels around,  
So Jehovah's mighty pity  
Is about His people found.

Well their lot shall be protected  
From the rod the wicked wield,  
Lest, aweary and dejected,  
They at last to sin should yield.

O Jehovah, let Thy blessing  
Goodness for the good provide:  
And on Israel, Thee confessing,  
Let abundant peace abide!

CXXVI.

When Zion, by the LORD redeemed,  
Was brought again from exile long,  
Awhile were we like them that dreamed,  
But soon were filled with mirth and song.

Among the nations said they then—  
"For them the LORD hath done great things."  
Great things indeed for us again  
The LORD hath done, whence gladness springs.

LORD, turn again our captive state,  
As southern streams revive the plain;  
Then they that sow in tears, and wait,  
With joy shall reap the golden grain.

Though going on his way with tears,  
Though sowing precious seed, he grieves,  
He shall, when harvest day appears,  
Return with joy and bring his sheaves.

CXXVII.

Except the LORD to build the house shall deign,  
All they who build it labor but in vain;  
Except the LORD the city keep from harm,  
The watchmen wake in vain to give alarm.

'Tis all in vain that ye should early rise,  
And late give slumber to your weary eyes,  
Should eat the bread of toil, and vigil keep;  
He surely gives to His beloved sleep.

A heritage are children from the LORD:  
In them the mother hath her great reward.  
Like arrows in a mighty warrior's hand,  
Children of youth about their parents stand.

O happy, happy is the man who sees  
His quiver full of arrows such as these;  
They shall not be ashamed before the great,  
Nor when they speak with foes within the gate.

CXXVIII.

What blessings crown their happy days  
Who fear the LORD most high,  
Who walk obedient in His ways,  
Beneath His watchful eye!

Thus of thy labor shalt thou eat,  
Thy fields from blight be free;  
Thy happiness be made complete,  
And all be well with thee.

Within thy home's secure retreat,  
Thy wife, by love enshrined,  
Shall be a vine of fruitage sweet  
About thy life entwined.

As round the goodly olive stand  
Its shoots of fairest green,  
So shall thy happy children band  
Around thy board be seen.

Behold, thus shall the man be blest,  
Who fears the LORD in truth—  
At home, abroad, in toil, at rest,  
Alike in age and youth.

The LORD thus bless and gladden thee  
From out His house of praise;  
And Zion's welfare let thee see  
Through all thy pilgrim days.

Yea, thou shalt see with thankfulness  
Thine own and her increase;  
Thy children's children shalt thou bless,  
On Israel breathe thy peace!

CXXIX.

Oft from my youth have they afflicted me—  
Let Israel say—from trouble now set free;  
Oft from my youth they troubled and assailed;  
Yet have they not against me quite prevailed.

The plowers plowed upon my back made bare,  
And long they made their cruel furrows there.  
The LORD is righteous, and hath cut at last  
The wicked's cords that were around me cast.

Let all be shamed and backward made to turn,  
Whose hearts with hatred of Thy Zion burn;  
Yea, let them be as grass on house-tops grown,  
Fading and withered ere matured and mown.

Wherewith no joyful reaper fills his hands;  
None binding sheaves with loaded bosom stands;  
"Jehovah bless thee"—saith no passer-by;  
"We bless you in His name"—none make reply.

CXXX.

From out the depths I cry to thee, O LORD.  
My prayer, LORD, hear.  
Yea, to my supplicating voice accord  
Attentive ear.

If Thou, O LORD, iniquity shouldst mark,  
Who, who, shall stand before the record dark?

But full forgiveness, that Thou mayest be feared.  
There is with Thee.

I for Jehovah wait; His word revered  
Gives hope to me.

Yea, for the LORD my soul doth look and yearn,  
More than the watchmen look for morn's return.

Thy hope, O Israel, in Jehovah be  
Forevermore.

With Him are mercy and redemption free  
In plenteous store.

And He will bring His Israel's chosen race  
Redeemed from all iniquity by grace.

CXXXI.

LORD, I would not haughty be;  
Nor, with proud uplifted eyes,  
Would I look toward heaven and Thee,  
Or Thy little ones despise.

Not in matters great and high,  
All too wonderful for me—  
Do I vainly seek to pry;  
Secret things I leave with Thee.

As a child by mother stilled,  
I have hushed my troubled soul;  
Tranquil now, no more self-willed,  
Yield I, LORD, to Thy control.



Israel, hope thou in the LORD,  
From henceforth forevermore;  
He will needful grace afford,  
Light upon thy path will pour.

CXXXIII.

Behold, how pleasant and how good  
For brethren to agree,  
And, in the bond of brotherhood,  
To dwell in unity.

'Tis like the oil on Aaron shed  
In consecrating rite,  
A holy unction on the head,  
A perfume of delight.

As Hermon's dew on Zion's hills  
Makes glad the fruitful field,  
So they, on whom this love distils,  
Rich fruits of grace will yield.

But Zion, all excelling stands  
With this her richer store;  
The LORD His blessing there commands,  
E'en life for evermore.

CXXXIV.

Behold, and bless the LORD,  
All ye His servants, bless!  
Ye who by night stand in His house,  
His house of holiness.

Within His holy place  
Lift up your hands in prayer;  
Yea, lift them up in holiness,  
And bless Jehovah there.

The LORD from Zion's courts  
Thee with His blessing crown;  
Yea, He Who heaven and earth hath made,  
On Thee send blessing down.

CXXXV.

PART I.

Praise ye Jehovah! Praise His name,  
O ye His servants' happy band!  
That He is good, with praise proclaim,  
All ye who in His temple stand!  
For it is pleasant and most meet  
To praise His name with music sweet.

He chose His Israel long ago,  
And as His special treasure owned.  
That He alone is great, I know;  
Above all gods our LORD is throned.  
In heaven and earth, in deeps and seas,  
He doeth all as Him doth please.

The vapors from the earth's far end  
He gathereth up from sea and main;  
He maketh them to heaven ascend;  
He causeth lightnings for the rain.  
He from His treasures bringeth out  
The winds that in the tempests shout.

PART II.

Thy name, O LORD, let saints record,  
Doth to eternity endure;  
Through all the generations, LORD,  
Doth Thy memorial stand secure.  
The LORD will judge His saints aright,  
And in repenting love delight.

The nations as their gods esteem  
The gold and silver they have wrought;  
Made by men's hands, like men they seem,  
But are but vanity and naught.  
And like them shall their makers be,  
And all who trust or bow the knee.

O house of Israel, bless the LORD!  
O all ye tribes, His praises tell!  
All ye that fear Him, bless the LORD!  
From Zion let His praises swell.  
Praise ye the LORD! and still again,  
Praise ye the LORD! Amen, Amen.

CXXXVI.

Give thanks unto the God of gods,  
The LORD of lords supreme;  
Who only doeth wondrous things,  
His people to redeem.

*Chorus:* O give ye thanks unto the LORD,  
For He is ever good;  
His mercy doth unchanging  
stand,  
As it hath ever stood.

To Him Who in His wisdom made  
The heavens in all their grace;  
To Him Who spread the earth abroad  
Above the waters' face.

*Chorus.*

Give thanks to Him Who made great lights;  
The sun to rule by day;  
The moon and stars to rule by night,  
While all His will obey.

*Chorus.*

To Him Who Egypt's first-born smote,  
While mourning filled the land;  
And brought His captive people out  
With strong and outstretched hand.

*Chorus.*

To Him Who parted the Red Sea,  
And made His people go  
In safety through divided waves,  
But overthrew their foe.

*Chorus.*

To Him Who through the wilderness  
His wandering Israel led,  
And smote the great and mighty kings  
That were His people's dread.

*Chorus.*

To Him Who, as a heritage,  
Their goodly land bestowed  
Upon His servant, Israel's race,  
As to the fathers showed.

*Chorus.*

To Him Who, in our low estate,  
Remembered us of old;  
And hath redeemed us from our foes,  
In mercy manifold.

*Chorus*

To Him Who daily to all flesh  
Doth needful food bestow.  
Yea, to the God of heaven and earth  
Let ceaseless praises flow.

*Chorus.*

CXXXVII.

By Babel's river-side, We sat in tears;  
Remembering Zion's pride In former years;  
While on the weeping willows there were hung  
The harps our grief had silenced and unstrung.

For they who led us there, A captive throng,  
Required that we prepare For them a song:  
Yea, our tormentors asked for mirth and praise;  
Required a song of Zion's happy days.

But how shall we thus sing, At their command,  
Songs of the LORD, our King, In this strange land?  
O Zion, if I e'er forget thy woe,  
My good right hand its skill no longer know.

Yea, let my tongue, I pray, All silent be;  
If I do not always Remember thee:  
If I prefer not thee, though in thy grief,  
Above all other joys my very chief.

CXXXVII.

VV. 1-6.

By Babel's quiet river-side  
We exiles sat and mused and wept;  
While o'er our sinking hearts the tide  
Of memories of loved Zion swept.  
On weeping willows, drooping low,  
Our silent harps of joy we hung;  
Their strings would break, attuned to woe,  
Or break the hearts whose grief they sung.  
For there our captors asked for songs;  
Tormenting, asked for gladsome praise;  
Required the songs that happy throngs  
Were wont on Zion's hill to raise.  
But how, those songs, in foreign land,  
Shall we, forgetting Zion, sing?  
If faithless thus, let this right hand  
Forget its skill with tuneful string.  
Yea, song and speech be all forgot,  
If I do not remember thee;  
If thou, Jerusalem, art not  
Above all other joys to me.

CXXXIX.

VV. 1-12.

O LORD, Thou hast searched me, and from Thy far  
throne  
My sitting, my rising, my thoughts Thou hast known:

Thou searchest my pathway, my couch Thou dost see,  
And all of my ways are familiar to Thee.

Each word I would speak Thou dost well understand;  
Thou art all around me, and on me Thine hand:  
Such wonderful knowledge I cannot attain,  
Too lofty its height for a mortal to gain.

O where shall I go from Thy Spirit of might?  
And whither shall I from Thy presence take flight?  
Alike in the heavens or in deeps of despair  
I ne'er can escape Thee, for lo—Thou art there.

Yea, if on the wings of the morning I flee,  
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;  
Thy hand shall still lead me and mark out my path,  
Thy right hand uphold me, or smite me in wrath.

Or if I in darkness would hide from Thy sight,  
And even the noon-day could turn into night;  
Not then could I hide from Thine eye's piercing ray,  
For night would be noon, and the darkness as day.

CXLIV.

PART I.

O blessed be the LORD, my Rock,  
Who helps me meet the battle's shock;  
    And bows my foes to dust.  
My fortress firm, my mercy sweet,  
My strong high tower, my shield complete,  
    My Saviour Whom I trust!

LORD, what is man compared with Thee?  
What can a son of mortal be  
That Thou of him shouldst think?  
For man is like a breath, a sigh;  
His days as shadows quickly fly,  
And soon in darkness sink.

LORD, bow Thy heavens, in pomp come down;  
Thy touch upon the mountains' crown  
Shall make them smoke and flame.  
Flash forth Thy lightnings' dazzling light,  
Send out Thine arrows swift to smite,  
Put all Thy foes to shame.

But from Thy dwelling place above  
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand of love  
And rescue me, I pray,  
From whelming waves that near me roll,  
From alien hands that seek my soul,  
From lips that would betray.

PART II.

Now will I sing a glad new song  
And with each string Thy praise prolong,  
For Thou hast heard my prayer.  
Salvation Thou dost give to kings,  
Thine own dost keep, with sheltering wings,  
From hurtful sword and snare.

O let our sons, in strength and truth,  
Appear as plants full grown in youth,  
The glory of our land.



Our daughters shine in each fair grace,  
As pillars polished for their place  
In palace halls to stand.

Our garners filled all stores shall yield;  
Our flocks, secure in fold and field,  
By myriads shall increase.  
The laden oxen shall not faint,  
And in our streets the piteous plaint,  
The cry for help shall cease.

O happy people! favored land!  
To whom the LORD, with liberal hand,  
Such blessings doth accord!  
Yea, happy is that people blest  
Of whom it is by all confessed  
THEIR GOD IS CHRIST THE LORD.

CXLVI.

Praise ye the LORD, our King!  
Jehovah's praises sing,  
O thou my soul!  
While He prolongs my days,  
Will I Jehovah praise,  
And with all gladsome lays  
My God extol.

In princes of the earth—  
Sons of but mortal birth—  
Put not your trust.

Their breath flies fast away,  
They soon return to clay,  
Their thoughts, that very day,  
Are but as dust.

But he is ever blest,  
Whose help and hope all rest  
In God the LORD—  
Who hath the heavens arrayed,  
Who earth's foundations laid,  
And seas and all things made  
By His great word.

He truth forever keeps,  
His justice never sleeps  
For those oppressed;  
The sufferer's cry He heeds,  
With bread the hungry feeds,  
And forth the captive leads,  
With freedom blessed.

The blinded eye He clears,  
Lifts those bowed down in tears,  
And loves His saints.  
The stranger He befriends,  
The fatherless defends,  
The widow's prayer attends,  
Whose lone heart faints.

Soon shall the wicked learn  
How He will overturn  
Their evil ways.

The LORD shall ever reign,  
And still thy God remain;  
Praise Him with joyful strain,  
O Zion, praise!

CXLVII.

VV. I-II.

Praise ye the LORD, our God and King,  
For it is good to Him to sing  
In hymns of grateful praise;  
Yea, it is pleasant and most meet  
To praise, with song and music sweet,  
His wondrous works and ways.

The LORD, O Zion, builds thy walls,  
And home again thy children calls  
From exile long and sad.  
He heals the broken, bleeding heart,  
Binds up its wounds and soothes their smart,  
And makes the mourner glad.

He numbers all the stars of light,  
Gives each its name, and through the night  
Their marshalled hosts He leads.  
And thus the LORD His people knows,  
Calls them by name, before them goes,  
And in green pastures feeds.

The LORD is great, and great His might,  
His understanding infinite—  
A deep no thought can sound.

The LORD will help the meek to stand,  
But wicked men, His mighty hand  
Will humble to the ground.

Now to the LORD give thanks and sing,  
Yea, to our God your music bring,  
His lofty praise to show.  
He forms the clouds, prepares the rain,  
And on the mountain side and plain  
He makes the grass to grow.

He gives the forest beast his food,  
And feeds the hungry, clamorous brood  
Within the raven's nest.  
No creature strength is His delight,  
But only they who fear His might  
And on His mercy rest.

CXLVII.

VV. 12-20.

Jerusalem, thy Saviour sing.  
Yea, to thy God, O Zion, bring  
Thy glad rejoicing lays!  
For He has made thy bulwarks strong,  
And blessed thy children's happy throng  
Within thy gates of praise.

'Tis He that makes thy borders peace,  
And gives thee from thy fields' increase  
The finest of the wheat.

To do His will, His word He sends,  
That swiftly runs to earth's far ends,  
Its service to complete.

He gives, like wool, the fleecy snow;  
The frost, like ashes, to and fro  
He scatters o'er the land;  
Like crumbs He casts abroad His hail,  
And who, when roars the wintry gale,  
Before His cold can stand?

But soon He sends His word of might  
To melt the bonds of winter's night  
And wake the joyful spring.  
He bids the vernal breezes blow;  
The ice dissolves, the waters flow,  
And birds begin to sing.

But O the richer gifts of grace,  
Bestowed upon His chosen race  
To whom He gave His word!  
He thus hath dealt with them alone,  
No others have His statutes known,  
O Israel, praise the LORD!

CXLVIII.

From heaven O praise the LORD!  
In heights His glory raise!  
Ye angels praise accord,  
Yea, all His host give praise!

Your praise prepare,  
Sun, moon, and star;  
Ye heavens afar;  
Ye waters there!

Yea, let them glorious make  
Jehovah's matchless name;  
For when the word He spake,  
They all to being came;  
Unmoved for aye  
They steadfast stand  
By His command,  
Which all obey.

From earth O praise the LORD,  
Ye deeps and all below;  
Wild winds that do His word;  
Ye clouds, fire, hail, and snow!  
Your praise with these,  
Ye mountains, bring;  
Ye cedars, sing,  
With fruitful trees.

Wild beasts and creeping things;  
All cattle; birds that fly;  
All peoples and their kings;  
Earth's judges, princes high;  
By youth and maid,  
By old and young,  
Let praise be sung  
And tribute paid.

O praise Jehovah's name,  
His name alone is great;  
O'er earth and heaven His fame;  
And high His saints' estate.  
Your praise accord,  
O Israel's race  
That know His grace.  
PRAISE YE THE LORD!

CXLIX.

O praise ye the LORD!  
A new song prepare;  
With saints in accord  
His praises declare!  
Her Maker, all glorious, let Zion now sing!  
Her children victorious exult in their King!

Yea, praise ye His name  
With dancing and joy!  
The timbrel's acclaim  
With harp-strings employ!  
For great is the pleasure in Zion He takes,  
And grace without measure her beauty He makes.

Let saints with delight  
Exultingly praise  
His glory so bright  
That crowneth their days!  
And when for sweet slumber they pillow their head,  
Their joys without number still sing on their bed.

God's praises they sing,  
But bear in their hand  
The sword of the King,  
And wait His command.

This honor possessing, ye saints now accord  
All honor and blessing! O PRAISE YE THE LORD!

CL.

O praise ye the LORD! God's praises recite;  
Praise Him in His courts for acts of His might.  
Praise Him in the firmament strong where He dwells,  
According as He in His greatness excels.

The trumpet's loud blast, the psaltery sweet,  
The timbrel and harp with jubilant feet,  
The strings and the organ with cymbals of joy,  
The high-sounding cymbals, to praise Him employ.

Thus let every voice the whole world around,  
Yea, all things that breathe His praises resound.  
Let all to Jehovah their praises accord,  
And sing—HALLELUJAH! O PRAISE YE THE LORD!

CL.

Praise ye the LORD in the courts of His holiness!  
Praise in the heights of His firmament strong!  
Praise for the wonderful acts of His mightiness!  
Praise for His excellent greatness prolong!



Praise Him with sound of the trumpet and psaltery!  
Timbrel and harp in His praises employ!  
Praise Him with strings' and with pipes' sweetest  
melody!  
Praise Him with loud-sounding cymbals of joy!

Voices and instruments, swell ye the harmony!  
Peal forth His praises in perfect accord!  
Everything breathing, in loftiest psalmody,  
PRAISE YE JEHOVAH! O PRAISE YE THE LORD!

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DOXOLOGY.

Here in His courts, O praise the LORD!  
Ye hosts above your praise accord!  
His all-excelling greatness praise,  
And all His wondrous works and ways!

All music's gladdest strains employ,  
To swell the chorus of your joy!  
Let all that breathe His praises sing!  
PRAISE YE THE LORD, OUR SAVIOUR, KING!







