The Genevan Psalter

The Book of Psalms
in metrical paraphrase

Melodies by
Louis Bourgeois,
Maitre Pierre,
et al.

Harmonies by
Claude Gloudimel, 1564

Lyrics from
The Book of Praise

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The Genevan Psalter

The Genevan Psalter is a collection of 126 melodies designed to be sung with metrical translations of the 150 Biblical Psalms and three other Scriptural songs. The melodies were all composed between 1539 and 1562 in Geneva, Switzerland, at the request of John Calvin, for use with French metrical translations. No melodies have been added or removed since that time. Many have appeared in several forms, often rhythmically altered. They have been harmonized many times, in many ways, and have often been used without harmony. They have been sung with many different lyrics in many languages. Until the mid-1800s, they were widely used on the continent of Europe, in the British Isles, and in America.

As the first and most influential music to be composed specifically by and for Reformed Christians, these tunes represent a significant element of the heritage of Reformed and Calvinistic Christians of all sorts. They can be compared and contrasted, historically and musically, to the German or “Lutheran” chorales, which arose in the same era. Though the number of Genevan tunes is fewer, their influence has been much greater.

History and Purpose

Followers of the one true and living God have treasured the Biblical Psalms since they were first penned. After God sent to earth His Son, the man Jesus of Nazareth, those who recognized and worshiped Him as Lord have continued to love the Book of Psalms. Christians have read and studied these Psalms along with the rest of Scripture, but have also sung them, as individuals, as families, and as congregations. Some have even taught that, in certain contexts, Christians ought to sing nothing else.

For over a thousand years following Jesus’ time, the practice of singing Psalms in the public assembly continued. But during that time, in many places, Psalm-singing was gradually removed from the congregation and given to an appointed choir. It was also removed from the language of the congregation, as the Psalms were sung in Latin. And it was removed from the musical idiom of the congregation, what we would today call folk music, and sung as plainsong, which we call plainchant.

During this same time, many Christians dissented from these and other practices which they believed were not from the Word of God. By the 15th century, many of these Christians began to be united, to speak and write widely, and to increase in number. During this time, some in Geneva were persuaded that the singing of Latin plainchant Psalms by a trained choir had no place in the public assembly of disciples. It was therefore discontinued.

When John Calvin was called to Geneva around 1525, he was convinced that the congregation ought to be singing the Psalms in their own language and using their own musical idiom. He therefore commissioned a local composer, Louis Bourgeois, to begin writing tunes in a congregational style for the public singing of Psalms. Calvin himself began translating the Psalms into French meter to fit these tunes.

Later Calvin learned of a poet, Clement Marot, who was already doing this. Marot (who was never a Christian, much less a Reformer) had already made several French metrical Psalm settings of high quality. These were widely popular in the French courts. Calvin scrapped his own settings and commissioned Marot to complete the Psalter.
Melodies

Bourgeois and Marot did not complete the work, but others took it up in the years following. By 1562 all 150 Psalms, the Song of Simeon (Luke 2:29-32), the Song of Mary (Luke 1:46-55), and the 10 Commandments (Ex 20:2-18), were being sung in French meter to 126 tunes. The original goal was to have one tune for each Psalm, but the composers stopped before the poets. Thus, 15 tunes are used twice, 4 occur three times, and 1 occurs four times.

Many of these melodies are very vigorous. This may not be recognized in traditions where the tunes are sung slowly, and with simplified rhythm. However, in their original rhythms, at a brisk ‘folk-song’ tempo, some can be hair-raising, such as Psalms 2, 47, 99, or 148. It was not for nothing that Queen Elizabeth disdained them as “Genevan jigs.” Psalm 68 was sung by the French Calvinists (Huguenots) going into battle. This association became so strong that in certain places even whistling the tune was outlawed.

The calmer tunes, such as Psalms 38 or 80 or 116 or 123, are of such beauty that even in a foreign language they are moving.

James Jordan, in his excellent lectures on the subject, says that the mournful Psalms have mournful tunes, and the joyful Psalms have exciting tunes. I cannot agree. Though this is often the case, there are too many exceptions to call it a rule—Psalms 24, 42 & 60, for instance. The modes used in 92 of the tunes—Aeolian, Dorian, Phrygian and their variants—sound to modern ears like minor keys, which we still associate with sadness. And though many of these are very upbeat, the minor ‘feel’ keeps even the most vigorous, like Psalm 2, 14, 128, 148, from becoming hysterical and frivolous.

These melodies are idiosyncratic. They have slight resemblances to many other styles, but strong resemblances to none. Some of their idioms are observed so consistently, those unfamiliar with them will find them similar to one another. “They’re all the same!” is a common complaint regarding these tunes, as it is with unfamiliar music in any genre. But in several important ways, they are not. Some similarities and differences are listed below.

Having been familiar with all these melodies for several years, I have opinions about which melodies will be most immediately accessible to unfamiliar listeners. Those with long lines and complex rhythms may cause new singers to give up in despair. But I suggest the following list of forty-two tunes which should provide the easiest access to 55 Psalms in this incredible collection:

Psalms 2, 6, 12, 14 (with 53 which uses the same tune), 19, 20, 23, 24 (with 62 & 95 & 111), 29, 33 (with 67), 36 (with 68), 38, 40, 47, 51 (with 69), 61, 66 (with 98 & 118), 74 (with 116), 75, 77 (with 86), 80, 81, 91, 92, 93, 96, 99, 100 (with 131 & 142), 101, 110, 112, 121, 123, 124, 128, 130, 135, 136, 137, 138, 148, 150.

This list could be considered a Genevan sampler. If you listen to each of these 21 times (necessary to make anything familiar), and are not attracted to them, the Genevan Psalter is not for you. If you begin to feel their power and beauty, move on to the rest of the riches which this Psalter contains.

Similarities:
All the melodies are basically syllabic. That is, each syllable of text has only one note. Only 6 of the melodies contain any melismas (2 or more notes for one syllable) at all. These are 2, 6, 10, 13, 91, & 138. (By the way, this idiom has been imitated in the bass line by the harmonies used here. Only 10 of Goudimel’s bass lines have melismas: 2, 6, 10, 43, 66 & 98 & 118, 91, 105, 117 & 127, 135 & 138. However, the other parts contain numerous melismas.)

All the melodies contain only two note values. In this work, they are written as half notes and quarter notes. I have lengthened the final note of each interior line so that the lines will not sound chopped-off. But this is a concession to actual practice and does not affect the essential nature of the tunes.
Differences:
Where any English-language hymnal will contain many hymns using similar meters, the Genevan Psalter uses a bewildering variety of meters. For these 126 tunes, 109 meters are used. Only three meters are used more than twice. English singers expect predictable meters, so this variety will be at first off-putting. The tunes will seem unpredictable. “Where is it going to go next?” is a common complaint.

The number of lines is different, from 4 to 12. The total number of syllables varies much more than we are used to: from 28 syllables in Psalm 136 to 92 in Psalm 36. Often the lines are isolated from each other, but sometimes one will move into the next without pause.

Many of the melodies are syncopated, that is, they contain a note or two which come a half-beat earlier than expected. None of the tunes have the same syncopations. Some (like 47, 99, 141) contain a syncopation in every line. Others (like 37, 68, 119) have none: they could be barred with a 2/4 time signature without any cross-bar ties.

Harmonies
Calvin believed that, in the regular meeting of the congregation, these tunes should be sung in unison and acappella (that is, without harmony and without instruments). His reasons for this are still a matter of debate. But outside that setting, both harmony and instruments were encouraged, and widely used.

Many composers have harmonized these tunes, but the most popular and influential harmonic settings were written in 1564 by a French Calvinist, Claude Goudimel. Goudimel had already composed several settings of each of these tunes in the polyphonic style which was then a popular form of entertainment. In those settings, one part sings the Genevan melody while the counter-melodies sing the same words at different times. Thus, though the singers are edified, the words are often not clear to the listeners.

But Goudimel’s most influential harmonizations were in a ‘homophonic’ format, in which each of the harmonizing parts uses the same rhythm as the melody. Thus all the parts sing the same words at the same time. This 4-part, homophonic, ‘note-on-note’ format came to be called ‘cantional’ style. The historical impact of these settings was immense. It is now the standard ‘hymnbook’ style of harmony. As far as I can tell, Claude Goudimel invented it.

I have chosen to use these cantional settings for the book and website I assembled. I was inspired to do so by the work of Louis “Duck” Schuler in his groundbreaking and influential hymnal, the Cantus Christi (2002). I have followed the format and part-writing protocols he used to arrange Goudimel’s original into congregational format.

As far as I know, this work does not duplicate anything currently available.

The Book of Praise (1984), the official hymnal of the Canadian Reformed Church, contains the words and the tunes, but there is no harmony, and most of the words are not aligned with the music.

Current publications of Goudimel’s original settings (easily available as Volume 9 of his Complete Works) are not at all suitable for congregational use. Each part is on a different line, the melodies are in the tenor, and the use of double-whole, whole and half notes is perplexing to the modern church-goer who is used to halves and quarters. Many settings are pitched very high. Plus, there is only one verse of text printed, in French!

Duck Schuler appears to have done what I have done here, setting all the tunes with the Book of Praise lyrics, in standard hymnal format. But this also is not suitable for congregational use, because it is not available. I have not been able to obtain a copy, despite several attempts. Some 60 of his arrangements were included in the Cantus. But these contained enough errors in both melody and harmony, as well as infelicitous part-writing, that I have not been able to use any of them here. (This does not diminish my immense gratitude to him.)
In 2006, Inheritance Publications released a book titled *The Genevan Psalms in Harmony*, the work of Roelof and Theresa Janssen. This includes all the tunes, with lyrics from the *Book of Praise*, and with harmonies based mostly on Goudimel’s though modernized and simplified. But this book is not designed for congregational use, since it is over-sized and very expensive. It is interesting and useful for instrumental accompaniment, and anyone interested in serious study should have a copy. But I believe a different approach is needed.

I have been guided by the *Book of Praise* and the *Cantus Christi* in arranging Goudimel’s originals for congregational use. I used all the keys from the *Book of Praise*. As in the *Book of Praise* and the *Cantus*, there are no bar-lines. Also, rests in all parts indicate a cancellation of all accidentals. However, courtesy accidentals are used freely since these harmonies are sometimes surprising.

Nearly all Goudimel’s homophonic settings placed the melody (called *cantus firmus*, or *c.f.*) in the Tenor, and all were in modal keys. I rearranged them all in modern cantional style, *c.f.* in the Soprano. But I retained all the modal harmonies, including some that may jar modern ears. The guidelines I observed are listed below.

A. Preserve all the melodies and bass lines unaltered. (Exception: Twice the *Book of Praise* and Goudimel melodies differ; I chose the *Book of Praise*: Ps94, m4, sharp in Goudimel; Ps133, m5, sharp in *Book of Praise*)

B. Preserve every note Goudimel wrote, adding and removing none. (No exceptions)

C. Divide Goudimel’s other harmony parts between Alto and Tenor.

D. Observe all the part-writing rules which Goudimel observed. (Also two other rules, 1 and 2 below, which Goudimel did not observe.)

E. Preserve from Goudimel the continuity of the harmony parts as much as possible, but sacrifice it to the following rules:

1. No part above Soprano (Exception: Ps50, m5)
2. No part below Bass (No exceptions)
3. Alto and Tenor may cross freely, and all parts may overlap if necessary.
4. No parallel Octaves (Exception: Goudimel allows contrary parallel octaves between S & B, as in Ps 95 & 96)
5. No parallel Fifths (Exception: Goudimel allows it between phrases, as in Ps39 m3, et al.)
6. Observe the following part ranges (extended ½ step each side if necessary):
   - S: C40 to E56 (No exceptions, as in *Book of Praise*)
   - A: G35 to B51 (No exceptions)
   - T: D30 to F#46 (No exceptions)
   - B: E20 to C40 (Exception: Ps 84, 135: D18)
7. No awkward jumps. (e.g. augmented 2nd or 7th)
8. No more than an octave between any upper parts. (No exceptions)
9. Close position where possible.
10. Whole notes become Half notes, Halves become Quarters, etc. (Exception: last note of each phrase: Whole note + Whole rest becomes Dotted half + Quarter rest)

Also, finding no suitable harmony for the Song of Mary (Goudimel apparently skipped it), I was compelled to write one.

**Texts**

Not only have these tunes and harmonies influenced western music, but the French poetry, particularly of Marot, set a standard in French poetry. Calvin may not have been a poet, but he was evidently a good judge of poetic skill.

My research has so far turned up 282 Genevan Psalm settings in English meter, most of them rhymed. Sixty-eight of the Psalms have only one English setting currently available: that of the *Book of Praise* (1984). I am not a poet nor a judge of poetry, but in the judgment of those I have consulted, these settings are uneven in literary quality. It turns out there are certain challenges in crafting acceptable English lyrics to tunes originally written for the French language. One is that French verse has a much greater proportion of lines with feminine endings than does English.
I am very grateful to those who have risen to this challenge, especially the prolific Walter van der Kamp and William Helder. We can hope that as more Christians begin to use this Psalter, more poets may rise to the challenge and produce English poetry which matches the French originals.

However, the value of the Genevan Psalter does not lie in its brilliant poetry. It lies in the power of the Psalms in any translation or paraphrase. And it lies in the power of these tunes to capture the imagination.

The only complete collection of English metrical settings to these tunes is the Book of Praise (1984), published and used by the Canadian Reformed Churches. (This book is subtitled “Anglo-Genevan Psalter” indicating that the Genevan tunes have been used with English words. However, the term “Anglo-Genevan Psalter” refers historically to an entirely different Psalter, one assembled in England. It was influenced by the Genevan Psalter, but contained mostly different melodies.)

In this printing, I have chosen to use the lyrics from the Book of Praise (1984). I have made a few minor editorial changes, mostly changing the Canadian spelling of such words as ‘favour’ and ‘defence’ to their American spelling. I have also altered a few lines which I believed would be misunderstood in singing. (Namely, I made minor changes in Psalms 3, 32, 44, 58, 89, 107, & 119 v.60, major changes in Psalm 31.)

I have assembled this spiral-bound printing, not for public distribution, but for the private use and curiosity of a few friends, and for further proofing. In the future I hope to publish a hard-bound Genevan Psalter for sale for congregational use, perhaps with simpler harmony and more modern lyrics. I have not yet typeset those. It may be several years, since the Book of Praise is currently being overhauled, and I will wait until that is complete. (Please view the history and progress of this project on its website, www.BookOfPraise.ca.) I have permission from the lyric copyright holders (William Helder, Faith Alive Christian Resources and The Standing Committee for the Publication of the Book of Praise of the Canadian Reformed Church) to publish these settings at www.GenevanPsalter.com. They have graciously granted permission to publish this hard copy.

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For God’s Sole Glory,
Michael E. Owens
November 3, 2008
The Genevan Psalter
How Blessed Is the Man Whose Walk
Based on Psalm 1

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

QUI AU CONSEIL DES MALINS [GENEVAN 1]
10 10. 11 11. 10 10.
By night and day he ponders it with awe.  
Re-sembl-e chaff that winds will drive a way.  
But doomed for-ev-er is the way of sin.
1. Why do the rest-less heathen mad-ly rage? What haugh-ty schemes are they in vain con-trib-ing? The kings and rul-ers of the earth en-gage their fren-zied op-po-si- tion.The LORD, who sits en-throned in Heav’n on high, He made this de-clar-a-tion: “Thou art My Son, I have be-got-ten Thee and let His e-dict warn you. Re-joice with trem-bling, serve the LORD with fear.

2. Though proud-ly now they raise their bat-tle cry, How vain is all In rash at-tempts to plot their emp-ty stri-vings. Laughs them to scorn: He has them in de-ri-sion. This ver-y day, To Thee I’ll give the na-tions. Now kiss the Son, lest He in fu-ry scorn you,

3. O peo- ple, lis-ten to the LORD’s de-cree, For un-to Me They stand pre-pared, they all con-spire to-geth-er A- gainst the LORD and Then He will speak in wrath and in-dig-na-tion And all their host will Ask what Thou wilt: Thy her-i-tage I’ll make them; Their lands shalt Thou pos-Lest in His wrath the LORD cause you to per-ish, For quick-ly kin-dled

4. Take heed, O rul-ers of the earth, and hear; Be wise, O kings,
His anointed King, “Let us,” they say, “tear loose and break their fetters, He with terror fill: “I’ve set My King,” so runs His proclamation, sess, both near and far. Lo, with a rod of iron shalt Thou break them, is His anger’s blaze. But all who trust in Him the LORD will cherish;

Cast off their chains, their shackles from us flinging.”
“Up on Mount Zion, on My holy hill.”
Dash them in pieces like a potter’s jar.”
He will defend and bless them all their days.
1. O LORD, how swiftly grows The number of my foes
2. But Thou, LORD, always art A shield about my heart,
3. When I lay down, I slept; I woke for I was kept
4. A rise and save me, LORD, For Thou hast smitten hard

Who wantonly oppress me! Yes, multiplied are they
My hope and sure reliance. Thou, in the hour of dread,
In His divine protection. The LORD was at my side,
The jaws of them that hate me; Yes, Thou didst fiercely break

That rise to my dismay, And day by day distress me.
Dost lift my weary head, And biddest them defiance.
My safety He supplied, Whatever my affliction.
For me Thy servant's sake The teeth of the ungodly.

Though heavy with despair, They scornfully declare
When e'er to God I cried, He hastened to my side
Defended by His hand, I shall undaunted stand
I shall not suffer long, For my salvation strong
To my humiliation, That Thou, O God, no more
In all my tribulations; From Zion's mountain fair
While thou-sands surge about me; Though fur-i ous foes shall wage
Thou, O my LORD, pro-vid-est. Thy peo-ple all will rest

Canst help me as be-fore Or come to my sal-va-tion.
He looked on my de-spair And heard my sup-li-ca-tions.
Their war with might-y rage, I know they shall not rout me.
By Thee so rich-ly blest, Since Thou with them a-bid-est.

To my humiliation, That Thou, O God, no more
In all my tribulations; From Zion's mountain fair
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Thou, O my LORD, pro-vid-est. Thy peo-ple all will rest

Canst help me as be-fore Or come to my sal-va-tion.
He looked on my de-spair And heard my sup-li-ca-tions.
Their war with might-y rage, I know they shall not rout me.
By Thee so rich-ly blest, Since Thou with them a-bid-est.
God of My Right, Show Me Thy Answer

Based on Psalm 4

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©
seek and follow. All things deceitful, vain and hollow?
sacrifices. Really not on your own devices:
wine take pleasure. Thee do I as my refuge treasure:

How long will you revile my name?
Trust in the LORD and heed His will.
I will lie down and sleep in peace.
O Listen to My Words, I Pray Thee

Based on Psalm 5:1–7

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

AUX PAROLES QUE JE VEUX [GENEVA5]

9. 8 8. 8 5.
5. In fear of Thee I come be - fore Thee. L ORD, lead me in
6. There is no truth in all their chatter; De - struc - tion, death,
7. De - clare them guilt - y who de - ride me! By their own coun -
8. Let all who cling to Thee de - light us With joy - ous songs

Thy right - eous - ness Be - cause of all who me op - press;
is what they crave. Their throat is like an o - pen grave;
se t let them fall. All their trans - gres - sions, L ORD, re - call,
that nev - er end; L ORD, those who love Thy name de - fend.

Make Thou the way, I do im - plore Thee, Then straight be - fore me.
And with their tongue they fawn and flat - ter While lies they scat - ter.
Cast out those who will not a - bide Thee, But have de - fied Thee.
Thou with Thy shield, though foes may fight us, Dost save the right - eous.

O Listen to My Words, I Pray Thee
Based on Psalm 5:8–12
Chide Me, O LORD, No Longer

Based on Psalm 6

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William W. J. VanOene, 1972 ©

1. Thou art my refuge, LORD; defend me. Come, lest my foes like lions rend me, And drag me off, a helpless prey.

2. Rise in Thy anger, LORD, and has ten The fury of my foes to chasten. My God, awake! Ap- point Thy day, eous, LORD, es-tab-lish, O Thou who tri- est heart and mind,

3. Ward off those who Thy people ravish; The just and right- His sword with ven-geance. For those who to with-stand have dared hood to con-found me. For o-thers he pre-pares a pit,

4. If any man shows no repen- tance, Our God will whet like lions rend me, And drag me off, a helpless prey.

5. With evil pregnant he will hound me; He brings forth false-

If I did good with ill re-pay, If sin, O God, my Put all the peo- ples in ar-ray; As-cend Thy throne and Our God in right-eous-ness en-shrined. My shield Thou art: Thy His bow is braced, His shafts pre-pared. For barbed with fire are But he him-self falls in-to it. His mis-chief, on his hands has blight-ed, And I in plun-der have de-light-ed, judge the na-tions, Do right un-to their gen-e-ra-tions; help Thou gav-est And men of up-right heart Thou sav-est.

all His ar-rows When He in ire the wick-ed har-row.

head re-turn-ing, Re-pays him who with hate was burn-ing.
Let me then by my foe be found,
Judge me, O LORD, for I profess
O righteous Judge, Thy anger's sway
And never will my foe achieve
God's righteousness I'll glorify.

And let him tread me to the ground.
Integrity and righteousness.
Subdues the wicked every day.
The evil which he did conceive.
I praise the name of God Most High!
O LORD, Our Lord, Thou God of Our Salvation

Based on Psalm 8

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. O LORD, our Lord, Thou God of our salvation,
2. Out of the mouth of infants praise is sounded,
3. When I behold the skies Thou hast created,
4. Yet, little less than God; so hast Thou made him,
5. Thou hast appointed him as lord and master

How glorious is Thy name in all creation!
And so a mighty bulwark Thou hast founded.
The moon and stars which Thou hast generated,
And Thou with glorious honor hast arrayed him,
Of bird and beast in forest, field, and pasture;

Thou who hast set Thy majesty on high
Thus breakest Thou the adversary's force
Oh, what is man that Thou wilt think of him,
That over Thy creation he might reign;
He also rules the creatures of the sea.

Be yond the skies for man to glorify.
And thwartest Thou the evil doer's course.
The son of man that Thou dost care for him?
Thou hast assigned all things as man's domain.
O LORD, how great is Thy name's majesty.
With All My Heart I Thank Thee, LORD

Based on Psalm 9:1–10

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1967 ©

DE TOUT MON COEUR [GENEVAN 9]

With psalms, Most High, I will adore Thee.
And from Thy throne my right defend ed.
Their cities, rooted out, have vanished.
By God, whose equity delights us.
Those trusting Thee shall not be shaken.

1. With all my heart I thank Thee, LORD, Thy wondrous deeds I will record.
2. See how my enemies retreat; They stumble, perish.
3. The nations’ pride hast Thou made void, My wicked foes Thou hast destroyed.
4. For ever reigns the LORD alone; For judgment He set up His throne.
5. God is a stronghold for the oppressed. Their refuge when they are distressed.

With All My Heart I Thank Thee, LORD

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4. For ever reigns the LORD alone; For judgment He set up His throne.
5. God is a stronghold for the oppressed. Their refuge when they are distressed.
With All My Heart I Thank Thee, LORD
Based on Psalm 9:11–20

6. Praise Him who does in Zion dwell, His deeds among the
7. Have pity, LORD, my suffering see, Thou who from death's gate
8. My foes fell in the pit they made, Their feet caught in the
9. The wick-ed to She-ol shall go And dwell amid the
10. Arise, LORD, let not men pre-vail; Let them in fear and

peoples tell. He who avenges blood is near us,
snarest me, That I, Thy praise and mercy voicing,
gloom below With all the god-less, proud and greed-y,
terror wail. Judge Thou the na-tions, God of glory;

And when we cry our God shall hear us.
In Zion's gate may find re-joicing.
By their own guile my foes are broken.
But God shall not forget the need-y.
Show them they are but men before Thee.
Why Dost Thou Stand Far Off? O LORD, Arise!

Based on Psalm 10

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

D’OÙ VIENT CELA, SEIGNEUR [GENEVAN 10]

1. Why dost Thou stand far off? O LORD, arise!
2. The wicked man boasts of his heart’s desire,
3. He proudly thinks, “I shall forever stand:
4. He sits in ambush waiting for his prey,
5. Arise, O LORD! O God, lift up Thy hand;
6. But Thou dost see our troubles and our woes
7. The LORD is King, He reigns for evermore;

Why dost Thou hide Thyself in troubled days?
And blesses them whose greed the LORD does spurn,

Throughout all generations I’ll not meet
And kills the meek not of his wiles a ware;

Forget not the afflicted, be Thou near.
And Thou shalt take our cause into Thy hand.
The heaven soon shall perish from the land.

Dost Thou not hear it when the poor man cries?
And in his pride the wicked scorns Thy ire.

Adversity or chastening by God’s hand.”
His eyes search out the helpless on their way;

Why do the wicked still so proudly stand
The hapless flee to Thee; Thou shalt oppose
Thou wilt incline Thy ear and wilt restore
For on Thy poor the wick-ed sin-ner preys,
"There is no God who shall our ill re-turn,"
His mouth is filled with curs-ing and de-ceit:
He is a li-on lur-king in his lair,
Re-noun-cing God, while in their hearts they sneer,
The evil do-ers' proud and wick-ed band,
The weak and wear-y by Thy might-y hand.

His heart with heat-ed ar-ro-gance a-blaze.
Such are his thoughts, his heart knows no con-cern;
His tongue is full of mis-chief and con-ceit.
And in his nets he does the poor en-snare.
"He will not pun-ish; why then should we fear?"
For Thou hast been the or-phans' help and stand.
The or-phaned and op-pressed shalt Thou de-fend,

Let them be caught in schemes of their own mak-ing
He pros-pers and his foes dare not dis-turb him;
In-i-qui-ty and mis-chief does he cher-ish,
He thinks deep in his heart, "God does not see it;
He does not care; why should His wrath de-lay us?"
Break Thou the arm of him who e-evil cher-ish-ed,
That mor-tal man, a-roused by hate and er-ror,

With all who in their e-evil are par-tak-ing.
Thy laws on high do not re-strain or curb him.
And in his snares the in-no-cent will per-ish.
Why fear His wrath? We do not have to flee it."
Who calls us to ac-count or shall re-pay us?"
Seek out his wick-ed-ness till he has per-lished.
No more may strike the earth with fear and ter-ror.
1. In God I take my refuge. Why then say you, “Flee like a bird that
is to the mountains wings. For, lo, the wick-ed bend the bow to slay you;
judge-es wrong and right; All men will hear then what His just de- cree is.

They fit their sharp-en ed ar-row s to the strings; They shoot in se- cret
God hates those who in vi- o- lence de-light. Their lot is storm and

those who right-ness cher- ish. What can the right-eous who to jus-tice clings
brim-stone fier-cely burn-ing. The right-eous LORD shall fa-vor the up-right;

Still do if the foun-da-tions fall and per-i sh?”
They shall see Him for whom their heart is yearn-ing.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

VEU QUE DU TOUT EN DIEU [GENEVAN 11]
11 10. 11 10. 11 10 11.
Help Us, O LORD, the Godly All Have Vanished

Based on Psalm 12

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

1. Help us, O LORD, the god - ly all have van - ished;
2. Oh, may the LORD cut off the lips that flat - ter,
3. Be - cause they all de - spoil the poor and need - y
4. The words of prom - ise which the LORD has spo - ken
5. O Lord, pro - tect us from this gen - er - a - tion;

Gone are the faith - ful who Thy judg - ments seek.
And those who say, “Our tongue makes us suc - ceed!”
I will a - rise and right My peo - ple’s wrong;
Are pur - est sil - ver sev - en times re - fined.
For - ev - er save us from their ways of sin.

Men lie to one an - oth - er, truth is ban - ished;
Hear how in van - i - ty they proud - ly chat - ter,
I hear their groans and will de - stroy the greed - y,
His cov - 'nant stands from age to age un - bro - ken;
They strut a - bout, and vile - ness in the na - tion

With flat - t’ring lips and dou - ble heart they speak.
“Our lips are ours, what mas - ter do we need?”
And grant My own the rest for which they long.
He is our God, in truth and faith en - shrined.
Do they ex - alt a - mong the sons of men.

How Long, O LORD, Wilt Thou Forget?

Based on Psalm 13

1. How long, O LORD, wilt Thou forget? Far from Thy face I wait and fret.
2. Look, LORD my God, and answer me; Grant that my eyes Thy light may see,
3. Thy steadfast love has been my stay; My heart shall praise Thee night and day.

How long yet must I bear my sorrow? My heart longs for joy,
Lest, when the light of life shall fail me, When foes with joy
And shall rejoice in Thy salvation, And I will praise

Thy mercy's tomorrow. Why am I still with foes beset?
and pride as sail me, My fall delight my enemy.
with jubilation Thy bounty, LORD Most High, for aye!

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

JUSQUES À QUAND [GENEVEAN 13]

8 8 9 9 8.
The Fool Says in His Heart, “There Is No God.”

Based on Psalm 14

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. The fool says in his heart, “There is no God.”
2. The LORD looks down from heav’n’s holy throne
3. Will evil doers never understand?
4. See how they tremble, how they cringe with fear,
5. O Israel, you people of God’s choice,

They are corrupt, their horrid deeds they cherish;
To see if there are any that act wisely.
As though they ate their bread, so those who hate Thee
For God is with the just in love unfounded.
That out of Zion might come your salvation!

Not one of them does good, and just men perish.
O God, not one seeks Thee; they all despise Thee:
Eat up my helpless people, who await Thee.
They wish to see the poor man’s hope confused,
When from their bondage God shall free His nation,

None calls upon the LORD, none sings His praise.
Or fears His rod.
See how the sons of men, to evil prone,
Thy law disown.
They do not pray, but evil they have planned
Through-out the land.
But when he cries, how- ever loud they jeer,
The LORD shall hear.
Let Jacob sing and Israel rejoice With happy voice.

LE FOL MALIN EN SON [GENEVA 14]
10 11. 11 10 4.
LORD, Who Shall Sojourn in Thy Tent
Based on Psalm 15

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
QUI EST-CE QUI CONVERSERA [GENEVAN 15]

1. LORD, who shall so - journ in Thy tent And have mount Zi -
2. His tongue is from all slan - der free; He does not wrong -
3. He keeps an oath that may bring pain, And takes no in -
on for his dwell-ing? He who does what is good and right,
or harm those near him; He who does what is good and right,
terest for his lend-ing; He will not, moved by thought of gain,
Whose walk is blame - less in Thy sight,
But hon - ours the integ - ri - ty,
A - gainst the in - no - cent com - plain.

In truth and eq - ui - ty ex - cel - ling.
Of all who serve the LORD and fear Him.
He'll firm - ly stand through time un - end - ing.
Preserve Me, God, I Put My Trust in Thee

Based on Psalm 16

1. Prer - serve me, God, I put my trust in Thee. I say to Thee, “Thou
2. Those choos - ing oth - er gods in - stead of Thee In - crease their sor - rows,
3. My hap - py lot wilt Thou main - tain, O Lord; The lines have fal - len
4. I praise the Lord and bless Him all the day For what He by His
5. There - fore I now re - joice with heart and soul; My flesh shall rest se -

art my faith - ful Savi - or; Thou art my Lord, I need Thee con - stant-ly.
and their deeds will shame them. Their blood li - ba - tions I keep far from me
in most pleas - ant pla - ces. A good-ly her - i - tage didst Thou a - ward;
coun - sel has pro - vid - ed; Ev’n in the night my heart ex - pounds the way
cure in Thy pro - tec - tion. Thou wilt not leave me down in dark She - ol,

A - part from Thee I can ex - pect no fa - vor.” I love Thy saints, with
And I shall nev - er lend my lips to name them. The Lord is good; I
In beau - ty it ex - cels earth’s choic-est spa - ces. Thy meas - ring rod gave
That I should go; thus I am safe - ly guid - ed. I wor - ship Him with
Nor let Thy Ho - ly One there see cor - ru - p - tion. With Thee full joy and

them I am u - nit - ed, And in their midst my soul will be de - light - ed.
shall for - sake Him nev - er: He is my cup and por - tion now and ev - er.
un - to me for ev - er A place from which no pow - er can me sev - er.
joy and ad - o - ra - tion; None can de - prise me of His pres - er - va - tion.
bliss are ev - er pres - ent; The ful - ness of Thy right hand is most pleas - ant.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Gilbert VanDooren, 1961; rev. ©

SOIS MOY, SEIGNEUR, MA GARDE [GENEVA 16]
10 11. 10 11. 11 11.

31
O LORD, Hear Thou My Righteous Cause

Based on Psalm 17

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564   SEIGNEUR, ENTEN À MON BON [GENEVAN 17]
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©
(1.) I look to Thee for vindication;
(2.) My mouth does not commit transgression.
(3.) Incline Thine ear to me and hear me.
(4.) They close their hearts to all compassion.
(5.) Save me from those whose only measure

Show forth Thy judgment, heed my plight,
As for the works of wicked men,
Show forth, O LORD, from heaven above,
And utter boastful vanity,
Is this life’s portion, nothing more.

And let Thine eye see what is right.
Thy word has kept me far from sin,
The wonders of Thy steadfast love,
They track me down, surrounding me.
Oh, gorge them with Thy ample store

Oh, listen to my supplication!
From ways of violence and oppression.
Thou Shield of all who trust and fear Thee.
Till I should yield to their oppression.
And let their offspring share such treasure.
Thee, LORD, I Love; Thou Art My Shield
Based on Psalm 18:1–19

1. Thee, LORD, I love; Thou art my Strength and Power.
2. Death bound me with its dread-ed cords and racked me;
3. Then reeled the earth, its pillars rocked and quavered;
4. He rode upon a cherub bright and splendid;
5. The LORD did speak, the heavens heard His thunder;

My fortress is the LORD, my Rock and Tower;
The roaring floods of wickedness attacked me.
The deep foundations of the mountains wandered.
On wings of storm and wind the LORD demolished.
His mighty voice tore clouds and sky asunder.

He, my Deliverer, to Him I flee,
I lay in death’s entangling cords ensnared;
Because the LORD was angry, they did quake;
With darkness covered was His majesty;
He sent His arrows, scattered all His foes;

My Shield and Helper, who will rescue me.
The grave confronted me and I despaired.
They trembled when they saw His wrath awake.
Clouds dark with water were His canopy.
His lightnings flashed, none dared His wrath oppose.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©
JE T’AIMERAY EN TOUTE [GENEVAN 18]
11 11. 10 10. 11 11. 10 10.
My Stronghold and the Horn of my salvation,
I called upon the Lord my God to save me;
The smoke rose from His nostrils, black and frightening;
Light was His crown and brightness went before Him,
The ocean's deep, the bedrock of creation,

To Him I bring my praise and adoration.
He saw my plight, His mighty help He gave me.
And from His mouth flashed scorching fire and lightning.
Red fire and hail broke through the clouds that bore Him,
Lay bare and dry, revealing earth's foundation,

I call upon the Lord; He hears my pleas,
He from His temple heard my voice and cry;
He bowed the heavens in His anger's heat,
His thunder roared and echoed through the sky;
At Thy rebuke, O Lord, all stood aghast,

And I am saved from all my enemies.
They reached His ears, He answered from on high.
While clouds of darkness swirled around His feet.
His mighty voice shook vale and mountain high.
Before Thy nostrils' angry breath and blast.
Thee, LORD, I Love; Thou Art My Shield
Cont’d, Psalm 18:20–36

6. From His high heavens He reached down to take me
7. The LORD rewarded me, He saved and stayed me,
8. Yea, merciful to the merciful Thou showest,
9. Yea, Thou dost light my lamp, Thou shalt restore me;
10. Who but our God is LORD of all creation?

Out of the waters: He did not forsake me!
According to my righteousness repaid me;
And just to him whose justice well Thou knowest
The LORD my God makes bright the dark beforehand me.
And who but He, the Rock of our salvation?

He saved me from my fiercest enemy
For my clean hands and for my innoence
Art Thou, O LORD, whose wrath none can endure,
With Thee I crush a troop and conquer all,
He who with strength and power girded me

And from my haters much too strong for me.
He did with gifts and grace me recompense.
And with the pure Thou showest Thyself pure.
And with my God I scale the highest wall.
Made safe my way; my haters cringe and flee.
In my cal - am - i - ty they came up - on me;
I've kept His ways, He there - fore did re - store me;
The cun - ning man shall Thou out - do in cun - ning,
The way of God is per - fect, truth a - vail - ing,
Ex - ult in songs, praise Him with harp and cym - bal;

But for the LORD, their on - slaughter had un - done me.
His stat - ues and His laws have stood be - fore me.
For with Thy boun - ties shall be o - ver - run - ning
His word is tried and prov - en, nev - er fail - ing.
He made my feet like hinds' feet, swift and nim - ble.

He came to res - cue and to set me free,
I kept my - self from all in - iq - ui - ty;
The cup of those who hum - bly fear Thy name,
A shield for those who with Him ref - uge take
God is with me, my en - em - ies He smites;

For He, the LORD my God, de - lights in me.
For this the LORD has now re - ward - ed me.
But haugh - ty eyes Thou bring - est down to shame.
Is He, our God, whose pow - er none can shake.
I am se - cure, He puts me on the heights.
Thee, LORD, I Love; Thou Art My Shield
Cont’d, Psalm 18:37–50

11. O LORD, Thy hand and power shall sustain me,
12. LORD, when I met my enemies in battle,
13. Thou makest all my enemies to leave me;
14. Me hast Thou saved from strife and provocations;
15. The LORD does live, I bless Him with blessing;
16. For this, O LORD, I will among the nations

And for the day of battle Thou dost train me
I drove them off, they fled like fritened cattle.
I have destroyed the men who hate and grieve me
And made the head of other tribes and nations.
Exalt ed be the rock of my salvation,
Extol Thy Name and bring Thee my obligations,

So that my arms can bend the strongest bow;
In my pursuit I overtook them all;
And all who for my doom and downfall crave.
I’m served by people whom I’ve never known,
The God who gave me vengeance, who subdued
And praises to Thy name I gladly sing:

With Thee my enemies I’ll overthrow.
I routed them, delighting in their fall.
They cried for help, but there was none to save.
And foreigners came cringing to my throne,
The peoples under me in servitude.
Great triumphs He has given to His king.
Thou gavest me the shield of Thy salvation,
I thrust them through, they staggered and they stumbled;
I beat them fine, to wind-blow dust I pounded.
For when they heard of me, they all obeyed me.
Thou didst exalt me when my foes disgraced me;
His steadfast love He shows to His anointed.

And Thy right hand upheld my place and station;
Be beneath my feet they lay, prostrate and humbled.
The men who without cause my life have hound ed.
Be cause Thou with Thy glory hast arrayed me.
Above my adversaries hast Thou placed me.
To David, now to Israel's throne appointed.

Thy help has made me glorious and great;
Me Thou didst gird with strength my foes to meet,
Gone is their pride, their boast, and their conceit.
Strange nations left their strong-holds, weak with fear,
From men of violence and cruelty,
To all his generations without end.

I did not slip; my path was wide and straight.
Made my assailants sink beneath my feet.
I cast them out like refuse of the streets.
And trembling they before my throne appear.
From all my foes didst Thou deliver me.
Shall He, the LORD, His faithfulness extend.
1. The spacious heavens laud The glory of our God
2. In this wide firmament God gave the sun a tent
3. The law of God is whole And it revives the soul
4. The fear of God is clean; A fountain most serene
5. More over, they forewarn Thy servant that he scorn
6. Keep Thou me all my days, O Lord, from evil ways;

With full majestic praise. The soaring firmament
From which to start its run. Just as a joyful groom
By bidding it to rise. His testimony sure
It will for ever be. His ordinance, too,
All evil ways, O Lord. He who with faith in Thee
Wilt Thou their sway prevent. Then blameless I shall be,

Unmeasured in extent His handiwork displays.
Emergences from his room, So comes the radiant sun.
For ever shall endure: It makes the simple wise.
Are righteous and are true, For every one to see,
Keeps them obediently Will reap a great reward.
From great transgressions free, Before Thee innocent.

Day pours forth speech to day, Night will to night convey
And as a man of force rejoicing runs his course.
The precepts of the Lord, Which are His perfect Word,
To be desired far more Than gold, much fine gold, or
But, Lord, who is the man Who with precision can
That every word I say And all my heart's thoughts may

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
The knowledge of creation. There is no speech nor word,
So from the end of heaven The sun its path completes,
With joy our hearts do brighten; While His commandments sure,
What can be bought for money. They are far sweeter than
Discern his every error? To Thee I humbly pray,
Be proof of pure demeanor; All this Thy servant prays

Their voices are not heard; Yet they reach every nation.
And from its burning heat Can nothing remain hidden.
Which are both true and pure, The eyes of man enlighten.
What ever sweetness man receives from combs with honey.
For give and clear away My hidden faults for ever.
Of Thee who scanst his ways, My Rock and my Redeemer.
1. Oh, may the LORD in days of trouble From Zion hear your cry,
2. May all your heart’s desire be granted And God fulfill your plans!
3. I know now that the LORD’s appointed Will with His help be blest.
4. Some boast of chariots, some of horses, But we boast in the name

Oh, May the LORD in Days of Trouble
Based on Psalm 20

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

LA SEIGNEUR TA PRIERE [GENEVAN 20]
9 6. 9 6. 9 7. 9 7.
1. LORD, in Thy strength the king exults; Thou richly dost support him.
2. His blessings from Thee are untold; Prosperity Thou grant-est.
3. Great through Thy help his splendor is; Thou crownest him with glory.
4. The king does on the LORD rely, His faithfulness believ-ing;
5. Your hand will find your enemy, Your right hand all that hate you;
6. The LORD will swallow them in ire, And fire will soon consume them.
7. For You will put them all to flight. Your arrows they'll be fac-ing

His wish Thou dost accord him By grant-ing him Thy blest re-sults.
Up on his head Thou plant-est A pre-cious crown of fin-est gold.
And majesty be-fore Thee. Thou grant-est him a-bun-dant bliss.
And, steadfast love receiv-ing, He, through the grace of the Most High,
With fear they must a-wait you: A blaz-ing o-ven they will see;
You, with their seed, will doom them And cause them whol-ly to ex-pire.
When You Your bow are brac-ing. LORD, be ex-alt-ed in Thy might.

Thy power he a-vowed, Thou hast his pray'r al-lowed.
The life he asked of Thee Thou gav-est, end-less-ly.
And, since Thou pre-sent art, Great joy fills all his heart.
Is from his place not moved Which was by God ap-proved.
By fire they are de-stroyed For evil they em-ployed.
Though mis-chief they may plot, Succ-ess-ful they are not.
Thy prais-es we will voice, And in Thy pow'r re-joice.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William W. J. VanOene, 1972 ©
SEIGNER, LE ROY S'ESJOUIRA [GENEVAN 21]
877.766.
My God, O Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?

Based on Psalm 22:1–18

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William W. J. VanOene, 1972 ©

MON DIEU, MON DIEU, POURQUOY [GENEVAN 22]

10 10 10 5. 11 11 11 4.

1. My God, O why hast Thou forsaken me?
2. Yet Thou art holy, God of Israel!
3. But I, I am a worm, and not a man,
4. Yet from the womb Thou, Lord, hast been my rest,
5. Bulls that encompass me to kill, abound.
6. My strength is also withered and there by

Why dost Thou not, while unto Thee I flee,
Enthroned on high, Thou dost midst praises dwell,
And kept me safe upon my mother's breast;
Strong bulls of Bashan me, in rage, surround.

Grant any help, but seemest not to see
My tribulation?
What-ever to our fathers once befell,
In Thee they trust ed.

They stare and mock at me; who-ever can
Shows his desolation.
Up on Thee, from my birth on, I was cast,
My God and Keep'er!

They open wide their mouth at me and sound
Like roaring lions.
The dust of death has now come very nigh;
Yea, dogs surround me.

I groan by day, but Thou art far from heed ing
This trust in Thee hast Thou with grace rewarded:
"From God the Lord his cause he would not sever;
Thou ever since the day my mother bore me

See how like water all my strength is going;
I suffer from the evil doers' smiting;

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William W. J. VanOene, 1972 ©
My God, O Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?

Cont’d, Psalm 22:19–31

7. But Thou, my Lord, oh, be not far away
8. I to my brethren of Thy name will tell,
9. O Lord, Thou hast not hid from me Thy face,
10. The ends of all the earth recall His grace
11. Both high and low before His majesty,

And to my help do hasten, be my stay,
And praise Thee in the midst of Israel.
But when I cried hast shown to me Thy grace.
And, turning to the Lord, will seek His face.
All those that turn to dust, will bow the knee;

Cont’d ➔
That from the dead-ly sword my soul now may Soon be de-liv-ered!
From him who fears the LORD let praise-es swell In the as-sem-bly.
So hast Thou giv-en am-ple room for praise A- mong Thy peo-ple.
All fam-i-lies from ev-ry tribe and race Shall bow be-fore Him.
And he whose strength can-not him-self keep free From death and ru-in.

Save, LORD, my soul from dogs and from their pow-er,
Let all the sons of Ja-cob sing Thy glo-ry,
My vows I pay be-fore all those who fear Him,
The king-dom-s are the LORD’s own hab-i-ta-tions
A seed shall serve Him, and each gen-er-a-tion

From li-ons’ mouths, O Thou my strength and tow-er,
And let all Is-ra-el stand in awe be-fore Thee,
For the af-flic-ted eats since God did hear him.
And He a- lone rules o-ver all the na-tions;
In time to come shall hear of His sal-va-tion;

And from wild ox-en’s horns do Thou al-low her De-liv-er-ance.
For Thou hast not de-spised me nor ab-horred me In my dis-tress.
All those that seek Him sure-ly shall re-ver-e Him And live for aye.
The proud of heart shall of-fer in-vo-ca-tions And to Him bow.
The un-born, too, will hear the pro-cla-ma-tion Of what He wrought.

46
1. The LORD my Shepherd in His love defends me. I shall not want;
2. Though in death’s valley, lonely and forsaken, I am by gloom
3. Thy bounteous table Thou dost spread before me. My foes look on

in pastures green He tends me, Makes me lie down, His care
and shadows over taken, I fear no evil: Thou
while Thou dost so restore me. My head Thou hast with sooth-

and mercy showing; Leads me where peaceful streams are gently flowing.
art ever near me And in my grief and sorrow Thou dost hear me.
ing oil anointed; My cup runs over, as Thou hast appointed.

He for His name’s sake surely will restore me;
Thy rod and staff, O God of my salvation,
Goodness and mercy shall forsake me never,

In paths of righteousness He goes before me.
Shall comfort me in all my tribulation.
And in Thy house, LORD, I shall dwell forever.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

The LORD My Shepherd in His Love Defends Me
Based on Psalm 23

MON DIEU ME PAIST SOUS [GENEVAN 23]
11 11. 11 11. 11 11.
The LORD Is King of Earth’s Domain

Based on Psalm 24

1. The LORD is King of earth’s domain, The world and all
   that dwell there-in. Re-joice, O Zion’s sons and daughters,
   For it stands firm by His decrees; He founded it
   up-on the seas, Established it up-on the wa ters.

2. Who shall ascend the hill of God, Stand in His ho-ly place, and laud The LORD, who lives and reigns for-ever?
   rise up and wait; Let Him come in, the King of glory.
   He who with-stands the wick-ed’s lure, Who has clean hands,
   whose heart is pure, Who keeps his oath and does not wa-ver.

3. Rich bless-ings shall be his re-ward, And vin-di-ca-
   tion from the LORD, Who is the Rock of his sal-va-tion.
   rise up and wait; Let Him come in, the King of glory.
   Such are the men who seek the face Of Jacob’s God,
   so rich in grace. From Him is all their ex-pec-tation.

4. Lift up your heads, you arch and gate; O an-ci ent doors,
   that dwell there-in. Re-joice, O Zion’s sons and daughters,
   For it stands firm by His decrees; He founded it
   up-on the seas, Established it up-on the wa ters.

5. Lift up your heads, you arch and gate; O an-ci ent doors,
   who is that King of glo-rious fame? The LORD Al-mighty-
   Who is that King, in glo-ry great? The LORD of hosts,
   Him we a-wait. The LORD, He is the King of glo-ry!
Unto Thee, O LORD, My Savior
Based on Psalm 25:1–11

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

A TOY, MON DIEU [GENEVA 25]
8 7. 8 7. 8 7. 8.

Cont’d ➔
Unto Thee, O LORD, My Savior
Cont’d, Psalm 25:12–22

6. Who, then, fears the LORD sin-cere-ly
Walk-ing with Him day by day?
7. To His peo-ple, who re-vere Him,
Has the LORD His friend-ship shown,
8. Turn to me and show Thy fa-vor;
I am lone-ly and dis-tressed.
9. Look up - on my great af-fic-tion
And my trou-bles, LORD, be-hold;
10. Guard my life, O gra-cious Sav-ior;
Come, I pray, de-liv-er me,

Then at ease his soul shall rest,
In the LORD his God con-fid-ing;
With a con-fi-dence com-plete,
Toward the LORD my eyes are turn-ing;

And his chil-dren shall be blest,
Safe-ly in the land a-bid-ing.
From the net He’ll pluck my feet;
He will not de-spise my yearn-ing.

God will lead him safe-ly on-ward,
Guide him in the cho-se-n way.
And He will to all who fear Him
Make His stead-fast cov-nant known.

Grant me full and free re-mis-sion
Of my tres-pass-es un-told.
Lest my head with shame be cov-ered,
For my re-fuge is in Thee.

Then, Him to my fears peo-
me on life,
the ple,
and my O LORD who show
great gra-
sin-
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Thy af-
cious
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ly Him,
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And the am
my
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Come,
And
Walk-
Has
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He will to all who fear Him
Make His stead-fast cov-nant known.

And his chil-dren shall be blest,
Safe-ly in the land a-bid-ing.
From the net He’ll pluck my feet;
He will not de-spise my yearn-ing.

Thou who my De-liv-rer art,
Bring me out of my dis-tress-es.
Who, in their con-sum-ing hate,
With their cru-el scorn have flayed me.

God, come quick-ly to re-deem
Is-ra-el from trib-u-la-tion.
Oh, Vindicate Me, LORD

Based on Psalm 26

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

SEIGNEUR, GARDE MON DROICT [GENEVA 26]

Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

1. Oh, vindicate me, LORD; Deceit I have abhorred;
2. Oh LORD, in truth enshrined, Test Thou my heart and mind,
3. With fools I do not sit; I hate the hypocrite
4. I, from all sin apart, In innocence of heart
5. Thy praise I will record. I love Thy house, O LORD,
6. Sweep Thou me not away With those who disobey
7. But I shall walk with Thee Who vindicatest me.

I’ve walked in my integrity. Thy law and Word I favor;
Prove all my ways, examine me. Let me not fall and perish;
And evil doers’ company. My seat I’ve never taken
Will wash my hands and take my place. Around Thy altar singing,
The place where all Thy glories dwell. Oh, let my voice not falter
Thy holy law of truth and light, With men of blood and scoffers
My foot stands firm on level ground; In the great congregation

I did not halt or waver, But constantly have trusted Thee.
Thy steadfast love I cherish, I walk in faithfulness to Thee.
With men who have forsaken The path of truth, made known by Thee.
My voice with rapture ringing, I laud Thy wonrous deeds and grace.
When I before Thy altar The wonders of Thy might retell.
And with the man who offers His bribes to lure the weak from right.
I bless the LORD’s salvation; In praise of Him I shall abound.

SEIGNEUR, GARDE MON DROICT [GENEVA 26]

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©
God Is My Light, My Refuge, My Salvation

Based on Psalm 27

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

LE SEIGNEUR EST LA CLARTÉ [GENEVAN 27]

11 10. 11 10. 10 10. 10 10.

1. God is my light, my refuge, my salvation.
2. One thing have I desired of God as favor,
3. My head shall I lift up now with rejoicing
4. “Seek ye My face.” O Lord, so Thou hast spoken,
5. My father and my mother may forsake me:
6. How I would have despained in my affliction

Whom shall I fear? The Lord comes to my aid.
That I may always in His temple dwell
Above the hostile forces round about,
And in response my heart says unto Thee,
The Lord is faithful and His help is sure.
If I had not believed that in this life

He is my strength in all my tribulation.
To view the beauty of the Lord my Savior
And in His tent, my jubilation voicing,
“Thy countenance do I seek in pray'r unbroken.”
Teach me Thy way. O Lord and Savior, take me,
The Lord would show His goodness, His protection;

Of whom shall I then ever be afraid?
And in His house to seek His holy will.
My sacrifice I'll bring with joyful shouts.
Do not, O Lord, now hide Thy face from me.
Lead me on pathways level and secure,
I would have perished in my tears and strife.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©
When foes who seek my life close in on me,
For in the day of trouble and strife
I will exalt the steadfast love of God
In turn Thy servant not a way,
For evil doers lie in wait for me.
Wait for the LORD; be strong and un dismayed.

They all shall stumble and in anguish flee;
He in His shelter will preserve my life.
And with odious hymns His mercy laud.
Thou hast ever been my help and stay.
Hand me not over to their tyranny.
The LORD is faithful. Why then be afraid?

And though their armies should in war draw near,
Within His tent He'll keep me at His side;
Oh, hear me, LORD, when I cry out to Thee;
For sake me not, for I on Thee rely;
False witness against me still arise;
Take courage, for His steadfast love is sure.

I'll put my trust in Him, I will not fear.
High on a rock He safety will provide.
Show me Thy grace and favor, answer me!
O God of my salvation, hear my cry!
They breathe out malice and abusive lies.
Wait for the LORD; His mercy shall endure.
To Thee, O LORD, I Call in Anguish

Based on Psalm 28

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©
O You Mighty, Give the LORD

Based on Psalm 29

1. O you mighty, give the LORD Strength and praise with one accord;
   Strength and praise with one accord;
2. Cedars shattered, forests fall, MOUNTAINS shudder at His call.
   MOUNTAINS shudder at His call.
3. Thunders roar and lightnings glare, God’s voice strips the forest bare.
   God’s voice strips the forest bare.

Sing His glory and His fame, Worship in His courts His name.
Like a calf leaps Lebannon, Like a wild ox Sirion.
In His temple they all cry: “Glory to the LORD on high!”

O'er the waters rolls His thunder, Lightning tears the clouds a-sunder.
God’s voice, flames from heaven flashing, And His thunders loud ly crashing.
He for whom the nations shiver Founds His throne on flood and river.

Hear, God’s voice is full of splendor; Earth, to Him your praises render.
Shake the wilderness, and broken Lie its oaks when He has spoken.
May the LORD give strength and power; Peace upon His people show er.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1967 ©

VOUS TOUS PRINCES [GENEVAN 29]

77.77.8.8.8.
I Will Extol Thee, LORD, Thy Might

Based on Psalm 30

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. I will extol Thee, LORD; Thy might Has raised me up to life and light. My foes rejoice not over me.
2. O LORD, Thou hast brought up my soul From death's abode, from dark Sheol. My life from failing Thou didst keep,
your life is sure. Though there be weeping for a night, er come to naught, Unmindful that but by Thy grace
3. His anger will not long endure, His favor all ish pride a ware; I cried, "Of what avail is it
er, grant Thy grace." My grief hast Thou to dancing turned. that silenced me. I may, delivered from despair,
4. In my prosperity I thought My work would never
5. LORD, unto Thee I called in pray'r, Well of my foolish
6. "Hear Thou me as I seek Thy face; LORD, be my Help
7. Now shall my heart sing praise to Thee: Gone is the grief

O LORD my God, I cried to Thee, And Thou hast healed me,
Saved from the Pit, the lightless deep. Give thanks, you saints, lift
Joy comes to greet the morning light. The LORD will change the
I like a moun-tain held my place. When Thou didst hide Thy
If I go down into the Pit? Shall ever dust with
The sackcloth that my pride had earned Hast Thou put off; Thou
Now laud Thy name in song and pray'r. For ever, LORD, my

my Defender. To Thee my thanks and praise I render.
up your faces, Bring to His holy name your praises.
dark of sorrow, To song and laughter on the morrow.
face I stumbled; I was dismayed, by troubles humbled.
songs adore Thee, Declare Thy faithfulness and glory?
dost with gladness Now gird me after days of sadness.
God and Savior, Will I give thanks for Thy great favor.

SEIGNEUR, PUIS QUE M'AS [GENEVAN 30]
8 8, 8 8 9 9.
In Thee, O LORD, I’ve Taken Refuge

Based on Psalm 31:1–8

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

J’AY MIS EN TOY MON [GENEVAN 31]
9 6 6. 9 7 7.

Cont’d ➔
6. In my affliction, LORD, show mercy. My eyes are dimmed with grief; My soul yearns for relief; My life is sent in pain and sorrow. See how my strength is failing, For I am weak and ailing.

7. I am the scorn of all my haters; My friends flee from me in fear. My soul becomes a broken vessel; I'm like the dead, neglected, For I am rejected.

8. I hear the slander all around me; Fear stands on ev'ry side, And many me desist. Against my life they are conspiring; Their hatred is unbound. By plots I am surrounded. In my distress and anguish. Go to the grave confound.

9. But yet in Thee, O LORD, I've trusted; With Thee, my suffering shame For I call on Thy name. lawsuit of all my haters. Let me no long But let my foes with shame be covered; Let those who me suffer, For I am weak and ailing. 

10. Make Thou Thy face to shine upon me; Let me not see. My times are in Thy hand; I've taken refuge in Thee, O LORD. For I am broken, rejected, By plots I am surrounded. Go to the grave confounded.
In Thee, O LORD, I’ve Taken Refuge
Based on Psalm 31:18–24

11. Let lying lips be put to silence, For with con-
12. Oh, how abundant is Thy goodness, Which is re-
13. Thou in the shelter of Thy presence Securely
14. I praise Thee, LORD, for all Thy mercy, Thy wondrous
15. Oh, love the LORD, all you His people! The faithful

tempt and pride Thy servant they deride.
served for all Who fear Thee and recall
hidest them From the intrigues of men;
love for me. I felt cut off from Thee
He will spare, The proud He’ll give their share,

Hear how my haters, bold and haughty, With joy to e-
What Thou hast done for those who serve Thee, And all who have
They find a refuge in Thy dwelling Far from all strife
When foes besieged me like a city, But Thou in trib-
Be strong and let your heart take courage. His own He will

vil pan der, How they the righteous slander!
op pressed them Shall see that Thou hast blest them.
and slander, For Thou art their Defender.
ul tations, Hast heard my supplementation.
deliver, Hope in the Lord for幾乎er.
Blest Is the Man Whose Trespass Is Forgiven

Based on Psalm 32

1. Blest is the man whose trespass is forgiven,
2. When I kept silent, sinful ways condoning,
3. Let all the godly when they grieve and suffer
4. I will instruct you, with my aid provide you,
5. With many woes the wicked are afflicted,

Whose sins are covered in the sight of Heaven.
I pined away through my incessant groaning.
To Thee, O LORD, their supplications of fer.
And in your way I, with My eye, will guide you.
But he who trusts in God is well protected;

Blest is the man against whom, LORD, Thou wilt
Thy hand weighed down on me in my deceit;
Surely when floods of mighty waters rise,
My counsel will be ever at your side,
Him will the LORD with steadfast love surround.

Not count all his iniquity and guilt.
My strength was sapped as by the summer’s heat.
They shall not reach him who on Thee relies.
And, keeping watch, I will with you abide.
Those who reverence Him are with mercy crowned.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

O BIENHEUREUX CELUI DONT [GENEVAN 32]
11 11. 10 10. 11 11. 10 10.
How happy he, contrite of heart and lowly,
To Thee, O God of justice and compassion,
Thou art a hiding place for those who serve Thee;
Be not a fool, who has no understanding;
Be glad, O righteous, in the Lord rejoicing;

Who has confessed his sins, O Lord most holy;
I then at last acknowledged my transgression.
Thou, mighty God, from trouble dost preserve me.
Do not be have like horse or mule, depending
Exult in Him, your jubilation voicing,

Who does not secretly Thy laws transgress,
I said, "I will confess my sins to Thee."
Songs of deliverance every where resound:
On bit and bridle to control their course;
For light and life He will to you impart.

Whose spirit harbors no deceitfulness.
And all my guilt Thou hast forgiven me.
Thou me with great rejoicing dost surround.
They disobey unless restrained by force.
Now shout for joy, you men of upright heart.
Rejoice Ye in the LORD, O Righteous

Based on Psalm 33

1. Rejoice ye in the LORD, O righteous,
2. He by His Word has made the heavens;
3. God brings to naught the nations' counsel;
4. The LORD looks from His Heav'n-ly dwelling;
5. No king is saved by his great army;
6. Our soul a-waits the great Redeemer;

And let a new song fill the air.
Their host appeared by His decree.
He frustrates all the peoples' plans.
And He holds the human race;
By strength the mighty are not freed.
Our help and shield, Him we acclaim.

Praise is becoming to the upright;
He gathered in His storehouse chambers.
The Lord is steadfast in His purpose;
The earth and all its population
A horse of war will bring no victory;
Our hearts rejoice in Him and glory.

With harp and lyre His fame declare.
The waters of the deepest sea.
For evermore His counsel stands.
He sees from that exalted place.
In vain the warrior trusts his steed.
For we trust in His holy name.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
For the LORD has spoken Words of truth unbroken;
Let the earth revere Him And its peoples fear Him.
Blest with His salvation Is His chosen nation,
He knows every nation; All are His creation,
But the LORD our Savior Looks on those with favor
So we humbly pray Thee, Let Thy steadfast mercy,

He is faithful still. Righteousness He treasures;
God spoke and 'twas done. He set all creation
For He is their LORD. Freed from all oppression,
And their hearts He molds. 'Tis the LORD who ever
Who His mercy trust. Yea, though famine grieve them,
LORD, upon us be, And in love deliver

Earth is with the measures Of His goodness filled.
Firm on its foundation. Praise Him, every one!
They are His possession. Let Him be adored!
Sees all their endurance; He their works holds.
He will never leave them Prey to death and dust.
Us, Thy flock, forever, As we hope in Thee.
Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

The LORD I Will Extol
Based on Psalm 34:1–10

1. The LORD I will ex-tol, At all times bless His ho-ly name.
2. I sought the LORD in pray’r; He heard my cry and an-swered me.
3. The An-gel of the LORD Al-ways en-camps a-round all those
4. All you who are His saints, Re-vere the LORD and wor-ship Him,

I will not cease to sing His praise; His good-ness I pro-claim.
From all my wor-ries and my fears The LORD has set me free.
Who fear Him and ex-alt His name; God saves them from their woes.
For those who fear Him have no want; He rich-ly bless-es them.

I glo-ry in the LORD; Let the af-flict-ed hear my voice.
Those who on Him re-ly Will ne-ver hang their heads in shame.
Oh, come then, taste and see That He, the LORD, is good and just.
Though li-ons may grow faint And pangs of hun-ger may en-dure,

Oh, mag-ni-fy the LORD with me! With me in Him re-joice.
When this poor man im-plied His aid, The LORD de-liv-ered him.
Blest is the man who turns to Him And puts in Him his trust.
Those seek-ing Him lack no good thing; In Him they rest se-cure.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©
JAMAIS NE CESSRAY [GENEVA34]
6 8. 8 6. 6 8. 8 6.
5. Come, children hear my voice; You I will teach to fear the LORD.
6. The LORD from Heav’n a-bove Re-gards the right-eous with His eyes,
7. But when the right-eous cry, The LORD in mer-cy hears their pleas;
8. The righ-teous man may cry; He may trou-ble may en-dure.
9. Their count-less e-vil deeds Will slay the wick-ed in the end.

Who is the man de-sir-ing life, Its plea-sures and re-wards?
And when they call on Him, His ears Are o-pen to their cries.
He gra-cious-ly de-liv-ers them From all their mi-ser-ies.
The LORD will free him from them all; His help is e-ver sure.
All those who hate the right-eous ones He’ll to per-di-tion send.

Keep then your tongue from wrong And let your lips no false-hood speak.
But e-vil-do-ers all The an-ger of the LORD must face;
The LORD is al-ways near; The bro-ken-heart-ed He will heal.
Why should he then de-spair? God keeps his bones from in-ju-ry;
The LORD re-deems the life Of those who serve and hon-or Him;

De-part from e-vil and do good; True peace and con-cord seek.
He cuts them off, and from the earth Their name He will e-rase.
Those crushed in spir-it He will save, To them His love re-veal.
Not one of them will come to harm, For great and good is He!
All who in Him their ref-uge take He ne-ver will con-demn.
Strive, LORD, with Those Who Strive with Me
Based on Psalm 35:1–13

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
DEBA CONTRE NES DEBATEURS [GENEVA 35]
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1967 ©

1. Strive, LORD, with those who strive with me,
   Fight Thou my fight and set me free.
2. Let them be put to scorn and shame
   Who seek my life and me de-fame.
3. Their way be slip-p'ry, dark with woe
   The An-gel of the Lord their foe.
4. Then shall my soul in God re-joice,
   And praise Him with a thank-ful voice.
5. Ma-li-cious wit-ness-es a-rise;
   They ques-tion me and ut-ter lies.

Take shield and buck-ler, rise in splen-dor,
Stand up in glo-ry, my De-fend-er.
Let them be turned back and con-found-ed
Who har-ass me, by whom I'm hound-ed.
A net to snare me they had hid-den.
Hadst Thou not, LORD, their rise for-bid-den,
I shall de-light with ex-ul-ta-tion
In His de-liv-rance and sal-va-tion.
With e-vil they for good re-pay me;
I am-per-plexed. They seek to slay me.

Draw out the spear and bar the way
Of those who want me for their prey;
Foiled be the mis-chief they in-tend.
Be they like chaff be-fore the wind,
They would have caught me in their pit.
May they them-selves fall in-to it.
I shall ex-claim, “Who is like Thee,
O LORD, who dost de-liv-er me,
Yet I was grieved when they were sick;
Their sor-rows hurt me to the quick.

Say to my soul, “Be still and know, I shall to you sal-va-tion show.”
And let the An-gel of the Lord Pur-sue them with His glit-t'ring sword.
Let ru-in seize them un-a-ware; May their own net them-selves en-snare.
With all the weak and those in need, From our op-press-or's strength and greed?”
I went in sack-cloth, I did fast; I bowed in pray'r, with eyes down-cast.
Strive, LORD, with Those Who Strive with Me
Cont'd, Psalm 35:14–28

6. My heart was sad as for a friend, I mourned, my man-tle I did rend
7. My hon-or is their scoff and jeer; They gnash their teeth, they laugh and sneer.
8. O’ LORD, let not my ly-ing foes Wink at each oth-er o’er my woes.
9. O LORD, Thou hast ob-served this all; Be Thou not si-lent, heed my call.
10. Let them not say, “Yes, we have won, We’ve swal-lowed him; he is un-done!”
11. Let those re-joice with shout and song Who for my vin-di-ca-tion long,

As one who sor-rows for a broth-er, And who with grief la-ments his moth-er.
Come, LORD, how long yet shall this rab-ble A-buse me with their god-less babble?
Wrong is the hat-red which they cher-ish; Let them be-fore Thy pres-en-cy per-ish.
Stand not a-far, be my De-fend-er. Be-stir Thy-self, wake up and ren-der
Let shame and great con-fu-sion hum-ble Those who are hap-py when I stumble,
And let them praise with hap-py voic-es The LORD, who in my good re-joic-es.

But when I stum-bled they re-joiced; They gath-ered, all their hate they voiced,
Save from these rag-ing beasts my soul; Then shall my voice Thy strength ex-tol.
They speak no peace, de-ceit they’ve planned A-gainst the qui-et in the land.
Un-to my hat-ers sev-en-fold Their e-vil and the lies they told.
And make dis-hon-or the re-ward Of those who rise a-gainst Thee, LORD.
Then shall my tongue, saved from dis-tress, Tell of Thy faith-ful right-eous-ness;

And wretch-es whom I did not know Mocked me and glo-ried in my woe.
The great as-sem-bly will then hear How I Thy might- y name re-vere.
They o-pen wide their mouth and lie. “Our eyes have seen it all,” they cry.
LORD, vin-di-cate me, grant re-dress Ac-cord-ing to Thy right-eous-ness.
Be-fore Thee let not those a-bide Who boast a-gainst me in their pride.
Then shall I laud with word and song Thy praise and jus-tice all day long.
He Who in Evil Does Rejoice

Based on Psalm 36

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©
On ways of sin he sets his feet, His evil is his treasure.
They drink from streams of Thy delight, Thy precious love they cherish.
The workers of iniquity Who are cast down for ever!
Fret Not Yourself because of Evildoers

Based on Psalm 37:1–13

1. Fret not your-self be-cause of e-vil-do-ers, Nor en-vy them-who-se
2. De-light your-self in GOD and He’ll de-li-ver All your de-sires as
3. Rest in the LORD with pa-tient ex-pecta-tion; En-vy not him who
4. All those who hope in God shall with e-la-tion Pos-sess the land. He
5. The hum-ble shall pos-sess the land for-ev-er, De-light-ing in the

wick-ed deeds you see. They soon shall fade like grass be-fore the view-er,
from His ho-ly height. Com-mit your ways to Him. The LORD will ev-er
pros-pers in his way, Whose e-vil schemes have gained him wealth and sta-tion.
is their hope and stay. The e-vil-do-er, to his con-ster-na-tion,
peace with-in their gates. The wick-ed may pur-sue with bow and qui-ver

And like green herbs, they’ll with-er pre-sent-ly. Do good! And trust in
Bring forth your vin-di-ca-tion as the light; He will re-ward all
Yield nev-er to re-sent-ment and dis-may; For-sake your wrath, re-
Shall be cut off; the LORD will not de-lay. If you should seek his
Or gnash their teeth at them in an-gry hate. The LORD sees them and

God as your re-new-er. Dwell in the land, en-joy se-cu-r i-ty.
your up-right en-dea-vor And, as the noon-day, let your cause shine bright.
frain from all vex-a-tion, Lest sin and e-vil in your life hold sway.
for-mer ha-bi-ta-tion, You’ll find no more than ash-es and de-cay.
laughs at their en-dea-vor, For He has set the day of their de-feat.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

NE SOIS FASCHÉ SI DURANT [GENEVA 37]
11 10. 11 10. 11 10.
Fret Not Yourself because of Evildoers

Cont’d, Psalm 37:14–25

6. The wick-ed draw the broad sword of op-pres-sion And bend their bows to
7. The lit-tle that the just pos-sess in to-ken Ex-ceeds the wealth of
8. They are not put to shame in time of trou-ble And in the days of
9. The wick-ed bor-rows and does not re-store it; The right-eous gra-cious
10. When in his steps he fal-ters and is sha-ken, The LORD Him-self up-
11. Day in, day out, he’s boun-ti-ful in lend-ing; His chil-dren, too, have

bring the need-y down, To slay the up-right by their bold ag-gres-sion,
e-vil men who stray. The arms of all the wick-ed shall be bro-ken
fa-mine they shall eat. But, be as-sured, the ruth-less and ig-no-ble,
l-y gives it a-way. The prom-ised land the bless-ed shall in-her-it;
holds him with His hand. I once was young, age now its toll has ta-ken,
man-y goods in store. De-part, then, from the paths to e-vil tend-ing;

But they will mere-ly hurt them-selves a-lone. Their bows are bro-ken
But GOD up-holds the blame-less in their way. He knows their days and
All who op-pose the LORD, shall see de-feat And fade a-way as
Those cursed by God shall be cut off for aye. The up-right man is
But al-ways God the right-eous did de-fend. In-deed, I’ve ne-ver
So you will dwell in peace for ev-er-more. But our just LORD, His

by God’s in-ter-ces-sion, Their base de-signs com-plete-ly o-ver-thrown.
ver-i-ly has spo-ken, A-ward-ing them their her-i-tage for aye.
smoke of burn-ing stub-ble, Con-sumed be-fore His an-ger’s flam-ing heat.
guid-ed by His Spir-it; God gives him strength and watch-es o’er his way.
seen him left for-sak-en Nor his des-cend-ants beg-ging in the land.
god-ly ones de-fend-ing, Up-on the seed of foes His wrath will pour.

Cont’d ➢
Fret Not Yourself because of Evildoers
Cont’d, Psalm 37:26–40

12. The right- eous man to wis- dom gives ex- pres- sion; His tongue speaks jus- tice,
13. The LORD His up-right ser- vant will de- liv- er, Nor let him by his
14. I’ve seen a wick- ed man, in all his pow- er, Spread out his branch- es
15. Ob- serve the up-right and the just con- si- der; There is a fu- ture
16. The LORD sal- va- tion on the just will show- er; He is their shel- ter

show-ing what is right. With- in his heart, God’s law is his pos- ses- sion.
jud- ges be con- demned. Wait for the LORD and keep His way with fer- vor;
lake a na- tive tree. But then he fell as grass be- fore the mov- er
for the man of peace. Trans- gres-sors shall be wiped out al- to- geth- er;
in the time of stress. He will pre- serve them by His strength and pow- er,

His walk will nev- er wan- der from its light Though e- vil men may
He will ex- alt you to pos- sess the land. The wick- ed you will
And soon no trace of him was left to see. Al- though I tried to
The line of their pos- ter- i- ty shall cease. Then shall the just re-

Pro- tect them from the hosts of wic- ked- ness. Be-neath His wings they

aim at his op- press- sion; They seek to slay the right- eous day and night.
see cut off for e- ver Be- cause their sure de- struc- tion is at hand.
find this e- vil- do- er, I searched in vain: for- ev- er gone was he.
joice with one an- oth- er And sing for their a- bun- dance of in- crease.
re- fuge will dis- cov- er, For they re- ly on Him to save and bless.
1. LORD, rebuke me not in anger, And no longer
2. Thou hast of all strength bereft me; Health has left me,
3. All my wounds are foul and reeking; Ever weakening,
4. I am crushed and numb with anguish; As I languish,
5. How my pounding heart is straining; Strength is wanting,

Let Thy wrath on me descend. Thou hast pierced me with Thy arrows,
And Thy wrath is my despair; My iniquities distress me
I am utterly bowed down. Bitter fruits of folly reaping,
And I groan in misery. Thou dost hear my mournful crying,
And my eyes are failing me. I am by my friends neglected

Brought me sorrows, Bowed me down with Thy own hand.
And oppressed me; They are more than I can bear.
I go weeping, For my vigor is all gone.
And my sighing is not hidden, LORD, from Thee.
And rejected; Kinsmen see my plague and flee.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©
6. Those who lie in wait to snare me
Will not spare me
7. Thou, O LORD my God, wilt hear me
And be near me;
8. I am prone to fall or stumble,
And I tremble,
9. Countless mighty foes be-rate me,
Fiercely tremble,
10. LORD, for-sake me not but hear me;
Be Thou near me

All the mischief they devise. Seeming deaf and dumb before them,
Thou, O LORD, wilt heed my voice. Though my foot may slip and waver,
Thinking of my grief and pain. I acknowledge my transgression
Without cause I am oppressed. Ill for good they always render;
As my help and shield, I pray. Has ten to my aid, O Savior;

I ignore them And I offer no replies.
Show Thy favor And let not my foes rejoice.
In confession, Deeply troubled by my sin.
Me they slander Since I strive for what is best.
Show Thy favor. O my God, do not delay.
I Said That I Would Closely Guard My Ways

Based on Psalm 39

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

1. I said that I would closely guard my ways To keep from sinning with my tongue;
2. Then did my heart grow hot with fiery blaze. I cried, "Lord, make me know my end:
3. "Surely a man is no thing but a breath; He as a shadow goes his way.
4. "What is it that I now shall wait for, Lord? In Thee I've put my hope and trust.
5. "Remove from me the chastise-ment I fear; Lest I should perish through Thy wrath.
6. "Hear Thou my cry, give ear to my request; O Lord, do not my tears ignore.

That on my mouth a muzzle I would place While evil doers round me throng.
O Lord, reveal the measure of my days.
Surely in vain he struggles till his death:
From all my sins deliverance afford,
At Thy rebukes, that which a man holds dear
For I with Thee am but a passing guest,
As all my fathers were before.

When, dumb and silent, I then held my peace,
My grief and woe did but increase.
Not knowing who will latter gather them.
I'm dumb, and open not my mouth: I see
For man is merely breath and vanity;
Oh, turn away from me Thy watchful eye,
My sight; His striving will not profit him.
It is Thy hand that chastens me.
Yea, like a puff of wind is he.
And give me joy before I die."

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

J'AY DIT EM MOY [GENEVEAN 39]
10 8. 10 8. 10 8.
I Waited and I Waited for the LORD

Based on Psalm 40

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972; rev. © APRÈS AVOIR CONSTAMMENT [GENEVAN 40]

1. I wait-ed and I wait-ed for the LORD. Then from the
2. Blest is the man who makes the LORD his trust, Who does not
3. No sac - ri - fice didst Thou, O LORD, re - quire; Thou gav - est
4. Be - fore the con - gre - ga - tion I pro - fess The love and
5. Do not with - hold Thy mer - cy and Thy grace; Pre - serve me
6. Oh, be Thou pleased, LORD, to de - liv - er me! O LORD, come
7. May those who seek Thee in Thy love re - joice And may they

pit He lift - ed me, From clay and mire He set me free:
turn to men of pride, To those who in false gods con - fide,
me an o - pen ear. Then I said, “Lo, I now ap - pear;
truth Thou hast re - vealed; My lips, O LORD, I have not sealed;
by Thy stead - fast love And let Thy truth, shown from a - bove,
to my help, make haste! Let those be strick - en and dis - graced
all be glad in Thee. Yes, may they say con - tin - ual - ly,

The LORD bent down to me; my cry He heard. Up - on a
But clings to Him, our God so great and just. Thy might - y
To do Thy will, O God, is my de - sire. Take Thou my
My heart did not con - ceal Thy right - eous - ness. For ev - ’ry -
Up - hold me ev - er, LORD, be - fore Thy face. For e - vils
Who seek my life and have for - got - ten Thee. Let those, dis -
“Great is the LORD,” praise Him with heart and voice. I may be

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972; rev. © APRÈS AVOIR CONSTAMMENT [GENEVAN 40]

10 8. 8 10. 7 7 6. 6 6 6.
A new song to His laud. Now man-y shall come near
Thou, LORD, hast mul-ti-plied. None can with Thee com-pare,
'Tis writ-ten in its roll. Thy will is my de-light;
Of bless-ings from a bove. The great as-sem-bly heard
Till I no more can see. My sins, I do con-fess,
May they for-saken be Be-cause of their own shame.
The LORD takes thought for me. Thou art my help and stay;

To see it and to fear, And put their trust in God.
Nor all Thy works de-clare, Nor count them, though he tried.
I cher-ish day and night Thy law in heart and soul."
Of Thy trust-worth-y Word And of Thy stead-fast love.
Are al-most num-ber-less; My heart is fail-ing me.
Dis-hon-or Thou the name Of those who jeer at me!
My God, do not de-lay. I put my trust in Thee!
1. How blest is he who will regard the poor: He shall forever stand.

2. I said, “O LORD, be gracious unto me, Heal me, my sins are great.”

3. My enemies, with hat-red fierce and grim, All whisper in disdain,

4. But Thou, O LORD, be gracious unto me; Let me their ill re-quit.

In troubled days the LORD makes him endure: Blest is he in the land.

In mal-ice speak my enemies of me, And for my death they wait.

“A dead-ly thing has got-ten hold of him, He will not rise a-gain.”

By this I know that Thou art pleased with me: My foes are put to flight.

His enemies demand his life in vain, Though he be near death’s door.

My visi-tor says emp-ty words and he With mis-chief fills his heart.

See how my bosom friend, whom I did trust, With whom I shared my bread,

For-ev-er in Thy pre-sence I shall dwell, Up-held by Thee a-gain.

The LORD sustains him on his bed of pain: His health Thou shalt re-store.

When he goes out, he tells it all a-broad, Re-joic-ing when I smart.

Has turned a-gainst me, show-ing his dis-gust, And slan’drous tales has spread.

Blest be the LORD, the God of Is-ra-el, From age to age! A-men.
As the Hart, about to Falter

Based on Psalm 42:1–5

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©

AISNI QU'ON OIT LE CERF [GENEVAN 42]
8.7.8.7.7.8.8.
Cont’d →

1. As the hart, about to fal-ter, In its trem-bling ag-o-ny,

2. Bit-ter tears of la-men-ta-tion Are my food by night and day,

3. O my soul, why are you griev-ing, Why dis-qui-et-ed in me?

Longs for flow-ing streams of wa-ter, So, O God, I long for Thee.

In my deep hu-mil-i-a-tion “Where is now your God?” they say.

Hope in God, your faith re-treiv-ing: He will still your ref-uge be.

Yes, a-thirst for Thee I cry; God of life, oh, when shall I

Oh, my soul’s poured out in me, When I bring to mem-o-ry

I a-gain shall laud His grace For the com-fort of His face:

Come a-gain to stand be-fore Thee In Thy tem-ple and a-dore Thee?

How the throngs I would as-semble, Shout-ing prais-es in Thy tem-ple.

He will show His help and fa-vor, For He is my God and Sav-i-or.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©
4. From the land beyond the Jordan, With my soul cast down in me,
5. But the LORD will send salvation, And by day His love pro-vide.
6. I will say to God, my for-tress, “Why hast Thou for-gotten me?
7. O my soul, why are you griev-ing, Why dis-qui-et-ed in me?

From Mount Mer-mon and Mount Her-mon I will yet re-mem-ber Thee.
He shall be my ex-ul-ta-tion, And my song at e-ven-tide.
Why must I pro-ceed in sad-ness, Hound-ed by the en-e-my?”
Hope in God, your faith re-tie-ving: He will still your ref-uge be.

As the wa-ters plunge and leap, Deep re-choes un-to deep;
On His praise ev’n in the night I will pon-der with de-light,
Their re-bukes and scoff-ing words Pierce my bones like point-ed swords,
I a-gain shall laud His grace For the com-fort of His face:

As the Hart, about to Falter
Cont’d, Psalm 42:6–11

All Thy waves and bil-lows roar-ing, O’er my trou-bled soul are pour-ing,
And in pray’r, trans-scend-ing dis-tance, Seek the God of my ex-is-ten-ce.
As they say with proud de-fi-ance, “Where is God, your firm re-li-ance?”
He will show His help and fa-vor, For He is my God and Sav-ior.
O Judge Me, God of My Salvation

Based on Psalm 43

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. O judge me, God of my salvation,
Plead Thou my cause, defend me
against a cruel, ungodly nation;
From a deceitful generation
That I may honor Thee.

2. Thou art my stronghold from oppression,
Oh, why then hast Thou cast me off?
Why let my foes with their aggression
Cause me such mourning and depression
See how they gather round to scoff.

3. Send forth, O Lord of my salvation,
Thy light and truth to be my guide;
Oh, let their rays, in my oppression
Lead me unto Thy habitation,
Where 'neath Thy wings I'll be supplied
With grace Thou wilt provide.

4. Then, at Thy sacred altar bending,
My heart to press with anxious care?
Hope yet in God, His Word flowing,
Thy courts resound; while psalms, ascending
To God, my highest joy, bring praise
For all His won-drous ways.

5. My soul, why are you sad and grieving,
Why so oppressed with anxious care?
I'll raise. With harp and voice, in worship
For, light and joy from Him receiving,
I'll praise His name again and laud
My Help-er and my God.

REVENGE-MOY, PREN LA [GENEVAN 43]
989.986.
1. Our ears have heard it, God of glory; We mar-velled at our fa-thers’ sto-ry
2. But Thy right hand, Thy arm so might-y, The ra-diance of Thy face that bright-ly
3. I do not trust in bow or brav-ry, My sword will from de-feat not save me,
4. Yet Thou hast cast off and a-based us, In bat-tle have our foes dis-graced us.

Of all Thy deeds in days of old. Thou didst up-root the na-tions bold,
Shines on the race of Thy de-light. Thou art my King, my God, whose might
But Thou hast saved us from our foes, And them hast Thou be-set with woes.
We go to war, but with-out Thee, And from our foes we shrink and flee.

But Thy own peo-ple Thou didst plant And Thou didst make them thrive and flourish,
No foes of Ja-cob can op-pose. Thou art our God, Thou shalt not fail us;
Our boast was al-ways in our God, And we shall thank Thy name for-ev-er.
Our en-e-mies spoil us with mirth; Thou mad-est us like sheep for slaugh-ter,

For not their sword did win the land, Nor did their arm make them vic-to-ri-ous;
Through Thee we o-ver-whelm our foes And tram-ple down all who as-sail us.
Thy faith-ful love our songs will laud: Thy cov’nant stands and fal-ters nev-er.
And hast dis-persed us o’er the earth. O LORD, we are poured out like wa-ter.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1967 ©
Our Ears Have Heard It, God of Glory
Cont’d, Psalm 44:12–26

5. O LORD, Thou dost no more up-hold us, And for a tri-fe Thou hast sold us,
6. O LORD, why are we thus for-sak-en? When shalt Thou to my help a-wak-en?
7. All this re-vil-ing LORD, be-fell us, Though in Thy ser-vise we were zeal-ous.
8. Had we the name of God neg-lec-ted And i-dols of strange gods e-rec-ted,
9. Why dost Thou sleep and hear us nev-er? A- wake! Re-ject us not for-ev-er!

Thou mad-est us our neigh-bors’ taunt, Who us with scorn and mock’ry haunt.
For all day long I know dis-grace, And shame has cov-ered, LORD, my face.
True to Thy cov-e-nant are we And we have not for-got-ten Thee.
God would have seen it long a-go. There are no thoughts He does not know.
LORD, rouse Thy-self, hide not Thy face. Hast Thou for-got-ten our dis-grace?

O God, we are in this our fall A by-word now a-mong the na-tions,
By day and night I have to hear The voice of taunt-er and of scoff-er;
Our heart turned not from Thy con-mand, Our steps did from Thy ways not wan-der.
O LORD, for Thy sake we are slain; We are like sheep, pre-pared for slaugh-ter,
Our soul is bowed down to the dust; We lie a-based; why dost Thou break us?

The laugh-ing-stock of peo-ple all, A shame a-mong our gen-er-a-tions.
My foe and my a-ven-ger sneer And scorn and in-sult do they of-fer.
But Thou hast crushed us by Thy hand And cov-ered us with gloom and slam-der.
And all day long we call in vain; Thy ha-ter’s ras-sis Zi-on’s daugh-ter!
Rise up and help! In Thee we trust; Let not Thy stead-fast love for-sake us.
1. With noble themes my heart and mouth are ringing,
2. O mighty one, our hero and defend er,
3. Your throne is like God’s throne; it stands forever,
4. The queen, arrayed in Ophir’s gold, is seated
5. In the king’s palace honor shall await her,
6. You shall have sons, O king, and you shall call them

And to the honor of the king I’m singing.
Gird on your sword, ride forth in pomp and splendor
Your sceptre is a righteous sceptre ever.
At your right hand, by noble women greeted.
The daughter of a king; her maids arrayed her
In place of their forefathers to install them

Into a hymn of praise my thoughts are strung,
To execute true sentence and to speak
You love the right and hate all wickedness.
O daughter, hear the words my mouth avows:
In cloth of gold and rich embroidery
To hand to them your sceptre’s might and worth

And nimble as a scribe’s pen is my tongue.
Just judgment, shielding all the poor and weak.
Hence God, your God, with oil of happiness
For get your people and your father’s house;
To meet the king in glorious pageantry;
To make them rulers over all the earth.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©
In beauty you surpass all men around you;
Let your right hand teach you dread deeds of power;
Has you above all other kings anointed,
So will the king desire your beauty's splendor.
And greeted with the noise of great rejoicing,
Your name I will make known among the nations.

With glory, O our king, the Lord has crowned you.
Sharp are your arrows, humbled nations cower.
Myrrh and sweet spices for your robes appointed.
He is your lord, to him your homage rendering.
Her train of virgins joy and gladness voicing.
And celebrated in all generations;

Your lips are graced, your wisdom we adore;
Be beneath your feet; they fear your terror's sway,
Hear! From a palace walled in ivory.
The men of Tyre, your favor coveting.
As they are entering the palace gate,
They will remember you and sing your praise.

So you are blest by God forever more.
The courage of the king's foes melts away.
Stringed instruments greet you with melody.
Shall with the richest men gifts to you bring.
Her escort leads her to the king in state.
For ever and ever, all their days.

85
God Is Our Refuge; He Will Shield Us
Based on Psalm 46

1. God is our refuge; He will shield us and to our foes He will not yield us.
2. There is a river which is bringing To God's own city joy and singing,
3. The nations rage, the kingdoms tremble, The heathen who for war as sensible.
4. Come, see the works which all around us The Lord has done and which astound us;
5. “Be still and know, all you who abide Me, That I am God, and none beside Me.

He is our strength, in troubles nigh; Our help is He, the Lord Most High.
The holy house of God Most High Is in her midst; He hears her cry.
When God but speaks, gone is their worth; His fearful anger melts the earth.
The devotions He has wrought, The victories His arm has brought.
I am exalted, and My might Makes haughty nations flee in fright.

The earth may shake in great commotion, The mountains plunge into the ocean,
In her the Lord His place has taken; Therefore she never will be shaken.
By might ye enemies as saulted, We trust in Him, so high exalted.
The bows He breaks, the spear He shatters; Their shields on fire, our foes are scattered.
In all the earth I am exalted; By Me your enemies are halted!

The seas may roar and rock the hills, The Lord is near; our fears He stills.
At early dawn her God will hear And to her help He will appear.
The Lord of hosts is on our side: With Jacob's God we safely hide.
The proudest kings He over-turns; With fire He all their chariots burns.
The Lord of hosts is on our side: With Jacob's God we safely hide.

Music: Geneva Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1961 ©

DE'S QU'ADVERSITÉ [GENEVA 46] 9 9 8 8 9 9 8 8.

86
Praise the LORD, Ye Lands!

Based on Psalm 47

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1931 ©

1. Praise the LORD, ye lands! Na-tions clap your hands, Shout a-loud to God,
2. God has gone on high with a joy-ful cry; Hosts with trum-pet sound
3. Praise His ma-jes-ty un-der-stand-ing-ly; God is King a-lone

spread His fame a-broad. Praise Him loud and long with a tri-umph song;
makes His praise a-bound. Sing ye praise to God, tell His fame a-broad,
on His ho-ly throne, Is-sues His com-mands to all hea-then lands.

Bow as ye draw nigh, for the LORD Most High, Ter-ri-ble is He
Take a psalm and shout, let His praise ring out, Lift your voice and sing
Lo, their prin-ces all ga-ther at His call: His thershields of earth,

in His dig-ni-ty; And His king-dom’s girth cir-cles all the earth.
glo-ry to our King: He is Lord of earth, mag-ni-fy His worth.
His the pow’r, theworth; He, the God on high, is our Help-er nigh.

Great Is the LORD! Him Greatly Laud

Based on Psalm 48

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. Great is the LORD! Him greatly laud
2. Like lions, sharplying their claws,
3. As we have heard, so have we seen
4. Thy right hand holds the victory;

With in the city
Her mighty foes
Here in the city
Let Zion’s mount

... made common cause. To Him your thankful praises render.
but when those kings her walls surround ed
be glad in Thee! Let Judah’s daughters with rejoicing

His holy mountain soars in splendor. Joy and pride of all the earth,
They stood aghast and were as-stunned ed.
The LORD of hosts for sakes it never.
In Thy temple we have thought

Thy judgments and Thy truth be voicing. Walk around her citadels,

She proclaims her Maker’s worth. In the north the city towers;
They in panic took to flight, And the pain that made them trem ble
On the peace Thy hand has brought, And Thy steadfast love we ponder.
Count her towers and cren elles, See her walls, her strong foun dations,
There the great King shows His powers. He, her sure defence,
Throes of travail did resemble. Ships of Tarshish Thou
As Thy name, O God of wonder, So Thy praise, Thy ex-
Tell the coming generations: This is God, who leaves

will ever Be her strength, forsake her never.
hast scattered: By the east wind they were shattered.
alteration, Reach es earth’s remotest nation.
us never; He will be our Guide for ever.

Be
Come, Hear My Words, You Peoples Everywhere

Based on Psalm 49

1. Come, hear my words, you people everywhere, And be attentive.
2. In evil days why should my courage fail, Though wick-ed men a-
3. He surely sees that even wise men die, That fool-ish men can-
4. Such is the fate of proud and fool-ish men, The end of those who
5. When any man grows rich, be not afraid, Nor let his glory

to what I declare. All you who dwell through-out the earth, draw near;
gainst me may pre-vail not death's pow'r defy. Those who in their pos-sess-ions place their trust,
render you dis-mayed. In to Sheol like sheep they head-long run;

Let high and low, and rich and poor, give ear. My mouth to you great
Who with their own great rich-es are im-pressed? None for his brother's
Their dwell-ing for all ages yet to come. Al-thought to great e-
Their shepherd, Death, stands by to urge them on. They all go down di-

wis-dom will im-part, For thought-ful and discern-ing is my heart.
life can pay the price, Nor give to God a ran-som to suf-fer.
states they give their name, They leave their wealth for o-ther men to claim.
rect-ly to the grave; From death's corrup-tion no one them can save.
joy the praise of men, He will not see the light of life a-gain.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

PEUPLES OYEZ ET L'AUREILLE [GENEVAN 49]
10 10. 10 10. 10 10. 11 11.
My ear now to a par-a-ble in-clin-ing,
From death's de-cay man's wealth can save him nev-er,
For man, de-spite the rich-es he may cher-ish,
But God will pay my ran-som and not leave me,
For man, de-spite the rich-es he may cher-ish,

I with the harp will show my rid-dle's mean-ing.
And it will not let him live on for-ev-er.
Can-not a-bide but, like the beasts, will per-ish.
For He in-to His glo-ry will re-ceive me.
Can-not a-bide but, like the beasts, will per-ish.
The Mighty One, the LORD, Proclaims His Word

Based on Psalm 50:1–11

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©
The Mighty One, the LORD, Proclaims His Word
Cont'd, Psalm 50:12–23

6. “If I were hun - gry, why should you be told? Mine are the earth, the
7. “Bring God your sac - ri - fi - ces in His house, And pay to Him, the
8. God says to those who hold Him not in awe: “What right have you still
9. “You meet a thief and choose him for your friend, And with a - dul - ter-
10. “These things you’ve done, and when I yet kept still You thought I was like
11. “Blest is the man whom sin can - not en - tice, Who brings thanks-giv-ing

sea, and all they hold. Shall I then eat your herds, your cat-tle’s flesh,
LORD Most High, your vows. If days of trou - ble or dis-tress come near;
to re - cite My law, The words which you a - bout My cov - nant say,
ers your days you spend. You give your mouth free rein for wick - ed - ness,
you, in love with ill, But now I will re-buke you to your face,
as his sac - ri - fice Un - to My house, that I his faith may see.

Or drink the blood of goats which you pos - sess? Am I a man to ask
Then call on Me, for all your pray’rs I’ll hear And will de - liv - er you,
You wick - ed men, who throw My words a - way? When I re - buke you and
Your tongue is ea - ger slan - der to pro - fess. You sit and speak but ill
And you will feel the sting of My dis-grace. Markthis, you who for - get
That man is right-eous, thus he hon - ors Me; To him who shuns the wrong

your bread and wa - ter? Must I be nour-ished with the beasts you slaugh-ter?
My hand will save you, And you shall praise Me for the help I gave you.”
of sin re - mind you, Then you cast all My warn-ing words be - hind you.
a - gainst your broth - er, And you ma - lign the son of your own moth - er.
all that God gave you, Or I will rend you, and no one will save you.
ways of temp - ta - tion, That up-right man I will show God’s sal - va - tion!”

93
God, Hear My Plea, Be Merciful

Based on Psalm 51

1. God, hear my plea, be merciful to me;
2. All my transgressions do I know with in,
3. Behold, I was in sinfulness conceived,
4. O God, hide Thou Thy face from all my sins,
5. Then to transgressors I will teach Thy ways,
6. Thou, LORD, in sacrifice hast no delight;
7. O God, behold Thy city from above;

Treat me according to Thy lovingkindness.
And all my sin is constantly before me.
And iniquity my mother bore me.
Blot out all my iniquities that grieve Thee.
If I should with oblations try to please Thee,
Make Zion prosper, LORD, in Thy good pleasure.

Blot out my misdeeds, done in sinful blindness,
Let Thy abundant mercy then restore me;
Thou dost desire that I should walk before Thee
Create in me a clean heart; do not leave me.
O LORD, me from blood-guiltiness deliver,
With my burnt offerings seeking to appease Thee,
Safe-guard Jerusalem, Thy pride and treasure,

So that again Thy mercy I may see.
Against Thee, LORD, Thee only, did I sin.
And in my most heart Thy truth receive.
Renew my spirit, make it strong again.
That I may sing aloud unto Thy praise.
Then I would find no favor in Thy sight.
And build its walls in Thy unfailing love.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

MISERICORDE AU POVRE [GENEVAN 51]

10 11. 11 10. 10 11. 10 11.
All my of - fences in Thy grace for - give,  
I have com - mit - ted e - vil in Thy sight;  
Purge me with hys - sop;  clean shall I then be;  
Oh, from Thy pre - sen - ce cast me not a - way;  
Then un - to Thee shall I my tri - bute bring,  
One gift a - lone is plea - sing in God's eyes:  
Then of - f'ring will find fa - vor in Thy sight;  

And wash a - way the guilt of my trans - gres - sion,  
I know that Thou art right - eous in Thy deal - ings.  
Wash me to white - ness snow can nev - er cap - ture.  
Let nought me from Thy Ho - ly Spir - it sev - er.  
O  God of my sal - va - tion,  my De - liv - 'rer.  
The con - trite heart of one who has re - pent - ed.  
Thou wilt be pleased with sac - ri - fi - ces prof - ered.  

That I may free from taint of e - vil live;  
Thy sen - tence, LORD, is whol - ly just - i - fied,  
Grant joy and glad - ness so that un - to Thee  
Let joy of Thy sal - va - tion with me stay,  
Lord, o - pen Thou my lips, and I shall sing  
A bro - ken spir - it Thou wilt not de - spise  
In whole burnt of - frings Thou wilt then de - light;  

LORD, from my sin cleanse me in Thy com - pas - sion.  
Thy judg - ment blame - less, right - eous - ness re - veal - ing.  
Bones Thou hast brok - en shout a - gain with rap - ture.  
Up - hold me with a will - ing spir - it e - ver.  
My songs of praise to Thee, sal - va - tion's Giv - er.  
When as a sac - ri - fice to Thee pre - sent - ed.  
Then on Thy al - tar bul - locks will be of - fered.
Why Boast Evil, O Man So Mighty?

Based on Psalm 52

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1554; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

1. Why boast evil, O man so mighty? God’s goodness is for aye.
2. For you love evil more than merit, And lies more than the truth.
3. But God will break you down forever, And tear you from your tent.
4. The just shall see it and respect it, And they shall laugh and say,
5. But like an olive tree I’m growing, Safe in God’s house and care.
6. For ever I will thank and praise Thee; It is Thy doing, LORD.

For all day long you plan to blight me While feigning righteousness.
Sweet sounds your voice to all who hear it, But though your tongue is smooth,
He will uproot all your endeavor; Your cloak of lies He’ll rend.
"So this is he who has rejected God as his strength and stay.
His steadfast love He is bestowing On all who sojourn there.
Up on a rock Thy hand has raised me; Thy glory I record.

Your treach’rous tongue is razor-sharp; The truth you twist and warp.
You love those words that will destroy, And falsehood is your joy.
Alive He’ll snatch you from the land For all the ill you planned.
In vain he sought in lust a hold And trusted in his gold!"
I trust in Him forevermore; His greatness I adore.
Among the godly I’ll proclaim: Good is Thy wondrous name!
The Fool Says in His Heart, “There Is No God.”
Based on Psalm 53

1. The fool says in his heart, “There is no God.”
2. The LORD looks down from Heaven’s holy throne
3. Will evil doers never understand?
4. See how they trembled, overwhelmed with fear;
5. O Israel, you people of God’s choice,

They are corrupt, their horrid deeds they cherish;
To see if there are any that act wisely.
As though they ate their bread, so those who hate Thee.
They panicked and their terror was unbound.
That out of Zion might come your salvation!

Not one of them does good, and just men perish.
O God, not one seeks Thee; they all despise Thee.
Eat up my helpless people, who await Thee.
Their bones God scattered; they were left confounded,
When from their bondage God shall free His nation,

None calls up on the LORD, none sings His laud
Or fears His rod.
See how the sons of men, to evil prone, Thy law disown.
They do not pray, but evil they have planned
Through-out the land.
For He despised them. When they boast and jeer, The LORD does hear.
Let Jacob sing and Israel rejoice
With happy voice.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
O God, Save Thou Me by Thy Name

Based on Psalm 54

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William W. J. VanOene, 1972 ©

O DIEU TOUT-PUISSANT [GENEVAN 54]
8 9 9 8. 8 9 9 8.

1. O God, save Thou me by Thy name, And by Thy pow-er vin-di-cate me.
2. Be-hold, God is my Help-er strong, He will sus-tain my life and hear me.
3. To Thee an of-f'ring I will bring, A free-will sac-ra-fice to laud Thee;

I am be-set by those who hate me; Hear Thou my pray'r: Thy help I claim.
And will not let their sword come near me; But will, in grace, my days pro-long.
With songs of joy I will ap-plaud Thee; Thy name is good: to Thee I sing.

A-against me haugh-ty men did rise And ruth-less foes con-trive to slay me:
Up-on my foes will soon de-scend The evil which God will re-pay them.
For my De-liv'-rer Thou hast been From all the trou-ble round a-bout me.

Be Thou my help to save and stay me; All fear of God those foes de-spise.
LORD, in Thy faith-ful-ness do slay them; Let all their schemes come to an end.
And from my foes who hunt and flout me: Tri-um-phant-ly their fall I've seen.
Give Ear and Listen to My Pleading

Based on Psalm 55:1–8

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

EXAUCE, O MON DIEU [GENEVAN 55]

Cont’d ➞
5. Destroy their plans; LORD, show no pity; Confuse their tongues,
6. It is no foe who comes with taunting, For then I could
7. No, it is you who have betrayed me And who with ill
8. Let death strike them till they have perished, Those whom I as

for in the city I notice violence and oppression.
en endure his flaunting. It is not that an adversary
for good repaid me, My friend in whom I once confided,
my equals cherished; Let them be caught in their own error;

Both day and night their vice abounds When on the walls
Treats me with insolence and pride, For then from him
With whom I kept sweet company And walked to God’s
Let them who now against me strive Go down into

they make their rounds. The market place teems with transgression.
I still could hide And I would be on guard and wary.
house pleasant ly, But who now with my foes has sid ed.
She ol alive, Descend into their graves in terror.
9. I cry to God; the LORD will save me. I trust the pro-
10. He saves me, though my foes are rag-
ing, Out of the bat-
11. My friend ap-
12. Cast on the LORD the cares that grieve you; He takes your bur-
13. But Thou, O God, wilt vin-

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He, high en-

Yet war was in his heart and mind; His words were swords,

The li-

The men of blood and treach-

me as I groan, When tra-

though soft and kind; It was all feigned what he did ut-

will not per-

out half their days. I trust in Thee, Thy Word I cher-

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10. He saves me, though my foes are rag-
ing, Out of the bat-
11. My friend ap-
12. Cast on the LORD the cares that grieve you; He takes your bur-
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will not per-

out half their days. I trust in Thee, Thy Word I cher-

Give Ear and Listen to My Pleading
Cont'd, Psalm 55:16–23
Be Gracious, O My God, to Whom I Flee
Based on Psalm 56

1. Be gra-cious, O my God, to whom I flee. I am op-pressed,
   strong is my en-e-my, And all day long as-sail-ants har-ass me;
   They fight a-gainst me proud-ly. When I’m a-fraid, when fears of
   death en-shroud me, I trust in God, who nev-er dis-a-vowed me;

2. They seek to harm my just cause all day long, And in their thoughts
   in-tend to do me wrong. They band to-geth-er in an e-vil throng;
   They watch my steps and hound me. As they have wait-ed for my
   life and bound me, So re-com-pense those foe-men who sur-round me;

3. My woes and wan-d’rings Thou dost count and see; Put Thou my tears,
   O God to whom I flee, In - to Thy bot-tle and re-mem-ber me
   When foes op-press and grieve me. Are all my ills, the sor-rows
   that be-reave me, Not in Thy book and shalt Thou not re-lieve me?

4. For this I know, that God is at my side. In Him, whose Word
   I praise, I do con-fide; He heard my voice when in my fears I cried.
   The LORD is my De-fend-er. In God I trust, to Him my
   praise I ren-der. I do not fear, I trust His mer-cies ten-der.

5. I must per-form to Thee, O God, my vow; Be - fore Thy throne
   with grate-ful gifts I bow, Thank-of-fer-rings I bring and I a-vow
   That Thou from death didst save me, For in the book of life Thou
   didst en-grave me. Thou hast up-held me, foes could not en-slave me,

Music: Geneva Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©
MISERICORDE A MOY POVRE [GENEVAN 56]
10 10 10. 7. 11 11 11. 6.
102
His Word I praise, He has with grace endow'd me. What can flesh do to me?
In wrath cast down the peoples who con-found me, O God, my Help-er strong.
My en-e-mies are put to flight and leave me The day I cry to Thee.
My foes shall flee when He ap-pears in splen-dor. Why fear then hu-man pride?
So that I in the light of life God gave me May walk be-fore Him now.
Be Merciful, Be Merciful to Me
Based on Psalm 57

1. Be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful to me, O God, for I
2. He’ll send from Heav’n and save me as be - fore, Frus - trat - ing those
3. O God, ex - alt Thy - self a - bove the skies! Let o - ver all
4. See how my heart is stead-fast, O my God; I’ll make a mel - 
5. A - mong the na - tions I will sing Thy praise And give Thee thanks,

my ref - uge take in Thee. Be - neth Thy might - y wings I’ll seek
who hound me ev - er - more. His stead-fast love will com - fort me
the earth Thy glo - ry rise! My soul was grieved: wher - e’er my way
o - dy un - to Thy laud. A - wake, O harp and lyre! A - wake,
for won - drous are Thy ways. Un - to the clouds ex - tens Thy love

pro - tec - tion Un - til the storms pass by. To God I flee:
in sor - rows Though I lie down a - mid the li - ons’ roar,
I wend - ed They set a snare, but to their great sur - prise
my spir - it! I’ll rise at dawn Thy mer - cy to ap - plaud,
un - fail - ing; Thy faith - ful - ness out - dis - tan - ces our gaze.

To God Most High who charts my life’s di - rec - tion.
Mid en - e - mies with teeth like spears and ar - rows.
They fell in - to the pit for me in - tend - ed.
To sing Thy praise that all man - kind may hear it.
Shine forth Thy glo - ry, ev - ry - where pre - vail - ing!

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1554; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

AYE PITÉ, AYE PITIÉ [GENEVAN 57]
10 10 11. 10 11.

104
Do You Indeed, You Men So Mighty

Based on Psalm 58

1. Do you indeed, you men so mighty, De-cree, with jus-
tice, what is right? Are all your ver-dicts truth and light,
And do you judge all men up-right-ly? No, in your hearts
you wrongs de-vise: You deal out vi-o-lence and lies.

2. Right from their birth the wick-ed wan-der, And from the womb
they go a-stray; De-ceit and false-hood mark their way.
Like ser-pent’s ven-om is their slaん-ders; They’re deaf like snakes
that stop the ear Lest they the charm-er’s voice should hear.

3. God, break the teeth of those that slaugh-ter; Re-pay them with
to slime and die; As to un-time-ly births, de-ny
His ven-geance shows; They’ll bathe their feet in blood of foes,
Oh, let them van-ish like the wa-ters That o-ver rocks
To them the gift of sun-light’s splen-dor. Let them like thorns
and gra-vel pass; Cause them to with-er as the grass.
be swept a-way; De-stroy them, LORD, with-out de-lay.
and reward will see: There is a God of equ-ui-ty.”

4. Let them to ru-in be sur-ren-dered Like snails that turn
their vic-tims’ pangs; Tear out their sav-age li-on fangs.
His ven-geance shows; They’ll bathe their feet in blood of foes,
And do you judge all men up-right-ly? No, in your hearts
And men will say, their glad-ness voic-ing, “The right-eous their

5. Then will the right-eous with re-joic-ing Look on when God
men wick-ed birth. As God, they will have
His ven-geance shows; They’ll bathe their feet in blood of foes,
The right-eous Their right-ous lives.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

ENTRE VOUS CONSEILLERS [GENEVAN 58]
9 9 8, 9 9 8.

105
Deliver Me, O God, I Pray Thee

Based on Psalm 59:1–10

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

1. De - liv - er me, O God, I pray Thee, From ruth - less foes
2. A - rouse Thy - self and come to save me, LORD God of hosts,
3. Like packs of sav - age dogs that howl - ing Through all the cit -
4. But Thou, O LORD, dost laugh; Thy pow - er De - rides the na -

who seek to slay me; Pro - tect me, res - cue me a - gain,
lest they en - slave me, For Thou art God of Is - ra - el,
y's streets are prowling, My en - emies each night return,
tions till they cow - er. My Strength, I will sing praise to Thee,

And save me from blood-thirst - y men. They lie in wait and will not spare me;
Our strong - hold and our cit - a - del. A - wake to pun - ish all the na -
And for my life they lust and yearn. Lo, there they are, their mouths are growling,
My Fort - ress, to Thy strength I flee. My God in stead - fast love will meet me,

Fierce men are plot - ting to en - snare me. For no tres - pass
That taunt Thee with their pro - vo - ca - tions; Spare none of those
Their lips shriek hate, their mien is scowling, For, “Who,” they think,
And with His help and mer - cies greet me. In tri - umph He

of mine, or fault, They run to plan their dark as - sault.
who treach - erous - ly Plot e - vil and in - qu - i - ty.
“will hear and stay Our hands stretched out to seize our prey?”
will let me see The down - fall of my en - e - my.

MON DIEU, L'ENNEMI [GENEVAN 59]

9 9. 8 8. 9 9. 8 8.
Deliver Me, O God, I Pray Thee
Cont'd, Psalm 59:11–17

5. Slay them not yet, lest those who hear me, My peo - ple, should
6. For all their lies, their e - vil curs - ing, And for the ha -
7. Each eve - ning they, like dogs that howl - ing Through street and mar -
8. But I will sing, my ha - ters scorn - ing, Thy stead - fast mer -

for - get to fear Thee, O God of pow'r and great re - nown,
tred they are nurs - ing, O God, con - sume them, I im - plore,
ket - place are prowling, Re - turn and look a - bout for prey,
cies in the morn - ing, A fort -ress hast Thou been to me.

Cause them to tot -ter; bring them down. Let them be hum -bled and be bro -ken
Con -sume them till they are no more. Show them Thy an - ger, let them cow -er
And ev -ry - where they seek and stray. They roam for food a -bout the ci - ty;
My Re - fuge, to Thy rock I flee When -e'er my hat -ers' an -ger blazes.

For all the sins their mouths have spo -ken. O LORD, our Shield,
Before Thy great and right - eous pow - er, That men may know
Their rav'rous hun -ger knows no pi -ty. They bark and bel -
My Strength, to Thee I will sing prai -ses, For God has heard

with whom we hide, Let them be trapped in their own pride!
that God does reign O'er Ja - cob and all earth's do - main.
low, loud and shrill, And growl un - less they get their fill.
me from a - bove, The God who shows me stead - fast love.
Thou Hast Rejected Us, O God
Based on Psalm 60

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1972 ©

1. Thou hast re-ject-ed us, O God, And scat-tered our de-fence a-broad;
2. Af-flic-ted with ad-ver-si-ty, We turn a-gain, O God, to Thee.
3. The LORD spoke in His ho-li-ness And gave these stead-fast pro-mis-es:
4. Who will to me the strong-hold show And help me in- to E-dom go?

Thou hast to us Thy an-ger shown. Oh, now re-store us as Thy own.
Thou gav-est us a cup of wrath That sent us reel-ing on our path.
"Shech-em and Suc-coth I'll sub-due, Mo-ab and E-dom con-quер too.
Are we cast off be-cause of sin? When wilt Thou lead our host a-gain?

The earth was rent, the ground did shake, For Thou didst cause the land to quake.
Yet Thou didst raise a ban-ner high For those who on Thy help re-ly.
Ma-nas-sel's tribe be-long's to me, While Eph-raim shall my hel-met be,
LORD, guide us as none oth-er can, For worth-less is the aid of man.

God, put an end to trib-u-la-tion; De-liv-er us, Thy ho-ly na-tion.
And Ju-dah is my sce-ptre glor-i-ous; In Pal-e-stine I'll be vic-tor-i-ous.
With God we'll rise to bold en-deav-or, For He will crush our foes for-ev-er.

O DIEU, QUI NOUS [GENEVA60]
8 8. 8 8. 8 8. 9 9.
Listen to My Cry and Hear Me
Based on Psalm 61

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1967 ©

1. Listen to my cry and hear me, Be Thou near me;
2. Lead Thou me, for I abide Thee; Come and guide me;
3. Keep me in Thy tent forever! Leave me never!
4. Thou hast heard all that I vowed Thee And endowed me
5. May the king’s life, by Thee strength-ened, Lord, be length-ened;
6. Be, O God of truth and splendor, His Defender;

O my God, heed Thou my plaint; From the ends of earth I
to the rock for me too high; Thou my refuge, great in
Of Thy faithfulness I sing. Oh, to be where Thou me
With the heritage of those Who reverence Thy name and
Of his reign no end be known. Bless, O God, all his en-
Make Thy steadfast love his stay! So will I, Thy name pro-
call Thee; Woes befall me, And my heart is weak and faint.
power, Art my tower When the enemy is nigh.
shielded, Where Thou yieldest Me the shelter of Thy wings!
glory And be fore Thee In Thy steadfast love repose.
deavor; May he ever Sit before Thee on his throne.
fores, For Thy blessing Pay my vows day after day.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1967 ©

ENTENS À CE QUE JE CRIE [GENEVAN 61] 8 4 7. 8 4 7.

109
In God Alone My Soul Finds Rest

Based on Psalm 62

1. In God a - lone my soul finds rest, For in His faith - ful - ness I trust; From Him, my God, comes my sal - va - tion.
2. How long will you, my hat - ers all, As though I were a lean - ing wall, A tot - 'ring fence, be - set and press me?
3. In si - lence will you bide I God a - lone And He shall hear me from His throne; He is my hope and my sal - va - tion.
4. On God rests my de - liv - er - ance, For He my hon - or will en - hance. He is my might - y rock, my Sav - ior.
5. Mere breath are men of low es - tate, And a de - lu - sion are the great; They rise when in the scales you weigh them;
6. Do in op - pres - sion not con - fide; In sto - len goods do not take pride; Set no vain hopes on theft and plun - der.
7. God once has spo - ken, twice I’ve heard His sure and nev - er - shak - en Word: To God be - longs the pow’r and glo - ry,

He on - ly is my rock, my stay, My for - tress and They plan to thrust me down to earth; Their false - hood gives
He on - ly is my rock and stay, My for - tress and O peo - ple, trust this God of grace, Pour out your heart
To - geth - er light - er than a breath Are they, the prey Put not in grow - ing wealth your trust; The great - est rich -
And stead - fast love is Thine, O LORD, For Thou dost ev -

my help for aye, And none shall move my place and sta - tion. them joy and mirth. Their hearts curse, though their lips may bless me.
my help for aye, And none shall shake my place and sta - tion. be - fore His face And hope at all times for His fa - vor.
of doom and death. Their sud - den down - fall will dis - may them. es are but dust; Set not your heart on earth - ly splen - dor.
’try man re - ward Ac - cord - ing to his work be - fore Thee.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

MON AME EN DIEU [GENEVA 62]

889.889
Thou Art My God, I Seek Thy Face

Based on Psalm 63

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

O DIEU, JE N’AY DIEU [GENEVAN 63]
8 9. 9 8. 9 8. 8 9.
Heed My Complaint, O God, and Hear Me
Based on Psalm 64

1. Heed my complaint, O God, and hear me; REGARD my voice,
2. From wicked plots and scheming hide me, From those who whet
3. The wicked with their plots confound me, Hide me from their
4. The secret plans they hatch are clever; They talk of lay-
5. But God, my enemies pursuing, Shoots arrows from
6. Then all will see God's works and fear Him And shake their heads
7. LORD, let the righteous all adore Thee And take their re-

protect my life. I am beset by threats and strife.
their tongues like swords. Like deadly arrows are their words.
conspicuously. They shoot from am-bush sud-denly,
ing snares for me. And say, "Not one is there to see,"
which none can flee. They will be struck down sud-denly,
when He has brought. The works of e-evil men to nought.
fuge in Thy might. Thy vic-to-ry is their de-light.

Save me from those who do not fear Thee, And be Thou near me.
Hear how those nois-ey crowds de-ride me And taunt and chide me.
And without fear their mobs sur-round me To vex and hound me.
For cunningly de-vised as ev-er Is man's en-deavor.
And their own tongues, dis-as-ter woo-ing, Are their un-do-ing.
They join in praise with those who hear Him And who re-ver- e Him.
Let men of up-right heart now glo-ry In joy be-fore Thee.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
ENTEN À CE QUE JE VEUX [GENEVA 64]
9. 8 8. 8 5.
Forth from Thy Courts, Thy Sacred Dwelling
Based on Psalm 65

1. Forth from Thy courts, Thy sacred dwelling, In jubilant accord,
2. Our countless deeds and transgressions, Prevail from day to day;
3. There, in Thy holy habitation, Thou wilt Thy saints provide
4. Thou art the hope of distant nations; Thou hast by Thy great power
5. Thou to the earth dost show Thy favors, The bounty of Thy hand,
6. The year is crowned, O Fount of blessing, With gifts to cheer the land;

We hear sweet strains of praise swelling, O Israël's mighty Lord!
But Thou, O God, in great compassion, Wilt purge our guilt away.
With every blessing of salvation, Till all are saved and ried.
Set mountain peaks on firm foundations And stilled the sea's loud roar.
For Thou with water from Thy river Enrichest all the land.
Thy goodness fills the earth, expressing The wonders of Thy hand.

To God, who hears our supplication, We come to pay our vow;
Blest is the man whom Thou hast chosen, And bringest nigh to Thee,
By awesome deeds, so just and mighty, God saves us from all woe;
Those in far off lands are dwelling All tremble at the sight;
The fur-rows, softened by Thy showers, Are blest with springing grain.
The hills rejoicing; the pastures, teeming With flocks that skip and spring.

Soon men from every tribe and nation Before our God shall bow.
That in Thy courts, in Thee rejoicing, His dwelling place may be.
To those who walk with Him uprightly He will salvation show.
Both dawn and dusk, in praise exulting, With joy acclaim Thy might.
How great, O God, Thy love and pow'r Through-out Thy vast dominion.
The golden grain, in valleys gleaming: They shout for joy and sing.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Let All the Earth with Loud Rejoicing

Based on Psalm 66:1–10

1. Let all the earth with loud re-joic-ing, The great-ness of our God ac-claim,
2. “All peo-ples, bow-ing down be-fore Thee, Sing praises to Thy glo-rious name;
3. His strength to Is-ra-el re-ve-al-ing, He turned the sea in-to dry land,
4. Come, bless our God with joy-ful voic-es; All na-tions, let His praise re-sound,

With shouts of praise let all a-dore Him, Sing to the glo-ry of His name.
To Thee, O God, they all pay hom-age, With hymns of joy de-clo-re Thy fame.”
And they on foot passed through the riv-er; The wa-ters heed-ed His com-mand.
For He has kept our feet from stub-ling; In Him we have a re-fuge found.

Let all then say, “How awe-in-spir-ing Are all Thy works, how great Thy pow’r;
Oh, come and see with rev-’rent won-der The awesome deeds which God hath done,
We sang His praise, in Him re-joic-ing Who by His might rules with-out end;
 Thy peo-ple Thou, O God, hast test-ed As ore is in the fur-nace tried;

Be-fore Thy strength, O God al-might-y, Thy en-e-mies all cringe and cow’r.
His might-y works a-mong the na-tions, The vic-to ries His hand hath won.
His eyes keep watch on ev-’ry na-tion. Let reb-els not His pow’r with-stand.
We in the fire of Thy re-fin-ing Have been, like sil-ver, pur-i-fied.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©
Let All the Earth with Loud Rejoicing

Cont’d, Psalm 66:11–20

5. In - to the net Thou, God, hast brought us; Thou heav-y bur-dens didst im-pose.
6. Thy ho - ly tem - ple I shall en - ter And there my thanks to Thee ex - press.
7. Come and be to my words at - ten - tive, All you who the Al-might-y fear.
8. If I had cher - ished an - y e - vil, The LORD would not have heed-ed me.

Thou didst let man up - on us tram - ple; We have been hum - bled by our foes.
I shall ful - fill what I have prom - ised In days of trou - ble and dis - tress.
Let me de -.clare how He has helped me, How in my trou - ble He drew near.
I know that God in - deed has heard me; He has at - tend - ed to my plea.

We went through fire, we went through water, Yet Thou didst show Thy pow’r and grace.
Burnt sac - ri - fi - ces I shall of - fer, With choic - est fat -lings pay my vows.
I cried to God in my af - flic - tion, And He in mer - cy heard my voice;
For - ev - er blest be God, my Sav - ior, Who has not turned a - way my pray’r,

Thou hast de - liv - ered us, Thy peo - ple, And brought us to a spa - cious place.
With smoke of rams, with goats and bull - ocks I shall a - dore Thee in Thy house.
I sang His praise with ex - ul - ta - tion. In His com - pas - sion I re - joice.
Nor has with - held from me His mer - cy, His ne-ver - fail - ing love and care.
May God Be Merciful and Bless Us

Based on Psalm 67

1. May God be merciful and bless us, Il-lu-minate us
2. Let all the peoples come before Thee To sing their praises
3. O God, let every tribe and nation Shout forth Thy praises

with light divine; May He to us be ever gracious
es to Thy name; Let all the heathen tribes adore Thee
es far and wide. Let all men come with jubilation:

And cause His face on us to shine. May He to all nations
With joy Thy mighty deeds proclaim. Thou dost rule the nations,
The earth its harvest did provide. God is good and gracious;

Show His revelation And His way unfold. Great is God
Judge their proceedings, Showing equity. Justice Thou
Richly did He bless us: He, our God and King. Let all people

our Savior; Let all see His favor And His power behold.
providest; Thou all peoples guidest. Let them honor Thee.
ples fear Him, All the earth revere Him, Of His glory sing.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

DIEU NOUS SOIT DOUX [GENEVAN 67] 9 8 9 8 6 6 5 6 6 5.

116
God Shall Arise, and by His Might
Based on Psalm 68:1–16

1. God shall a-rise, and by His might Put all His en-e-mies to flight;
2. But let the just with joy-ful voice In God’s vic-tor-ious might re-joice;
3. The Fa-ther to the fa-ther-less, De-fense of wid-ows in dis-tress,
4. When through the de-sert’s sol-i-tude Thou to Thy peo-ple’s mul-titude
5. When God but speaks His might-y word, Great is the host whose shouts are heard:
6. O mount of Ba-shan, mas-sive height, Far high-er than all peaks in sight,

In con-quest shall He quell them. Let those who hate Him, scat-tered, flee
Let them ex-ult be-fore Him! O sing to God, His praise pro-claim
Is in His hab-i-ta-tion. He in the good-ness of His grace
Didst show a path to tra-vel, The rain poured down, the earth did quake,
“The kings have fled like cat-tle!” The wo-men who at home a-bide,
So great and el-e-vated! O you, whose tops are seen from far,

Be-fore His glo-rious maj-es-ty, For God Him-self shall fell them.
And raise a psalm un-to His name; In joy-ful songs a-dore Him.
Gives lone-ly ones a dwell-ing-place; He grants them con-so-la-tion.
Yes, e-ven Si-nat’s base did shake Be-fore the God of Is-rael.
Yes, e-ven they the spoil di-vide, Gained by their men in bat-tle.
Whose peaks so high and num-rous are, So glori-ous and e-lat-ed!

Just as the wind drives smoke a-way, So God will scat-ter the ar-ray
Lift up your voice and sing a-loud To Him who rides up-on the clouds
He leads the cap-tive out to see The joys of new-found lib-er-ty,
Rain in a-bun-dance Thou, O God, Up-on Thy host didst shed a-broad,
See here the wealth which they did bring: Now sil-ver decks a pi-geon’s wings
Why do you still with en-vy look At Zi-on’s mount, which God once took

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William W. J. VanOene, 1972 ©

QUE DIEU SE MONSTRE [GENEVEAN 68]
8 8 7. 8 8 7. 8 8 7. 8 8 7. 

Cont’d ➔
Of those who evil cherish. As wax that melts before the fire, High in the spacious heavens. The LORD, that is His glorious name. For bounteous is God's mercy. But who against Him dare rebel

Thy heritage reviving. Thy flock has found a dwelling there: And glistening gold its feathers. Before the LORD the kings all fled And made His throne's location? God has desired this mountain fair

So vanquished by God's dreadful ire, Shall all the wicked perish. Sing unto Him with loud acclaim; To Him be glory given. Most certain with famine dwell: Their land is dry and thirsty. Thou to Thy poor didst show Thy care, For all their needs providing. As snow is on Mount Zion spread By blasts of stormy weather. For His abode, and always there Will have His habitation.

God Shall Arise, and by His Might

Cont'd, Psalm 68:17–35

7. With mighty chariotry untold, His host ten thousand sandfold, 8. Blest be the LORD, who on our way Provides for us, and day by day 9. The Lord has said, "From where they are, Yes, even though it be from far, 10. Thy so lenient thongs are gathered there; To God, my King, do they draw near. 11. To Thee Thy strength has glory brought. Show now Thy might, Thou who hast wrought 12. Praise God and magnify His worth, O kings and kings doms of the earth!

The Lord came to His nation. From Siani's mount He made His way Up holds us by His power. God of Salvation is His name; From Bashan I will guide them And bring them back by My own hand, They come with sounding cymbals: The singers first, the minstrels last; For us so great a treasure! Because of Thy great temple here Un to the LORD sing praises, To Him who in the heavens rides,
To Zion, which He made for aye His holy habitation.
This glorious name shall we proclaim. He is our shield and tower.
Re-turning them from distant lands, Though ocean depths should hide them,
And in among them, filling past, The maidens play their timbrels.
Kings in Jerusalem appear With bounties in great measure.
Who in the ancient skies resides, From whence His voice He raises.

Thou didst, O LORD, ascend again, With many captives in Thy train
Our God, the LORD, is strong to save From mortal danger, from the grave
That you may bathe your feet in blood Of those who bear the wrath of God
In this great con-gregation's throng Bless all the LORD in joyful song,
Re-buke the beasts among the reeds, Both bulls and calves, those filled with greed,
A-scribe then strength to God alone, Whose glory is in Israel known,

And gifts from men obtaining, From even those who did rebel,
And ev'ry cruel oppression. But God will crush the head of foes,
For all their sinful actions; In blood of foes, whom none can save,
O Jacob's ge-ne-ra-tion! See, Ben-jamin, tho' least, leads on
All that in wars take pleasure. Let bronze be brought from Egypt's land;
Whose might is in the heav'ns. He from His temple terrors sows,

That here the LORD our God may dwell, Here evermore remaining.
The hairy crown of him who goes In ways of foul transgression.
Your dogs their eager tongues will have Unto their satisfaction.
The chiefs of Judah and Zebulun And Naph-tali's whole nation.
To God let Ethiopia's hand Stretch out to give its treasure.
But on His people strength bestows. To God let praise be given.
Save Me, O God! The Waters Rise and Leap
Based on Psalm 69:1–18

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972; rev. © HELAS. SEIGNEUS, JE TE PRI’ [GENEVAN 69]

1. Save me, O God! The waters rise and leap
2. More numerous than the hairs upon my head
3. Let not all those who put their hope in Thee
4. For Thy great house I am consumed with zeal,
5. But as for me, my pray’r is, LORD, to Thee.
6. LORD, answer me; good is Thy steadfast love;

Up to my neck; the roaring floods surround me.
Are those who without cause or reason scorn me.
Be put to shame through me and be for sake;
And on me fall the taunts of those who taunt Thee.

I've come into the waters of the deep.
Those who attack me with their lies I dread.
By slander and disgrace because of me.
Reproach and insult now to me they deal.

There is no foothold, dreadfully dangers hound me;
Too strong for me are those whose hate has torn me;
Let those who seek Thee not be over taken
And when I weep and fast my haters hound me;

I'm in distress, O hear me from above.
Those who attack me with their lies I dread.
By slander and disgrace because of me.
Reproach and insult now to me they deal.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972; rev. © HELAS. SEIGNEUS, JE TE PRI’ [GENEVAN 69]
I am engulfed by floods for me too great;
Must I restore now what I did not steal?
O God of Israel, taunts and shame I've borne,
And when of sackcloth I my clothing made,
Deliver me from foes and waters deep;
Make haste to answer me, draw near to me,

My throat is parched, I'm weary with my crying.
I know I've done the things Thou hast forbidden.
And for Thy sake I am to friend and brother
A byword I became to all who flout me.
Incline Thy ear, O God, show me Thy favor,
Redeem me, come and save Thy faithful servant;

My eyes grow dim while for my God I wait.
O God, my folly I did not conceal;
A stranger whom they disavow and scorn,
I am the talk of idlers in the gate;
And draw me from the current's mighty sweep.
To Thee I call, O come and set me free;

O LORD, give ear and listen to my crying,
From Thee my wrongs and misdeeds are not hid den.
An alien to the children of my mother.
The drunkards make their mocking songs about me.
Let death not close its mouth on me, my Savior.
From enemies and haters fierce and fervent.
Save Me, O God! The Waters Rise and Leap
Cont'd, Psalm 69:19–39

7. Thou knowest my reproach, the shame I bear;
8. Let their own table be their snare, and make
9. They persecuted him whom Thy hand did smite;
10. Regard me in my pain and poverty,
11. More than a sacrificial ox or bull
12. Let heav’n and earth praise Him with grateful songs,

Thou seest how my enemies disgrace me,
Their feasts of sacrifice a trap to slay them.
The pains of him Thou woundest, they increase them.
I am afflicted; Lord, let Thy salvation.
My songs of praise and thankful-ness will please Him.
The seas and all that stirs in them adore Him,

For known to Thee are all those who abuse me.
Their eyes be dimmed, that blindness may repay them,
Charge them with sin on sin, do not release them,
Set me on high. Restore my place and station.
Let the oppressed be glad: God will release him,
His people come with shouts of joy before Him,

Taunts broke my heart, and I am in despair.
And let their loins and limbs convulse and shake.
And grant them no acquittal in Thy sight.
Hear me, O God, I put my trust in Thee.
For He, my help, is great and merciful.
For God shall save His Zion from her wrongs
I looked for pity, but I found deceit,
Pour out Thy anger, let it not abate,
Blot Thou their names out of the book of life
I will exalt the name of God in song;
You who seek God, now let your hearts revive;
And Judah's cities will the LORD rebuild.

And for consolers, but they did desert me.
And in Thy burning fury overtake them.
And with Thy just decree, O God, delight us.
He will strike down the sinners who defy Him.
Rejoice and sing, the LORD will hear the needy.
There will His servants be, in praise excelling.

They also gave me gall as food to eat
Let their encampments be left desolate;
Remember Thou their hearts with evil rife;
With harp and hymn I shall His praise prolong;
His captive people He will cause to thrive.
With their descendants will the land be filled;

And vinegar as drink when I was thirsty.
Leave Thou their tents forgotten, and forsake them.
Let them not be enrolled among the righteous.
With my thanks-giving I will magnify Him.
Since He does not despise us, He will heed me.
And those who love His name find there a dwelling.
Be Pleased to Save Me, God, I Pray
Based on Psalm 70

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. Be pleased to save me, God, I pray; Make haste and come to my deliverance. O LORD, confound those with Thy presence supplementation; May those who love Thy great salvation who seek to take my life away. Let them turn back and be embarrassed. Whose joy it is to do me harm. Cause them to tremble. Deh liver Thou. O LORD, do not delay to heed me.

2. May all then yet rejoice in Thee Who seek Thy face with my delivery. O LORD, confound those with Thy presence supplementation; May those who love Thy great salvation who seek to take my life away. Let them turn back and be embarrassed. Whose joy it is to do me harm.Cause them to tremble. Deh liver Thou. O LORD, do not delay to heed me.

O DIEU, ÔU MON ESPOIR [GENEVA 70]
8 9 9 8 9 8 9.
In Thee, O LORD, I’ve Taken Refuge
Based on Psalm 71:1–8

1. In Thee, O LORD, I’ve taken refuge; I trust to my der LORD, me my youth. I've a rock of refuge, A for -

2. Be Thou to me a rock of refuge, A for -

3. Thou, from my youth my trust and Help - er, My hope, My my trust and Help - er, My hope,

4. A wonder I have been to man - y, But Thou

Me in Thy right - eous - ness de - liv - er; In - cline Thy ear God, res - cue me from all the wick - ed, From men un - just

Yes, from the womb, LORD, of my mo - ther Art Thou the One

My mouth is filled with praise and hom - age, And with Thy won -

and hear me; With sav - ing help be near me. and sav - age, Who me sur - round and rav - age.

who took me, And nev - er yet for - seek me. drous glo - ry. Hear Thou me, and re - store me.
5. Do not in my old age for - sake me
When all
6. O God, my Rock, be not far from me; Come to
7. But I will hope in Thee for - ev - er, And praise
8. The won - drous deeds of Thy sal - va - tion Shall I

In Thee, O LORD, I’ve Taken Refuge
Cont’d, Psalm 71:9–16

my strength is spent. Hear how my foes con - sent
my help, make haste, And may those be dis - graced
Thee more and more; My life Thou shalt re - store.
praise all day long With joy - ful psalm and song.

In plans to watch me and to seize me; They say, “God does
Who seek my hurt and who ac - cuse me. May my op - pres -
My mouth will tell of all Thy do - ings, Of all Thy acts
Their num - ber, LORD, is past my know - ledge. I’ll show Thy strength

not see him, And there is none to free him.”
sors suf - fer The scorn and shame they of - fer.
so right - eous That to Thy praise in - cite us.
so might - y; Thy right - eous - ness de - lights me.
In Thee, O LORD, I've Taken Refuge
Cont'd, Psalm 71:17–24

9. Thou from my youth, O God, hast taught me, And I
10. To all the coming generations I will
11. Thou who hast done great things and glorious, O God,
12. LORD, with the harp I'll also praise Thee For Thy
13. My soul also, which Thou hast rescued, My tongue,

do still proclaim Thy wondrous deeds, Thy fame.
proclaim Thy might, Thy justice and Thy right.
who is like Thee? Thou, who hast burdened me
great faithfulness, And with the lyre I'll bless,
with psalm and lay, Will sing of Thee all day.

Now that I'm old, LORD, and grey-headed, Do not forsake
Thy righteousness, Thy power and splendor
With bitter troubles, will revive me.
O Israel's Holy One, Thy glory,
I'll praise Thy righteous help and greatness;
Thou who didst not

and leave me When foes and haters grieve me.
est heaven. To Thee all praise be given.
yet bring me, With fame and comfort ring me.
for gladness; I shall no more know sadness.
desert me Hast shamed who sought to hurt me.
O God, Give to the King Thy Justice
Based on Psalm 72:1–9

1. O God, give to the king Thy justice, His son Thy right-eous-ness.
2. May for the people hill and mountain, Bring forth the peace they seek,
3. May he, so high above the nations, Live while the sun endures,
4. May in his days Thy justice flour-ish, The earth with peace a-bound,
5. For evermore may his dominion From sea to sea extend,

Thou art the God in whom our trust is; Thy hand alone can bless.
And justice, gush-ing like a fountain, Re-store the faint and meek.
He, who through-out all gen-er-a-tions Our joy and peace en-sures;
Thy right-eous-ness the people nour-ish, And evil not be found.
And from the River to the regions Of earth's remot-est ends.

May he, the royal son, be reign-ing With judg-ments true and sure,
May he de-fend the poor and need-y, May he their chil-dren save,
And may he be like rain that drench-es The meadows parched and pale,
Long may he live, and rule our na-tion While sun and moon endure;
May ev'-ry tribe and tongue a-dore him, And may from east and west

To all Thy people right or-daining And justice to Thy poor.
And crush op-pres-sors, proud and greed-y, Who for their down-fall crave.
Like show-ers whose abun-dance gush-es The thirst of hill and vale.
May he in ev'-ry gen-e-ra-tion Their peace and joy en-sure.
His foes all come to bow be-fore him, His ha-ters lick the dust.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564 TES JUGEMENS, DIEU VERITABLE [GENEVAN 72]
O God, Give to the King Thy Justice
Cont'd, Psalm 72:10–19

6. May princes, moved by awe and wonder, Then travel miles on miles,
7. The helpless poor he will deliver, And hear them when they call,
8. Long may he live, and may they render Him Sheba's choicest gold!
9. May in the land the grain be growing From plain to mountain top,
10. The king, whose name we are profligating, Shall like the sun endure.

That they may him the tribute render Of Tarshish and the isles.
For he, the great and gracious giver, Has pity on them all.
Long may his arm in light and splendid God's right and might uphold.
Like Lebonon, with riches glowing A rustling, bounteous crop.
In him all nations find their blessing; Make Thou his throne secure!

May Sheba's king with gifts adore him, And Seba treasures bring.
He saves them from oppressors they And hears their anguish cries;
For him the prayer's shall without cease Asced to Heaven's throne;
May in the cities pleasing flow Like hill-sides in the spring;
Blest be the Lord, for He so glorious A lone does wondrous things.

May rulers all fall down before him And serve him as their king.
The blood of all the poor and needy Is precious in his eyes.
All day we shall, our songs increasing, Praise him with joyful tone.
May all the earth acclaim his power, His glory's fulness sing.
O God, in all the earth our chorus With 'Amen, Amen' rings.
1. How truly God His goodness shows, Bestowing favor on all those
2. No suff'ring lies in store for them; They all are sleek and sound of limb.
3. They speak with scorn and haughtiness; They scoff, and threaten to oppress.
4. Such are the wicked: they're secure; Their wealth increases ever more.

Who are in Israel pure-hearted And have not from His ways departed.
They do not share our pain and anguish; No troubles ever make them languish.
Their mouth lays claim to heaven's regions, Their tongue demands the earth's allegiance.
Surely in vain I've been pure-hearted And have not from God's laws departed,

But as for me, I slipped almost, For when I heard the fool-ish boast
Pride is their necklace, and they dare Make visibility the robe they wear.
So people turn to praise these men And they can find no fault in them.
And I in vain have washed my hands In purity and innocence.

Of those who pay no heed to Thee, I envied their prosperity.
Their hearts with follies overflow, And in their minds illusions grow.
"God does not see it," they declare; "The Most High does not know or care."
For all day long I suffer here, And with new grief each dawn draws near.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©
SI EST-CE QUE DIEU EST [GENEVAN 73]
Cont’d, Psalm 73:15–28

5. If I had spok'en this way too, How should I then have been un-true
6. For sure-ly Thou dost set them all On slip-p'ry ground to make them fall.
7. When I was bit-ter in my heart, And when with pangs my soul did smart.
8. Whom do I have in heav'n but Thee? Who shall on earth my re-fuge be?
9. All who from Thee have gone a-stray Shall per-ish in their e-vil way.

To all the pre-sent gen-e-ra-tion, The chil-dren of Thy ho-ly na-tion.
They head-long to their ru-in tum-ble When Thou, O God, dost make them stumble.
Then in my fol-ly I ig-nored Thee; I was a brut-ish beast be-fore Thee.
Since I have Thee as rock and Sa-vior, I seek no fur-ther wealth or fa-vor.
Thou wilt destroy those who, false-hearted, From Thy commandments have de-part-ed.

I tried to probe the mys-ter-y But found it was too much for me
How sud-den-ly de-stroyed are they, By ter-rors whol-ly swept a-way.
Yet I am al-ways, Lord, with Thee; By my right hand Thou hold-est me.
Al-though my flesh and heart may fail, God is my strength, I shall pre-vail,
But as for me, I will not fear: How good it is that God is near.

Till en-ter-ing God's ho-ly place, I saw the des-ti-ny they face.
They're like a dream; when Thou dost rise Thou wilt their phan-tom form de-spire.
Thy coun-sel guides me all my days, And me Thou wilt to glo-ry raise.
For He, whose stead-fast love is sure, Will be my por-tion ev-er-more.
Thee have I made my ref-u-ge, LORD, That all Thy deeds I may re-cord.
O God, Why Dost Thou Cast Us Off
Based on Psalm 74:1–9

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. O God, why dost Thou cast us off for aye?
2. Remember Thou Thy people in Thy love,
3. Remember Zion’s mount, where Thou hast dwelt,
4. Within Thy holy place Thy foes did roar
5. They boldly set Thy holy shrine ablaze,
6. We do not see our signs, not one is left,

Why dost Thy anger smoke in indignation
Thy heritage, of old by Thee selected,
And see Thou its perpetual desolations.
And in Thy temple they set up their banners;
Defiled the dwelling of Thy name so glorious.
And by no prophet is Thy Word now spoken.

Against Thy sheep? Oh, come with Thy salvation!
The congregation which Thou hast selected
See the destruction which the hostile nations
They broke it down with hatchets and with hammerers
They boasted that their might would be victorious;
Is then the bond with Thee forever broken?

Be-stow Thy grace on them and be their stay.
In Thy good pleasure, shown from Heav’n above.
Brought to the place where once Thy children knelt.
And smashed the carvings that were there before.
Each place of worship they did burn and raze.
How long shall we of comfort be refit?

D’OÙ VIENT, SEIGNEUR, QUE [GENEVAWS 74]
10.11.11.10.
O God, Why Dost Thou Cast Us Off
Cont’d, Psalm 74:10–23

7. How long, O God, is still our foe to scoff?
8. Yet God, my King, is God and King of old.
9. Thou, LORD, Leviathan’s proud heads has crushed,
10. Thine is the day, Thine also is the night;
11. Remember, LORD, the scoffing of our foes;
12. Now for Thy covenant have, O LORD, regard,
13. Rise up, O God, rise and defend Thy cause:

Shall the reviling of Thy name cease never?
And Thou throughout the earth hast worked salvation.
Its flesh as food on desert beasts bestowing.
Sun, moon, and stars hast Thou set in the heavens.
Hear how Thy name is taunted by the wicked!
For terror reigns in all the land’s dark places.
Do not forget the sneers of all Thy scoffers,

Wilt Thou hold back Thy strong right hand forever?
The sea Thou hast divided for Thy nation.
The earth Thou hast bounded for Thy establishment.
Yield not Thy dove to beast from field and thickets,
Put not to shame but safe-guard from disgrace.
The clamor which is all the godless offer,

Withdraw it from Thy bosom! Cut him off!
And broken heads of dragons fierce and bold.
And dry up streams where mighty waters rushed.
The seasons were established by Thy might.
Do not forget Thy children in their woes.
Thy poor and needy. Let them praise the Lord!
The uproar which Thy foes make without pause.
1. Thee, O God, yes, Thee we praise, And we give
2. "When th’ap-pointed time is there, I My judg-
3. "To the proud and bold I say, ‘Let Me no
4. Help-ers will not from the east And not from
5. For the LORD has filled a bowl With wine foam-
6. Psalms I sing and praise I shout; I will pay

Thee thanks, O LORD, For the proud get their re-
ment will re-vail. Tot-ter may the earth and reel,
more hear your boast.’ I tell them and all their host
the west ap-pear To ex-alt and to re-vere
ing, spiced, and strong; All the wick-ed and the wrong,
my vows to God: I shall ev-er heed His rod;

And the wick-ed Thou shalt raze, But we laud Thy
When it has My wrath to bear; I did fash-ion
To for-sake their wick-ed way: ‘Do not lift your
Him whom God makes last and least. He, the Judge of
All who hound His ser-vant’s soul, Shun this cup of
Ja-cob’s God, my joy rings out: All the wick-ed

mer-cy’s fount, And Thy won-ders we re-count.
it of old And its pil-lars I up-hold.
horn on high, Nor with out-stretched neck draw nigh.”
great re-nown, Will lift up and will bring down.
wrath in vain; Ev’n the dregs they have to drain.
feel Thy scorn, But Thou shalt ex-alt our horn!

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972, et. al. ©

O SEIGNEUR, LOUÉ SERA [GENEVAN 75]

134
In Judah’s Land Prevails God’s Fame
Based on Psalm 76

1. In Judah’s land prevails God’s fame, And great in Israel israel is His name. In Salem stands His tent of praise;
2. Thy glory longer shall endure Than mountain heights er now lie still. But Thou, God, terrible art Thou!
3. O God of Jacob, by Thy will Both horse and rider stand secure! Stout-hearted men, deprived of spoil,
4. The earth in silence, struck with fear, Did from above That the afflicted He might save. Thou from men’s wrath
5. Then let all men in worship bow And pay unto the Lord their vow. Let all present Him gifts of worth,

In Zion is His dwelling-place. There shield and sword no Sank into sleep and ceased their toil; And men of might be -
For who can stand before Thee now And face Thy anger?
That the afflicted He might save. Thou from men’s wrath Thy For He does awesome deeds on earth. He stops the breath of

longer rattles. He broke all weapons used in battle. came weak-handed Once Thou their downfall hadst commanded.
inagination As it resounds through all creation?
praise or dainest; Thy further anger Thou restrainest.
kings and princes And sweeps away their proud pretenses.
I Cry Out, That God May Hear Me
Based on Psalm 77

1. I cry out, that God may hear me And with help be ever near me.
2. I re-mem-ber God with weep-ing. Thou dost keep my eyes from sleep-ing.
3. “Will the LORD spurn us for ev-er And us from His cov'-nant see-er?”
4. And I say, “This grief be-sets me, That the God Most High for-gets me
5. O my God, Thy way is ho-ly; For Thy great-ness we ex-tol Thee.
6. When the wa-ters, all as sem-bled, Saw Thee, God, they with-ered and trem-bled.
7. Through the sea Thy way did lead Thee; Wind and toss-ing waves did heed Thee.

To the LORD I cry a-loud By a weight of trou-sles bowed.
With a spir-it faint and weak, So dis-tressed I can-not speak.
Why is He, our God, dis-pleased? Has His stead-fast love now ceased
And His right hand now has changed, That I am from Him es-tranged.”
What god is there, strong and great Like our God, so high in state?
Fear con-vulsed their might-y sweep, Ter-ror shook the hid-den deep.
Might-y wa-ters fled in awe, Yet no man Thy foot-prints saw.

I stretch out my hands to reach Him; Day and night my pray’rs be-seech Him.
Days and years of old I pon-der. In the dark of night I won-der,
And the pro-mis-es He made us? Will the LORD for-get to aid us?
LORD, I will re-call Thy won-ders; On Thy deeds of old I pon-der,
For Thou art the God whose glo-ry Makes the peo-ple bow be-fore Thee.
Clouds poured rain, with thun-der-crashing, On all sides Thy ar-rows flash-ing.
LORD, Thy peo-ple Thou hast guid-ed, Shep-herds for Thy flock pro-vid-ed:

To my God my grief I told; I re-fuse to be con-sol-ed.
And my spir-it finds no rest: “Where is God, who once us blest?
Does He in His wrath with-hold All His mer-cies from of old?”
On Thy works I med-i-tate, Mus-ing on Thy deeds so great.
Thy strong arm re-deemed and freed Ja-cob’s sons and Jo-seph’s seed.
When Thy hand its light-nings hurled, Thou didst rock and shake the world.
Mo-ses, Aa-ron, by their hand Led them to the pro-mised land.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Give Ear, My People, Listen to My Teaching
Based on Psalm 78:1–11

1. Give ear, my people, listen to my teaching; Incline your ear, and let my words be reaching. Your heart and mind, and with their truth impress you; The parable in which I speak shall bless you. My mouth will voice dark sayings from of old, Things we have heard, which us our fathers told.

2. Such things we’ll tell, not from their children hide them, That those accounts of olden days may guide them, And we will tell the coming generation had His law expounded, And to our fathers He, the LORD, commanded get all He pronounced, Nor come to share their fathers’ condemnation, all turned back and trembled. They did not keep God’s covenant or fear Him,

3. A testimony He in Jacob founded, In Israel He let my words be reaching. Your heart and mind, and with their truth impress you; The parable in which I speak shall bless you. My mouth will voice dark sayings from of old, Things we have heard, which us our fathers told.

4. So would their hope in God alone be founded; Then they would not forget that He might have wrought, born once might arise, And teach their seed these laws so good and wise. For-ught His deeds for Israel, His own, Those wayward men, who But they defied His law and did not hear Him, For I will not forget His words or His voice.

5. The Ephraimites with bows for war assembled; Yet they in battle let my words be reaching. Your heart and mind, and with their truth impress you; The parable in which I speak shall bless you. My mouth will voice dark sayings from of old, Things we have heard, which us our fathers told.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

SOIS ENTENTIF, MON PEUPLE [GENEVAN 78]
11 11. 11 11. 10 10.

Cont’d ➔
Give Ear, My People, Listen to My Teaching
Cont'd, Psalm 78:12–25

6. God worked great mar-VELS and their fath-ERS saw them; In E-GYPt and in
7. By day He gave a cloud to lead and guide them; With fie-ry light He
8. Yet more they sinned a-GAINST Him by re-BEL-ling When in His care they
9. They spoke a-GAINST their God, “Will He be a-BLE To spread us in the
10. There-fore the LORD, who heard their pro-VO-CA-Tion, Was full of wrath a-
11. Yet He com-MA-Nd-ed then the skies to heed them, And hea-ven’s doors He

Zo-an wonders awed them. There they be-held how He the sea di-Vid-ed
did at night pro-VIDE them. He split the rocks, and founts sprang up to save them;
were in de-SERTS dwell-ing. A-GAINST the LORD, the Most High, they con-TEST-ed,
wil-der-ness a ta-ble? He smote the rock, we saw the foun-tains gush-ing
against His cho-SEN na-tion, A fier-y rage a-GAINST all Is-rael mount-ed;
o-pened wide to feed them, With boun-teous rain of man-na them en-dow-ing

And through the sea His peo-ple Is-rael guid-ed. He made the wa-TERS
A-bun-dant drink as from the deep He gave them. Out of the bar-ren
And in their e-VIL hearts their God they test-ed. In stub-born pride de-
And streams of wa-TER through the de-SERT rush-ing. But can He al-so
His an-ger rose, for nev-er they re-COUNT-ed What He had done to
And heav-en’s grain to Is-ra-el al-low-ing. The food of an-gels

stand up like a heap; His might-y hand re-strained the roar-ing deep.
rock fresh wa-TER burst, And ri-VERS flowed to quench His peo-ple’s thirst.
fi-an-tly they raved, De-MAND-ing from His hand the food they crave’d;
give His peo-ple bread And bring us meat so that we may be fed?”
help them in their plight; They did not trust His sav-ing pow’r and might.
gave He them for bread; A-bun-dant-ly were Ja-cob’s chil-dren fed.
12. The east wind He called up from heaven's borders; The south wind He led out to do His orders,
food they craved and wanted, But then, before their craving had been satisfied,

13. They ate and were well filled with flesh He granted; He gave them all the in re-deem-ing far or
they did not believe Him. So like a breath He made their days to vanish;

14. In spite of this, they still with sins did grieve Him; Despite His wonders
in re-deem-ing far or Had brought them out of Egypt that en-slaved them.
iq-ui-ty and blind-ness, Did not destroy them when His wrath was burning,

15. Then they re-mem-bered God, their rock and Sav-ion, The Most High God, who
in the desert grieve Him! They tested Him, all ways His Word de-cry-ing,

16. Yet He in pity and in loving-kindness For-gave them their in-
17. How of-ten did they all re-bel and leave Him, And with their evil

Cont'd, Psalm 78:26–42

For flesh, like dust that by the storm is dri-ven, Rained down upon them
The food still in their mouth, their lust e-la-ted, God's anger rose a-

Their years went by in ter-ror and in an-guish, But when He slew them,
They flat-tered Him, yet thought that He would save them. Though with their lips they

But He re-strained the anger they were earn-ing, Re-mem-b'ring that they
The Hol-y One of Is-ra-el de-ny-ing, And they for-got how

from the dark-ened sky; With quails the Lord did Is-ra-el sup-ply.
gainst them, and they died; He slew their strong-est men, their flow'r and pride.
then their eyes did see; They turned to God and sought Him ear-nest-ly.
might fine words ex-press, They scorned His cov'nant in their faith-less-ness.
were but flesh, and vain, A wind gone by that will not come a-gain.
He His might did show That day when He re-deemed them from their foe.
18. Through wondrous deeds His Is-ra-el He de-liv-ered; He turned to blood all
19. With hail and frost their trees and vines He shat-tered; Their flocks and herds with
20. Free rein He gave His fu-ry to en-sna-re them; From death and grave His
21. Then He led forth His peo-ple, and He guid-ed Like sheep His chil-dren
22. The LORD drove out be-fore them hea-then na-tions, Ap-portioned to the
23. They twis-ted like de-ceit-ful bows and brac-es; His an-ger they pro-

Egypt's might- y ri-vers, And swarms of flies He on their fields did show-er,
thun-der-bolts were scat-tered. He loosed on them His wrath and in-dig-na-tion;
an-ger did not spare them. He gave their lives to plague and de-va-sta-tion;
who in Him con-fi-ded. He led their flock, and with-out fear they fol-lowed,
tribes their ha-bi-ta-tions, And in their tents they safe-ly found a dwell-ing;
voked with their high plac-es, For in their i-dols' ser-vice they were zeal-ous,

Frogs which destroyed them showed His an-ger's pow-er. To cat-er-pil-lars
It caused dis-tress and wide-spread dev-as-ta-tion. De-stroy-ing an-gels
And heav-y was His hand on Phar-aoh's na-tion. Their first-born ev'-ry-
For all their e-ne-mies the sea had swal-lowed. And to His ho-ly
Yet they, a-gainst the Most High God re-bel-ling, Turned trai-tors, for His
And with their im-a-ges they made Him jeal-ous; Great was God's wrath when

crops and grass He gave; From hun-gry lo-custs none their fruits could save.
He a-mong them sent, Who brought great ru-in ev'-ry-where they went.
where His hand did smite; Death came to all Ham's dwell-ings o-ver-night.
laws not ob-served, Un-to the mount which His right hand had won.
laws were not ob-served, And, like their fa-thers, from God's ways they swerved.
He saw them re-bel. He ut-ter-ly re-jec-ted Is-ra-el.
Give Ear, My People, Listen to My Teaching
Cont’d, Psalm 78:60–72

24. The tent at Shi-loh, where He had been dwell-ing, He left when He His
25. Then did the rag-ing flames their youths de - vo - ur; Their maid-ens had no
26. The LORD then as from slum - ber did a - wa - ken; He saw how e - ne-
27. The tent of Jo - seph’s chil - dren He re - ject - ed, In Eph - ra - im His
28. He chose His ser - vant Da - vid, and He crowned him, He took him from the

people heard re - bel - ling; To en - e - mies His pow’r He did sur - ren - der,
brid - al song or bow - er; Their priests fell by the sword of hea - then na - tions,
mies His land had ta - ken, And like a war - rior, swords and ar - rows flout - ing,
house was not e - rect - ed; He chose the tribe of Ju - dah for His na - tion,
sheep-fold where He found him; From tend-ing ewes and newborn lambs He brought him;

In - to their hands the ark with all its splen - dor. He gave His peo - ple
Their wid - ows made for them no lam - en - ta - tions. The land which God once
Who, flushed with wine, his joy is bold - ly shout - ing, So God stood up, to
Mount Zi - on, which He loves as hab - i - ta - tion. He like the heav - ens
To make him Ja - cob’s sheep - herd God had sought him. With up - right heart did

over to the sword, In an - ger that His word had been ig - nored.
to their fa - thers gave The peo - ples round a - bout did now en - slave.
Is - rael’s help He came, And put their foes to ev - er - last - ing shame.
built His sanc - tuar - y, And like the earth, to last e - ter - nal - ly.
Da - vid tend the land And guid - ed Is - ra - el with skil - ful hand.
Thy Land, O God, the Gentiles Have Invaded
Based on Psalm 79

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1972 ©

1. Thy land, O God, the gentiles have invaded;
2. We are a taunt to those around us dwelling;
3. Remember not the misdeeds of our fathers;
4. Why should the heathen, Israel dwell ing,
5. We shall forever joyful praises render

By heathen hordes Thy heritage was raided.
When wilt Thou come, Thy enemy expelling?
Hold not their guilt against us, Lord, but rather
Ask in contempt, “Where may their God be hiding?”
To Thee, our Shepherd and our great Defender.

Look how they have, without restraint or pity,
Oh, hear us, Lord! Wilt Thou extinguish never
Show Thy compassion to Thy humbled nation.
A rise, O Lord! Strike in retaliation;
We as Thy flock, Thy chosen congregation,

Defiled Thy temple and destroyed Thy city.
Thy jealous anger? Will it burn forever?
Oh, come with haste, Thou God of our salvation!
The blood of saints avenge before the nations!
 Shall give Thee thanks through every generation.

(end of st. 5)
(1.) To car·rion bird and beast They of·fered as a feast
(2.) Thy wrath, O LORD, pour out On all who Thy name flout;
(3.) LORD, so in·crease Thy fame, The glo·ry of Thy name.
(4.) LORD, on Thy ho·ly throne Hear Thou the pris·oner’s groan.

The saints whom they did slaugh·ter; A·round Je·ru·sa·lem,
Con·sume the god·less na·tions. For greed·i·ly did they
Free Thou us from op·pres·sion. For Thy name’s sake we thus
Thy great·ness man·i·fest·ing, Pre·serve us as of old;

With none to bur·y them, Their blood was poured like wa·ter.
Seize Ja·cob as their prey And raze his hab·i·ta·tions.
Pray Thee to res·cue us And par·don our trans·gres·sion.
Re·pay them se·ven·fold Who taunt Thee with their jest·ing.
O Israel’s Shepherd, Hear Our Pleading

Based on Psalm 80:1–11

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. O Israel’s Shepherd, hear our pleading, O Thou who Joseph’s long wilt Thou with indignation; Ignore Thy people’s lords God of hosts, wilt Thou restore us; Cause then Thy face to Thou didst prepare the ground for planting; Thy vine took root and, flock art leading, Enthroned above the cherubim! supplication? Tears are the bread of Israel; shine before us. From servitude in Egypt’s land nothing wanting. It filled the land so that its shade

Shine forth before Thy Ephraim, Show Benja
Didst Thou bring out a vine to plant. Where other
A shelter for the mountains made; It over

min, Manasseh light! Come, save us, God! Stir up Thy might!
us to suffer scorn; Our neighbors’ jeering we have borne.
na-tions dwelt before Thou planted it forevermore.
spread the mighty trees, Right to the River and the Sea.
O Israel's Shepherd, Hear Our Pleading
Cont'd, Psalm 80:12–19

5. Why didst Thou break its walls asunder? All who pass by its fruit can plunder. Thy vine is ravaged by the boar, devasta tion. For they with fire have burned the vine free ly show er Up on the man of Thy right hand;
shall for ever Call on Thy name, before Thee bow.

6. O God of hosts, grant preser va tion; Pro tect Thy vine from And other beasts devour still more. Turn Thou, O And cut it down, though it was Thine. Oh, let them Help Thou the son of man to stand, for Thou didst Help Thou the son of man to stand, for Thou didst

7. But let Thy hand, so full of power, Thy aid and fa vor LORD God of hosts, re store us now. Up on us God, and show Thy face; Look down upon Thy vine in grace. perish in their fear When Thou dost with rebuke appear.

8. From Thee we then shall turn back never; Re vive us and we cause him to be Thine. Up on him cause Thy face to shine. cause Thy face to shine, And save us, LORD, for we are Thine.
Sing a Psalm of Joy
Based on Psalm 81:1–8

1. Sing a psalm of joy; Shout with holy fervor.
2. O all Israel, Voice your jubilation.
3. With the trumpet’s tune Herald, in due season,
4. Keep by God’s command Your commemoration.
5. “When you served as slaves Of the ruthless Pharaoh,
6. “In the worst of plights Comfort I provided.
7. “Israel, draw nigh. O My people, hear Me

All your skills employ; With your heart and soul
Let your music swell; Harp and timbrel play.
Feast days of the moon. Let its echo sound.
When in Egypt’s land Captive Israel,
I, the God who saves, Listened to your plea
On Mount Sinai’s heights Did I give My law.
While I testify And admonish you.

Jacob’s God exulted. He is our preserver.
Show in every way Joy and exultation.
To let joy a bound God gives every reason.
Did in bondage dwell, He gave liberation.
And I set you free From distress and sorrow.
You at Meribah Tested were and guided.
Oh, in all you do, Would you but revere Me!

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1972 ©
CHANTEZ GAYEMENT [GENEVAN 81]
5 6. 5 5. 5 6.
Sing a Psalm of Joy
Cont’d, Psalm 81:9–16

8. “Nev - er shall you praise Gods of hea - then na - tions.
9. “Sing to Me your laud. Out of E - gypt’s pow - er
10. “By their wil - ful choice They My love re - ject - ed;
13. “As their just re - ward, All the hos - tile na - tions

Ne - ver all your days To the i - dols go;
I, the LORD your God, Res - cued Is - ra - el;
They ig - nored My voice. Is - ra - el did not
Would they but o - bey And re - turn to Me!
I would soon lay waste The op - pres - sor’s land
Who de - spise the LORD Would be - fore His face
You I would sup - ply With the fin - est wheat,

Them you shall not show An - y ve - ne - ra - tion.
So on you as well Bless - ings I will show - er.
Heed what they were taught. They My law ne - glect -
Oh, then I would be Is - ra - el’s De - fen - der!
And with might - y hand Thwart the foe’s en - deav - or.
Cringe in their dis - grace And hu - mil - i - a - tion.
Hon - ey pure and sweet. Is - ra - el would flour - ish!”
In Solemn Courts the Gods Assemble

Based on Psalm 82

1. In sol-emn courts the gods as-sem-ble; Be-fore the LORD they stand and treм-ble,
2. “Give just-ice to the weak and heed them; Grant rights to orphans when they need them;
3. They have no wit or un-der-stand-ing, And know-ledge they are not de-mand-ing;
4. I say to you, “As gods I crowned you; As sons of the Most High I count you.

For in their midst He took His place, And all that live His judg-ment face.
Main-tain the cause of sick and poor; Make the af-flict-ed one se-cure.
The just-ice of the LORD they flout; In dark-ness deep they walk a-bout.
Yet, since all jus-tice you de-fy, Like oth-er men, you too shall die.

“How long yet will you dis-o-bey Me? You judge un-just-ly and dis-may Me,
With-stand the cla-mor of the greed-y; Res-cue the weak, be with the need-y,
The or-der of the world is sha-ken, For e-vil coun-sels they have ta-ken;
You’ll fall like an-y oth-er prin-ces And rul-ers with their proud pre-ten-s-es.”

For you show par-ti-al-i-ty To wick-ed men whose sins you see.
And free them from the wick-ed’s hand; Ward off the e-vils he has planned.”
Since they un-just de-crees un-fold, All earth’s foun-da-tions no more hold.
A-rise, O God, the earth now judge: All na-tions are Thy her-i-tage.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
DIEU EST ASSIS EN L’ASSEMBEE [GENEVA N 82]

9 9 . 8 8 . 9 9 . 8 8 .
Based on Psalm 83

1. Do not keep silence, O my God; Be not unMOVED, lift up Thy rod.
2. They say, “Come let us wipe them out; Let Is - ra - el be put to rout.
3. Yea, E - dom and the Ish - mael - ites, The Ha - ga - renes and Mo - ab - ites,
4. Treat them as Thou didst Mi - di - an, As Si - se - ra, a flee-ing man
5. Bring Thou their no - bles' pride to nought, Like Mi - dian's kings, whom Gi - deon man
6. My God, make them like whirl - ing dust, Like chaff be - fore a sud - den gust
7. Fill Thou their fac - es, LORD, with shame, That they may seek Thy glo - rious name;

For, lo, Thy foes pre - pare for fight - ing; They raise their heads, for war u - nit - ing.
Burn down its towns to ash and em - ber; Let none that na - tion's name re - mem - ber.”
All the Phil - i - stines and the Tyr - ians Join Am - mon's tribe and the As - syr - ians.
Slain by the wo - man he re - lied on, As Ja - bin's ar - my at the Kish - on.
The sword re - paid them their trans - gres - sion When they said, "Let us take pos - ses - sion
As fire through-out the for - est blaz - ing, As flames the hills and moun - tains raz - ing,
Oh, cast them down, dis - mayed for - ev - er, And let them know that all en - deav - or

The flames of ha - tred they are fan - ning, The down - fall of Thy loved ones plan - ning.
With one ac - cord they are con - spir - ing, The fall of Is - ra - el de - sir - ing.
Ge - bal con - fers with A-gag's rem - nants; They all give aid to Lot's de - scend - ants.
His war - riors, stripped of all their splen - dor, Are dung now on the fields of En Dor.
Of God's own green and fer - tile re - gions." De - stroy our foes and all their le - gions.
So with Thy tem - pest, LORD, pur - sue them, With ter - ri - fy - ing storms sub - due them.
Is vain, if not due praise is gi - ven To Thee, Most High in earth and hea - ven.
O LORD of Hosts, O God of Grace

Based on Psalm 84

1. O LORD of hosts, O God of grace, How love-ly is Thy ho-ly place,
   The spar-row finds a home to rest; The swal-low deft-ly builds her nest,
   How blest are those whose strength Thou art, Who on Thy ways have set their heart—
   From strength to strength God’s peo-ple go, And He to them His face will show
   Lo, one day in Thy house of praise Is bet-ter than a thou-sand days
3. How good and pleas-ant is Thy dwell-ing! Oh, how my soul longs ear-nest-ly
   And has her young be-side Thy al-tar. So, LORD of hosts, my God, my King,
   The high-ways to Thy hab-i-ta-tion. For them re-fresh-ing foun-tains flow
   In Zi-on’s courts, His ho-ly dwell-ing. O LORD, Thou God of hosts, give ear;
4. Yea, faints Thy ho-ly courts to see Mid fes-tal throngs and mu-sic swell-ing.
   I seek the shel-ter of Thy wings; Thou wilt not let me slip and fal-ter.
   When they through Ba-ca’s val-ley go, A land of drought and des-o-la-tion.
   O Ja-cob’s God, in mer-cy hear, Thy stead-fast prom-is-es ful-fill-ing.
5. The LORD will not with-hold His grace; His faith-ful-ness en-dures for ev-er.
   The LORD, our king and shield be-hold; Tho’ far from God, to dwell with-in
   The tents of wick-ed-ness and sin.
6. My heart and flesh cries out to God; To Him I spread my hands a-broad.
   How blest are those who dwell with Thee And praise Thy name un-ceas-ing-ly.
   The will-der-ness, with show’ers blest, Be-comes for them a vale of rest.
   O LORD of hosts, how blest is he Who puts his hope and trust in Thee.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

O DIEU DES ARMEES [GENEVAN 84]

889.889.88.
Thou Hast Shown Favor to Thy Land, O LORD
Based on Psalm 85

1. Thou hast shown favor to Thy land, O LORD, And Jacob's fortunes were by Thee restored.
2. LORD, will Thy blaz-ing an-ger nev-er cease And will Thy wrath forever more increase?
3. Let me now hear what God the LORD will speak, For to His saints who in their hearts Him seek
4. Then faithfulness and steadfast love will meet; Then righteousness and peace each other greet.

Thy peo-ple Thou hast from their guilt set free; Thou didst for-give all their in-qui - ty.
Wilt Thou not give new life and set us free, That all Thy peo-ple may re-joice in Thee?
He will proclaim His steadfast words of peace. From chains of bondage He will grant release.
Then faithfulness will spring up from the ground, And from the sky will righteousness abound.

Thy fury and displeasure have now passed; The flames of anger Thou hast quenched at last.
O LORD, Thy steadfast love and mer-cy show And Thy sal-va-tion on us now be-stow.
For sure-ly His sal-va-tion is at hand, Prepared for those who honor His command.
The LORD our God will add pros-per-i-ty; Our land will yield its crops a-bun-dant-ly.

O God our Sav-ior, hear us as we pray; Re-store us now and take Thy wrath a-way.
To us Thy last-ing faith-ful-ness un-fold, Thy lov-ing - kind-ness as in days of old.
Then in our land mayra-diant glo-ry dwell, Which on the earth shall have no par-al-lel.
Be-fore Him just-ice will its ban-ners sway And make the foot-steps of the LORD a way.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1972 ©

AVEC LES TIENS, SEIGNEUR [GENEVAN 85]
10 10. 10 10. 10 10. 10 10.
Turn Thy Ear, O LORD, and Heed Me

Based on Psalm 86

I, who serve Thee con - stant - ly, Trust that Thou wilt res - cue me.
When we call, O LORD, be nigh; List - en to my trou - bled cry.
And shall glo - ri - fy Thy name; For none e - quals Thee in fame.
And u - nite my heart and aim In Thy truth, to fear Thy name.

Thou, LORD, art my God and Sav - ior; Show to me Thy grace and fa - vor.
Thee I call, for Thou art near me; None a - mong the gods will hear me
Great and won-drous things Thou do - est, And my spir - it Thou re - new - est.
Great Thou art, Thou shalt re - ward me In Thy stead - fast love to - ward me.
But Thou, God of grace and fa - vor, Slow to an - ger, faith - ful e - ver,
Give me proof of Thy great fa - vor: Show my foes Thou art my Sa - vior.

Cheer Thy ser - vant, glad - den me: I lift up my soul to Thee.
Or is like Thee, LORD be - nign, And no works com - pare with Thine.
Glo - rious art Thou on Thy throne. Thou, O LORD, art God a - lone.
In Thy mer - cy Thou didst save Me, Thy ser - vant, from the grave.
Dost in stead - fast love a - bound. With Thy mer - cy me sur - round.
Shame them all and let them see Thou didst help and com - fort me.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

MON DIEU, PRESTE MOY [GENEVAN 86]
Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Kuipers, 1931; rev. ©

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**Our Gracious God Has Laid His Firm Foundation**

Based on Psalm 87

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1. Our gracious God has laid His firm foundations
2. What glorious things, O city of God's favor,
3. The Moor with the Philistine and the Tyrian
4. God will Himself confirm it with His blessing,
5. Then shall God's name with holy adoration

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On Zion's mount, the courts of His delight;
Are spoken in melodious tones of you;
Shall soon, O Zion, throng your holy gate;
And on the roll of nations He will count
And joyful tones be praised by Israel's throng;

Her gates of splendor, bathed in Heav'nly light,
Rahab will I include, and Babel too,
In songs of joy I'll hear her sons relate:
All these as born on Zion's holy mount,
Both harp and voice will blend in swelling song:

He loves far more than Jacob's habitations.
With those who know Me as their LORD and Saviour.
"These all were born within the walls of Zion."
"In many tongues one God, one faith confessing.
"In Zion are the fountains of my salvation."

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Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Kuipers, 1931; rev. ©

DIEU, POUR FONDER SON [GENEVAN 87]

11 10. 10 11.
1. O God, I call for help by day; I cry out in the night before Thee.
2. I am as one down in the Pit, Like one among the dead forsaken.
3. I’m plunged into the lowest grave; In regions dark and deep I languish.
4. Imprisoned, I can’t break away; My eyes grow dim, Thou hast undone me.

LORD, let my prayer then come before Thee, Incline Thy ear, do not delay.
My strength and comfort Thou hast taken; LORD, hear my prayer and answer it.
Thy wrath weighs on me in my anguish; I’m overwhelmed by all Thy waves.
All day I call, O LORD, upon Thee, Spread out my hands to Thee and pray.

My soul is full of troubles. Hear me: The darkness of Sheol draws near me.
Cut off, as from Thy presence banished, I have from Thy remembrance vanished.
And of my friends Thou hast bereft me; They shunned me and in horror left me.
Will in the grave Thy wonders face me? And do the dead rise up to praise Thee?

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564  O DIEU ETERNAL, MON SAUVEUR [GENEVAN 88]
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©
5. Shall death Thy steadfast grace profess? And does abandon sing Thy glory?
6. But as for me, I cry to Thee; My prayer I offer in the morning.
7. I am afflicted, close to death, And by Thy anger over taken.
8. Thy terror hunt me all day long, And like a flood Thy threats surround me.

Shall for Thy faithfulness adore Thee
O Lord my God, why art Thou scorned
I'm helpless and by terror shaken;
They all close in on me and hound me;
I'm crushed by their fierce and strong.

Are there Thy wonders known and greeted?
Is there Thy saving help entertained?
Why dost Thou cast me off and leave me?
Why dost Thou hide Thy face to grieve me?
Thy fury has swept down upon me;
Thy dreads as-saults have over run me.
Of friend and kin Thou hast bereft me, And on ly dark ness Thou hast left me.
I Will Extol Thee, LORD
Based on Psalm 89:1–14

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

DU SEIGNEUR LES BONTEZ [GENEVAN 89]

12 12. 13 13. 13 13.
Proclaim Thy faithfulness with joyful adoration.
'I will establish your descendants' reign forever;
For who in all the skies can proudly stand before Thee?
Does not, LORD God of hosts, before Thee quake and tremble?
And by Thy mighty arm Thy enemies were scattered.
Thy right hand, so exalted, makes the nations cow.

Thy steadfast love Thou hast established, LORD, forever;
Your kingdom will endure, for I laid its foundations,
And who can be compared to Thee, our strength and tower?
Who equals Thee in strength, and who would dare to flout Thee?
Thine are the heav'ns and earth; Thy power is unbounded;
On justice stands Thy throne, on righteousness and glory;

Thy faithfulness is firm, Thy covenant changes never.
And I will build your throne throughout all generations.'
Among the sons of God none equals Thee in power.
Thy faithfulness and truth stand radiant round about Thee.
The world and all that is hast Thou in wisdom founded.
Thy steadfast love goes with Thy faithfulness before Thee.

Cont'd ➔
7. Blest are the people who acclaim Thee as their King,
8. Thou art their strength and glory; all their foes they scorn,
9. Of old Thou, Lord, didst speak in visions true and sure
10. “My right hand shall not fail, but will abide with him;
11. “Yes, I, the Lord, will set his hand up on the sea,
12. “For ever I will keep him in My steadfast love,
13. “But if his children ever will forsake My law,

Who know the festival shout and of Thy mercies sing.
For Thou hast favored us: exalted is our horn.
To him, Thy faithful one, whose kingdom shall endure,
For ever shall My arm uphold and strengthen him.
His right hand on the rivers. He shall cry to Me,
My covenant with blessings from above.
Not keep all that I have ordained with proper awe,

They see Thy holy face and walk in light before Thee,
Our shield belongs to Thee, our King so great in power;
“I’ve set the crown up on a man upright and mighty;
No foe shall him outwit, no wicked man him humble;
‘My Father and my God, the Rock of my salvation’!
His line will last, I will establish it forever;
And if they violate the statutes which I found ed,

I Will Extol Thee, LORD
Cont’d, Psalm 89:15–32
Exulting all the day in Thy great name and glory.
Up on Thy faithful ones Thou strength and joy didst shower.
I have exalted him, whose loyalty delights Me,
His haters I'll strike down, his foes shall reel and stumble,
And him I'll make among the princes of the nation
Enduring as the heav'ns, his throne shall vanish never.
No longer keep the just commandments I expounded,

Thy wondrous grace they laud, Thy righteousness recalling;
High praises we will sing, and homage we will render
One chosen from the people as their king appointed:
For by My steadfast love his enemies are halted,
My first-born son, the highest of all kings around him;
My promise I uphold, the oath to David spoken
Then, surely, with My rod I'll punish their transgression

They go their way with joy, Thy steadfast love expelling.
To Israel's Holy One, our King and our Defender.
My servant David, with My holy oil anointed.
And in My faithful name his horn shall be exalted.
On him My eye shall be. My wonders shall astound him.
I always will maintain; My word cannot be broken.
And their iniquities with scourges and oppression.

Cont'd ➔
I Will Extol Thee, LORD
Cont’d, Psalm 89:33–52

14. “But from him I’ll not take My steady-fast love away,
15. “His royal line will thus continue evermore,
16. But now Thou hast withdrawn Thy hand, and Him hast spurned;
17. All who pass by despoil him, smit ten and forlorn;
18. Thou hast, O LORD, removed the sceptre from his hand,
19. Remember Thou, O LORD, life’s short and fleeting span,
20. O LORD our God, where is Thy steady-fast love of old,

Nor will I ever My own faithfulness betray;
And, like the sun, his throne before Me shall endure.
Thy wrath hast Thou against Thy own anointed turned.
He, once so high, has now become his neighbours’ scorn.
Cast to the ground his throne, him from Thy presence banned.
And for what vanity Thou hast created man.
The oath to David sworn with promises untold?

I will not violate the covenant they have broken,
His kingdom will not fail, by foes or famine ravished,
Thou hast renounced the covenant once with him erected;
The right hand of his foes hast Thou, O God, exalted.
His days of youth and strength hast Thou cut short and taken,
For who can live and see the light of day for ever,
Remember how I hear the taunts of all the nations,
Nor will I alter what I once for all have spoken,
For like the moon it shall for ever be established.
His crown lies in the dust, his prayers Thou hast rejected.
They triumphed and rejoiced when they Thy king as sault ed.
And, covered with his shame, he is by Thee for sake.
Who can escape Sheol and meet its terrors never?
The insults of Thy foes, their countless provocations;

For by My holiness I’ve sworn and I change never.
As long as over earth and sea the skies are vaulted,
Thou hast breached all his walls by Thy great anger’s power;
Yes, Thou didst blunt his sword; his enemies have felled him,
How long, O LORD? Wilt Thou then hide Thyself forever?
What man can save himself? Who is there to release us
For mocking Thy anointed is their sole endeavor.

I will not lie; My word to David stands forever.
His reign will be secure, his crown will be exalted.
His strongholds Thou hast razed, in ruins lie his towers.
And in his many battles Thou hast not upheld him.
Thy wrath like fire is burning; wilt Thou quench it never?
From gaping grave and death that soon will grasp and seize us?
Yes, amen and amen! Blest be the LORD for ever!
LORD, Thou Hast Been Since Thou Didst

Based on Psalm 90:1–9

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. LORD, Thou hast been since Thou didst shape creation, Our dwelling place in Thy presence is
2. What is our worth when Thou Thy help delayest? Thou turnest man back to dust and sayest, “Turn back, O sons of man,” and thus we perish.
3. Thou sweepest men away, vain in their glory, For they are like a fleeting dream before Thee, Like grass which springs up in the early morning, seen Thy fury linger. Thou test our iniquities before Thee.
4. For we are all consumed by Thy great anger, And in dismay we’ve ev’ry generation. Before the mountains were brought forth and grounded, to the dust and sayest, “Turn back, O sons of man,” and thus we perish.

And Thou the earth and world hadst formed and founded, From every lasting Brief is our life, and vain the things we cherish. A thousand of our Like flow’rs for a while the earth adornning That with the dawn unveiling our secret sins most surely, For in Thy wrath do stands Thy holy throne; To every lasting Thou art God alone.

years are in Thy sight A day gone by, a watch gone in the night. fold on hill and glade: By evening time they wither and they fade. all our days go by; Our years come to their end with a sigh.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

11 11. 11 11. 10 10.
LORD, Thou Hast Been Since Thou Didst
Cont’d, Psalm 90:10–17

5. Three score and ten are all the years al-lowed us, And four-score when Thou
6. Who un-der-stands the woes of all who fear Thee? Why burns Thy wrath a-
7. LORD, in the morn-ing come and sat-isy us, With stead-fast love and
8. Show forth Thy work to all who serve be-fore Thee, And to Thy chil-dren

hast with strength en-dowed us. Soon they are gone, their best is toil and trou-ble.
gainst those who re-vere Thee? We pass our years in fear and fit-ful slum-ber;
with Thy bless-ings ply us So that we may re-joice and sing with glad-ness
show Thy pow’r and glo-ry. May He, the LORD, our gra-cious God and Sav-
or. of Thy wrath, When Thy great ven-geance meets us on our path?
wis-dom. LORD, re-turn! How long? Have pit-y! For Thy love we yearn.
e-vil we have seen, That af-ter grief we times of joy may glean.
lab-ors of our hand; Es-tab-lish them, that to Thy praise they stand.
Those Dwelling in the Hiding Place
Based on Psalm 91

1. Those dwell-ing in the hid-ing place
   Of God Most High shall tar - ry
2. He’ll save you from the pes - ti - lence,
   His wings as shel - ter lend - ing,
3. A thou - sand at your side may fall,
   But you’ll be safe - ly guard - ed;
4. His hosts of an - gels God com-mands
   For ev - er - more to serve you.
5. “Be - cause he on My love re - lies,
   I sure - ly will de - fend him.

Be -neath the shad - ows of His grace;
His good - ness will not var - y.
His pin - ions are your sure de - fence;
His truth a shield un - bend - ing.
When tens of thou - sands die in all,
You’ll see the foe re - ward - ed.
They will sup - port you on their hands
And from all dan-ger swerve you.
He knows My name; thus, when he cries,
My an - swer I will send him.

My For - tress when I am be - set,
My Rock: I trust Him ev - er,
At night you will not fear the gloom,
Nor, dur - ing day, the ar - row,
Since you the LORD your re - fuge made,
Your rock and hab - i - ta - tion,
Lest ev - er you your foot should dash
A - gainst a stone, or stub - ble.
I’ll come with res - cue in the strife;
To him is hon - or ow - ing.

For He will from the fowl - er’s net
His faith - ful ones de - liv - er.
Nor hav - oc that may spread at noon,
Nor nights of plagues and sor - row.
No e - vil shall your tents in - vade,
Nor plague and trib - u - la - tion.
The dead - ly ser - pent you will crush;
The li - on you will hum - ble.
I’ll bless him with great length of life,
To him sal - va - tion show - ing.”

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

QUI EN LA GARDE DU HAUT [GENEVA 91]
87.87.87.87.
'Tis Good with Jubilation

Based on Psalm 92

1. 'Tis good with jubilation
To sing and glorify

2. With song and music blending,
I will Thy praise recite;

3. Thy works are great and splendid!
Oh, how profound Thy thought!

4. Thou art on high for ever.
Thou, Lord, shalt over throw

5. My foes' defeat and anguish
I did myself behold,

6. Those whom the Lord will cherish,
With in His house He put;

Thy name, O Lord Most High,
And thank Thee for salvation,

Let harp and lute unite
In harmony unending.

The senseless fool cannot begin to understand it.
The proud and godless foe,
And top all his endeavors.

And so I've been told
That all their host is vanquished.

There planted, they took root
And in His courts they flourish.

At dawn in Thee rejoicing
And in Thy steadfast love,

My thankful ness expressing,
I'll praise Thy deeds of might;

Though evil men may flourish,
Though like the grass they sprout,

My horn Thou hast appointed
To match the bull's in height.

Their fruit in old age bearing,
They're vigorous and green.

At night the praises of
Thy boundless mercy voicing.

I'll sing of my delight,
Thy faithfulness confessing.

Lord, Thou shalt root them out;
They shall forever perish.

To equal his in might.
By Thee I've been anointed.

They like the palm tree grow,
Like Lebanon's fine timber.

Yes, now my Rock I've seen,
His righteousness, His care.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1972 ©

O QUE C'EST CHOSE BELLE [GENEVA 92]
The LORD Is King, Enrobed in Majesty

Based on Psalm 93

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

1. The LORD is King, en-robed with maj-es-ty; He girds Him-self
2. Firm from of old has stood, O LORD, Thy throne; From ev-er-last-
3. But might-y though the thun-d’ring floods may be, More glo-ri-ous than
4. Thy word is sure, in Thy de-crees we trust; Thy law is right,

with strength and eq-ui-ty. There-fore the world, es-tab-lished by His hand,
ing Thou art God a-lone. Thy might-y floods have lift-ed up their voice,
the surg-ings of the sea Is He, the LORD, in ma-jes-ty on high.
Thy tes-ti-mo-ny just, And ho-li-ness, O LORD whom we a-dore,

Can-not be moved, but shall for-ev-er stand.
The waves that roar and in their strength re-joice.
For ev-er-more Thy name we glo-ri-fy.
Is fit-ting to Thy house for ev-er-more.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

DIEU EST REGNANT[GENEVAN 93]

10 10. 10 10.

166
O LORD of Vengeance, Show Thy Glory
Based on Psalm 94:1–11

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1967 ©

1. O LORD of vengeance, show Thy glory; Judge of the earth,
   Their evil nourish?
   Their evil nourish?
   Their evil nourish?

2. How long yet shall the wicked flourish,
   They bluster and they boast aloud;
   They bluster and they boast aloud;
   They bluster and they boast aloud;

3. They slay the widow, and they curse me; They kill the stranger.
   And put to death the fatherless.
   And put to death the fatherless.
   And put to death the fatherless.

4. O dullest of the people, mark this, You fools the strain.
   Shall He who made the ear not hear, They hear;
   Shall He who made the ear not hear, They hear;
   Shall He who made the ear not hear, They hear;

5. Shall He who chastens all the nations Forget your sins
   Shall He who teaches men not know
   Their hidden thoughts of friend and foe? They say, “The LORD knows that
   Their hidden thoughts of friend and foe? They say, “The LORD knows that
   Their hidden thoughts of friend and foe? They say, “The LORD knows that

And give the proud their just reward! Thine is the vengeance, Thine the might;
Of all their misdeeds they are proud. Put Thou my enemies to flight.
All those who trust Thee they oppress; They crush Thy people in their rage,
And shall He not in wrath appear? Shall He who formed the eye not see; The God of Jacob, where is He?”
The LORD knows that the thoughts of man Are but a breath and short of span.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1967 ©

O ETHERNEL, DIEU DES [GENEVAN 94]
9 9. 8 8. 8 8.

Cont’d ➔
O LORD of Vengeance, Show Thy Glory
Cont'd, Psalm 94:12–23

6. Blest is the man whom Thou dost chast-en: To soothe his an-
7. God's peo- ple will not be for-sak-en: His her-i-tage
8. Who will, when wick-ed men at-tack me, Be on my side,
9. O LORD, with songs of praise I hail Thee, For when I thought,
10. Can wick-ed rul-ers share Thy fav-or And be Thy al-
11. The LORD has been my strong De-fend-er; God is my rock,

To give re-lief from trou-bled days, Till for the wick-
The e-quit-y for which they yearn. The light of just-
And by Thy stead-fast love I stand. Tis God who in
They band to-geth-er and a-gree. To kill the just
He will re-pay them for their wrongs, And all the wick-

ed, one and all, A pit is dug in which they fall.
my cause up-held, In si-ence would I soon have dwelt.
your cares and fears My soul with con-so-la-tion cheers.
is their in-tent, And they con-demn the in-no-cent.
ed He shall rout. The LORD our God will wipe them out.
The LORD Be Praised! Come, Let Us Sing
Based on Psalm 95

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1967 ©

Based on Psalm 95

1. The LORD be praised! Come, let us sing, And let our voice with rapture ring To hail the Rock of our salvation.

2. The LORD our God is good and great; None is like Him in royal state. No god, O God, shall stand before Thee.

3. Come, let us worship and bow down Before this God of great renown. Our Maker, Him our thanks we render:

4. Would that today you heard His voice! Do not renew your fathers' choice; Meri-bah, Mas-sah saw them chastened.

5. For forty years I bore their ill. I said, "They err in heart and will And from My ways they stray forever."

Based on Psalm 95

Be before our God with strength endured We'll come with shouts before our God with strength endured We'll come with shouts of gratitude, With psalms and songs of adoration.

The depths of earth are in His hand; He formed the mountains, shaped the land; The sea is His. All show His glory!

He led us by His mighty hand To pastures in a verdant land. He is our Shepherd, our Defender.

With hard-ened hearts they tested Me; They disobeyed Though they could see How to their aid I always has-tened. They shall not share; In to My rest they'll enter never.
Sing to the LORD with Exultation
Based on Psalm 96:1–8a

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1972 ©

CHANTEZ À DIEU CHANSON [GENEVAN 96]

9 9. 8 8 9.
5. With o’er’ings in His courts as-ssem-ble. Let all the earth
6. Oh, let His prais-es be re-sound-ed. By Him the world
7. Your joy dis-play, O glo-ri-ous heav-en-s. Let earth be glad,
8. Sing to the LORD with ex-ul-ta-tion, For He is King
The LORD Our God Is King!

Based on Psalm 97

1. The LORD our God is King! O earth, rejoice in Him!

2. Consuming flames deploy Be before Him, to destroy

3. The hills, as wax by fire, All melt before His ire,

4. To shame are put all they Who in their folly pray

5. O Zion, lift your voice, With in your gates rejoice!

6. The LORD shows love to him Who hates and flees from sin.

All islands, coasts, and ocean, Break forth in glad devotion.
His foes men round about Him Who vainly seek to flout Him.
When God on His creation Pours flaming indignation.
To idols, man's creation, And worth less for salvation.
Thy judgments, LORD, so glorious, Made Judah all victor ous.
His saints the LORD will ever From wick ed men deliver.

Dark clouds of secrecy Enfold His majesty. The pillars
His lightning bolts, when hurled, Enlighten all the world; Earth sees and
The heavens in awe express His perfect righteousness. Let all the
The LORD we bring our land, For He a lone is God! Come, all you
Her daughters sing with mirth, For high above the earth, Thou, who art
Be hold, both joy and light Will dawn for the upright. Thank Him with

of His throne Are right ous ness a lone And perfect equity.
quakes with fear To see His wrath appear And thun drous clouds unfurled.
nations see His glorious majesty, His royal pow'r confess.
gods, draw near, Bow down to Him in fear, By His dominion awed.
God alone, Hast made Thy self a throne And magnified Thy worth.
heart and voice, In His great name rejoice, And glory in His might.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©

L'ETERNEL EST REGNANT [GENEVA 97]
6 6. 7 7. 6 6 6 6. 6 6 6.
1. Sing to the LORD, a new song voicing; For mighty wonders He has done.
2. He has remembered all His mercies; His faithfulness to Israel.
3. Join to the harp your glad rejoicing; A psalm of adoration sing.
4. Let all the streams in joyous union Now clap their hands and praise accord,

His right hand and His arm most holy The victory for Him have won.
The ends of earth have seen His glory; In victory did He excel.
With trumpet and with crotchet voicing Your joyful praise to God the King.
The mountains join in glad communion And leap with joy before the L ORD.

The Lord displayed His just salvation; His vindication He has shown,
Now make a joyful noise before Him; O all the earth, His praises sing!
Let oceans roar with all their fullness, The world and all that dwell there-in.
He comes, He comes to judge the peoples In righteousness and equipoise;

Revealing to the heathen nations That judgment issues from His throne.
With loud acclaim let all adore Him And let the joyful anthems ring.
Acclaim the Lord's great pow'r with boldness; Exalt Him ever and again.
He will redeem the world from evil And righteous shall His judgment be!

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©

CHANTEZ À DIEU NOVEAU [GENEVAN 98]
9 8. 9 8. 9 8. 9 8.
God the LORD Is King

Based on Psalm 99

1. God the LORD is King, throned on cherubim.
2. Let them spread the fame of His awesome name;
3. Thou in Jacob's land hast by Thy own hand
4. Moses to Him prayed, Aaron sought His aid;
5. He to Israel spoke in a cloud of smoke;
6. When they called on Thee, Thou didst hear their plea;

Let the peoples quake, earth's foundations shake,
Holy is the LORD and to be adored.
Right and truth maintained, equity ordained.
Later Samuel called on Him as well.
They His glory saw, worshipped Him with awe.
Thou didst pardon them, though avenging sin.

For in Zion He shows His majesty
Let them praise their King, of His justice sing.
At His footstool bow and reverence Him now.
They cried out to Him and He answered them;
He, the LORD, their Guide, statutes did provide
Come to Zion's hill and perform God's will;

And His exaltation over every nation.
Worship Him uprightly; He, the King, is mighty.
Praise Him, high and lowly, for the LORD is holy.
He in tribulation heard their supplication.
Which His chosen nation kept with dedication.
Praise Him, high and lowly, for the LORD is holy.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
1. You lands and peoples of the earth, Before the LORD your joy shout forth.
2. Know that the LORD is God alone; He made us, and we are His own,
3. Come, enter then His gates with praise And in His courts your voices raise.
4. The LORD is good, and evermore His love and mercy will endure.

Serve Him with gladness all your days; Come unto Him with songs of praise.
His people, who exalt His ways, The sheep that in His pastures graze.
Give thanks to Him and bless His name; With in His house your joy proclaim.
All generations He will bless In His unchanging faithfulness.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©
LORD, I Will Sing, the Praise of Justice Voicing
Based on Psalm 101

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
VOULOIR M'EST PRIS [GENEVAN 101]
11 11. 10 4.
Heed My Prayer, O LORD, Be Near Me
Based on Psalm 102:1–12

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564 SEIGNEUR, ENTEN ME REQUESTE [GENEVan 102]


1. Thou, O LORD, be near me; O incline Thy ear to hear me.
2. For my days, like smoke, are fleeting; Each goes by with-out repeat-ing.
3. While I lie a-wake in sorrow, I am like a lone-ly spar-row
4. All day long my foes de-ride me; They with curs-es have de-fied me.
5. Like an eve-ning shade, fleeting, Soon in night its span com-pleting.

Let my cry come un-to Thee; Do not hide Thy face from me.
Like a hearth my bones do burn, While I for Thy an-swer yearn.
Perching on the house-top high, Like the pel-i-can am I,
I no long-er eat my bread, But with ash-es I am fed;
So my days do quick-ly pass, For I wi-ther as the grass.

When I pray in grief and wor-ry, LORD, to me Thy an-swer hur-ry.
For my heart is so de-ject-ed That my bread I have neg-lect-ed.
And the owl; in des-o-la-tion Have such birds their ha-bi-ta-tion.
With my drink, my tears are blend-ed, For Thy wrath has not yet end-ed.
But, O LORD, Thou chang-est nev-er, For Thou art en-throned for-ev-er.

Listen to my sup-pli-ca-tion; Quick-ly come with con-so-la-tion.
Skin and bones, to-geth-er cleav-ing, Are the out-come of my grie-v-ing.
In my lone-li-ness I lan-guish, For I suf-fer con-stant an-guish.
Thou didst in Thy an-ger take me And an out-cast Thou didst make me.
Thy great name and rev-e-la-tion Last through ev-’ry gen-er-a-tion.

Cont’d ➔
6. LORD, Thou wilt arise in pity On Thy house and holy city.
7. All the nations shall revere Thee; All the kings of earth shall fear Thee.
8. God be praised with adoration By each passing generation.
9. God has tried me in His rigor, And He broke my strength and vigor.
10. Thou didst lay the earth's foundation, Might-y God of all creation.
11. Like a cloak, Thy whole creation, From the skies to earth's foundation,

It is time to show Thy face, The appointed time for grace.
For Thou shalt Thy city build, To be with Thy glory filled.
He looked down from heav'n on high To release those doomed to die.
"O my God, my God," I pray, "Do not yet take me away.
Thou didst frame the vast extent Of the lofty firmament.
Thou dost change; it fades away, But Thou art the same for aye.

Thou wilt hear our supplication When we pray for restoration.
Thou shalt set Thy congregation Firm on Zion's strong foundation.
From His holy height He sees us, From captivity He frees us,
Thou whose years endured forever, Do not yet my life-thread sever.
But they both shall fall and tumble; What may seem secure shall crumble.
LORD, the children of Thy servants, All the line of their descendants,

Those who serve Thee, LORD, sincere, Love the stones of Zion dearly.
When we pray, LORD Thou shalt hear us; When we suffer, Thou art near us.
That His people Him may worship, And all kingdoms praise His lordship.
LORD of every generation, Answer Thou my supplication.
Like a garment one may cherish, So will they wear out and perish.
Shall in safety dwell before Thee, For Thy steadfast love adores Thee.
O Bless the LORD, My Soul

Based on Psalm 103:1–12

1. O bless the LORD, my soul, bless your Pres-er-er; Let all with-in me praise His name with fer-vor. My soul, for-get not all His ben-e-fits; faith-ful-ness sur-rounds you, Who grants His bounteous gifts your whole life through. once made known to Mos-es; The LORD re-vealed His deeds to Is-ra-el. cording to trans-gres-sion. High as the soar-ing heav-ens, with-out end,

2. Bless Him who with His stead-fast mer-cy crowns you, Who with His love and once made known to Mos-es; The LORD re-vealed His deeds to Is-ra-el. cording to trans-gres-sion. High as the soar-ing heav-ens, with-out end,

3. To the op-pressed His just-ice He dis-clos-es. His glor-i-ous ways He
do ing to trans-gres-sion. High as the soar-ing heav-ens, with-out end,

4. The LORD has dealt with us in great com-pas-sion, Not pun-ished us ac-
ding to trans-gres-sion. High as the soar-ing heav-ens, with-out end,

5. O bless the LORD, who par-dons your trans-gres-sion, Who heals your ill-ness-
To Him who shows His right-eous-ness sing prais-es; From their af-flic-tion He will not al-ways chide, but, mer-cy show-ing, His stead-fast cov'nant So great His mer-cy is to those who fear Him, And He the sins of

es in His com-passion, Who saves you and re-deems you from the Pit. He His peo-ple rais-es. Your youth He, like the eag-le's, will re-new. love on us be-stow-ing, He'll stay His wrath; the LORD is mer-ci-ful. all those who re-vere Him Re-moves as far as east from west ex-ten-ds.
5. A father with his children sympathizes; Like-wise for us God's
6. The life of man is fleet-ing like the grass-es, And like a flow-er,
7. For children's children, through the gen-e-ra-tions, The LORD shall work His
8. God has His throne high in the hea-vens found-ed; He governs all, by

pit-y swift-ly ris-es. Let all who fear Him in His mer-cy trust.
when the storm-wind pass-es, It soon is gone: its place knows it no more.
glo-rious vin-di-ca-tion, His right-eous-ness re-veal-ing, as of yore,
an-gel-hosts sur-round-ed. You might-y ser-vants, all His ways ex-tol!

He knows our frame, that it is weak and hum-ble; He keeps in mind how
But God's un-fail-ing love shall nev-er per-ish, For ev-er-last-ing-
To those who keep His precepts in ob-e-dience And to His cov-'nant
Oh, bless the LORD, cre-a-ted works in un-ion, Through-out all plac-es

prone we are to stum-ble. The LORD re-calls that we are on-ly dust.
ly the LORD will cher-ish Those who re-ver Him and His name a-dore.
show their full al-le-giance, His steady-fast love endures for ev-er-more.
of His vast dom-inion. Ex-tol the LORD and bless Him, O my soul.
O Bless the LORD, My Soul, and Praise
Based on Psalm 104:1–18

1. O bless the LORD, my soul, and praise His name. LORD God, how great Thou
2. The earth, which Thou hast found-ed, none can shake. The rag - ing deep Thou
3. Thou mak - est springs gush forth in vales and dells. Bet - ween the hills, brooks
4. Thou mad - est grass for cat - tle and wildbeasts, And plants for man, who

art, how bright Thy fame! Thou, who art clothed with maj - es - ty and glo - ry,
as its cloak didst make, And ev - en moun - tains were con - cealed there-un - der.
flow from spark - ling wells And quench the thirst of beasts in field and for - est;
on Thy boun - ties feasts. Oil makes his face to shine when he re - joic - es

Thou, robed in light, we hon - or and a - dore Thee. The heav - ens Thou hast
Waves rushed and fled at Thy re - buke, Thy thun - der; Hills then sprang up, while
Wild ass - es drink the wa - ters which Thou pour - est. There birds of hea - ven
In bread and wine and then Thy prai - ses voic - es. Well - wa - tered are God's

stretched out like a tent, Thy dwell - ing found - ed on the firm - a - ment.
val - leys sank and drowned. To might - y o -ceans Thou didst set a bound;
dwell in shrub and tree; They sing a - mong the branch - es, prais - ing Thee.
trees; it rains up - on His ce - dars plant - ed through - out Leb - an - on.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564 SUS, SUS, MON AME, IL TE FAUT [GENEVAN 104]

Cont’d ➔
Clouds are Thy chariot, storms lend Thee their pinions;
Thou didst appoint a place for them, that never
Hills drenchest Thou from heaven, where Thou livest;
There in the tree-tops are the storks residing;

Winds are Thy heralds, fire and flame Thy missions.
Their roaring floods the earth again might cover.
The earth is satisfied with all Thou givest.
Goats roam the crags where badgers find a hiding.

O Bless the LORD, My Soul, and Praise
Cont'd, Psalm 104:19–35

5. To mark the months Thou, LORD, hast made the moon. At Thy command the
6. Man goes forth to his work when morning calls And labors till the
7. All look to Thee, a countless multitude, That in due time Thou
8. The glory of the LORD forever stands; May He rejoice in

sun turns dusk to noon, And when Thy day by night is over-taken,
evening shadow falls. O LORD, Thy many glorious works astound us;
mayest give them food. Now filled with the good things that Thou providest,
all that He commands. He looks on earth and makes creation shiver;
Then in the forest all the beasts awake.
Young lions roar and
in wisdom hast Thou made them all around us.
Of Thy great riches
They are dismayed when Thou Thy countenance hiddest.
When Thou dost take a
He touches mountains and they smoke and quiver.
I'll sing to God as

ask from God their prey,
But when the dawn appears they steal away
Thy creation sings.
Thy ocean teems with countless living things;
way their breath, they die;
They are created when Thou, from on high
long as I shall live;
May to the LORD my worship pleasure give.

And lie down in their dens, the sunlight scorn ing.
It is for ships a place to make their way in,
Thy Spirit sending, them with life endurance.
But may all sinners from the earth be driven.

Then man awakes and greets the dewy morning.
And for Leviathan a place to play in.
The face of all the earth Thou, LORD, renew est.
Bless God, my soul! To Him all praise be given.
Oh, Thank the LORD with Great Rejoicing

Based on Psalm 105:1–14

1. Oh, thank the LORD with great rejoicing, His deeds among
2. Turn to the LORD, who fails us never, And seek His face,
3. He is the Lord, our God unfailing, His judgments even
4. Firm stands His word to Abraham spoken, His oath to Israel
5. When few in number and neglected They by the nations were rejected, And when they wandered far and wide,

the people's voicing! Praise Him, His wondrous works proclaim
His strength, forever. Recall the wonders He has wrought,
Everywhere prevailing. He will remember and uphold
Saac, never broken. His everlasting covenant

And glory in His holy name. Let those who seek
The righteous judgments He has taught. Remember these,
His covenant made in days of old. The steadfast words
With Israel God will not retract. He said, "To you

The Lord remained their faithful Guide. So none His people

Him praise the Lord, Their hearts exulting in His word.
you chosen ones, O Abraham's offspring, Jacob's sons!
He did command A thousand generations stand.
this land I give, That as My heirs you there may live."

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564


99.88.88.
6. He said, “Touch not whom I anointed, Nor harm the prophesied.” When famine came on God’s command in Egypt languish; Forotten and with rons chained, and counsels pleased him; He made him master of the land, Egypt there to settle. Rich blessings did the LORD bestow; He chose to favor, And through their words He wrought for them.

And hunger ravaged Canaan’s land In breaking even. There in a prisoner he remained Un till the king Gave all he had in to his hand, To guide his prince. He made them stronger than their foe, Whose hearts He turned Great wonders in the land of Ham. Deep darkness covered every staff of bread, The LORD had sent a man ahead. As on their course, To show his elders wisdom’s source. till they did treat His chosen servants with deceit. ered it by day, Yet they did not God’s word obey.
11. He turned to blood both stream and river. To frogs did He turn.
12. Their fig trees and their vines were shat-tered, Their fields by swarms went.
14. The winds brought quails when they did crave them; Abundant bread went.
15. God led them forth with joy and sing-ing, Their voices with their land de-

11. of lo-custs bat-tered, They in-to in-ner cham-
12. bers went. Their of lo-custs bath-
13. tered, De-vour-ing fruit and fol-
14. iage green they, De-
15. vour-ing fruit and fol-

11. their Shep- herd guid-ed. How glad was E-
12. gypt when they left; their Shep-
13. herd guid-ed. How glad was E-
14. gypt when they left; their Shep-

11. from heav'n He gave them. Out of the rock God's might-
12. y hand His prai-
13. es ring-ing; He gave to them the na-
14. tions' land, His prai-

11. and quails forth with joy and sing-ing, Their voices with
12. both their land de-
13. liv-er; They in-
14. to in-

11. their land de-
12. liv-er; They in-
13. to in-
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11. bers went. Their of lo-
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11. bers went. Their of lo-
12. custs bath-
13. tered, De-
14. vour-
Oh, Thank the LORD, Bring Him Your Praise
Based on Psalm 106:1–12

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
LOUEZ DIEU, CAR IL EST BENIN [GENEVAN 106]


8 8. 9 8. 9 8.

Cont’d ➔
7. His works and words they soon for-got; A-gainst His coun-sel they did plot,
8. When jeal-ous men in en- vy rose God’s chos-en lead-ers to op-pose,
9. At Ho-reb’s mount a calf they made And to a molt-en image prayed,
10. Their God and Sav-ior they for-got, He who had changed their drear-y lot,
11. There-fore He said He would wipe out His peo-ple who His will did flout.
12. Then they de-spised the plea-sant land And trust-ed not His might-y hand.

And Him with lust-ful crav-ings taunt-ed. They put their Sav-ior to the test,
The earth be-neth them split, and swal-lowed Those who with Da-than did con-spire,
They had for it ex-changed God’s splen-dor, The glo-ry noth-ing can sur-pass.
Who showed to E-gypt all His pow-er, His won-drous works and ma-jes-ty,
But Mo-ses, whom He had e-lect-ed, Stood in the breach God’s wrath to stem,
His stead-fast pro-mise not be-liev-ing, They sulked and grum-bled in their tents.

And when He gave them all they want-ed, He scourg’d them with a dead-ly pest.
And who Ab-i-ram’s lead had fol-lowed, The wick-ed per-ish’d in the fire.
They, scorn-ing God, their great De-fend-er, Re-vered a bull-ock eat-ing grass.
Who made the land of Ham to cow-er, With dread-ful things at the Red Sea.
That Is-ra-el might be pro-tect-ed A-gainst the an-ger threat-’ning them.
The LORD with dis-o-be-dience griev-ing, His word and will they did re-sent.
13. He swore that He would slay them all, That in the desert they would fall
14. By Ba-al Pe-or’s lure misled, They ate from of-rings for the dead,
15. Then Phin-has rose to inter-vene; The plague was stayed when God had seen
16. At Mer-i-bah they spurned God’s will, And there with Mo-ses it went ill.
17. They dis-obeyed the LORD’s com-mand To slay the peo-ples of the land,
18. God saw how they, to sin en-ticed, Their sons and daugh-ters sacri-ficed,
Oh, Thank the LORD, Bring Him Your Praise
Cont'd, Psalm 106:38–48

19. To Ca-naan’s i-dols, gods of vice, They gave their sons as sac-rifice;
20. Then did the LORD stand up in rage And He ab-horred His her-i-tage;
21. Time af-ter time He set them free, Though they did nev-er bend their knee
22. Then He re-gard-ed their dis-tress, He heard their cry and gave re-dress;
23. Save us, O LORD our God, we pray, Bring back Thy peo-ple gone a-stray,
24. Blest be the God of Is-ra-el Whose deeds in ma-jes-ty ex-cel;

The land was with their blood pol-lut-ed; By un-clean acts for all to see,
Sur-ren-d’ring Is-rael to the na-tions, The LORD to sla-v’ry did con-demn
But were re-bel-lious and de-fied Him. They sank in-to in-iqu-i-ty;
God in His stead-fast love re-lent-ed. No long-er did He those con-demn
And take them from a-mong the na-tions, That to Thy great and ho-ly name
From age to age praise Him for-ev-er. Let all the peo-ple “A-men!” say,

God’s cov’nant bond they pros-ti-tut-ed And played the har-lot o-pen-ly.
Those who had roused His in-dig-nation. Their en-e-mies ruled o-ver them.
God made their en-e-mies de-ride them Till they la-ment-ed bit-ter-ly.
Who of their e-vils had re-pent-ed. He caused their foes to pit-y them.
We may give thanks with ju-bi-la-tion And glo-ry in Thy won-drous fame.
Ex-tol His name, who fails us nev-er. Praise Him, the LORD our God, for aye!
Give Thanks to God, Rejoicing
Based on Psalm 107:1–12

1. Give thanks to God, rejoicing Because the Lord is good.
2. Let His redeemed now say this (Those whom the Lord set free)
3. Some, wand'ring in waste places, Found no where they could stay.
4. God led them to a city Where they could safely dwell;
5. Some chained in gloomy prisons Endured His anger's rod.

Bless Him with anthems voicing Your love and gratitude.
For He their strength and stay is; Gone is their enemy.
God heard them and was gracious; He led them on their way.
He showed them love and pity. Let them His wonders tell,
They had rebelled and risen Against the words of God.

He who our peace ensures Forbids His promises never.
Let all then praise His name! In far-off lands He sought them.
With thirst and hunger weak, They cried to God to save them.
And let their anthems rise. His steadfast love relieves them.
His counsel they had spurned, The Most High's voice neglected.

His steadfast love endures, And we are His forever.
From east and west they came; From north and south He brought them.
From deserts dry and bleak. A place of rest He gave them.
Their thirst He satisfies; No more their hunger grieves them.
In vain for help they yearned; They were by all rejected.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
DONNEZ AU SEIGNEUR GLOIRE [GENEVA 107] ©

Cont'd ➔
Give Thanks to God, Rejoicing
Cont’d, Psalm 107:13–30

6. They cried to God to save them; He broke their shack-les all
7. Some were with ill-ness strick-en Through sin-ful ways and guilt.
8. To them His Word re-veal-ing, He came with pow’r to save,
9. Some who in ships were sail-ing The o-cean’s might-y sweep
10. They were dis-tressed and hum-bled, Their soul did melt a-way;
11. The LORD, their fears al-lay-ing, Bade storm and wind be still;

And li-ber-ty He gave them; The gloom did He dis-pel.
All food caused them to sick-en; They were with loath-ing filled.
Stretched out His hand of heal-ing And snatched them from the grave.
Saw there God’s power pre-vail-ing In won-ders of the deep.
Like drunk-en men they stum-bled In ter-ror and dis-may.
Hushed were the waves, o-bey-ing Their Ma-ker’s word and will.

Let them God’s love a-dore And at His mar-vels won-der;
Close to death’s gate they came, And there were none to cheer them.
Let them all thank the LORD, Their sac-ri-fi-ces bring-ing,
The tem-pest, when He spoke, Caused waves to rise like moun-tains
The LORD saw their de-spair, And when to Him they shout-ed,
How hap-py were the men When He the calm pro-vid-ed

He shat-ters great bronze doors, Snaps i-ron bars a-sun-der.
Then in their grief and shame They cried, and God did hear them.
And His great deeds re-cord With joy-ful shouts and sing-ing.
That roared and fell and broke In-to wild, foam-ing foun-tains.
He heard their fer-vent prayer; The rag-ing storm He rout-ed.
And He their ship a-gain To longed-for ha-vens guid-ed.
12. Let all then thank their Sav-i-or And sing their songs of praise;
13. In-to dry land He chang-es The fields where streams a-bound.
14. In-to cool streams He chang-es A thirst-y de-sert land;
15. He grants them fields for sow-ing And vine-yards to pre-pare;
16. God pours con-tempt on prin-ces When they His own op-press,
17. The up-right with e-la-tion God's might-y works ac-claim;

He showed them love and fav-or In man-ya won-drous ways.
Clear springs and ver-dant rang-es He turns to thirs-ty ground.
In parched and bar-ren rang-es Flow springs at His com-mand.
In har-vests o-ver-flow-ing They see God's won-drous care.
Drives them with their pre-ten-ces In to the wild-er-ness.
The wick-ed of all na-tions, Struck dumb, are put to shame.

Let them ex-alt His fame With-in their con-gre-ga-tion;
To salt-y wastes He turned A land of fruit and flow-er,
There He re-veals His grace, Shows hun-gry ones His pit-y.
His fa-vor does not cease; Their gar-ners they re-plen-ish.
He, lift-ing them from woe, His peo-ple does re-mem-ber;
Then let the wise re-gard All this with awe and won-der,

Let eld-ers praise His name In sol-emn con-vo-ca-tion.
Be-cause its peo-ple spurned His Word of truth and pow-er.
Al-loys them in that place To build them-selves a cit-y.
In num-bers they in-crease; Their herds do not di-min-ish.
Like flocks their fam-ilies grow, For He adds to their num-ber.
And, turn-ing to the LORD, Let them His mer-cy pon-der.
My Heart Is Steadfast, O My God

Based on Psalm 108

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

MON COEUR EST DISPOS [GENEVA 108]

8 8. 8 8. 9 9.

1. My heart is steadfast, O my God, And I will sing unto Thy laud,
2. Great is, O God, Thy steadfast love Up to the heavens and above;
3. The LORD spoke in His holiness And gave these steadfast promises:
4. Who will to me the stronghold show And help me into Edom go?

Yes, I will make a melody And give my thanks, O LORD, to Thee.
Thy faithfulness is to the skies. Let over earth Thy glory rise.
“Shech-em and Succoth I’ll subdue, Moab and Edom conquer too.
Are we cast off because of sin? When wilt Thou lead our host again?

A-wake, O harp and lyre, a-wake! For I will urge the dawn to break.
Let, reaching to the clouds, Thy praise Transcend our earthly human ways.
Man-in-seh’s tribe belongs to me, While Ephraim shall my helmet be,
LORD, guide us as none other can, For worth less is the aid of man.

I’ll sing Thy glory to the nations, Thy praise among their popularations.
Now rescue Thy beloved nation. O God, reply! Send us salvation!
And Judah is my scepter glorious; In Palestine I’ll be victorious.”
With God we’ll rise to bold endeavor, For He will crush our foes forever.

O Be Not Silent, Heed and Hear Me
Based on Psalm 109:1–16

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. O be not silent, heed and hear me; God of my praise,
2. They rave and without cause abuse me And in return,
3. Apoint a wicked man to seize him. Let his accus-
4. Waifs be the sons he has bought; His wife be wid-
5. May he be banished from the city, None show his chil-
6. May it be always collected That he mis-

tart Thou not near me? For wicked mouths, Thy word de-
fear not release him; To him be guilt and blame awarded;
drawn and forgotten. And when they beg, let nought be given;
drine any pity. May his posterity be banished,
ed the afflicted, That to the destitute he never

Frame with their tongues deceit and lying. Though not deserv-
With evil they for good reward me. LORD, Thou dost see
His pray'rs be all as sin regarded! His days be few,
They from their ruined homes be driven. May creditors
Cut off, until his name has vanished! Let men his fa-
Showed any kindness, any favor; The poor and bro-

it from above; With hated they repay my love.
his life distressed, His goods by other men possessed.
seize all he won, His work by strangers be undone!
ther's sins record, His mother's guilt before the LORD.
ken-hearted he Chased to their death, relentless-

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

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O Be Not Silent, Heed and Hear Me
Cont’d, Psalm 109:17–31

7. He loved to curse, may curses press him! He scoffed at bless -
ings, may none bless him! He as a garment wore his curs -
ing, his guilt has bound him. May all who with - out cause ac -
curse; show me Thy fa - vor! Thy steadfast love is good; O heed me,

8. His curs - ing be a cloak a - round him, A belt that with -
   His e - vil and his hat - red nurs - ing. May all the ills
   And speak their e - vil to a - buse me Re - ceive all these

9. But Thou, O God my Lord and Sav - ior, For Thy name's sake
   And with their taunts
   De - liv - er me
   Come to my help, I'm poor and need - y.

10. An even - ing shad - ow, soon de - part - ed, A lo - cust, shak -
    Saved by Thy hand from grief and sad - ness. Dis - hon - or all
    Stands He who in His love shall heed me. Though foes the poor

11. Help me, O Lord my God, and hear me. In Thy un - fail -
    His knees, through fast - ing weak - end, trem - ble; My bod - y gaunt,
    And let them know that Thou hast done it. Lord, let them curse,

12. Put Thou to shame those who at - tack me And with their taunts
    But may Thy ser - vant sing with glad - ness,
    The con - gre - ga - tion, For at the right hand of the need - y

13. I'll thank the Lord for His sal - va - tion And praise Him in
    His e - vil and his hat - red nurs - ing. May all the ills
    And speak their e - vil to a - buse me Re - ceive all these
    Come to my help, I'm poor and need - y.

13. I'll thank the Lord for His salvation And praise Him in

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1. The LORD unto my Lord these words has spoken:

2. To Thee the LORD will send forth out of Zion:

3. Thy people will be wholly glad and willing:

4. The LORD has made an oath He will not sever:

5. The LORD is at Thy right hand; He will shatter:

6. Brooks by the way refresh Him with their water;

“Sit Thou upon the throne at My right hand
The scepter of authority and might.
When Thou to Thy great battle call est them.
"After the order of Melchizedek
The kings when He comes on the day of wrath,
He will in His campaign not faint or fall.

Till I the power of Thy foes have broken,
Amidst Thy enemies show Thy dominion
Thou art a Priest, a Priest to Me forever.’
And all the nations He will judge and slayter;
He will not waiver in His steps nor falter;

And Thou upon his neck Thy foot shalt plant.”
And rule them by Thy own God given right.
Ar rayed in holiness are Thy young men.
This He has sworn; He will not take it back.
He crushes those who stand up in Thy path.
But will lift up His head and rule o’er all.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564 L’OMNIPOTENT À MON SEIGNEUR [GENEVA 110]
Text: William W. J. VanOene, 1972 ©

L’OMNIPOTENT À MON SEIGNEUR [GENEVA 110]
11 10. 11 10.
Praised Be the LORD! I Shall Impart

Based on Psalm 111

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

DU SEIGNEUR DIEU [GENEVAN 111]

1. Praised be the LORD! I shall impart My thanks to Him with all my heart. A among the righteous congregation.

2. In majesty and glory stand The works of His almighty hand. His righteousness endures forever.

3. The LORD upholds with open hand All those who honor or His command: He keeps His covenant obligations.

4. The wondrous works His hands have done Are just and faith ful; every one Can put his trust in God’s direction.

5. To Israel He redemption sent; External is God’s covenant. His holy name is surpassing!

Great are the doings of the LORD, And all to whom He caused His wondrous acts to be preserved in thought His mighty deeds He has made known: He gave His people.

The LORD’s decrees are firm and sure; They shall enter The fear of God is domin’s source, A light to all they joy afford Will study them with dedication.

and memory. The steadfast love of God never fails, ple, as their own, The heritage of heaven nations.

nally endure, Performed by Him in true perfection. who walk its course. O LORD, Thy praise is everlasting!
Come, Praise the LORD; Let All Revere Him

Based on Psalm 112

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564 O BIENHEUREUSE LA PERSONNE [GENEVAN 112]
Text: William Helder, 1972 ©

Come, praise the LORD; let all re-vere Him. Blест is the man who loves and fears Him, Who takes de-light in His com-mand-ments.

Who is com-pass-ion-ate and gra-cious, and fears Him, Who takes de-light in His com-mand-ments.

While gen-er-os-i-ty re-veal-ing, He jus-tice shows in loves and fears Him, Who takes de-light in His com-mand-ments.

His gifts he on the need-y show-ers; Be-hold his hon-or, Blest shall be al-so his de-scend-ants; They shall be might-y in the na-tion, For blest shall be their gen-er-a-tion.

The just shall thrive in all en-dea-vor; His right-eous-ness en-dures for-ev-er. He is com-pass-ion-ate and gra-cious, all his deal-ings. He stands up-on a firm foun-da-tion; fame, and pow-er. His en-e-my looks in vex-a-tion

Un-end-ing is his name's dur-a-tion. The right-eous, in Blest shall be also his de-scend-ants; They shall be might-y in the na-tion, For blest shall be their gen-er-a-tion.

Blest is the man who loves and fears Him, Who takes de-light in His com-mand-ments.

Blest is the man who loves and fears Him, Who takes de-light in His com-mand-ments.
Come, Praise the LORD, His Might Proclaim!

Based on Psalm 113

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

ENFANS, QUI LE SEIGNEUR [GENEVAN 113]
8 8 9. 8 8 9.
When Israel Escaped from Egypt’s Reach
Based on Psalm 114

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1961 ©

QUAND ISRAEL HORS D’EGYP (GENEVAN 114)

1. When Israel escaped from Egypt’s reach, And Jacob’s house
   from people of strange speech, The earth in terror trembled.
   God’s sanctuary Judah then became And Israel His
   dominating, in the name Of Him, their Lord, assembled.

2. The waves rolled back, the sea fled at the sight, The Jordan turned
   its waters back in fright; Dread came on all creation.
   The mountains shook and skipped like fright-ened rams; The hills were tot-
   terror and hid like lambs In fear and consternation.

3. Why so afraid, why do you run, O sea? And Jordan, why
   do you turn back and flee At Israel’s validation?
   Why, mountains, do you skip like fright-ened rams? Why, hills, are you
   upset like shivering lambs In fear and desolation.

4. Tremble, O earth, before the Lord, and fear, For Jacob’s God
   in glory did appear On Horeb’s holy mountain.
   He turns the rock into a sparkling stream; The granite cliffs
   he makes with cascades gleam From new-born spring and fountain.

5. …

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1961 ©

10 10 7. 10 10 7.
1. Not unto us, but only to Thy name, O LORD our God,
   Our God in heav’n, en-throned midst cher-u-bim, Will bring to pass
3. Though they have made mouths, they do not shout or speak; Their star-ing eyes
4. Men have made gods with hands that can-not feel, And at dead feet

so great in pow’r and fame, A-scribe and give the glo-ry.
what-ev-er pleas-es Him. The i-dols of the na-tions,
are life-less, blind and bleak, And see no sac-ri-fi-ces.
do their a-dor-ers kneel. Though pre-cious stones en-crust them,

Thy stead-fast love and faith-ful-ness we laud! Why should the na-
Though skil-ful works of sil-ver and of gold, Are mere-ly things
They may have ears, but they can nev-er hear; Their nos-trils can-
Yet from their mouths a sound can nev-er come. Their mak-ers will,

itions say, “Where is their God?” And hea-then men ig-no-re Thee?
that hands of men did mold In-to a-bom-i-na-tions.
not smell though men draw near With frank-in-cense and spic-es.
like them, grow deaf and dumb, And so will all who trust them.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
NON POINT À NOUS [GENEVAN 115]
10 10 7. 10 10 7.
5. O Is - ra - el, trust in your might - y LORD! Praise Him, your help
6. The LORD will not for - get us but will bless His peo - ple who
7. May He, the LORD, give you a rich in - crease, You and your chil -
8. The dead can - not in God the LORD re - joice; Those who go down

and shield, with one ac - cord; His pow - er will pro - tect you.
their faith in Him con - fess With thanks for all He gave them.
dren with His boun - ties please; May you be blest from heav - en
to si - lence can - not voice A new song to re - vere Him.

O house of Aa - ron, put in God your trust; All you who fear
On Aa - ron's house and on His Is - ra - el, On all who fear
By Him who heav'n's and earth's foun - da - tions laid. His are the heav-
But we will bless the LORD for ev - er - more, From this time forth

Him, in the LORD find rest When trou - bles may af - flict you.
Him shall His bless - ings dwell; Both small and great, He saves them.
ens, but the earth He made The LORD to man has giv - en.
and al - ways Him a - dore. Praise then the LORD and fear Him.
I Love the LORD, the Fount of Life
Based on Psalm 116:1–9

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Kuipers, 1931; rev. ©

Based on Psalm 116:1–9

1. I love the LORD, the fount of life and grace;
   He heard my voice, my cry and supplication,
   For, when brought low, in Him I found salvation.

2. The cords of death held me in deep despair;
   The terrors of the grave caused me to languish;
   For, when brought low, in Him I found salvation.

3. I cried to Him, “Oh, I beseech Thee, LORD,
   He heard my voice, my cry and supplication,
   Hast saved my soul from death and woe appalling.

4. The LORD preserves the helpless graciously;
   Preserve my life and prove Thy self my Saviour!
   For, when brought low, in Him I found salvation.

5. O righteous LORD, Thou in Thy sovereign grace
   Inclined His ear, gave strength and consolation;
   Come, O my soul, relieved from tribulation.

   In life, in death, my heart will seek His face.
   In my distress I turned to God in pray'r.
   Turn to your rest; the LORD has favored me.

   That I may live and walk before Thy face.

J'AIME MON DIEU [GENEVAN 116]
10 11. 11 10.
I Love the LORD, the Fount of Life
Cont'd, Psalm 116:10–19

6. I have believed, and therefore did I speak
7. What shall I render to my Savior now
8. In all His people's presence I will pay
9. I am, O LORD, Thy servant, bound yet free,
10. Je - ru - sa - lem! Within your courts I'll praise

When I was made to suffer tribulation;
For all the riches of His consolation;
My vows to Him, the LORD so good and gracious.
Thy handmaid's son, whose shackles Thou hast broken.
The LORD's great name, and with a spirit lowly

I said in haste and bitter consternation:
With joy I'll take the cup of His salvation,
To God the death of all His saints is precious;
Re - deemed by grace, I'll render as a token
Pay all my vows. O Zion, fair and holy,

“All men are false; deceitful ways they seek.”
And call upon His name with thankful vow.
In times of grief He is their help and stay.
Of gratitude my constant praise to Thee.
Come join with me and bless Him all your days!
Come, all you nations, praise the LORD! Exalt Him all with one accord.

Great is His steadfast love toward us; Enduring is His faithfulness.

All peoples, in the LORD rejoice And praise His name with heart and voice.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©
1. Oh, come with thanks, God’s goodness praising; His firm and steadfast love endures.
2. I cried to God in my affliction; He answered me and set me free.
3. I was surrounded by all nations, But I subdued them in His name;
4. Hear in the dwelling of the righteous Their joyful songs of victory.

Let Israel and the house of Aaron Proclaim His love forever sure.
The LORD Himself is my protection. What can a man then do to me?
And though they swarmed like bees around me, I beat them down like thorns a-flame.

"The LORD’s right hand is high exalted; The LORD’s right hand does valiantly!"

Let all who come to Him in worship Be in His steadfast love secure.
On all my foes I look in triumph; With God I face them fearless.
I was hard-pressed and close to falling; To my support the LORD then came.
I shall not die, but live, and praise Him; In song His deeds my theme shall be.

Come to the LORD with your thanksgiving; His everlasting love endures.
I’ll put no confidence in princes; The LORD, He shall my refuge be.
He is my song and my salvation; His strength is ever-more the same.
Although the LORD has sorely chastened, He has from death delivered me.
5. I’ll thank the LORD; now let me enter. Un-lock the gates of righteousness.  
6. The stone the builders had rejected Was chosen as the corner-stone.  
7. Blest he who in the LORD’s name enters! We bless you from the house of God.  
8. Thou art my God; I will exalt Thee. Thou, might-y LORD, hast res-cued me.  

The right-eous shall here be ad-mitted, For this in-deed the LORD’s gate is.  
This mar-v’lous act, most un-ex-pec-ted, The do-ing is of God a-lone.  
He is our strength and our sal-va-tion; The LORD has shed His light a-broad.  
For Thy un-fail-ing love and mer-cy I of-fer now my thanks to Thee.  

I thank Thee, LORD, that Thou hast heard me And res-cued me from my dis-tress.  
This is the day the LORD cre-at-ed; Now let us sing with joy-ful tones.  
Bind fest-al of-f’rings to the altar; With sac-ri-fi-ces bring Him laud.  
Oh, thank the LORD for all His good-ness, For most com-pas-sion-ate is He.  

Thou hast be-come, LORD, my sal-va-tion; All those who seek Thee wilt Thou bless.  
Grant us pros-per-i-ty, we pray Thee; O LORD, save those who are Thy own.  
Shout forth your joy with-in His tem-ple. Oh, praise the LORD, for He is God.  
His stead-fast grace and lov-ing-kind-ness En-dure through all e-ter-ni-ty.
How Blessed Are Those Upright in the Way
Based on Psalm 119:1–16

1. How bless-ed are those up-right in their way, Who keep the LORD's de-
2. How blest are they who shun in-iqui-ties, Thy ho-ly law with
3. I know that I shall not be put to shame If I but with at-
di-ligence ob-serv-ing. Thou hast laid down Thy stat-u-tes and de-

4. How can a youth pre-serve his way, O LORD, And keep it free of e-
vi-l and trans-gres-sion? By guard-ing it ac-cord-ing to Thy word:

5. Thy words I have laid up with-in my heart; I keep Thy faith-
of my med-i-ta-tion. The path marked by Thy law I'll keep in sight

6. In Thy com-mand-ments I take great de-light; They are the sub-
crees with ded-i-ca-tion And in their walk of life His law o-

How blest are those who with de-ter-mi-na-tion, Whole-heart-ed-ly, seek
To be o-beyed in faith-ful-ness un-swerv-ing, Oh, may I but sub-

I thank Thee for the law Thou hast pro-vi-ded; I wor-ship Thee and

Oh, let my heart be whol-ly Thy pos-ses-sion, That by Thy ser-

O LORD, how blest Thou art be-yond all mea-sure. Thy stat-u-tes and de-

And guard my-self a-gainst all de-vi-a-tion. Thy ho-ly word I'll

Him by night and day And look to Him for guid-ance and sal-
mit my-self to these And so go forth, a stead-y course pre-

praise Thy ho-ly name. For-sake me not; by Thee let me be guid-ed.

sin may be ab-horred. Let me not stray, de-ny-ing my con-fes-sion.

crees to me im-part, For in Thy law I find my great-est plea-

not neg-lect or slight; Thy stat-u-tes are the cause of my e-la-

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1972 ©

BIENHEUREUSE EST LA PERSONNE [GENEVAN 119]
10 11. 10 11. 10 11.
Cont’d ➔
How Blessed Are Those Upright in the Way
Cont'd, Psalm 119:17–32

7. Grant the desire that in my heart arose, That I may keep Thy
8. By night and day for Thy decrees I long; My soul consumes it-
9. Though princes may to-gether scheme and plot, A-gainst me their con-
10. Be-hold, my soul is cleav-ing to the dust; Re-vive me as Thou
11. LORD, com-fort me as I in sor-row weep; Ac-cord-ing to Thy
12. See how I to Thy test-i-mon-ies cling; Do not sub-ject me

pre-cepts while sur-viv-ing, Re-move my blind-ness and to me ex- pose
self in con-stant year-ing. Thou dost re-buke the proud for all their wrongs-
spir-a-cies de-vis-ing. I'll con-tem-plate the pre-cepts Thou hast taught;
in Thy word hast stat-ed. All I have done I have to Thee con-fessed,
faith-ful word, re-store me. Thy serv-ant far from ways of false-hood keep;
to hu-mil-i-a-tion. Thy pre-cepts are my guide in ev-ry-thing;

The mar-vels from Thy or-d’nan-ces de-riv-ing. To me, a stran-ger
Those who, ac-cursed, from Thy com-mands are turn-ing. LORD, set me free from
I’ll stud-y them, Thy test-i-mon-ies priz-ing. In Thy in-struc-tion
And Thou to me Thy ans-ver hast re-lat-ed. Teach me Thy stat-u-tes,
Grant me by grace Thy law and test-i-mon-y. With vi-gor on the
I’ll run the course marked out by Thy dic-ta-tion, For from Thy ho-ly

here, Thy law dis-close, Thy serv-ant not of Thy com-mands de-priv-ing.
their in-sult-ing tongues; I’ve kept Thy law, Thy ho-ly will dis-cern-ing.
my de-light I’ve sought, And in the counsel from Thy law a-ris-ing.
ex-cel-lent and just; Then may Thy won-drous works be con-tem-plat-ed.
way of truth I’ll leap; Thy sac-red or d’nan-ces I’ve set be-fore me.
law true joy does spring; It is the source of all my ex-ul-ta-tion.
13. Teach me, O LORD, the way set out by Thee, And I will keep Thy statutes to the finish. Bless me with insight so that constantly I may search and ponder. From Thy commandments let me not depart; made to those who fear Thee. Turn Thou a way the counsel which I dread, show me Thy salvation. Then if I meet with scorn and mockery, Thy commandments sever. Thy ordinances hope to me afford; speak of Thy salvation And not be put to shame or be disgraced.

I may with all my heart Thy precepts cherish. Reveal the path of To thoughts of gain let not my spirit wander. Restrain me lest I For Thy decrees are good. How I sincerely Long for Thy law, by I'll give my answer with out hesitancy, For I have put my I vow to keep them always and forever. Then shall I walk in Thy law I love and hold in veneraction. Thy precepts I receive.

Thy decrees to me, For Thy commandments joy and pleasure furnish. wistful glances dart At vanities. O LORD, let me not flounder. which I may be led! O righteous LORD, grant life, for I reverence Thee. confidence in Thee; LORD, Thou hast sworn to grant me liberation, lib-er-ty, O LORD; I've sought Thy law as guide in all endeavours. vere; their path I'll trace. I will attend to them in meditation.

Cont'd, Psalm 119:33–48
How Blessed Are Those Upright in the Way
Cont'd, Psalm 119:49–64

19. Be mind-ful of Thy serv-ant and re-call
20. The proud have treat-ed me with ut-ter scorn,
21. Thy stat-utes are the theme of all my songs
22. O LORD, Thou art my por-tion and my lot,
23. With haste I act and ev-er am pre pared
24. With all who fear Thee I keep com-pa-ny:
The stead-fast word which
Yet from Thy law I
Whe-er ev-er here on
And to Thy words I
To ho-nor Thy com-
Those for Thy pre-cepts

Though trou-bles and af-fic-tion me be-fall,
I am con-soled. Why should I sit and mourn?
All through the night Thy praise do I pro-long
With all my heart Thy fa-vor I have sought;
Thy mer-cy is poured forth a-bun-dant-ly,

Thy stat-utes do Thy faith-ful-ness be-tok-en;
I have gained life through
With-in my heart, as from a foun-tain well-ing.
Re-call Thy pro-mise, LORD, and grace ex-hib-it.
I've kept Thy law, I
I've kept Thy law, no neg-li-gence con-don-ing.
And with Thy love the earth is o-ver-flow-ing.

Thy com-mand-ments all: Thy ho-ly pro-mise nev er shall be brok-en!
an-ger I am torn When e-vil men for-sake Thy law and hate it.
sing with joy-ful tongue: Thy pre-cepts are a bless-ing all ex-cell-ing.
ways I turned in thought, To Thy in-struc-tion al-ways I've sub-mit-ted.
thanks to Thee de-clare; I praise Thy just de-crees, a psalm in- ton-ing.
stat-utes all to me And so un-fold the know-ledge most worth know-ing.

Thou, O LORD, hast spo-ken.
earth I may be dwell-ing. am by vow com-mit-ted.
mands with-out post-pon-ing.
ven - er-a-tion show-ing.

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How Blessed Are Those Upright in the Way
Cont’d, Psalm 119:65–80

25. To me Thy servant, Thou hast kind-ness shown, Thy mer-cy with Thy

26. O Thou art good and, LORD, Thou do-est good. Teach me; by Thy com-

27. How good it is that I have suf-fered pain, For thus in all Thy

28. LORD, Thou hast fash-ioned me with Thy own hands; By Thee I once was

29. I know, O LORD, Thy judg-ments all are just; In faith-ful-ness Thou’st

30. Let proud and god-less men be put to shame; My cause they have de-

pro-mise un-der-pin-nig. In-struct me, LORD, for it is Thou a-
mands let me be guid-ed. My name is smeared by false men, proud and rude,
stat-u tes Thou didst school me. Thy ho-ly law, which Thou, LORD, didst or-dain,
mold-ed and cre-at-ed. Give me then in-sight in-to Thy com-mands,
brought me trib-u-la-tion. As Thou hast pro-mised, and Thy word I trust,

Who art of all true knowl-edge the be-gin-ning. Be-for e I was af-
But with Thy law whole-heart-ed-ly I’ve sid-ed. They in their god-less
Is bet-ter far than wealth; oh, let it rule me. Thy or-din-an-ces
That to Thy law I may be ded-i-cat-ed. Those who re-ver e Thee
Thy stead-fast love shall be my con-so-la-tion. In Thy com-pas-sion
Let by my words the faith-ful be ex-hort-ed. May in Thy law my

flict-ed, I will own, I went a-stray, but now re-frain from sin-n ing.
hearts are gross and crude, But as for me, Thy words have joy pro-vid-ed.
are my great-est gain, For gold and sil-ver can no long-er fool me.
shall ac-claim my stand. Thy word I’ve trust-ed; hence they are e-lat-ed.
grant me life and rest: Thy law is my de-light and ex-ul-ta-tion.
heart be free from blame; I’ll not be shamed when by the LORD sup-port-ed.

Cont’d
31. LORD, how I long for Thee to set me free, But in Thy word I
32. Thy test - i - mo - ny I do not for - get, The ho - ly law which
33. All Thy com - mand - ments shall for - ev - er stand; Help Thou me, for by
34. Thy word is in the heav - ens fixed for aye; E - ter - nal are Thy
35. If Thy com-mands had not been my de-light, I should have per - ished
36. Though e - vil men may lie in wait for me, I will give thought to

hope de-spite my an - guish. To Thee I cry, “When wilt Thou com-fort me?”
Thou hast in - sti - tu - ted. Oh, how long must Thy ser-vant suf-fer yet?
false - hood I am hound - ed. The god - less al - most swept me from the land,
faith - ful - ness and mer - cy. When Thou didst Thy cre - a - tive might dis-play,
in my great af - flic - tion. Thy pre - cepts I will not for - get or slight,
Thy di - vine in - struc - tion. All things, how-ev - er per - fect they may be,

With fail - ing eyes I for Thy pro-mise lan - guish. A wine-skin in the
Judge Thou the proud by whom I’m per - se - cut - ed. Their pits they dig and
But I have kept Thy law, in which I’m ground - ed. In Thy un - fail - ing
The earth was set im - mov - a - ble be - fore Thee. By Thy de - cree, Lord,
For Thou hast shown me life by their di - rec - tion. Thy stat - u - tures I have
Are marred with flaws and head-ed for de - struc - tion, But the com - mand - ments

smoke I seem to be; Yet Thy com - mand - ments I will not re - lin - quish.
me with snares be - set; They flout Thy word and wic - ked - ly re - fute it.
love my life de-fend, That I may heed what Thou, LORD, hast ex-pound - ed.
they stand firm to-day, For all things are Thy ser - vants and a - dore Thee.
pon - dered day and night. Since I am Thine, LORD, grant me Thy pro - tec - tion.
once pro-claimed by Thee Are un - sur-passed, un - e - qualled in per - fect - ion.
How Blessed Are Those Upright in the Way
Cont’d, Psalm 119:97–112

37. Oh, how I love the pre-cepts of Thy law! I pore for-ev-er
38. In un-der-stand-ing I sur-pass the old; I heed Thy law, Thee,
39. How pleas-ing are Thy pro-mis-es, O LORD; Far sweet-er than is
40. Thy word is as a lamp un-to my feet, A lan-tern shin-ing
41. Ac-cept, O LORD, my of-fer-ings of praise; Teach me the words that
42. Thy tes-ti-mon-ies are for-ev-er mine: My her-i-tage and

O’er its hal-low-ed pag-es. Since all the day I pon-der it with awe,
LORD, with fer-vor serv-ing, From e-evil cours-es, I my feet with-hold,
hon-ev to my pal-ate. Thy test-i-mon-ies true de-light af-ford;
on the path be-fore me. I’ve sworn an oath and here my vow re-peat:
of Thy grace are to-ken. Though I may live in dan-ger all my days,
per-ma-ment pos-ses-sion, My joy, which I shall in my heart en-shrine:

I’m wis-er than my foes and all their sag-es. The in-sight which from
In faith-ful-ness Thy ho-ly word ob-serv-ing. Thou didst in-struc-t me
Through them I gain the wis-dom ev-er val-id. Thus ev-’ry path of
I’ll keep Thy just de-crees, LORD, and a-dore Thee. I suf-fer in af-
Thy law shall by Thy ser-vant not be brok-en; And though my foe his
And to their praise I ev-er give ex-pres-sion. My heart to Thy com-

Thy de-crees I draw Ex-cels that of my teach-ers and the a-ged.
and Thy law un-fold; Thus I have kept Thy pre-cepts with-out swerv-ing.
false-hood I’ve ab-horred; I shun de-cit and from my ways re-pel it.
flic-tion and de-feat; Re-call Thy stead-fast pro-mise and re-store me.
snares and pit-falls lays, I do not stray from all that Thou hast spo-ken.
mand-ments I in-cline, Un-to the end re-frain-ing from trans-gres-sion.

Cont’d ➔
How Blessed Are Those Upright in the Way
Cont’d, Psalm 119:113–128

43. I hate the fick-le and di-vid-ed heart; I love Thy law. On
44. Up-hold me, LORD, lest I should hope in vain, For on Thy word I
45. All those who from Thy pre-cets go a-stray Thou dost re-ject; in
46. I’ve kept Thy law; I’ve done what’s just and right. O LORD, to my op-
47. Be mind-ful of Thy stead-fast love, and deal With me in grace and
48. ‘Tis time for Thee to act, O LORD. Be-hold, By e-vil men Thy

Thee I am de-pen-dent; O LORD, my hid-ing-place and shield Thou art.
base my ex-pec-ta-tion. Ful-fil Thy pro-mise and my life sus-tain;
vain do they dis-sem-ble. The wick-ed Thou as dross wilt cast a-way;
pres-sors do not leave me. Be sure-ty for my wel-fare, God of might;
mer-cy, I be-seek Thee. O LORD, Thy stat-u-tes and de-crees re-veal,
law is vi-o-lat-ed. I prize it more than all the fin-est gold;

I trust Thy word and hope in its ful-ment. You e-vil-do-ers,
I look to Thee for re-fuge and sal-va-tion. O LORD, en-a-ble
I there-fore love Thy law. Let me not stub-ble. I quake when Thou Thy
Let not my laugh-ty foes op-press and grieve me. My eyes grow dim with
And all Thy won-drous test-i-mon-ies teach me. Give me dis-cern-ment
My love for Thy com-mands is un-a-bat-ed. My steps from ways of

all from me de-part, That I may ev-er keep my God’s com-mand-ments.
Thou me to main-tain Thy sta-tutes; let them be my med-i-ta-tion.
judg-ments dost dis-play; In awe of Thee, O LORD, I fear and trem-ble.
watch-ing day and night For Thee to keep Thy pro-mise and re-lieve me.
and my blind-ness heal; Let all my pleas for un-der-stand-ing reach Thee.
false-hood I with-hold, For by Thy law my course is reg-u-lat-ed.
How Blessed Are Those Upright in the Way
Cont’d, Psalm 119:129–144

49. How won-drous are Thy tes-ti-mo-nies, LORD; I keep them, for they
50. For all Thy law I long whole-heart-ed-ly; I pant and thirst, for
51. Save me from man’s in-iq-ui-tous de-signs, That by Thy pre-cepts
52. LORD, Thou art right-eous and Thy law is just; Thy judg-ments Thou on
53. Thy pro-mise is well-tried and stands se-cure; Thy pledge I love, in
54. Though now I suf-fer an-guish and dis-tress, Thy law is my de-

tru-ly are as-stound-ing. Thou dost re-veal and o-pen up Thy word,
all Thy sta-tutes yearn-ing. As is Thy way with those who hon-or Thee,
I may be di-rec-ted. LORD, let Thy face up-on Thy ser-vant shine;
right-eous-ness hast found-ed. In all Thy sta-tutes I have put my trust,
Thee, O LORD, con-fid-ing. Though I’m of no ac-count, de-spised and poor,
light and con-so-la-tion. For ev-er-last-ing is Thy right-eous-ness,

Thus shed-ding light in-to my dark sur-round-ings. Thou in-sight to the
Be gra-cious, LORD, Thy face to-wards me turn-ing. Let works of e-vil
Teach me Thy law and let my life re-flect it. While shed-ding count-less
For they in faith-ful-ness are firm-ly ground-ed. By zeal con-sumed, I’m
I’ll not for-get Thy pre-cepts and Thy guid-ing. Thy right-eous-ness for
And faith-ful are Thy words of rev-e-la-tion. Thy ser-vant, LORD, with

sim-ple doest af-ford, For Thy de-crees shine forth with light a-bound-ing.
get no hold on me; LORD, guide my steps, Thy pro-mis-es con-firm-ing.
tears, I grieve and pine. Be-cause Thy law is not at all re-spect-ed.
speech-less with dis-gust Thy law is truth, e-ter-nal-ly a-bid-ing.
ev-er shall en-dure; When foes ig-nore what Thou, LORD, hast ex-pound-ed.
un-der-stand-ing bless, That I may live, that I may see sal-va-tion.

Cont’d
How Blessed Are Those Upright in the Way
Cont’d, Psalm 119:145–160

55. With all my heart, O LORD, I cry to Thee. Show me Thy answer.
56. I cry for help before the break of day; I trust Thy promise.
57. My foes draw near and malice they intend; Far from Thy law are
58. See my affection, LORD, and set me free; I keep Thy law and
59. Great is, O LORD, Thy mercy in distress; Grant me the life by
60. Be hold, O LORD, Thy precepts I revere; I love Thy law; I

to my supply. Thy statutes I will keep unceasingly.
Thy decrees I ponder; I’ve waited for the night so that I may
those by whom I’m hounded. But Thou art near; on Thee, LORD, I depend.
ever shall retain it. Plead Thou my cause and win release for me;
Thy decree a-warded. Though countless foes Thy servant may oppress,
corn the wick-ed’s railing. Pre serve my life, O LORD, and persevere

I call on Thee and pray for preservation. Save me, O LORD, and
Up on Thy words reflect in awe and wonder. LORD, hear me in Thy
Thy words are true; by them I am surrounded. As I’ve long known, Thy
Re call Thy promise, for I then shall gain it. But far from those who
Against Thy law I’ve guarded. Oh, how I loathe the
According to Thy mercy never failing. The sum of all Thy

listen to my plea, That I may keep Thy law with vengeance.
stead-fast love, I pray; The proud are set on tearing me a-sunder.
statutes have no end; For ever are Thy testimonies found.
seek not Thy decree Is Thy salvation; they shall not attain it.
traitor’s faithlessness; I grieve when Thy commands are disregarded.
word is truth most clear, And each decree shall ever be prevail.
How Blessed Are Those Upright in the Way
Cont'd, Psalm 119:161–176

61. Princes have hounded me without a cause, Yet I am awe-struck
62. O LORD, I praise Thee seven times a day, For righteous is the
63. I hope in Thee, for me Thou wilt preserve; I do Thy will and
64. Incline Thy ear and listen to my cry; Accord ing to Thy
65. Oh, let my lips run over with Thy praise, For Thy decrees Thou
66. I long for Thy salvation night and day, And Thy commandments

by Thy reverence. And I rejoice at Thy commands and laws;
law Thou hast provided. Great peace is theirs who honor and obey
keep Thy law before me. I heed Thy word and Thy commands observe,
word hear Thou my sighing hast in me implanted. My tongue will sing, a joyful anthem raise,
my delight awakened. Oh, let me live to praise Thy name for aye;

They, like great spoil, rouse me to jubilation. I loathe all vain deceit
Thy precepts and who by Thy word are guided. No snares or pitfalls
For peace and consolation they afford me. I do not from Thy
To me Thy testimonies not declining. On Thee I for deceit
For in Thy statutes justice is preserved. Let Thy hand help me
Let Thy decrees lend me support unshaken. I wander like a

ceit that ever was; I love Thy law but spurn abomination.
shall be set the way Of those who in Thy justice have conspired.
testimonies sweare, For all my ways are plain, O LORD, before Thee.
livingance rely; LORD, rescue me, Thy promised aid sup ply ing.
when Thy servant strays: I’ve chosen, LORD, the precepts Thou hast granted.
sheep that’s gone astray: Oh, seek me, LORD; Thy law I’ve not forsaken.
I Seek the LORD in My Affliction

Based on Psalm 120

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1972 ©

1. I seek the LORD in my affliction And cry to Him for His protection:
   Woe! Be - hold my tribulation, For Me - sheh is my habi - tation;

   “O save me, LORD, from lips that slander, From tongues that will to falsehood plunder.”
   Near Ke - dar’s tents I’m forced to wan - der, Where treach’rous tribesmen kill and plunder.

2. Deceitful tongue, what shall He grant you, And with what more will He present you?
   Too long I have with those resided Who hate all peace and who de - ride it.

3. Sharp arrows from a warrior’s bow And burn - ing char - coal’s red-hot glow?
   I am for peace, which they ab - hor; Thus when I speak, they are for war!

ALORS QU’AFFLICITION ME PRESSE [GENEVAN 120]
9 9. 9 9. 9 9. 8 8.
Unto the Hills I Lift My Eyes

Based on Psalm 121

1. Unto the hills I lift my eyes. From whence comes all my aid
2. Your Keeper slumbers not, nor shall He cause your foot to fail
3. The LORD your Keeper is for aye, A shade on your right hand:
4. The LORD will guard and keep you when You meet with harm or strife:

When troubled or afraid? The LORD shall to my help arise,
When dangers you as sail Lo, He who keeps His Israel
You shall surely stand. The moon by night, the sun by day
He will preserve your life. When going out or coming in,

He who made earth and heaven: His aid is freely given.
Will neither sleep nor slumber: Nought shall your life encumber.
Shall not afflict or smite you, But with their radiance light you.
The LORD will you deliver From this time forth, for ever.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©

VERS LES MONTS J’AY LEVÉ [GENEVAN 121]
8 6 6. 8 7 7.
How Glad I Was When unto Me
Based on Psalm 122

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©}

1. How glad I was when un-to me
They said, “Let us with one ac-cord

2. As was de-creed for Is-ra-el,
The tribes as-sem-ble from a-broad

3. Let peace be found with-in your walls
And in your pal-ac-es re-pose;

Go to the tem-ple of the LORD,
There to a-dore His maj-es-ty.”

With thanks un-to the name of God,
For there His ho-ly pres-ence dwells.

May bless-in gs be con-ferred on those
Who dwell with-in your fa-vored halls.

Je-ru-sa-lem, where bless-in g waits,
Our feet are stand-ing in your gates;

The seats for judg-ment are there-in,
The thrones of Da-vid’s roy-al kin;

For friends and breth-ren I will say,
“Let peace a-bide in you for aye;

Here shall we bring our sup-pli-ca-tion.
Je-ru-sa-lem is built so well:

There sit the ru-lers of the na-tion.
Pros-per-i-ty be un-to them

May nought dis-turb you now or e-ver.”
By rea-son of God’s tem-ple fair

It is the pride of Is-ra-el;
Se-cure-ly knit are its foun-da-tions.

That love you, O Je-ru-sa-lem,
Who make your peace their sup-pli-ca-tion.

And for the mer-cy prof-ered there,
I will in-voke your good for e-ver.
To Thee, O Lord Who Dwellest in the Height

1. To Thee, O Lord who dwell-est in the height, My eyes look up for light.
2. O Lord, our God, grant us Thy grace a-gain, Grant us Thy grace a-gain,

Lo, as the eyes of serv-ants, when ne-glect-ed, Are to their lord di-rec-ted,
For, lo, our ears are full of man's de-ri-sion At our e-stranged con-di-tion;

And as a maid-en's glance for fa-vor lin-gers Up-on her mis-tress' fin-gers,
Our soul is sat-ed with the scorn and chid-ing Of those at ease a-bid-ing,

Thus, too, our eyes look to our Mas-ter's face Till He pro-vide us grace.
And of the proud who in their van-i-ty Re-gard us haugh-ti-ly.
Let Israel Now Say in Thankfulness
Based on Psalm 124

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Unknown; rev.

OR PEUT BIEN DIRE ISRAEL [GENEVAN 124]
10. 10 10. 10 10.
Those Who Trust in the LORD Resemble
Based on Psalm 125

1. Those who trust in the LORD resemble Mount Zion, firm and sure,
2. Je - ru - sa - lem! The hills sur-round her And moun-tains stand on guard
3. The wick-ed’s scap - ter shall not hum - ble The land He did en - trust
4. Do good, O LORD, to those who hear Thee, To men good in Thy sight

Which ev - er will en - dure; It stands un - moved and will not trem - ble.
To keep her peace un-marred When threats of en - e - mies con - found her.
To peo - ple right and just, Lest they, en - ticed by e - vil, stum - ble,
And in their hearts up - right. Let in Thy Is - ra - el that fears Thee,

So Is - ra - el will not be shak - en Or be for - sak - en.
So guards the LORD His own who hear Him And praise and fear Him.
And they their hands to wrong be turn - ing, God’s coun - sel spurn - ing.
When sin - ners to their doom are driv - en, Thy peace be giv - en.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

TOUT HOMME QUI SON [GENENVAN 125] 9 6. 6 9. 9 5.
When Zion Was at Last Restored

Based on Psalm 126

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

ALORS QUE DE CAPTIVITÉ [GENEVAN 126]

8 8. 8 8. 9 9. 8 8.
Unless the LORD Will Build the House
Based on Psalm 127

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1961 ©

ON A BEAU SA MAISON BASTIR [GENEVAN 127]

8 8. 8 8. 8 8.
1. Blest is the man who always Reveres and serves the LORD,
2. Your wife a vine resembles, Fruitful within your house.
3. From Zion come your blessing; May you see Salem's peace.

Who, walking in His pathways, Obey and keeps His Word.
Like olive shoots as sem ble The children God allows.
And happiness progress ing Until your days will cease.

The fruit of all your labor You as reward will eat
A round your table sitting, They are a rich reward,
May you through life's duration Know that your seed is well

You, blest by His great favor, Will have what you may need.
A blessing great and fitting For him who fears the LORD.
And see their generations Peace be on Israel!

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543;
harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William W. J. VanOene, 1972 ©
1. “They have oppressed me sorely from my youth.”
2. “They plowed my back as if they plowed a field;
3. May all those who hate Zion be brought low.
4. No reaper gathers those to have them threshed;

O Israel, make this your song forever;
Long furrows drew those enemies who hound me.”
Put them to shame, LORD. Crush them by Thy power.
Such worthless grass no binder cares to rescue.

“They have oppressed me sorely from my youth,”
The LORD is righteous; He, my strength and shield,
Make them like weeds that on the rooftops grow,
Those passing by will never say, “Be blest!”

Yet they have not prevailed against me ever.
Has cut the cords with which the wicked bound me.
That, dry and withered, die before they flower.
And, “In the name of the LORD God we bless you!”

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©
Out of the Depths of Sadness
Based on Psalm 130

1. Out of the depths of sadness, O LORD, I cried to Thee;
2. If, showing no compassion, Thou shouldst our sins record
3. I wait for God to hide me; My soul, with long-ing stirred,
4. Hope in the LORD, O nation! With Him is steadfast love;

Thou who canst fill with gladness, Lend now Thy ear to me.
And mark all our transgressions, Who then could stand, O LORD?
Shall hope, what-er betide me, In His un-failing word.
His plenteous salvation He’ll send you from above.

O Fount of consolation, Attend unto my cry;
But Thou dost pardon fully All our iniquity,
For Thee, LORD, I am yearning With more intense desire
He will redeem His people, His chosen Israel,

Hear Thou my supplication And to my help draw nigh.
That we may serve Thee truly And fear Thy majesty.
Than watchers for the morning To dawn of day aspired.
From all their sins and evil, That they His praise may tell.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©
DU FONS DE MA PENSEE [GENEVAN 130]
7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6
1. O LORD in Whom I Do Abide, My heart and eyes are free from pride.
2. But I have set my soul at rest. As, shel-tered at its moth-er’s breast,
3. Hope in the LORD, O Is-ra-el; The just shall in His pres-ence dwell.

I shun great mat-ters, and I flee From things too mar-vel-ous for me.
A child may ling-er qui-et-ly, My soul is qui-et-ed in me.
Trust in His mer-cy, Him a-dore From this time forth and ev-er-more.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

SEIGNEUR, JE N’AY POINT [GENEVAN 131] 8 8 8 8.
Remember, LORD, How War and Strife

1. Remember, LORD, how war and strife And hardships burdened
2. “I will not enter my own house, Or get into my
3. In Ephraim the news we heard, In Jarar’s fields our
4. O LORD, go to Thy place of rest, Thou and the ark, with
5. Let shouts of praise the heavens shake, Thy saints their joyful

David’s life; Recall his days with troubles rife;
bed, or drowse, Or sleep till I have paid my vows,
hearts were stirred: We found the ark and spread the word,
power blest, And let Thy faithful priests be dressed
an-thems make; And for Thy servant David’s sake,

How to the LORD he swore aloud,
Till for the LORD I find a place,
“Let us go to His dwelling place
In holiness, and so proclaim Thy face

To Jacob’s Mighty One he vowed:
For Jacob’s God a dwelling place.”
And worship there before His face!
Thy righteousness and wondrous fame.
From him, anointed by Thy grace.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551;
harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

VUEILLE, ESIGNEUR, ESTRE RECORS [GENEVAN 132]
8 8 8. 8 8.
Remember, LORD, How War and Strife
Cont’d, Psalm 132:11–17

6. The LORD has once to David sworn An oath He never will
7. “Your sons, if they My covenant hold And hear when I My
8. For Zion, by all men admired, The LORD has chosen
9. “On her I will my blessings shed. A bountifully will
10. “There I will cause, in David’s line, A horn to sprout, a
Behold, How Good, How Pleasant
Based on Psalm 133

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. © O COMBIEN EST PLASANT [GENEVAN 133]

1. Be- hold, how good, how pleas- ant is the un- ion When broth- ers live to-
2. 'Tis as the dew on Her- mon's brow de-scend- ing, The dew that falls where

geth- er in com- mun- ion! 'Tis like the oil on Aa- ron's head
Zi- on's slopes are bend- ing, And makes their vin- tage o- ver- flow.

That, run- ning down, up- on his beard does spread, The oil that, flow- ing
So they who dwell in peace no want shall know, For there the LORD their

down his priest- ly dress, A- noints him un- to ho- li- ness. God His bless- ing sends And grants the life that ne- ver ends.
Come, Bless the LORD with One Accord

Based on Psalm 134

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Lambertus J. Lamberts, 1928

O S US, SERVITEURS [GENEVAN 134]

1. Come, bless the LORD with one accord, You faithful servants of the LORD,
2. Lift up your hands, in pray’r draw nigh Unto His sanctuary high;
3. The LORD now bless you from above, From Zion in His boundless love;

Who in His house do stand by night; And praise Him there with all your might.
Oh, bless the LORD, kneel at His feet, And worship Him with reverence meet.
Our God, who heav’n and earth did frame, Blest be His great and holy name.
1. Hallelujah! Praise the LORD And extol His holy name.
2. Praise the LORD, for He is good; Sing your praise to Him alone.
3. He does all that pleaseth Him; Heaven, earth, the deepest sea
4. Egypt's first-born He destroyed; Man and beast He both did smite.
5. Many nations He struck down; Kings and princes great in might:

You that stand within His house, Praise His greatness, voice His fame.
He chose Jacob for Himself; Israel He made His own.
Do His bidding, heed His will; Clouds rise up at His decree.
He His signs and wonders sent And so humbled Egypt's might,
Og, the king of Bashan's hills, Si hon of the Amorites.

You His servants, shout His laud In the temple courts of God.
Far above all gods is He, Great in pow'r and majesty.
With the rain He light-ning sends; Winds and pests He commands.
Show ing Phar aoh and his court That no man His will can thwart.
He smote Canaan's king-dom's all, Gave their land to Israel.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

CHANTEZ DE DIEU LE RENOM [GENEVRAN 135]

77.77.77.
Hallelujah! Praise the LORD
Cont'd, Psalm 135:13–21

6. Thy ex-al-ted name, O LORD, Will stand firm for ev-er-more;
7. I-dols are but pre-cious ore, Fash-ioned by the hands of men.
8. They have ears, but can-not hear; Noth-ing can they un-der-stand.
9. Come, O house of Is-ra-el, Sing the prais-es of the LORD.
10. Blest from Zi-on be the LORD, Who dwells in Je-ru-sa-lem.

Thy great glo-ry and re-nown Through all a-ges will en-dure.
They have eyes but can-not see; Na-tions wor-ship them in vain.
In their mouths there is no breath, And their mak-ers, in the end,
Come, O Aa-ron's priest-ly house, Bless His name with one ac-cord.
Let His peo-ple all re-joice; Let them praise and wor-ship Him.

For the LORD will vin-di-cate All who for His mer-cy wait.
They have mouths, but can-not speak. Why should men their fav-or seek?
Like their i-dols will be-come; So will all who trust in them.
Le-vi's house, your voic-es raise. You that fear Him, sing His praise.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the LORD! Bless His name with one ac-cord.
For His steadfast love is sure; It shall ever more endure.

For His steadfast love is sure; It shall ever more endure.
Along the Streams of Babylon, in Sadness
Based on Psalm 137

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

1. Along the streams of Babylon, in sadness We sat and wept, remembering Zion’s gladness, And on the willows there we hung our lyre, land we mourn and languish? Jerusalem, for love of you I cry; long razed Zion’s city, How Esau’s sons rejoiced and said to them, pointed to requite you With all the evil you to us have done!

2. How shall we sing the LORD’s song in our anguish When in a foreign land we bring? And on the willows there we hung our lyre, land we mourn and languish? Jerusalem, for love of you I cry; long razed Zion’s city, How Esau’s sons rejoiced and said to them, pointed to requite you With all the evil you to us have done!

3. Re- member, LORD, how E- dom showed no pity That day when Babylon, destroyer, God shall smite you! How happy he, ap- winner there we hung our lyre, land we mourn and languish? Jerusalem, for love of you I cry; long razed Zion’s city, How Esau’s sons rejoiced and said to them, pointed to requite you With all the evil you to us have done!

4. O Babylon, destroyer, God shall smite you! How happy he, ap- winner there we hung our lyre, land we mourn and languish? Jerusalem, for love of you I cry; long razed Zion’s city, How Esau’s sons rejoiced and said to them, pointed to requite you With all the evil you to us have done!

5. Joy and mirth they want-ed. “Sing for us one of Zion’s songs!” they taunted. ever I forget you, If not above my highest joy I set you! down to its foundations!” O God, do not forget their pro- vocations. shall, devoid of pity, Dash on the rocks the children of your ci- ty!
With All My Heart I Will Record
Based on Psalm 138

1. With all my heart will I record Thy praise, O LORD, and ex-al-ta-tion.

2. O God, when-er I cried to Thee Thou heard-est me and didst de-liv-er;

3. They all shall sing in joy-ful lays And laud Thy ways with ju-bi-la-tion,

4. LORD, though I walk ’mid trou-bles sore, Thou wilt re-store my fal-t’ring spir-it;

Be-fore the gods with joy-ful song Will I pro-long my ad-o-ra-tion.

For by Thy strength, when sore a-fraid, My soul was stayed, O gra-cious Giv-er.

For great is God in maj-es-ty, The LORD is He of all cre-a-tion.

Though an-gry foes my soul a-ward, Thy might-y arm will save and cheer it.

I bow down toward Thy ho-ly place And for Thy grace and truth ex-tol Thee.

The kings of earth in one ac-cord Shall thank Thee, LORD, with praise unbroken,

Our cov-nant God looks from on high With kind-ly eye up-on the low-ly,

Yea, Thou wilt fin-ish per-fect-ly What Thou for me hast un-der-tak-en;

Thou like Thy name, O LORD Most High, Didst mag-ni fy Thy Word so ho-ly.

When o-ver all the earth is heard The wondrous Word which Thou hast spoken.

But He knows those from far who hide, In sin-ful pride, their ways un-ho-ly.

May not Thy works, in mer-cy wrought, E’er come to nought, or be for-sak-en.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1931 ©

IL FAUT QUE DE TOUS [GENEVAN 138]
8 9, 8 9, 8 9, 8 9.

240
O LORD My God, Thou Searchest Me
Based on Psalm 139:1–12

1. O LORD my God, Thou search¬est me; My heart and mind
are known to Thee! No¬thing is hid¬den from Thy eyes
and Thou dhist probed me, hide

2. Thou know¬est all and Thou dost trace My jour¬ney and
are my rest¬ing place. The ways I go are clear to Thee,
and Thou hast laid Thy hand.

3. Thou art be¬fore me and be¬hind And Thou hast probed
es¬cape from Thee? If I to heav¬en's height as¬cend,
of morn¬ing take To fly in¬to the farth¬est sea,
me, from Thy sight,” Then dark¬ness is not dark to Thee;

4. Where can I from Thy Spir¬it flee? Where do I find
When I sit down and when I rise, And from a¬far Thou
And all my do¬ings Thou dost see. My tongue, though si¬lent,
Then I shall there be¬fore Thee stand. The grave can from Thy
And dwell there, far a¬way from Thee, Then e¬ven there Thy
Through black¬est night Thou se¬est me. With Thee the night is

5. And my God, Thou Searchest Me
art dis¬cern¬ing My thoughts and hopes, my se¬cret yearning.
is re¬veal¬ing The in¬most thoughts I am con¬ceal¬ing.
or ex¬plain it, So high that I can¬not at¬tain it!
eyes not hide me, For e¬ven there Thou art be¬side me.
hand shall lead me And Thy right hand shall hold and heed me.
ever light¬less; Be¬fore Thy eyes the dark is bright¬ness.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

O DIEU, TU COGNOIS [GENEVA 139]
8 8.8 8 9 9.

Cont’d ➔
O LORD My God, Thou Searchest Me
Cont'd, Psalm 139:13–24

7. My in - ward parts were formed by Thee, For Thou, my God,
8. My frame was not con - cealed from Thee When I was fash -
9. My un - formed sub - stance Thou didst see, And all the days
10. How pre - cious are Thy thoughts to me, How vast their sum,
11. O God, if on - ly Thou wouldst slay The wick - ed, in
12. Do I not hate those who hate Thee? O LORD my God,
13. Search me, O God, and know my heart; See if I from

O LORD My God, Thou Searchest Me
Cont'd, Psalm 139:13–24

And nei - ther light nor dark - ness knew. With awe, with rev' - rent
Be - fore my moth - er gave me birth, Thy eyes did in the
Thou hast re - cord - ed, ev - 'ry one. Their num - ber, LORD, Thou
Than all the sand up - on the shore. Thou art my God, Thy
Those men of blood and e - vil heart, Men who ma - li - cious -
Thy e - ne - mies, I do de - spise. With per - fect ha - tred
And let me by Thy Word be taught. Keep me from wick - ed

ad - mir - a - tion, I praise Thy won - der - ful cre - a - tion.
womb be - hold me; Thou didst with love and care en - fold me.
hand is with me; When I a - wake I still am with Thee.
ly de - fy Thee, Who plan re - bel - lion and de - ny Thee.
do I hate them; May woes and mis - er - y a - wait them!
ways and heed me; In ev - er - last - ing ways do lead me.

242
LORD, Rescue Me from Foes, I Pray Thee
Based on Psalm 140:1–8

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

Cont’d ➤
6. Grant not what foes may be desiring; Let not their evil
7. For all their misdeeds, proud and vicious, Grant their own mischief
8. Let slanderers not be established Where all the right-eous
9. I know the LORD upholds the need-y; With Him their cause will
10. Surely the right-eous will adore Thee And give their thanks to

plots succeed! Those who around me are conspiring
as reward. Let them be cast into abysses;
ho-nor Thee; Let men of vio-lence all be banished
be secure. He saves them from the proud and greed-y;
Thy great name; The upright all will dwell before Thee

Lift up their heads in pride and greed.
With burning coals repay them, LORD.
And hunted down to in fam-y.
Our God shows just-ice to the poor.
And there Thy faith-ful-ness pro-claim.
I Call, Beset by Wicked Scoffing
Based on Psalm 141:1–5

1. I call, be-set by wick-ed scoff-ing, On Thee, O LORD; make haste to me!
2. Set Thou a guard, O LORD, I pray Thee, To keep my mouth from evil's lure,
3. Let none to evil deeds in-cite me. Keep Thou me from the com-pan-y
4. In kind-ness let a good man scold me Or strike me, but let not in-stead

Oh, let my pray'r like in-cense be, My lift-eds hands like eve-ning of-f'rings.
The door-way of my lips se-cure. Hear Thou my voice and come to stay me.
Of those who work in-iqui -ty, And let their dain-ties not de-light me.
Oil of the wick-ed touch my head; Let not their evil deeds en-fold me.

I Call, Beset by Wicked Scoffing
Cont'd, Psalm 141:6–10

5. When to their judg-es they are giv-en They shall, condemned, their misdeeds rue
6. For as a rock, all cleft and bro-ken, So shall their bones, O LORD, be strewn
7. O LORD my God, my eyes are toward Thee; I seek my re-fuge, LORD, in Thee,
8. De-stroy their trap, LORD, do not fail me, And of my per-ils be a - ware!

And learn, LORD, that Thy word is true. A - gainst Thee they in vain have striv-en.
There where the grave for them is hewn, When Thou in Thy great wrath hast spo-ken.
Make haste to come, to set me free, And let Thy might de-fend and guard me.
Let them be caught in their own snare, While I es - cape to praise and hail Thee.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1967 ©

O SEIGNEUR, À TOY [GENEVEAN 141]
9 8. 8 9.

245
Based on Psalm 142

With All My Voice to God I Cry

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Unknown; rev.

J’AY DE MA VOIX À DIEU [GENEVAN 142]
8 8 8 8.

1. With all my voice to God I cry: I call up-on the LORD Most High.
2. To Thee I pour out my com-plaint, For I am weak, my spir-it faint.
3. They in my way have laid a snare. I look, but none sees my de-spair;
4. O LORD, my Sav-ior, un-to Thee, Without a hope be-sides, I flee;
5. Be Thou my help when trou-bles throng, For I am weak and foes are strong;
6. The right-eous then shall gath-er round To share the bless-ings I have found,

Before His face my grief I show And tell my trou-ble and my woe.
When cares with gloom en-com-pass me, The path I take is known to Thee.
I find no place of re-fuge near, No friend to whom my life is dear.
Thou art my shel-ter from the strife, My por-tion in the land of life.
Thy ser vant out of pri-son bring, And thank-ful prais-es I will sing.
Their hearts made glad be-cause they see How rich-ly Thou hast dealt with me.
Hear Thou, O LORD, My Supplication
Based on Psalm 143

1. Hear Thou, O LORD, my sup-plication,
   My fer-vent plea for Thy sal-va-tion;
2. My bit-ter foe has long pur-sued me;
   Un-to the ground he has sub-dued me,
3. My soul is drained of ex-pec-ta-tion;
   My heart is numb with con-stem-na-tion.
4. LORD, see my hands to Thee ex-ten-ding,
   My soul a-thirst for Thy de-fend-ing.
5. At dawn re-veal to me Thy good-ness,
   For I con-fide in Thee, my fort-ress.
6. From all my foes me now de-liv-er,
   For I have fled to Thee for cov-er.
7. Re-vive me, LORD, to Thy name’s glo-ry;
   In right-eous-ness re-lieve my wor-ry;

   LORD, an-swer me with truth and right. With-hold from me
   And in-to dark-ness I’ve been led; He made me sit
   When I re-mem-ber for-mer days I muse on all
   My spir-it faints. Oh, haste to save Lest I be-come
   Cause me to see and know in full The way in which
   Teach me Thy will, I Thee en-treat, For Thou hast been
   In stead-fast love, as with a sword Cut off my e-

   Thy con-dem-na-tion, For none is per-fect in Thy sight.
   where light e-ludes me, Where I am left like those long dead.
   Thy pre-ser-vation And pon-der all Thy works and ways.
   as those des-cend-ing Down to the dark-ness of the grave.
   I should make pro-gress, For, LORD, to Thee I lift my soul.
   my God for-ev-er. Let Thy good Spir-it guide my feet.
   ne-mies be-fore me, For I am still Thy ser-vant, LORD.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564  SEIGNEUR DIEU, OY L’ORAIson [GENEVA 143]
Text: Dewey Westra, 1967; rev. © 9 9 8. 9 8.
Blest Be the LORD, My Rock

Based on Psalm 144

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

1. Blest be the LORD, my Rock, He who sustains me.
2. O LORD, what is a man that Thou dost heed him,
3. Stretch from on high Thy hand toward those who hound me
4. O God, to Thee a new song I’ll be singing;
5. May in their youth our sons like saplings flourish,
6. May all those blessings to Thy praise incite us,

My hands are strong, my God for battle trains me;
The son of man that Thou wilt help and lead him,
And draw me from the waters all around me.
My ten-stringed harp will with Thy praise be ringing,
Like plants full-grown which Thou with rain dost nourish,
Our cattle, heavy with their young, delight us,

My fortress and my rock to whom I flee,
That Thou dost think of coming to his aid?
Oh, rescue me from my despair and woes;
For unto kings Thou givest victory;
Our daughters with their beauty us enthrall
Un timely birth and mischance not be known;

He is my strong hold and deliverers me.
Man is like breath, his days a passing shade.
Deliver me from hands of alien foes,
Thy servant David Thou dost help and free.
Like graceful columns in a palace hall;
No locusts raze the crops our hands have sown.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©
God is my shield when enemies surround me,
LORD, bow Thy heavens, see my foes assemble;
Whose mouths are filled with slander and with lying,
Save me from swords that for my life are 
And may our gardeners all be overflow ing,
May in our streets no anguish ed cry distress us.

And in Him I take refuge when they hound me.
Come, touch the mountains, that they smoke and trem ble!
Whose right hand carries false hood. Hear my cry ing.
From alien foes, whose mouth is full of lying,
On us their fruit of every kind be stow ing.
Remember Thou Thy people's prayer and bless us.

Praise Him who dwells between the cherubim,
Flash forth Thy lightnings and fight Thou our fight;
See how their might will overpower me.
Whose right hand is the right hand of deceit.
May in our fields our sheep so multiply
How happy those who reap such rich reward!

And who subdues the peoples under Him.
Send out Thy arrows, rout them in their flight!
Come to my help: whom have I, LORD, but Thee?
Turn Thou their pride to shame and to defeat.
That their ten thousands every count defy.
Yes, happy those whose king is God the LORD!

249
I Will Exalt Thee, O My God and King
Based on Psalm 145

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564  MON DIEU, MON ROY, HAUT JE [GENEVAN 145]

1. I will exalt Thee, O my God and King,
2. LORD, the majestic glories of Thy state
3. LORD, Thou art good to all that dwell below;
4. Thy kingdom shall continue without end,
5. The LORD is just in all His will and way,

And bless Thy name forever as I sing;
And all Thy doings I will contemplate;
Thou in Thy workings Thy steadfast love dost show.
Thy sovereignty from age to age extend.
And all His works His steadfast love portray.

Yes, daily blessing Thee, I will adore
Yes, of Thy greatness I will tell at length
They all present to Thee their thankful praise;
Thou art a help and stay to those who fall;
All men who seek His mercy find Him near;

And praise Thy holy name for ever more.
And speak about Thy awesome acts of strength,
Thy saints shall bless Thee to the end of days.
The lowly ones Thou liftest when they call.
He satisfies all those who Him reverence.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564  MON DIEU, MON ROY, HAUT JE [GENEVAN 145]

10 10. 10 10. 11 11. 11 11.
Great is the LORD and worthy of all honor or;
Till men shall bring Thy goodness to remembrance,
They shall recount Thy kingdom's exaltation
The eyes of all look unto Thee with reason,
He hears the cry of those who seek Him truly

His greatness is unsearchable for wonder.
Sing of Thy righteous ness with joyful reverence.
And praise Thy wondrous acts with venera tion,
For Thou preparest food for them in season;
But shall destroy the wicked and unruly

His acts are praised by ev'ry generation,
Thou, LORD, art gracious, boundless in compassion;
That men may for Thy mighty deeds adore Thee,
Thou openest Thy hand in gracious giving
My mouth to Him its praises shall deliver

His handiworks acclaimed with veneration.
Slow is Thy wrath in dealing with transgression.
For they unfold Thy kingdom's radiant glory.
To satisfy the needs of all things living.
And all flesh bless His holy name forever.
Praise the LORD, Who Reigns Forever
Based on Psalm 146

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
SUS, MON ÂME, QU’ON BENIE [GENEVAN 146]

1. Praise the LORD, who reigns forever! O my soul, bring Him your praise.
2. Put no trust in prince or ruler, In a man how-er wise:
3. Blest is he who has as help Him who list-ens to his pleas,
4. The op-pressed will see God’s just-ice, For the cap-tives He sets free.
5. He, the LORD, pro-tects the stran-gers; Waifs and wid-ows He sus-tains,

I will bless my God and Maker And ex-alt Him all my days.
In him is no help or pow-er; When his breath de-parts he dies,
Ja-cob’s God, the LORD so faith-ful; He made heav’n and earth, the seas,
He, the LORD, will feed the hun-gry And will make the blind to see.
Thwart-ing those whose way is evil. Praise Him who for-ev-er reigns.

Prais-es to my God I’ll sing; While I live, I’ll laud my King.
And his plans that ver-y day Waste when he re-turns to clay.
And all crea-tures of the deep; He for-ev-er faith shall keep.
He lifts up all those bowed down; Them will He with mer-cy crown.
Zi-on’s chil-dren, sing His laud. Hal-le-lu-jah, praise your God.

8 7. 8 7. 7 7.
Come, Praise the LORD! 'Tis Good and Pleasant
Based on Psalm 147

1. Come, praise the LORD! 'Tis good and pleasant
   To praise His mer-cy ev-er-pres-ent.
2. He counts the stars and knows their number;
   Each one He will by name re-mem-ber.
3. With clouds He cov-ers all the heav-ens;
   Rain for the earth by Him is gi-ven.
4. Je-ru-sa-lem, now praise your Sav-ior!
   O Zi-on, thank Him for His fav-or!
5. When He the win-try cold in-creas-es,
   He spreads the snow like wool-ly fleeces;
6. By Him Je-ru-sa-lem is guid-ed;
   The LORD His stat-u-tes has pro-vid-ed,

Sing to the LORD, our God and Sav-ior,
Who shows His steadfast love and fa-vor.
Our LORD is great, in pow'r ex-cel-ling,
His un-der-stand-ing past all tell-ing.
The LORD makes grass on hill-sides flour-ish;
All beasts and ra-vens He will nour-ish.
Your gates He strength-ens by His pow-er;
His bless-ings on your sons He'll show-er.
Like ash-es He the hoar-frost scat-ters,
And hail-stones on the earth He clat-ters.
His stead-fast love to Ja-cob show-ing,
His word on Is-ra-el be-stow-ing.

He builds Je-ru-sa-lem's foun-da-tions
The LORD lifts up the poor and hum-ble,
His joy could nev-er have its sourc-es
With-in your walls in peace He leads you
Be-fore His cold the wa-ter freez-es
He dealt thus with no oth-er na-tion;
And re-u-nites His scat-tered na-tion,
But caus-es wick-ed men to stub-ble.
In war-riors' legs or strength of hors-es:
And with the fin-est wheat He feeds you.
Till He the i-cy bonds re-leas-es:
They did not know His rev-e-la-tion.

The LORD heals all the bro-ken-heart-ed,
For He binds up the wounds that smarted.
Oh, come in thank-ful-ness be-fore Him;
With harp and joy-ful song a-dore Him.
In those who fear Him He takes plea-sure,
Who make His stead-fast love their trea-sure.
He swift-ly from His hab-i-ta-tion
Sends forth His word and pro-cla-ma-tion.
He sends His word, and winds start blow-ing;
He melts the ice, and streams are flow-ing!
Praise then the LORD, your glad-ness voic-ing
And in His stead-fast love re-joic-ing!

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
LOUEZ DIEU, CAR C'EST CHOSE [GENEVAN 147]
Text: William Helder, 1972 ©
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All Praise the LORD, O Sons of Light!

Based on Psalm 148

1. All praise the LORD, O sons of light!
   Ex-tol Him in the high-est height.
2. Let them with praise be-fore Him stand,
   For they came forth at His com-mand.
3. Praise Him, you hills and moun-tains all,
   You fruit trees and you ce-dars tall;
4. Let them ex-tol and mag-ni fy
   The LORD, whose name a-lone is high,

Praise Him, His an-gels; from your post
By His de-cree, which will en-dure,
Wild beasts and cat-tle, creep-ing things,
Whose hon-or earth and skies a-dorn.

Praise God with all the heav’n-ly host.
He fixed their place for ev-er-more.
Praise Him with ev’ry bird that sings.
He has raised up His peo-ple’s horn

You sun and moon, for sea-sons giv-en,
You shin-ing stars a-glow in heav-en,
On earth praise God with great de-votion,
You crea-tures of the deep-est o-cean,
Kings of the earth, with all its peo-ple,
Princ-es and judg-es, strong and fee-ble,
And praise for Is-ra-el, His na-tion,
Who wor-ship Him with ven-er-a-tion,

You high-est heights and cloud-y sky,
All praise the name of God Most High.
You frost and snow, you fire and hail,
And storm-winds that per-form His will.
Young men and maid-ens, old and young,
Come, praise the LORD with joy-ful song.
The flock He led from days of yore!
Praise, praise the LORD for ev-er-more!

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

VOUS TOUS LES HABITANS [GENEVA 148]
8 8. 8 8. 9 9. 8 8.
1. The LORD be praised! Come and adore Him By singing your new song before Him;
2. Let them proclaim His name with dancing, With harp and song His praise advancing,
3. Let them kneel down and sing God's praises While their right hand in vengeance raises
4. Their kings and nobles will be smitten To execute the judgment written.

Let all the faithful with rejoicing His praises now be voicing!
For in His people God takes pleasure; They are His joy and treasure.
A sword to end the profanations Of wayward heathen nations,
God's enemies who scorn repentance Receive now their just sentence.

Be glad in Him, O Israel! Your might Maker's greatness tell.
The humble ones who to Him flee The Lord adorns with victory.
To bring the peoples chastisement Be cause they God's command resent,
The verdict which His haters stuns Is glory to His faithful ones.

Let Zion's sons to God, their King, Their jubilant homage bring.
Let all the just their glory voice And in their God rejoice.
To bind their kings with iron chains Until no foe remains.
Sing, all you saints, with one accord God's greatness. Praise the LORD!
Hallelujah! Praise the LORD!
Based on Psalm 150

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the LORD In His house, with one ac - cord!
2. Praise Him with the trum - pet sound; Let His glo - rious praise a - bound.
3. Let the clash - ing cym - bals ring To the praise of God the King.

Praise Him in the wide ex - tent Of His spa - cious fir - ma - ment;
Praise Him with the psal - ter - y, With the harp His maj - es - ty;
Praise Him with a might - y sound; Let your voic - es shake the ground.

Sing and shout His praise up-right - ly. His un - bound - ed great- ness praise
Praise Him with the pipe and tim - brel. Praise Him with stringed in - stru - ments,
Sing His prais - es with re - joic - ing. All that breathe, ex - alt the LORD;

And ex - tol His won - drous ways; Praise Him for His deeds so might - y.
With the flute His ex - cel - lence; Praise Him with the sound - ing cym - bal.
Let all men His fame re - cord: Sing His prais - es! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©

OR SOIT LOUÉ L’ETERNEL [GENEVAN 150]
7 7.7 7.8 7.7 8.
Hear How the LORD on Sinai’s Mountain

Based on Exodus 20:2–7

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1979 ©

1. Hear how the LORD on Sinai’s mountain Ad-dressed the peo-ple of His choice;
2. “I am the LORD, your God and Sav-ior, Who out of bond-age set you free,
3. “You shall not serve a grav-en im-age: A jeal-ous God am I, the LORD,
4. “In-voke the LORD with fear and rev-er-ence; You shall not take His name in vain.

With them His cov-nant He es-tab-lished. They in the thun-derheard His voice.
Who brought you from the land of E-gyp-t. Have, then, no oth-er gods but Me.
The LORD your God will not hold guilt-less Those who His ho-ly name pro-fane.

Hear How the LORD on Sinai’s Mountain
Cont’d, Exodus 20:8–17

5. “Ob-serve the sab-bath, keep it ho-ly; You and your house that day shall rest.
6. “Hon-or your fa-ther and your moth-er; Then shall the LORD your days ex-tend
7. “You shall not kill or hate your neigh-bor; A-dul-t’ry you shall not com-mit.
8. “Your neigh-bor’s goods you shall not cov-et, And ev’ry-thing he calls his own:

On six days on-ly shall you la-bor; The sev-enth day the LORD has blest.
And bless you in the land He gives you. O-bey the LORD your God’s com-mand.
You shall not steal, nor bear false wit-ness, But love the truth and hon-or it.
His wife, his house, his fields and cat-tle: You shall re-spect as his a-lone.”
O Lord and Master, Thou
Based on Luke 2:29–32

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William Helder, 1979 ©

LE CANTIQUE DE SIMEON [GENEVA NUNC DIMITTIS]

1. O Lord and Master, Thou Dost let Thy servant now
2. Thou didst, O Lord, prepare For peoples everywhere

Depart in exultation; Thy promise is fulfilled,
A light for revelation, And radiant glory shall

For now have I beheld Thy wonderful salvation:
The gloom of death disperse For Israel, Thy nation.

O Lord and Master, Thou
My Soul Doth Magnify
Based on Luke 1:46–55

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1539; harm. Michael E. Owens, 2006

1. My soul does magnify The Lord, for He Most High
2. For He did contemplate His handmaid's low estate
3. How holy is His name! Let ev'ry one proclaim
4. He showed His mighty arm In scat'ring all those charmed
5. With good things He supplied The hunger, and denied
6. His servant Israel, As He did oft foretell,

Has shown to me His favor. I praise Him with my voice;
Behold, all generations Will call me ever blest,
This name with veneration. His mercy is on them
By their im - ag - i - na - tion. He hum - bled might - y men,
Them not His gracious blessing. The rich did nought receive
He graciously delivered; Re - mem - b'ring ev - er - more

My spirit does rejoice In Him, my God and Savior.
For, at the Lord's behest, Great is my ex - al - ta - tion.
That fear and honor Him Through ev - ry gen - er - a - tion.
But He has honored them That lacked all es - ti - ma - tion.
That could their want relieve Or even hunger less - en.
What He to A - brahm swore And to his seed for - ev - er.
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