

1. God is the builder of the place,  
or vainly do the masons toil.  
God keeps a watch that won't recoil  
or vainly do the sentries pace.  
Be careful lest you aim and miss:  
Our muscle of might got us this. Dt. 8:17
2. Vain, that you rise before the sun,  
go later to your feather bed.  
Vain, that you'd fret about your bread,  
since God provides the dearest one  
a life to live the way 'twas meant,  
still active though always content. Qo. 2:24
3. Sons are a comfort from the Lord,  
like arrows to the bow when strung.  
Those whom you parent when you're young  
are certainly your true reward.  
The elder's joy is offspring had,  
the cheer of all children, their dad. Pr. 17:6
4. Blessed is the man whose quiver's full  
with arrows of this sort and weight.  
Blessed are those bargains at the gate  
with enemies who try to pull  
the worsted over sleepy eyes,  
the skin of the sheep, their disguise. Mt. 7:15

1. The ones who are devoted  
to cultivating maize  
are those who've duly noted  
the providential ways,  
with spouses more than able  
to manage fruitfully,  
with sons around the table  
like shoots that make a tree.

2. Like olive shoots, exactly,  
your children, your reward!  
Such rhymes express compactly  
reminders from the Lord.  
From Zion be arriving  
these riches that increase,  
the holy city thriving,  
and Israel with peace!

Psalm 128 Chris Nelson @ 2019  
Genevan 128 7676.7676 Serial (mr)

1. They harried my youth around such a track,  
still am I here, and that's what really mattered.  
The plowmen have plowed on my aching back,  
but now they're hamstrung and the wicked shattered.
2. May all who hate Zion be so confused,  
dried up like grasses heated by the weather,  
a thatching for homes that was never used,  
no blessings of rain on their sprouting heather.

Psalm 129 Chris Nelson @ 2019  
Genevan 129 10 11 10 11 In H

1. O Lord, for your devotion,  
out of the depths I cry,  
to levels of commotion  
bend from domains on high.  
If our sins were inspected,  
could anyone survive?  
Your mercy interjected -  
them out a way to drive.

2. You're duly interceding  
while I'd rely the more  
than watchmen ever heeding  
dawn at her opening door,  
faithful love ever flowing  
like water from the well,  
its dynamo bestowing  
life unto Israel.

65:8

Am. 5:24

Psalm 130 Chris Nelson @ 2019  
Genevan 130 7676.7676 In D & I



1. My aim, O Lord, is not too high,  
I overlook peaks where I lie,  
take no part in the great affairs  
but trust in the scope of my prayers.
2. I try to keep my soul serene,  
as still as a child on the wean,  
one content in its mother's arms  
who holds it in check from the harms.

Psalm 131 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 131 8888 Serial (pc) [politically correct]

1. Keep David, O Lord, on your mind,  
    who to the God of promise swore:  
    I will not close my eyes before  
    this temple can hear, yearned and pined,  
    canticles that our voices pour!
2. A name that evoked such a sigh:  
    The Forest of the Sacred Chest.  
    In worship let us be your guest  
    where colleagues on you cast the eye,  
    where the ark's had its praise expressed.
3. We're shouting for joy as we climb  
    on higher past its cornerstone.  
    Yes, you will surely tend what's sown:  
    'I'm acting so all shall in time  
    catch a glimpse of my glorious throne.
4. 'This chosen abode I survey,  
    this covenant that shall not err!  
    From Zion will I never stir.  
    With Sinai's fist choice far away,  
    this is space that I'll not aver.
5. 'That royal line, round them I'll camp,  
    to ample food her poor invite,  
    a banquet where I clothe them right.  
    For David I'll trim, here, a lamp,  
    ring the crown with a holy light.'

Psalm 132    Chris Nelson @ 2021  
Genevan 132    88888    Serial (petal), In C



1. Come magnify the holy site  
all you who serve the Lord by night  
whose is the house where prayers support  
supplicants of the steadfast sort.
2. Lift up your hands and hear the Word  
watched over in a place preferred.  
From Zion may your stars be hurled,  
wonderments to the whole wide world.

Psalm 134            Chris Nelson @ 2022  
Genevan 134        8888        Serial (sw) [schoolwork]

1. Raising glory to your name,  
O Lord, whom your works acclaim,  
we would aim you our support  
in your house and in your court,  
praising, angels up above,  
with sounds that inspire our love!
2. I have learned the Lord is great,  
o'er those who would legislate,  
in the heavens, on the earth,  
nothing limiting of worth,  
with the rain a flashing light  
and wind from the store of might.
3. Rifting reedy seas in two,  
you led your creation through,  
Pharaoh's army duly drowned,  
Jacob's family Canaan-bound,  
former pleasures, not a trace,  
transformed at your throne of grace.
4. Lord, your memory's intact,  
for things of the flesh you act.  
Idols always trimmed in gold,  
made by humans in their mold,  
ask for nothing, don't assert,  
have eyes that are most inert.
5. House of Jacob, bless your God,  
revering the Shepherd's rod.  
House of Levi, with a shout,  
fearing rightly, be devout,  
Zion, luring all who roam,  
returning to house and home!

Psalm 135 Chris Nelson @ 2021  
Genevan 135 777777 Serial (altar)

1. Thank the Lord whose will is good,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
God of gods who understood,  
God is everlasting love!
2. Lord of lords, of Israel,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
Awesome wonders doing well,  
God is everlasting love!
3. Spreading heavens like a tent,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
With a water firmament,  
God is everlasting love!
4. Sun by day, the greater light,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
Moon and stars to govern night,  
God is everlasting love!
5. Saw their suffering and their plight,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
Brought them out of there with might,  
God is everlasting love!
6. Rifted reedy seas in two,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
In the middle led them through,  
God is everlasting love!
7. Called the Pharaoh to account,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
Drew them closer to the Mount,  
God is everlasting love!
8. Like a messenger with wings,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
Slaughtered many famous kings,  
God is everlasting love!
9. While the wicked duly melt,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
Faithful, with a righteous belt,  
God is everlasting love!
10. Promised us a safer town,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
Picked us up when we were down,  
God is everlasting love!
11. Looked upon our low estate,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
Made the throne of David great,  
God is everlasting love!
12. Gave the creatures all their food,  
Our Lord is enthroned above!  
Celebrate, you eager brood,  
God is everlasting love!

9. Here before the fire they melt, 68:2  
whose view is from high above!  
Punished with a righteous belt, Is. 11:5  
ever with a lasting love!
10. Promised us a safer town 107:7  
whose view is from high above!  
Picked us up when we were down,  
ever with a lasting love!
11. Looked upon our low estate, Lk. 1:48  
whose view is from high above!  
Made the throne of David great, 78:70  
ever with a lasting love!
12. Gave the creatures all their food,  
whose view is from high above!  
Celebrate, you eager brood,  
ever with a lasting love!

Psalm 136 Chris Nelson @ 2019  
Genevan 136 7777

1. Down by the River, prisoners were seated,  
wept we for Zion, routed and defeated.  
    Remembering her, we'd hung upon the trees  
    harps our tormentors sought from us to please.  
    'Sing us your songs, from gloominess refraining,  
    ones we'd approve of, really entertaining!'
2. How could our jailers jest us in our sadness,  
jewels of our worship sung with any gladness?  
    Jerusalem, my heart be left behind  
    if I dismiss your memory from my mind,  
not speak again if I do not position  
you over all my jubilant ambition.
3. See how the sons of Edom, at our falling,  
doomed us the more when Babylon was calling!  
    Destructive Daughter, ruin unforeseen  
    drives like the wind with none to intervene!  
Blest is the one who at the rock releases  
wrath on your children, dashing them to pieces.

Psalm 137    Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 137    11 11 10 10 11 11    Serial (rjd) [rejected]



1. Thanks to the Lord I volunteer,  
     it's you who hear  
         all that I'm saying.  
 Though your abode be near or far,  
     your angels are  
         staged where I'm playing.  
 I'm bringing, for your faithful love,  
     the offering of  
         a grateful servant. 50:14  
 And when I'm feeling strong you move  
     in ways that prove  
         you are observant.
  
2. Kings on the earth submit their fate  
     and celebrate  
         plans that you're forming.  
 Down out of heaven leapt your Word,  
     and subjects heard Ws. 18:15  
         wind that was warming. 147:18  
 Your deeds are told in verse sublime,  
     your name in rhyme  
         your fame surpassing! 138:2  
 The humble wander to and fro Am. 8:12  
     but what they grow  
         they'll be amassing. 126:6
  
3. Though I exist in pain and strife,  
     you keep my life  
         full and abounded.  
 Stretch out your hand to fluster these,  
     my enemies,  
         dazed and confounded.  
 From love on which your sheep rely  
     no low or high  
         can ever take us. Rm. 8:39  
 Now bring them back, the ones you've made, 100:3  
     when all have strayed, Is. 53:6  
         and don't forsake us.

1. My hopes are rising, as you know,  
    you're probing my heart as I grow,  
    reading out, whether false or real,  
    the gist of my thoughts, how I feel.  
My conduct, talented or tainted,  
    with every role are you acquainted, Jr. 12:3
2. The word not ordered by my tongue  
    will never be said or be sung.  
Yet you know how it all comes out,  
    you fathom my faith and my doubt.  
Such knowledge, far beyond attaining,  
    gives worth to all that you're ordaining.
3. To flee from marvels you would show,  
    from purposes, where could I go?  
If I climbed up the peaks you made,  
    or down where the dead will be laid,  
your right hand guiding like a mentor,  
    the morning portal where I'd enter? 65:8
4. For if I asked the night to rise,  
    its dark would be clear to your eyes.  
Lo, you made your design assume  
    the shape of my life in the womb.  
I thank you, Lord, for light and thunder,  
    for what I am, for every wonder.
5. You watched my nature being warmed,  
    in limbo, with care duly formed,  
every feat, each neglected nook,  
    all scribed as a fact in your book,  
the days you numbered, that were listed  
    before these elements existed.
6. Inspired to search the mind of God, Jr. 11:34  
    to do as you think, though I'm awed, 139:19-22  
let my goal be to count the sand,  
    and guessing I could, when I land, 139:9  
be with me still in how you're casting  
    directions surely everlasting.

1. From plotters of evil, protecting,  
from men who stir up enmity,  
from vipers forever expecting  
I fall upon their sharp debris -
2. Approaching my overrun borders,  
their forces come to occupy  
my country and seek with their orders  
to grab me as I pass them by -
3. O Lord my God, notice I'm crying  
for help in every case of need,  
for strength when I'm boldly defying  
their wishes that must not succeed.
4. May cruel words slander the sender,  
with red-hot coals upon them stacked  
while you are my guard and defender,  
my refuge in your wings intact.

Psalm 140 Chris Nelson @ 2021  
Genevan 140 9898 Serial (eons)

1. Lord, hurry with help when I'm praying,  
like scent in your presence, my gift.  
At evening I'm coming to lift  
for worship my hands, not delaying.
2. When watchers are on and I'm speaking,  
I feel no demons in flight,  
when guarding my heart from delight  
whose odorous oils are a-reeking.
3. The upright may urge my physician  
to buffet me, all for my health.  
The wicked one, never by stealth,  
could make me undo my tradition.
4. Their pleasures were not what had mattered.  
They'll find out how normal I've been  
when trying to judge me for sin,  
their bones in some nook duly scattered.
5. I'll exit the dark when I'm waking,  
and while they fall into the net  
for me so discouraged they set  
my journey with doves I'll be making.

Psalm 141 Chris Nelson @ 2021  
Genevan 141 9889 Serial (hound)

1. To you, O Lord, I come and pour  
     my numberless griefs at your door,  
     praying on with this one complaint:  
     your presence is dim and I faint.
2. The steps I take upon the road,  
     the shoulder I need for my load,  
     random traps of a secret foe,  
     the way to return, would you know.
3. O Lord, this needy earth invade  
     and shelter your child that you've made.  
     Introduce me to life and death,  
     the reason so short is my breath.
4. I'm glad that I possess my sight,  
     that you are my share of delight.  
     Standbys gone, not a friend remains,  
     no doctor to care for my pains.  
     Qo. 11:7  
     16:6  
     142:4
5. The path I take is overgrown,  
     I'm not so much low as alone,  
     out of sync when I try to speak  
     and cry for your help to the weak.  
     142:3
6. From chain and prison free me now,  
     with thanks for your name, I'd avow  
     newfound joy in the way you bless,  
     the gift of good will you express.  
     16:11

Psalm 142    Chris Nelson @ 2014  
 Genevan 142    8888    Serial (prison)

1. Attend me, Lord, as I am praying,  
hear these petitions I'm conveying  
to you, because I'm quite undone  
if I'm portrayed as disobeying,  
for none are righteous, no not one.
2. That dreaded enemy pursuing  
me to the dust is now reviewing  
our patriots of long ago,  
shades of a panic that is cueing  
the filling of my heart with woe.
3. Primeval miracles recalling,  
all you expressed, sublime, appalling,  
can serve me when I ponder signs,  
down on my hands before you falling,  
with thirstiness that years and pines.
4. I'd surely sink, when darkness smothers,  
down to the Pit like all the others  
did dawn not bring a proof of love,  
paths that deliver back those brothers  
to one who lifts their souls above.
5. I'd place my trust in you beseeching  
just like a lawyer who'd be reaching  
decisions when the problem's found.  
Send out your prophets truly teaching  
the way to walk on level ground.
6. For your name's sake, I say confession.  
Make every promise my possession  
when foes arrive to take their toll.  
Save and protect me from oppression,  
your servant that you still console.

1. Bless the Lord who acquires me for training,  
 hands to engage that struggle you're maintaining,  
 palms for controlling bows of hammered bronze,  
 sense to reflect on proper pros and cons.  
 Lord, what is man? And how could you be sparing  
 thoughts for a thing so small and go on caring?  
 Life's like a piece of chaff, a puff of wind,  
 time like a march of days to which we're pinned.
  
2. Plummet down to our plane, your heavens lower,  
 touch every mountain, smoke-and-fire-blower!  
 Launch your offenses, let your arrows fly,  
 lick them with lightnings, clear across the sky.  
 Reach down your hand, from high above distresses,  
 draw me from waters, deep in their recesses,  
 safe from the stronger alien who denies  
 truth, and could swear a panoply of lies.
  
3. God, for you I've arranged a composition,  
 one to extend our glorious tradition,  
 each time I try to emulate the king,  
 ten strings for David, elegance to bring.  
 Raise up our daughters free from any malice,  
 carved like the statues fit to grace a palace,  
 tilled like the plants of stem and root and rind,  
 sons, by the eager olive shoot enshrined.
  
4. May the sheep in our fields be always counted  
 herds in their thousands, challenges surmounted,  
 barns full of plenty, everything we grow,  
 all kinds of crop that harvesters can stow,  
 stock in the glow of health their issue bearing,  
 end of our panic, wandering and despairing.  
 Blessed is the land that has what we possess,  
 built on a rock, and God's the one to bless!

Psalm 144 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 144 11 11 10 10.11 11 10 10 Serial (pleb)

1. Age is your trait for praise, O God my King,  
    days persevere while endlessly I'd sing.  
Beloved over the gods of the state,  
    beyond all reckoning, immensely great!  
Can our devoted, joyful celebration  
    carry on to the future generation?  
Deeds of renown, that splendor of your glory!  
    Make me the channel passing on the story!
2. Eyes haven't seen that greatness I profess,  
    vast in its scope but kindly nonetheless.  
Filled up, the goodness that's yours, all alone,  
    forever strengthening your judgment throne.  
Grant, by your nature, very tenderhearted,  
    generous hands to our neediness, imparted,  
High as the cosmos such a reputation,  
    strong as your arm embracing all creation.
3. In our created role, we bless the Lord,  
    when all the faithful saints have been restored.  
Judicious critics of kings, at the sight,  
    jot down the items of majestic might.  
Know that your acts of sovereignty and power  
    kindle warmth and the long-awaited shower.  
Let this dominion, evermore enduring,  
    grow to become a kingdom that's maturing.
4. Mind how the promise holds in case you fall,  
    when you're depressed and maddened by a squall.  
Nomadic peoples from faith wouldn't veer,  
    nostalgic, loyal, through the coming year.  
O how you're quick to satisfy their yearning,  
    out of love, for the ones to whom you're turning.  
Praised be your deeds of grandiose achievement,  
    still would you stand beside us in bereavement.
5. Quite close for quelling fear in ones who call,  
    who from the heart invoke you, great and small,  
Responsive, hearing our cries for your aid,  
    relief from waterways your people wade.  
Safe, all who love you, welcoming protection,  
    stamped clear out, who have broken their connection.  
Thanks for your comfort, sources of your blessing,  
    let our devotions ever be expressing.



1. To our Lord, a God amazing,  
sing your anthems, O my soul!  
All my life I'll keep on praising,  
do my task and play my role.  
Mortals end in ash and dust,  
cannot save and will not trust.
2. On that day when you're returning  
my remains beneath the sod,  
happy, those whose hearts are yearning  
for a hope ordained by God,  
made by you what we adore:  
heaven, earth and ocean-shore.
3. God will serve, and be consistent,  
justice, fair, to those who wail,  
to the hungry not be distant,  
not far off to those in gaol,  
free the captive fugitive,  
to the bent their straightness give.
4. Ample refuge to the stranger,  
orphan, widow, will you keep,  
shielding acolytes from danger,  
feeding others what they reap,  
ruling Zion center stage,  
joy enough for every age!

Psalm 146 Chris Nelson @ 2019  
Genevan 146 8787.77 Serial (toga)

1. O praise the Lord for goodness springing  
from alleluias that we're singing.  
Our Builder are you and you're grounding  
our faith in creation abounding.  
Our hearts that you crushed are you healing,  
new possibilities revealing,  
galactic prototypes deciding,  
each with a genesis providing.
2. O Lord, abundant in your power,  
you know that we fade like the flower.  
When earth is laid low from a rifting,  
it's evil from good that you're sifting,  
the horses of warfare ignoring,  
gates of the citadel restoring,  
reviving hope beyond all measure,  
those who repent, in, taking pleasure.
3. With fervent music sounding gracious,  
give honor to God, be audacious,  
with mist from our land now ascending,  
the autumn for rain so extending,  
with breezes in trees gently blowing,  
grass on the mountains ever growing,  
alfalfa, cattle food domestic,  
fare for the eagles so majestic.
4. Jerusalem, the Lord, adoring,  
O Zion, your God who's outpouring  
a love that can nurture the nations,  
your citizens blessed with relations,  
for granting you peace on your borders  
not under military orders,  
new houses fit for habitation,  
vines getting ample cultivation.
5. A bolt of lightning, down it flashes,  
you're scattering frost more like ashes,  
a blanket of snow with some traces  
of ice which is hung in its places.  
When earth is warmed up for a thawing  
scenes freezing cold begin withdrawing.  
To us the Word becomes compassion,  
dealing with others in a fashion.

1. With anthems, you heavens, you heights,  
and every angel-host that fights,  
    you planets as bright as the stars,  
    you waters in your reservoirs,  
rousing the Lord whose named is feted,  
at whose command were they created,  
    by every law that grace surrounds,  
    all ranked within their favorite bounds:
2. Leviathan churning the deeps,  
the bird above, the snake that creeps,  
    the weather obeyed with a will,  
    the forest on the highest hill,  
kings with their scepters rightly reigning,  
saints whose remembrance we're maintaining,  
    faithful to fortunes that are due  
    the young and old, and children too!

Psalm 148 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 148 8888.9988 In F and R

1. Sing Alleluia, you vivacious,  
to God who is kind, very gracious.  
Let Zion dance on every acre,  
appreciate her Maker.  
Israel's children play your King  
musical airs upon the string,  
the glad assembly's work of art  
on every humble heart.
2. You faithful, rejoicing, preparing,  
an offering, with praises declaring  
a conquering Savior, be you ready,  
reliable and steady,  
just as that sentence preordains,  
roping off royalty in chains,  
for all the saints, a great reward  
designed to praise the Lord!

Psalm 149 Chris Nelson @ 2019  
Genevan 149 9997.8886 Serial (ar) [aquarelle]

1. On the sanctuary floor  
marching grandly through the door  
go the cantors all around  
as the dome receives the sound,  
Alleluia, alleluia!  
with the fanfares of the choir  
drowning out the harp and lyre,  
Alleluia, alleluia!
2. Praise the Lord with drum and dance,  
with your tambourines, advance,  
once those instruments that bang  
sound the decibels that clang,  
Alleluia, alleluia!  
organ, oboe, horn and string,  
every breathing, living thing!  
Alleluia, alleluia!

Psalm 150 Chris Nelson @ 2021  
Genevan 150 7777 -- 77 -- In O and D