

1. The galaxies proclaim  
the glory of your name,  
the God of every art,  
declaring by their might  
the visions of the night,  
the knowledge they impart,  
no alphabetic mold,  
no annals one could hold,  
yet there are stars to mention  
whose messages get through,  
impressing us anew,  
'speech' catching our attention.

Dn 7:13

8:3-4

2. High up, you pitched a tent  
for light and its ascent  
from darkness in the womb,  
the sun, in outer space,  
a champion in the race,  
with pleasure like a groom,  
which climbed above the wedge  
of clouds upon the edge,  
ran in the journey stellar,  
and then, to curb the heat  
when efforts were complete,  
plunged back into the cellar.

3. Your Word we all extol  
is perfect for the soul,  
a luster for the eyes.  
Your promises appear  
as testimonies clear,  
forever true and wise,  
more elegant than gold,  
the finest of the old,  
wealth truly exponential,  
more powerful than sweet,  
this honey one could eat,  
more vital and essential. 19:7

4. Obedience to the Lord  
conveys a great reward,  
my blemishes washed out, 19:7  
delivered free from pride,  
from evils that divide,  
from rivalry and doubt.  
I'd be above reproach  
with Wisdom as my coach.  
O how I do esteem her!  
Let be it my delight  
to sit upon your right, 16:11  
My Rock and my Redeemer!

1. The God of Jacob, in your fighting,  
give favors to the court,  
twelve tribes of Zion once uniting  
their utmost with support.  
May God remember your oblations  
and grant your heart's desire,  
crown your amazing contemplations  
with flags uplifted higher.
2. Lord, undergirding your anointed,  
O save our gracious king,  
to never being disappointed  
with futures you will bring.  
Some boast of chariots, some of horses,  
but we in God unfailing,  
felled by the upright all their forces,  
while we are still prevailing.

Psalm 20 Chris Nelson @ 2021  
Genevan 20 9696.9797 In U and F

1. Your spirit, O Lord, fills the king  
with joy, that you have granted  
those wishes lately planted,  
a crown of pure gold and a ring,  
blessed by the people's praise,  
known for such length of days,

Gn. 41:42

2. who's loaded right down, by your grace,  
with majesty and splendor,  
installed as our defender,  
who's trusting the light of your face,  
pleased that your dexterous hand  
delves into all that's planned.

3. Lord, conquer those foes who despise  
this kingdom, ever nearing  
the time of your appearing.  
In power our God will arise!  
We will adapt in verse  
all that we now rehearse.

45:1

Psalm 21 Chris Nelson @ 2019

Genevan 21 877.866 Serial (pda) [public display of affection]

1. O why, my God, have you deserted me?  
 My groaning how far from a guarantee!  
 All day and night I get from prayer and plea  
     no intermission!  
     Yet, Holy One, you're fond of repetition  
     heard in the glorious praises of tradition.  
     Our fathers put their trust in your volition  
 and not in vain.

2. Yet here am I, a lowly worm and plain,  
 made fun of by crowds who are inhumane.  
 'Let God deliver one who came to reign,  
     trusting and caring'.  
     If like a mother, watchful and forbearing,  
     you've been from birth my innocence declaring,  
     when troubles my survival are impairing,  
 don't stand aside!

Mt. 27:43

Jn. 16:21

3. Surrounding animals of pack or pride,  
 their roaring or growl that I can't abide,  
 jaws so agape, where fears of death reside,  
     leave me alying.  
     Melt would my heart, my palate quickly drying,  
     bones out of joint, while everyone is eyeing  
     that gang of villains closing in, betying  
 my hands and feet.

4. My bones so numerous, my case complete,  
 while soldiers cast lots for my clothing neat,  
 none to negotiate, must I repeat,  
     give me assistance,  
     safe from the nameless threats to my existence,  
     dog and the lion pawing with persistence,  
     the wi-ld bull of Bashan in the distance,  
 from sword, my soul.

Jn. 19:23-24

22:12

5. Repave our thoroughfares from pole to pole  
 when poverty looms and demands its toll,  
 ways we can reach a more triumphant goal  
     when you're appearing.  
     Vows I'll perform for thousands who are fearing  
     God, when assemblies gather to be hearing  
     how you are giving any you are rearing  
 long life indeed!

6. The whole round sphere will then confess its need,  
 will turn to the Lord, who will supersede  
 pride with its cavalcade of senseless greed,  
     worshipped and reigning.  
     I will be living, righteousness obtaining,  
     hosts of my children serving, not complaining,  
     the generations yet unborn, remaining.  
 All this I see!



1. Lord, you're my shepherd, tenderly disclosing  
 abundant meadows verdant for reposing,  
 grass that denotes your quietness restoring  
 my hungry soul, when I am done exploring 116:7  
 next to the calming waters you are leading  
 all who desire those virtues that we're needing.
  
2. Shades dark as night in valleys I'm traversing,  
 I fear no danger, vapors are dispersing.  
 You, with your rod and staff, go on consoling  
 my timid heart, my waywardness controlling,  
 you who'd prepare a table for advancing  
 life which my rivals celebrate by dancing. Lk. 15:25
  
3. Oil on my head, you're merciful, is showing,  
 my cup of joy is filled to overflowing.  
 How your delight in goodness is pursuing 16:11  
 my days on earth, my vigilance renewing!  
 Dare I respond, I'd volunteer thanksgiving. 50:23  
 Here would I dwell as long as I am living!

1. God is staking claims upon earth,  
all she contains of good and worth,  
all who would make of her their dwelling,  
a wor-ld that's founded to rest  
in comfort on the ocean crest,  
poised on the waters ever welling.
  
2. Who is going on up to be close,  
up on the mountain grandiose,  
up with the Lord in holy places?  
The one who has hands that are clean,  
whose random deeds are clearly seen, Jn. 3:21  
lies that would cripple no more traces.
  
3. Certainly our blessing is peace, 125:5  
pleasures of joy that never cease, 16:11  
those on the path to their salvation,  
the pure in heart seeking God's face,  
whose presence is our hiding place,  
light for a chosen congregation. I Pt. 2:9
  
4. Raise your arches, christen your floors,  
lift up your heads, you ancient doors,  
grant that the king of glory enter.  
And who is this glorious king?  
The Lord, to whom we gladly cling,  
who's so courageous at the center!
  
5. Raise your arches, christen your floors,  
lift up your heads, you ancient doors,  
grant that the king of glory enter.  
And who is this glorious king?  
The Lord for whom we cheer and sing,  
still in control, the chief presenter!

1. All day for my God I'm waiting  
while bowing to your control.  
Base rivals were still equating  
my trust with their shameful goal.  
Coach my spirit to obey,  
climb to heights of exultation.  
Drill, O Lord, your protegee  
drawn to wonders of salvation.
2. Eyes searching the dark in blindness  
will hope in the love you show.  
Faith teaches the way of kindness,  
your mercies of long ago.  
God forgives the sins of youth,  
guilty consciences removing.  
Humble sinners want the truth,  
heaven's goodness always proving.
3. In paths that are steep and narrow,  
my shepherd will lead the sheep.  
Just notice the arm of Pharaoh  
that flocks from your staff would keep,  
Kneeling downward to confess,  
keen to own judicious favor,  
Learning how to acquiesce  
lest their resolution waver.
4. My children will live securely  
as heirs that possess the land,  
No longer be kept, obscurely,  
from signs that they'd understand.  
On the Lord I fix a gaze,  
once this heart has started yearning,  
Pointed upwards to your ways,  
pity taken now you're turning.
5. Quite low, as I bear confusion,  
as chances for sin remain.  
Rise fearlessly from delusion,  
from wild and abrupt terrain!  
Shelter, domicile I chose,  
satisfied with my connection.  
That I'm guarded from my foes  
they will know by your protection.

1. Lord, appraise how I take  
those trials for my sake,  
those ways that you hide from the wise.  
My trust has never wavered,  
my ties to you are savored,  
your love before my very eyes.
2. In your house would I stand,  
to join the marching band  
that files up front playing hymns.  
I love your habitation  
with ardent adoration,  
the place your glory never dims.
3. Yoke me not to their fate,  
those hypocrites I hate,  
whose heavy right hands never yield.  
To courts for which I'm yearning  
I see the pilgrims turning,  
all set, my foot, upon the field.

Psalm 26 Chris Nelson @ 2021  
Genevan 26 668.778 Serial (why)

1. You, O Lord, are my light and my salvation.  
     I dwell in darkness, but I shall not fear.  
 Confident you're a strenthening relation,  
     of whom am I to be afraid of here?  
 Just when hostilities are thousand-fold,  
     and enemies are specified to fall,  
     hosts that assail me with a trumpet call,  
 my head is higher and my heart is bold.
2. One's the thing that I'd ask, for which I'm seeking,  
     for pleasant avenues to lasting peace,  
 words as sweet as the honey when you're speaking  
     that bid me hasten to complete my lease.  
 Housed under awnings from despair and doubt,  
     I'm happy in the corners of your tent,  
     where I am hidden while my foes relent,  
 upon a rock, above their hateful shout.
3. Hear my voice and relay your answer gently!  
     Approach and listen to my faithful hymns,  
     'Seek my face and desire it intently',  
     O Lord, I would, before your halo dims.  
 Do not repulse me in the heat of wrath.  
     My father and my mother, yes they might.  
     Yet would you help me with your care in spite  
 of being set upon a homeless path.
4. Lead me, Lord, to the joys of your instruction,  
     desert me not to any dismal haze.  
 Witnesses by a fraudulent deduction  
     would breathe out harm with every turn of phrase.  
 This I believe: I'll see your goodness now  
     where habit keeps us living out our lives.  
     Be more determined so your hope revives,  
 the holy advocate to show you how.

Psalm 27           Chris Nelson @ 2022  
 Genevan 27       11 10 11 10.10 10 10 10       In H

1. Lord, my Rock, when you hear me crying,  
if you are silent I am dying!  
    I lift my hands towards the ceiling  
    of the Holy of Holies, reeling.  
But if you're deaf to my bequest,  
sink I to Sheol like the rest.
2. Don't say I am a perpetrator,  
one who to wickedness would cater.  
    They talk of peace and never mention  
    spitefulness is their true intention.  
Then pay what they deserve, O Lord,  
give them a simpleton's reward!
3. Blind are they heeding no creation,  
out building walls of separation.  
    But you have noticed how I'm yearning,  
    been a theme of my daily turning.  
I'll never from your strength depart,  
help have you given when I start.
4. When I'm eager my heart is singing,  
thanks to my Shepherd ever bringing.  
    For you're the one who has selected  
    heritage for your own elected.  
O save your people! Bless your poor!  
Make them forevermore secure!

Psalm 28   Chris Nelson @ 2021  
Genevan 28   999988   Serial (rite)

1. Ascribe, O you sons of God,  
to the Lord by whom you're awed,  
hymns of praise and your support,  
sacred of the highest sort.  
Brilliant splendor on the water,  
mountain summits when they totter,  
over earth the Lord of thunder  
tears the atmosphere asunder!
2. Your trees fairly crack and fall,  
cedars marvelous and tall,  
watching earth cavort about  
like a calf of bullish clout,  
lightning resonant and clashing,  
spears which glitter, arrows flashing,  
oaks and terebinths awaking,  
vines and vineyards for the taking.
3. Behold how the firs resist  
every flourish of your fist!  
God of storms, while passing by  
on the wings of wind to fly,  
o'er the Flood and its endeavor  
bound to reign as king forever,  
let your people be possessing  
strength with peace, your hand in blessing.

Psalm 29 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 29 7777.8888 Serial (atb, scf) [Amos – terebinth, sycamore – fig]

Amos 7:14

1. O Lord, I praise you to the heights,  
you've saved me from foes and their fights.  
Let me rise from the earth and fly,  
be glad when your wings bring me nigh  
to nature's custody on landing,  
with depths of real understanding.
2. In holy places we're devout  
to honor your name with a shout!  
Only now is the current strife  
but you will endure all our life.  
The evening brings a special order,  
with songs of joy around the border.
3. I said when drifting in success,  
'There's nothing like grief and distress!'  
Yet you nudged me to climb the peak  
of Zion, a home so unique.  
But when I hid behind my yearning  
then all the terror was returning.
4. O Lord, their bark I'd never buy,  
my God, for your grace would I cry.  
Ardently did I pant for breath,  
for what could you gain from my death?  
Does dust find residues amazing?  
Do ashes see the heavens gazing?
5. So urge me not to lose a chance,  
my numbness turn back into dance.  
Lift my spirit to readapt,  
my heart in delight closely wrapped,  
with music useful as a lever  
to offer thankfulness forever.



1. O Lord, the fundamental giver,  
help for the one misplaced  
extend to me with haste,  
so capable still to deliver,  
with adequate attention  
to troubles I could mention.

Mt. 7:11

11-19

2. My fortress and my Rock, I'm bidden  
on to the final end  
of all that you intend.  
You're tearing down walls that were hidden,  
my spirit ever aiding  
to know what I'm evading.

3. I trust you over any idol,  
eyes looking up above  
to everlasting love!  
You know of my stares suicidal.  
From enemies I'm fearing  
the rescue is appearing.

4. My life is wearing out with worry.  
Grief makes me heave a sigh,  
my neighbors wonder why.  
The rabble runs past in a hurry.  
With threats from every quarter  
my story's getting shorter.

5. My trust I put in your salvation,  
as I would understand  
my days are in your hand.  
The upright will see Accusation  
go speechless down to She-ol  
for arrogance unre-al.

6. For me, the good is so abundant  
given to prove what's right  
for those that you invite  
to lay aside all that's redundant,  
improving our survival  
from every kind of rival.

Hb. 12:1

7. Those marvels of exultant fervor  
call me when I exclaimed,  
'To where have I been aimed?'  
to worship the Lord my preserver,  
not missing or neglecting  
the hope that I'm expecting.

1. How happy those whose blemish is forgiven,  
sin that is blotted out, away is driven.  
    Blessed is the one whose conscience has no guilt,  
    whose spirit, on trust in the Lord, is built.  
While I was mute, my bones away were wasting,  
daily with groans your heavy load foretasting,  
    felt was the bridle placed on your devout,  
    my boldness gone dry in the summer drought.
  
2. Decisively, I saw that you were stronger,  
dramas of disregard I hid no longer.  
    When I could dare to tell you of my fault,  
    you pardoned my sin and arranged a halt.  
That's why your servants pray for your salvation,  
so that the floods will stop their devastation.  
    When I'm in trouble, guard me from disgrace,  
    deliver me safe in your hiding place.
  
3. Above you I'll be watching as adviser,  
teach you the way to start becoming wiser.  
    Don't be so senseless, lacking any wits,  
    like horses you'd curb with controlling bits.  
See how the wicked ask to be tormented,  
yet may the Lord be glad that some repented.  
    Jump and exult, you virtuous of heart,  
    be whooping for joy to perform your part!

Psalm 32    Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 32    11 11 10 10.11 11 10 10    Serial (bdw) [bodywork]

1. Praise keeps on coming from a choir  
that sings its pitches clear and sharp,  
thanks to the Lord upon the lyre,  
an offering on the ten-string harp.  
Let our song be skillful  
perking up the willful,  
both the old and new,  
faithfully reciting  
psalms and sacred writing  
love we to pursue.
2. Is our creator the sustainer  
of heaven and its whole array,  
earth and the seas in the container,  
that cellar where the deeps obey?  
Wisdom truly flourished,  
innocence was nourished,  
labor at an end.  
No more apprehension!  
By your word you mention  
all would you intend.
3. There in perfection where you're sitting,  
your view includes a human race,  
looks on the heart as seems befitting,  
takes note of what your folks embrace.  
Weapons in profusion  
feed a king's delusion  
countries stand alone.  
Yet for every power,  
horses and a tower  
can't save a poor throne.
4. Ask I that you be ever shielding  
the king on whom our hearts rely.  
See how the populace is yielding  
their doings to a watchful eye,  
chosen by your pleasure,  
kept alive to treasure,  
freed from any harms,  
duly unmolested  
while our hope has rested  
safe in your wide arms.

1. Aim to, the Lord, revere,  
     with praises that resound in rhyme.  
 Be yearning for help all the time,  
     blessed, ever free from fear.  
 Chase gloom from every face,  
     so radiant, so ready to glow.  
 Don't panic when signs of the foe  
     drop on your camping place.

2. Each bears a stack of wood,  
     as angels keep the table braced.  
 Forget that you see, only taste,  
     feel that the Lord is good.  
 Get down upon your knees  
     and pray that your wants will be met.  
 How eager are lions, and yet  
     hard are their wants to please!

I K 19:6

3. Is my instruction clear  
     to any on the upward way?  
 Jump up to the top and convey  
     joy that's akin to fear!  
 Keep watching how you speak,  
     and banish deceit from your tongue.  
 Let knowledge and peace be among  
     loves that you're bound to seek.

Pr. 4:1  
Ph. 3:14

4. Memories of odious deeds  
     you wipe away before they charm.  
 Nip schemes in the bud when we harm,  
     not when we scatter seeds.  
 Out roving is his eye  
     to see if we grow and mature,  
 Pain gone from each heart with a cure,  
     pangs from each aching thigh.

5. Quick! And confirm your ways  
     but harbor any danger-prone.  
 Rush healing for breaks in your bone,  
     rest for your bruise or graze.  
 So evil nurses death  
     for anyone quitting controls.  
 Take cover in life, O you souls,  
     trained at length, full of breath.

Dt. 8:5

1. Fight rivals who fight me, O Lord,  
     with buckler and shield and your sword.  
 Brandish your javelin and skewers,  
     point them in front of my pursuers.  
 Let all who denigrate my name,  
     who plot my downfall, to their shame,  
 be driven far back in dismay,  
     who only can prompt me to pray.

2. Like chaff in a gust of the wind,  
     brought low and with scandal chagrined,  
 kept in the dark where they're conniving,  
     chased by the angels them on-driving,  
 without good cause their hidden snares,  
     Lord, overwhelm them unawares,  
 so any more nets that they've thrown  
     will tangle their oath, not my own.

Mt. 5:33

3. My soul would rejoice in the Lord,  
     who makes us as children restored.  
 'Who could address you any longer,  
     once we've been rescued from a stronger?'  
 Some lying witness takes a stand  
     and questions things I never planned,  
 some bad for my good, as I mourn,  
     reliance on truth for some thorn.

Mt. 26:39

Jn. 18:37, 19:2

4. When some became sick I'd appear,  
     and humble my soul with a tear,  
 just like a keeper for a brother,      Gn 4:9  
     just like a friend to any other.  
 But at my fall, they gather round,  
     and watch my pity run aground,  
 encircle my head with a wreath,      Mt. 27:29  
     whose gashes are taunts having teeth.

6. They cannot relate to the band  
     of those who love peace in the land,  
 mouths open wide so all are hearing      Mt. 27:39  
     'Ha!' and 'Aha!', the words they're jeering.  
 Now break your silence with a clue.  
     Though righteous, you were looking, too.  
 Wake up and retake, with your might,      110:1-2  
     that scepter you'd raise on your right.

5. How long will you stare at my soul,  
     while lions are eager for toll?  
 Cowed by my enemies I tremble,  
     yet with your people I'd assemble.  
 But stop them gnawing at my bones,  
     who love to revel in my groans,      22:1,17  
 who hate me and gloat when I sigh,  
     exchanging their 'eye for an eye'. Mt. 5:38

7. Don't let them make fun of my youth,      Jn. 8:57  
     Don't let them be blunt with the truth.      Jn. 18:38  
 Shame on the ones who bring disaster,  
     even the ones who call you master.  
 'Though great, our Lord will never cease  
     to see the servant be at peace!'  
 For praises my tongue is unsealed,  
     your goodness, each yoke that I yield.      Mt. 11:30

1. To hearts that heed the voice of Sin  
no fear of God, no will to win,  
is ever reappearing.  
Such villains can't detect their guilt  
or scorn the flimsy house they've built  
with faulty engineering.  
Their flattery conveys deceit  
while every plot and every feat  
to wickedness is bending  
and even in their feather bed,  
not thinking good but bad instead,  
they go right on pretending.

14:1

Mt. 7:26

2. But Lord, your love can reach the clouds,  
your faithfulness inspire the crowds  
that scurry helter-skelter.  
You guard the ways of man and beast,  
you urge us to your banquet feast,  
your wings, our shade and shelter.  
We drink from your delicious streams,  
our light of life, your likeness seems  
a clear and sparkling fountain.  
The foolish fellows fall on down,  
while feeling your ferocious frown,  
your firm and fiery mountain.

31:11

Jn. 1:4

80:16

36:6, 125:1, 24:3

Psalm 36 Chris Nelson @ 2014  
Genevan 36 887.887.887.887 In F