

1. A parasite with plans to go on living
fades like the short-lived grass that once was green.
Bank on the Lord, whose nature is in giving
breath to inspire you, making you serene.
Come quietly to one who's ever acting,
aimed towards the sheen it's clear that you have seen.
2. Do all your good in God, your patience pouring, 37:3
not like the one whose methods have no worth.
End your contempt of those who go on whoring,
only the meek are bless-ed on the earth. Mt. 5:5
For schemers are the plotters of deception,
doomed is their birth, forevermore in mirth.
3. Go far away to instigate aggression,
shout out Hurrah to stimulate your steed! Jb. 39:25
Have but for you a virtuous possession,
one that outweighs their wealth to which they speed.
In living on those pure angelic granules, 78:25
grain from the seed, you've everything you need.
4. Just marvel how our God arranges beauty,
rivals and foes, they're going up in smoke!
Keen are the kind who yearn to do a duty,
blessed by the land, its benefits invoke.
Long-suffering when they fall, they're granted justice,
joy to the folk who flourish as the oak. Is. 61:3b
5. More property they've got that they'd be sharing,
some that's for lending, some that they would loan.
Name any notion worth your while comparing
with how respect to saints is ever shown, 116:25
Outside remain the wicked, but the modest
make what they hone by hand their very own.
6. Put wisdom first, with righteousness agreeing.
Truth in your heart, your steps can never slip.
Quite unashamed, this other dismal being,
quick to inform and get you in a grip.
Rest all your hope in God and in the promise
passed as a tip when holdings take a dip.
7. So arrogant, and towering like a cedar!
Next, when I looked, no more were any found.
Think of a worker, certainly a leader,
rearing descendants, peaceful and renowned.
Use foresight, one who's underneath a shelter,
saved in a bound, with laurel duly crowned.

1. Chide me not when storms are raging,
when you're gauging
 heaven and earth in your hand.
Nothing righteous in my being,
I'm agreeing
 I'm ripe for a reprimand.
2. Guilt is ruthlessly enclosing
all I'm posing,
 even my wounds that you weigh,
as I deal with melancholy
and my folly
 evoked by your exposé.
3. Burning up in such a fever,
I'm a griever,
 failing you, groaning in bed,
nothing fervid in my sighing,
no denying
 the light of my eyes has fled.
4. All my friends, at their insistence,
keep their distance,
 wishing me ill and ensnared,
aping one who's hard of hearing,
one who's nearing
 the point when it's quite impaired.
5. But in you, O Lord I'm trusting,
and adjusting
 to your unlimited reign,
anxious thoughts when I am sinning
while beginning
 your cure for a child you train.
6. Hurt and slander in their season,
for no reason,
 wait for me trying to do right.
Lord, my God, a chance I'm taking
when awaking
 to sun and eternal sight.

1. Strong my resolve to watch how I behave,
not letting my tongue play the slave,
silent or speechless, lest my words appear
excuses to act insincere.
I'm holding my peace while I aim for calm,
to pray with the help of a psalm.
2. Then it commenced, its heat began to flare
and blacken my thoughts with despair.
This is the fire I'm certain to expend:
Lord, when am I close to my end,
how many more days left to count my woes,
to languish when life finally goes?
3. Look, my concerns are only one or two,
but measures are nothing to you.
Each man that walks on earth is but a breath,
a shadow that creeps to its death
that doesn't know who will contend and strive
for wealth that it claimed while alive.
4. Tell me, O Lord, what future to expect?
My hope is in you, to direct.
Free me from evil clouding up my view,
from fools that erase what I do.
Since you yourself rest when your effort's done,
more grounds to hold forth have I none.
5. Since I'm completely punished by your blows,
get rid of the price you impose,
though you can chide the mortal who has sinned
who's only a puff of the wind!
You eat away all that can please the heart
and disregard airs we impart.
6. Lord, heed my prayer and let it reach your ears,
not holding your peace at my tears!
I am your guest, a nomad as of old
for only a time in the fold.
Look, let me cheer up when I'm told to go,
but give a reprieve here below!

1. In patience that proves the greatness of good,
I waited for you, Lord, to save
your creature from an early grave.
I learned to listen when at last I could.
The cistern my detention,
from mud too deep to mention
you lifted me with rope
and left me, still in shock,
upon a solid rock,
my God in whom I hope.

Jr. 38:6

2. You've put a new song that your voice conferred,
in me to sing with all my skills.
A multitude that music fills
has ears that eagerly embrace your word.
The ones who are enchanted
are like a tree that's planted
by waters that can flow,
who ever trust in you
for keeping all they do
from evil here below.

33:3

1:1-3

3. How much have you done for us, Lord, my God!
 No deities compare with you,
 your faithfulness forever new,
 designs you're drawing that are deep and broad
 of stars that I am naming,
 your handiwork proclaiming,
 an infinite amount.
 Beyond my dismal brain
 the heights I'll not attain
 are more than I can count.

Lam 3:23

19:1

139:6, 17

4. You wanted no offering or sacrifice.
 You taught me to respect your Law,
 to serve you, from my self withdraw,
 to ask no altar to allay sin's price,
 to be sincerely candid,
 as writings have commanded,
 the book of life, the scroll.
 'O here am I, send me,
 and may my wishes be
 in line with your control.'

69:28

Is. 6:8

Hb. 10:7

11-19

5. To legions of those who may bow in prayer
 for righteousness at feast and fast,
 for loyalty so unsurpassed,
 for love and liveliness my lips declare
 to any you have bidden
 they savor what was hidden
 within the pure of heart,
 I say I'll never stop
 till I am lodged on top
 once having made a start.

Mt. 5:8

6. Your tenderness, Lord, have you not withheld.
 The words that to your folk convey
 what's written on my soul today
 are "only one" beside the opening spelled.
 Your kindnesses outnumber
 misfortunes that encumber
 your family round about.
 Preserve your life in me
 before my gallantry
 be finally running out.

Dt. 6:4-9

7. Take note and give strength with your own right hand.
 Come quickly to my side, make haste!
 Those culprits be deplored, disgraced,
 whose nervous nature I can not withstand,
 whose fate for unbelieving
 is punishment receiving
 for never heeding law,
 who slight your holy name,
 and stand aghast with shame,
 for uttering 'Aha!'

8. But gladness to those who in love obey,
 to everyone who seeks your face,
 your presence in the holy place,
 that 'God is great!' the times you give to say.
 Since I am poor and needy,
 a victim of the greedy,
 O, hear me when I call.
 With your decrees of old
 above the finest gold,
 O come and do not stall.

40:1

19:10

1. How happy are those who support the poor
and render them secure.
The Lord will enter with help when they're down,
when others come to frown,
most carefully ease them and make their bed,
with hands upon the head.
'On earth with pity you'd restore my soul
to life and full control.'
2. My enemies chatter and wonder why
it takes so long to die.
With empty comfort, with lips that abuse,
they love to spread the news.
And gossipers throw me another curve:
I get what I deserve,
malignant sickness that may dim my eyes,
from which I'll never rise.
3. And even this friend who had shared my meal
has lifted up the heel.
Encourage me in this callous attack
and I will pay them back.
By this I'm convinced that you'll keep me close
from all that is morose
when they have failed and I am set by you
in your eternal view.

Psalm 41 Chris Nelson @ 2019

Genevan 41 10 6 10 6.10 6 10 6 In E & C

1. As a doe for waters flowing
 longs, so longs my soul for you.
When to pour the things I'm stowing
 out to God whom I pursue?
When shall I perceive your face
in the high and holy place?
 Now it's tears that I am drinking,
 of my faith, so puny, thinking.
2. I remembered, on migration,
 how I toured the house of God,
there among the jubilation
 of the crowds intensely awed.
Then I prayed to you but sighed
for this plight I can't abide
 as I sought your confirmation,
 worshipped you with adoration.
3. When I think I've been neglected
 in a land of Hermon-dew,
when my heart remains dejected,
 I would still be tried and true.
In your Tent you heard me call,
as your waves which stand so tall
 from below were ever rolling
 round about your love consoling.
4. Why are foes of mine so rotten?
 Let me say to God my Rock,
'Where to go if I'm forgotten,
 fly away, a dove of hawk?'
Those who'd break my fragile bones
wishing for the hailstones,
 taunt your humble habitation.
 as I hope in your salvation.

1. Your marvels we've known by the hearing
of stories our clans were revering,
reunions held in former days,
in epochs of old that amaze.
To set up our homes in the land,
you gave us lived-in habitations.
You harried them with out-stretched hand
and furnished us room for migrations.
2. We knew that our King would be reigning,
your love in our hearts be ingraining.
Twas not our implements but you
our foes with alarm did imbue.
My trust did not lie with our speed,
and still our victories were increasing.
Our boasting was of you indeed,
to honor your name, never ceasing.
3. Yet now you convene us no longer,
our enemies thrive and grow stronger.
You let them run us through the mill
and plunder our wealth at their will.
You treat us like prey that is caught,
it's us you scatter 'mongst the nations.
You sell your own for next to naught
while neighbors insult our relations!
4. They're sending us doubts and disgraces,
determined to laugh in our faces,
your people rended into shreds,
with only a toss of their heads.
We tried to stay true and supply
your mandates proper definition.
You drove us out where jackals die,
though faith was as strong as tradition.
5. We've gotten in deep, in the water.
No wonder we're sheep for the slaughter.
You act as if you're fast asleep,
and we're but a scrap on the heap.
You know what we know in our heart,
forget our secrets and our scheming,
and help us find a way to start,
with vigor, your flair for redeeming.

1. I am inspired by art when I'm addressing
 poems on a noble theme, when I'm expressing
 high praise to our king, with a ready tongue,
 rhymes and their melodies superbly sung.
 Lips that are moist with grace, it's you I'm feeling
 that God would bless the most when you are kneeling.
 Strap on the weapon at your side again,
 with majesty more than the might of men.

2. Ride, ever on, with purposes unshaken,
 serve us religion, loyalty awaken,
 your righteousness stretched like a bowstring tight,
 ready for arrows that arrive in flight.
 Meant was your dynasty to last forever,
 your sword the truth from counterfeit to sever.
 There underfoot does every nation lie,
 your allies still armed, with assurance high.

3. Good you respect, their wickedness despising,
 therefore the Lord has chosen you, surprising
 your rivals, so moved by your skillful craft,
 pleased by the spices from your robes that waft.
 Harps of the best are brought for entertaining
 in palaces of ivory where you're reigning.
 Heirs swell your retinue a hundredfold,
 to rule on your right stands the queen, in gold.

4. Hear me, O daughter, try to pay attention:
 leave far behind your trappings of convention.
 The king is in love with your beauty fair,
 monarch and master of the crown you wear.
 Lands you've converted court you for your favor,
 with riches and the art of the engraver.
 Jewels on your clothing, you are gently led,
 a circle of combs on your royal head.

5. Hung in brocades, with shoes of finest leather,
 you and your maids will hasten all together.
 Your ladies who wait on your every need
 head for the palace your commands to heed.
 From you shall rise a multitude of nations,
 the sons you have increase for generations.
 Thus I'll immortalize, through peace and war,
 and hosts will sing hymns to, what all adore.

1. God is a mighty inspiration,
refuge in every tribulation.
 We're not afraid when earth gives way,
 when continents evolve and stray,
just where they fall into the ocean,
joined in a jumble of commotion,
 when waters start to roar and seethe,
 and mountains hardly dare to breathe.
2. There is a river moving slowly,
making the habitation holy,
 with justice that will sanctify
 the city of the Lord Most High.
God is the joy of her existence,
dawn is the era of assistance.
 When nations, rising up, revolt,
 emancipation gives the jolt.
3. Jot down the miracles, astounding,
judging the wicked and confounding,
 the Lord would put an end to war,
 the bow and spear, forevermore.
'Pause and renew your expectations,
know I'm exalted over nations.'
 The Lord of Hosts is open-eyed,
 the God of Jacob, on our side.

Psalm 46 Chris Nelson @ 2022
Genevan 46 9988.9988 In J and E

1. Clap your hands, all you
folk of every hue
who do not annoy
God with shouts of joy,
over all and in
charge of kith and kin,
like an eagle who
relishes the view,
choosing Jacob, of
those embraced by love,
pushing countries on
down until they're gone.
2. Holy, rising to
shouts of rendezvous,
God's directly gone
up to wake the dawn!
Let the music be
heard in every key.
For the Lord is our
King of might and pow'r.
Hone those notes and play
out as you convey
ram's horn, trumpet and
drums across the land!
3. Issue tribute for
One that we adore,
poised intently to
reign and follow through.
All the princes will
gather to instill
wisdom, knowledge and
things we understand,
islands glad to be
born upon the sea,
cities paving their
God a thoroughfare!

1. So great is our God that we sing
 in zones that are meant for a King,
 fair and superb in elevation,
 joy to the zenith of elation.
 Zion, city on a hill,
 water flowing from a rill.
 Foreign monarchs once assembled,
 came with zest but later trembled.
 Zealous armies ran in panic
 from her fortresses titanic,

Is. 8:6

2. were writhing in pain on the spot:
 like women with child who forgot
 winds blowing west had duly shattered
 ships bringing merchandise all tattered.
 Temple servants heard and saw
 holy prophets teaching law.
 God, your courts invite reflection
 on your ardor and affection,
 time for praises getting hur-led
 from all corners of your wor-ld.

Is. 2:3

3. Your ventures are graced with success,
 that mountain has more to express.
 Towns that surround her are exulting,
 blest that you're judging and consulting.
 Go through Zion, walled around,
 viewing palaces renowned.
 Tell the coming generation
 help is found within the nation.
 God will be our guide forever,
 who to rule us will endeavor.

1. Hear this, all peoples of the whole wide earth,
 high and the low, of ordinary birth!
 Both can relate to proverbs I dispense,
 set to the harp with rhymes of common sense.
 Why should I quail at evil born of sin
 when its afflictions try to hem me in?
 Boast of your holdings looked upon as riches!
 Trust in your banks to get you out of hitches!

2. Not one can ransom us or sin forgive,
 none can afford their energy to live.
 Life has a price that's always way too high,
 paid out to God that one would never die.
 All cease to be, the foolish and the brute,
 fortunes to others, valuables to loot.
 Loam is the curtain silencing their glory,
 though they had lent their names to tell a story.

3. Producers act as if their goal's in doubt,
 just like their cattle driven in and out.
 This is the way such sheep approach the end,
 on with assurance, ready to be penned.
 Death is the one who herds them in a field,
 Dawn will arrive when cunning is revealed.
 O that the God in charge would keep me moving
 round in my orbit, goodness ever proving.

4. Do not be terrified as some grow rich,
 fair means or foul, they can't determine which.
 Things don't remain their own, it's no surprise,
 wealth can't survive a millionaire's demise.
 Souls, though they lived, must join the ranks of clay,
 wisdom that never saw the light of day.
 While they're alive they're sneering at the potter,
 then like the weasel, slinking off to slaughter.

Is. 29:16

Psalm 49 Chris Nelson @ 2019

Genevan 49 10 10 10 10.10 10 11 11 Serial (blow)

1. Lord, God of gods, whose bulletins divine
shine with a beauty filling every line,
out of the halls of Zion full of praise
felt in a tempest showing all the ways
you summon earth and heaven to the trial
briefing a people brazen all the while.
2. Set them before me, those who have concurred
with how to live in love that isn't blurred.
Let them proclaim how perfect is this case
when even I indict you to your face
because I'm God, with evidence amazing.
Hear and receive this fire ever blazing!
3. When you're at fault and offerings have you burned,
one extra bull won't make me more concerned,
since, o'er a thousand hills my cattle flow,
birds of the air are pleasures that I know,
and all that moves in scenes I could have painted
with which the brilliant artist is acquainted.
4. If I were hungry, you would still be free,
since there are none that don't belong to me!
Goats from their pens, with fat and juicy meat,
blood I'm to drink, when anything I'd eat
is only found in bushels of thanksgiving,
vows made to please me, life itself reliving.
5. What is your business mouthing me my laws?
though, when they charge you, listen to the pause -
since you consider discipline absurd,
thrust right behind you every precious word,
with any thief or robber you're befriending,
feeling at home, down bowing and descending!
6. Do you consider brother-slander fun,
tongues being cruel to any mother's son?
Since you insist on slighting me, I will
pull you to pieces, run you through the mill!
But to the one who gives me adoration
will I reveal my bountiful salvation.

1. Have mercy, O God, let your servant be
 fed by your inward goodness and devotion.
 Treat me with insight, swelling like an ocean,
 let me be dead to sin, a creature free.
 My powers are snared by your strong defense,
 just and impartial, sentencing surreption.
 I'm always ignoring your common sense,
 failing the very moment of conception.

2. Yet, since you're the source of an overflow,
 teach me the secrets wisdom is embracing.
 Purge me with hyssop, blemishes erasing,
 wash me until I'm whiter than the snow,
 and let me perform with the greatest ease,
 bones that you crushed be glad to go on dancing.
 Blot out from your slate my iniquities,
 let from your face some brightness be advancing.

3. God, put a clean heart in my waiting soul,
 filled with your newly-won emancipation,
 buoyed by your spirit's holy confirmation,
 yours the salvation ever be my goal.
 My savior, be pleased with my eagerness,
 keep my intentions confident and willing.
 The truth I'll dispense is your own, no less,
 how you're the way, all righteousness fulfilling.

4. And save me, O God, from a sudden death,
 as I insist on full participation,
 as you instruct my mind for meditation,
 songs on my lips and worship on my breath.
 My efforts can play not the slightest part,
 not cheer you up, not make you more delighted.
 A sacrifice fired by a broken heart,
 just what you're short of, just what you invited.

Psalm 51 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 51 10 11 11 10.10 11 10 11 Serial (deep)

1. Why boast when you talk of seduction,
you treacherous recruit?
Why hone your talent for destruction,
a tongue we'd call acute,
and favor in all likelihood
misfortune more than good?
2. Away once for all and forever
we'd tear you from your tent,
uproot your life that you endeavor
to live without consent.
You never started life on time
and drew your strength from crime.
3. But I am a tree which is growing
in houses of my God,
where living rivulets are flowing,
where iciness has thawed.
I'd gladly put my trust in you
with those who love you too.

Psalm 52 Chris Nelson @ 2021
Genevan 52 9696.86 In T

1. Fools are corrupt in any vile guise,
 'There is no God, no meaning in creation!'
 But see, you're gazing down in concentration,
 quick to discern if anyone is wise,
 shrewd with their eyes.
2. No one is righteous, no one good at all,
 all are so guilty, all alike are tainted,
 with common sense completely unacquainted.
 How can they drive us up against the wall,
 how have the gall?
3. Let them be gripped like jackal or gazelle,
 as when its bones are crushed by any lion.
 Then bring your children safely home to Zion,
 joy when they come and gladness when they dwell
 in Israel.

Psalm 53 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 53 10 11 11 10 4 In G and C

1. I come in your name, I arise!
See that your justice be repeated
with people so proud and conceited,
contenders seeking my demise.
God, ever constant, understood
how to eradicate commotion.
So will I praise, with true devotion,
and trust you as my fathers could.

22:4

Psalm 54 Chris Nelson @ 2014
Genevan 54 8998,8998 In C

1. Give ear to my prayer and petition,
I'm dealing with fierce opposition,
the terrors of death that are falling
upon me whenever I doubt
I'm cornered like doves, all about,
by foes whose advances are galling.
2. From enemy noises descending,
from earth on my wings I'm intending
to rise from their cool interference.
Explaining the signs of the time
to find an escape would I climb
to heaven and make my appearance.
3. From tempest or wind, from the malice
of venomous tongues in the palace . . .
It's easy to vouch for the weather,
but filling our town with despair,
with violence they vent in the square,
is hard to ignore altogether.
4. With rivals that cheat when they're dealing,
with onerous thieves who are stealing,
I'd try to make some observation.
But you, my own friend from the ranks,
for whom I was once giving thanks
to God for some sweet conversation!
5. So I, for myself, am appealing
for truth that can save when revealing
a peace above strife ever reigning.
At twilight, at dawn and at noon,
I'm praying your time will be soon,
when ground my contenders are gaining.
6. Enthroned from on high, the beginning,
on evil your war are you winning,
be all they express smooth as butter.
The oil in their hearts so absurd,
to fight for that end they preferred
they'd skirmish with swords they can utter.
7. Be sure to cast all of your worry
on deity not in a hurry
that never allows you to falter.
The devious, God, you outwit
and shove them on down to the Pit,
my domicile next to your altar.