

1. Take pity, come ready to make me strong,
for rivals, O God, as a day is long,
those who harass me, standing in the wrong,
are ever persevering.
Fast is all trace of worry disappearing
when for my God I'm truly volunteering.
You would I trust, no wickedness be fearing.
What harm can tyrants do?
2. They're thinking how quickly my life is through
when twisting each phrase I would say askew.
Spies lurk together, eagerly construe
my doubts as reservation.
God, keep your eye on threats of tribulation!
You, you yourself can fathom agitation.
Put in your wineskin every lacrimation,
my tears completely dried.
3. I know it for certain: you're on my side,
your praise on my tongue and your word my guide.
Yours is a truth with confidence I've tried.
What damage are they doing?
Since you have pulled me out of trouble, brewing,
vows, and I'm thanking you, I'd be renewing.
Lit by your light, my tracks would be pursuing
a joyful, living throng.

Psalm 56 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 56 10 10 10 7.11 11 11 6 In T

1. My God, you shelter anyone who clings
right underneath the shadow of your wings,
hid from the storms of howling tribulation.
Your faithful love that leads me by its strings
send from on high and guide me to salvation.
2. I'm sought by lions greedy for their prey,
tongues very sharp with teeth upon display.
Rise high above the heavens in your glory,
above the savage digging, when I'd stray,
pits with a snare for simple easy quarry!
3. My heart is ready, sadnesses are gone.
Now, harp and lyre, I mean to wake the Dawn!
Lord, I'd supply you songs of adoration,
the sound of music, psalm and antiphon,
up to the clouds, a soaring salutation.

Psalm 57 Chris Nelson @ 2021
Genevan 57 10 10 11 10 11 In S

1. You'd really be gods, more than human,
if all you gave, that bad turns good,
were sentences just as you should.

No, you're refusing to illumine
those savages' fangs that oppress
the orphan and the shelterless.

58:6
Is. 58:7

2. These liars are born into error,
from origins have gone astray,
their poison, a phrase, a cliché,
deaf as an adder spitting terror
that closes its ears, not to grant
the music of the charmer's chant.

3. Those teeth that bite down with distortions
wrench out like bits of trodden hay,
like water to waste drain away.
Lord, may they wither like abortions,
be melting like tracks of the snails,
like any whose existence ails.

4. No sooner their thorns be a-sprouting,
than wrath should have its judgment day
with damage and harm to repay.
Then will the righteous, gladly shouting,
be reaping their sheaves from the Lord,
their judge on earth, their true reward.

126:6

Psalm 58 Chris Nelson @ 2014
Genevan 58 988.988 Serial (scar)

1. Save me, O God, with your protection,
keep me from fusing a connection
with evil and that looming throng
which lurks within the shadows long
and lobs on your folk more suspicion,
scowls to enhance a lame position!
Wake up, O Lord, and take a look,
record them in your judgment book!

139:16

2. Night falls and back they come a-growling,
dogs through the cities ever prowling.
With swords upon their lips they sneer
at listeners with the ears to hear.
But you can make light of division,
laugh at the nation with derision.
My Citadel, my Strength, my Love,
O lift my longing eyes above.

2:4

3. Don't lay them low, them suffer letting,
lest we, your people, be forgetting,
as lions ever open-eyed
will catch them in their noose of pride.
For curses and lies that they utter,
twist all their words until they stutter,
till work is done and God is known
as ruler on a lofty throne.

1. You've fashioned the earth so it quakes.
Come back to us, repair our breaks.
 You've let us suffer fist and heel,
 we're drinking your wine till we reel.
Bring rescue to those whom you love,
from up on your right, up above,
 and rally your folk who are dodging
 the range of their bow, in your lodging.
2. You promised us once and decreed
a victory that you've guaranteed:
 The mountains will I rift and rend,
 the valleys preserve and defend.
That country I love is a tool
for spreading relief with my rule,
 a scepter and rod I'm electing
 to use on those foes I'm rejecting.
3. So, who will release us from fate
and lead us on to Edom's gate?
 You really have become displeased,
 our armies are sick and diseased.
O give us your help as you reign,
the things that we try are in vain.
 With God we shall fight and be raring
 our rivals to rout, that we're snaring.

1. O God, for benign assistance
from a distance,
please accept my ardent prayer!
Lead me upward to the bower
in your tower,
from byway to thoroughfare.

25:4

2. I'd board in your tent for shelter
from the swelter,
in the awning by your wings.
With the pledges I'm avowing
you're allowing
belief in Almighty things.

Lk. 1:49

3. Keep blessing the king appointed
you've anointed,
may the Branch continue on,
while enthroned with best of phrases,
regal praises
from palter and antiphon!

Psalm 61 Chris Nelson @ 2019
Genevan 61 847.847 In A & B

1. God alone is calming my soul,
 keeping our dealings in control,
 fair play, whatever we're deserving. 62:12
 The Lord is as solid as rock,
 a fortress where we'd like to flock,
 faithful to save and never swerving.

2. How our foes are eager to come,
 all set to knock us out of plumb,
 just like a wall already leaning,
 their sole delight, flinging us down,
 with falsity they scowl and frown,
 give to their words a double meaning.

3. Silently, you further my scope!
 You are the fountain of my hope,
 strength for continuing the story.
 I'll never fall out of your grace
 that lets me, in my dwelling place,
 bask in the brightness of your glory.

4. People, find your shelter in God,
 not in the rickety façade,
 trust in the power of persuasion.
 You lordly ones, think what you owe.
 As riches on forever flow,
 pull at the reins without evasion! 62:10

5. Average man is fated to bear
 such a resemblance to the air.
 Rich ones are known by what they hi-re.
 Since everyone leans and has sinned, Rm. 3:23
 is fragile as a puff of wind,
 put no more fuel on the fi-re.

6. God, you've spoken once from your throne,
 you are the Lord whose face has shown
 love that's supported by your power.
 I've heard it said twice that you'll pay
 all people as they work and pray,
 though they be fading like the flower. Is. 40:8

1. O God, my God, the one I seek,
 my soul is disposed for a story.
 On you, in your Tent, at your glory,
I'm longing to gaze, at the peak.
 Than life itself you love is better.
 My lips delight in constant praise,
 and bless you gladly all my days,
 to you, for sustenance, a debtor.
2. I'll sing for joy and not debate
 while feasting in style on the marrow.
 All night on my bed, long and narrow,
I'll think of your help and will wait.
 While dreary dangers are receding,
 with solace in your wings outspread
 and energy when all but dead,
 your right hand sends me what I'm needing.
3. May those who shadow me to death
 go down to the depths, further under,
 where jackals, with stuff they can plunder,
make victims let go of their breath.
 A happy king will then be ruling,
 while all who do their job shall boast,
 in tending to their work engrossed,
 and tongues are silenced as they're cooling.

Psalm 63 Chris Nelson @ 2019
Genevan 63 8998.9889 In S & D

1. O God, it's your ear I'm recruiting!
Support me in this dire intrigue,
these arrows of the wicked league,
such lashing of tongues ever shooting,
sharpness computing.
2. They dig with their spade to be hiding
the plans of where to lay their snares,
the secrets of their lordly airs,
the eye that can see, overriding
all they're deciding.
3. Then all will lie low and be telling
successes of their God and King.
The righteous will rejoice and sing,
take shelter where goodness is dwelling,
hearts ever swelling.

Psalm 64 Chris Nelson @ 2021
Genevan 64 98895 In S and L

1. With praises, O God, are we drumming,
pledging our souls, devout.
All flesh with its sins will be coming,
sins that are blotted out.
Glad is the one that you're inviting
to courts for which we yearn.
Fill us with youthfulness exciting,
with goodness and concern.
2. Your marvels put gleam in salvation,
hope of the distant isles.
Your power grips all of creation,
realms with their river Niles.
Calm down the sea and deal a warning
to everything on earth,
gates of the evening and the morning
proclaiming what you're worth.
3. You visit our country, bestowing
mists of the gentle rain,
the rivers their banks overflowing,
so to provide us grain.
Hills with their garlands are you crowning,
the deserts full of wheat,
all dressed in white and nearly drowning
in happiness, complete!

Psalm 65 Chris Nelson @ 2021
Genevan 65 9696.9696 Serial (yew)

1. Write to the God of our salvation
a music of our fervent praise,
firm on the floor of your foundation,
fearsome, the brightness of your gaze,
with psalms that all earth will be singing
to eulogize your holy name,
rivals with favors that you're bringing,
friends with approval just the same.
2. Come, see the marvels we've recorded,
though Chronicles are incomplete . . .
dried up, the river that they forded,
crossed by the folk upon their feet!
So let us forestall demonstrations
that tear our fragile bond to shreds,
glad that your face above the nations
frowns when the rebels raise their heads!
3. Sound forth our blessings of thanksgiving,
with feasting on a lavish scale,
all who are kept among the living,
all who are balanced when they fail.
Like silver our aims you're refining,
by tyrants far away misused.
Firstly, the shackles that were binding,
then came the fetters that they fused.
4. Done with the fire and the water,
you let us draw our breath once more.
Here are the fauna that I'd slaughter,
here, the libations that I'd pour.
Those vows that I formed in your dwelling,
my promises, before they fade,
those I'd fulfil while you are smelling
smoke from the fat I've overlaid.
5. Make those that fear you pay attention
to all that you have done for me:
though you're beyond my comprehension,
when I forgive you set me free.
My offering of faith not rejected,
you're listening to my forthright prayer,
blessings to you who have selected
hearts as the feature of your care.

1. God, be you kind to us with favor,
the face you show us not too grim.
Then will the country be the braver
as agents of your every whim.
Let us enter shouting,
goodness never doubting,
granting you your worth!
God, our God, your blessing
all are now possessing,
all on the whole earth.

2. Let all the peoples be commencing
to sing for joy their harvest song,
as you, your justice are dispensing
for keeping your dominion strong.
Let us enter shouting,
goodness never doubting,
granting you your worth!
God, our God, your blessing
all are now possessing,
all on the whole earth.

Psalm 67 Chris Nelson @ 2021
Genevan 67 9898.665.665 No signature

1. O God, arise and scatter those
 who side with your rebellious foes
 whose tyrannies are fleeing,
 as smoke is driven by your ire,
 as wax is melted in a fire,
 whose end is what we're seeing.
 But let your people sing for joy
 a song which worshippers employ
 your myst'ries to unravel,
 and smooth a surface hardly tried
 a Rider of the Clouds could ride,
 which humble folk could travel.

2. For you to forge ahead and show
 your family the way to go,
 the injured ones to rally,
 make straight the highway and ordain
 that every cliff become a plain
 and every ridge a valley.
 Instinctively, they onward wend
 and like a shepherd you intend
 to watch their every function,
 who led them in their infancy,
 the prisoner to prosperity,
 at Moses' injunction.

Is. 35:6

Is. 40:4

Ho. 11:1

103:7

3. O God, the God of Israel,
 when marching out you did it well
 with cloud and fiery pillar,
 with caution as your people walked,
 with majesty when Sinai rocked,
 of vows, the great fulfiller.
 You rained the manna down at length,
 you gave your multitude the strength
 to do what needs dispatching,
 the honey with the flowing milk
 you promised those of every ilk
 your goodness ever matching.

Ex. 13:21

65:1

4. You gave your messengers the news,
 the tidings that would circumfuse
 your folk with expectation:
 Your enemies who trusted might
 are reeling on, with kings in flight,
 the edge of devastation.
 At home the women shared the loot,
 a duty they would execute,
 though some would still be gaping.
 Those others in the folds of ease
 were watching how the mountains freeze
 to keep them from escaping.

5. That peak of Bashan! I refuse
 a mountain I could hardly use,
 whose jealousy is telling!
 Have you a power which denies
 a neighborhood I'd rather prize
 as such a holy dwelling?
 With thousands from the former site
 our Lord ascended every height
 in heavenly transportation,
 with captives in your royal train,
 with rebel-folk whose deeds remain
 a cause of tribulation.

6. To God, this God our ours, belongs
 the way of fixing awful wrongs,
 our burdens gladly bearing,
 to knock your enemies about
 when you arrive to 'find them out',
 the guilty ever snaring,
 to bring them back when they retreat,
 to make them bathe their weary feet
 in fluids of perdition,
 to let their lapping dogs approach
 whoever tried to come and poach,
 obtaining acquisition.

I K 21:20

58:10

I K 21:19

I K 21:4-7

7. Your cavalcade is now in view,
 my king's procession marching to
 the buzz of celebration,
 as maidens start to beat the drum
 and cantors in between succumb
 to priestly intonation,
 with tambourines, the harp and lyre,
 with every brass and vocal choir
 as Israel's paraded,
 whose princes follow Benjamin,
 as far away as Zebulun,
 in splendid robes, brocaded.

II Ch. 5:1
 II S 6:5

8. Give orders and begin to laugh,
 reveal your power in the staff
 that led us to salvation.
 From high above Jerusalem
 take stock of every diadem
 that thwarts our liberation.
 That beast among the reeds, rebuke,
 that country of the river fluke
 where pyramids are rifted.
 As birds that love to scavenge, let
 them pay their gold and silver debt,
 with hands in wonder lifted!

2:4
 Ex. 14:1

9. Your kingdoms of the earth, aloud,
 sing out for you who ride the cloud
 their praises by the ho-ur!
 The flash and thunder of your shout
 are quite enough to bring about
 endorsement of your power.
 Provide us every means to live,
 your heritage a blessing give
 and shepherd them forever.
 With glories that the skies express,
 to worship you with great finesse
 they faithfully endeavor.

28:9

1. The waters are up to my neck, with ooze!
 Save me, O Lord my God, for I am sinking!
 Weak are my knees and hazy is my thinking,
 lost is my foothold, soggy are my shoes.
 I'm trying to wade while the breakers leap
 over the stormy surface of the ocean.
 My eyes are worn out from the tears I weep,
 all for my God with genuine devotion.

2. I need a way out I can understand
 when they undo my plans, for any reason.
 More are the ones who hold me up for treason
 than I have hairs to show when I am scanned.
 You know all too well how unnerved I've been,
 how you uncover errors and offenses.
 So let me be urged in the race to win,
 not be ashamed when overhaul commences.

3. Such burdens of pain, every single trace,
 make me a stranger, angering my brothers.
 Zeal for your house would indicate to others
 when you're insulted I would take your place,
 and humble my soul when confronting wrong,
 when they respond with 'what can be the matter?'
 Such laughable themes of a drunken song,
 ashes and sackcloth, nosiness and chatter!

4. And thus would I pray at the time you set,
 just when you wish, for faith in your salvation,
 not for the swamp of further tribulation,
 and in your love, an answer may I get.
 When billows pound hard, you have gone to sleep!
 How will I flee when wars are escalating?
 They'd swallow my soul when the floods are deep,
 vast as the lonely regions that are waiting.

5. Of kindness and love keep the levels high,
 let your abundant mercy, ever streaming,
 hide not your face from one that you're redeeming,
 when I'm in trouble, let it pass me by.
 In vain had I wished for some healing art,
 balm for the list of scandals I'm enduring,
 some comfort and hope for my broken heart,
 shame and disgrace past countering or curing.

Mk. 4:38

Mt. 26:39

6. A terminal poison to eat instead,
 when I was thirsty, vinegar was flowing.
 Pour out the indignation that you're showing,
 may their deceit fall back upon their head,
 their tables and chairs left unoccupied,
 camp site erased, its residents evicted,
 for being irate with the one outside,
 scars added on to those which you inflicted.

Hb. 13:12

7. So charge them with crimes in their dismal nooks,
 no way to gain an access to your ruling.
 Do not enroll them, scholarship or schooling,
 struck by the scribe who puts us down in books.
 O wretch that I am, whom their arrows wound,
 still may our health be nurtured by my singing,
 for making my needs to your will attuned,
 thanks for the gifts of nature that I'm bringing.

8. I'd honor your name, now and evermore,
 you who rebuild the temple as a dwelling,
 towns whose repair each prophet was foretelling,
 lived in and owned as sites that you restore.
 You always give ear to the one in need,
 hearing the gist of prayerful expectation.
 Let heaven and earth praise the saving deed
 seen in the very essence of creation.

Ezk. 36:33

Psalm 69 Chris Nelson @ 2019

Genevan 69 10 11 11 10.10 11 10 11 Serial (outshine)

1. Lord, come and rescue me with haste,
be helpful, my God, be officious.
Let those who are gross and malicious,
who wish to gloat on, be disgraced.
Your judgment let them be receiving.
May outlaws be aghast with shame
who order me to play their game,
ensnared in lattices they're weaving.
2. But joy and gladness for the fete
of those who seek gifts you're bestowing,
who see the way out that you're showing,
who ceaselessly cry, 'God is great!'
Relieve my poverty, I'm praying.
Come quickly, O my savior, Lord!
I'm all but falling overboard.
Extend your hand, without delaying!

Mt. 14:31

Psalm 70 Chris Nelson @ 2014

Genevan 70	8998.9889	Serial (go), (Og)	[exit, King of Bashan] [topsider, redespot]
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1. In you, O Lord, I'm choosing shelter.
Don't let me come disgraced,
but rescue me with haste
from tyrants who run helter-skelter,
from cruelty and blindness
to comfort me with kindness.
2. It's you that I have always trusted.
Since this adult was born
you've shielded me from scorn.
To moves of your hand I've adjusted,
my fortress, my defender,
my archetype of splendor.
3. Do not desert me now I'm failing,
strong for the nameless threats
of spies who've thrown their nets.
Stay close when their plots are prevailing,
when you would be pursuing
the plans that you're reviewing.
4. I promise when I'm done with learning
that I will daily make
a vow I will not break,
your righteousness right for discerning
my thoughts when I was younger,
the diet for my hunger.
5. But now that gray am I and older,
faith that inspires my soul
will tighten my control.
Your power immense makes me bolder
to give this generation
your earnest invitation.
6. I'll thank you for the dawn you're bringing,
love you and dance for joy
as when I was a boy.
The harp will add depth to my singing
and thrill, as if I'm dreaming,
my spirit you're redeeming.

1. Your justice, O God, with compassion
 give to the royal son,
 who'd flourish in spite of the fashion,
 judging the poor undone.
 Hills everlasting will be bringing
 a message of repose,
 rest from the yoke and children singing
 the blessing that bestows.

Hab. 3:6

Mt. 21:16

2. As sun and as moon are enduring
 age after passing age,
 as welcome as rain that's ensuring
 fields of a higher gauge,
 this is a universal notion,
 a peace of fame and worth,
 stretching dominion to the ocean,
 to everywhere on earth.

3. When enemies, beaten, are falling
 down to the very dust,
 then others with gifts are recalling
 service implying trust.
 Kings of the islands will be courting
 success with what they lend,
 paying their homage by supporting
 the image they intend.

4. The needy are freed when assistance
 comes from a righteous king,
 the weak, who approach from a distance,
 brought by the eagle wing,
 saving the captive from oppression,
 the blind receiving sight,
 now by our prayers of intercession
 at noon and in the night.

Dt. 32:11

5. As fertile as wheat that is waving
 up in the mountain pass,
 the grains at their best now behaving
 just like the common grass!
 Blessed be the Lord forever flaming
 with brightness like the dawn,
 all the inhabitants proclaiming
 such glorious goings-on!

1. You're good to your own pure in heart,
to Israel right from the start.
My feet about slipped, almost stumbling,
prosperity's din ever rumbling,
for envy made me grudge the vain,
by watching how mockers get rich,
how easily they find their niche,
so portly and immune to pain.
2. Yes, pride is their chain, so it seems,
a garment that wraps up their schemes.
Those petrified hearts in the palace
are oozing like fat with their malice,
a tour de force whose range is wide,
with parlance that's way beyond reach
that apes what others think and teach
on matters of the further side.
3. My people lap up all they say,
'Can God the Most High know the way?'
They're pouring out facts from a pitcher,
they're millionaires still getting richer.
So what if I remain opaque?
For naught do I aim to obey
if you can plague me every day
with discipline until I ache.
4. I puzzled it through late at night
to learn a bit more of their plight:
You drive them on down to destruction,
where slowly they yield to subduction.
So terrified of death, such fright!
You place them on slippery slopes,
you leave them no eternal hopes,
mere phantoms in the morning light.
5. My heart had become mean and harsh,
bogged down in that peat of the marsh.
I failed to put forth understanding,
was brutish to you and demanding.
But even so, some sense remained
to let you hang on, to command
this vessel to the promised land,
your presence and your joy maintained.

6. None else but the Lord, solely you,
in heaven or earth I'd pursue.
My flesh and my heart are enshrining
your glow, with my love ever pining.
How many those who stay unclean!
I'm taking my problems to God
who spurs me on with crook and rod
proclaiming all the things I've seen.

1. God, have you finally thrown away your flock,
nursed in the pasture, ancient congregation,
those you redeemed, that tribe you made a nation,
next to your mountain, high upon a rock?
2. Pick up your steps when going through the door,
ease your advance when passing by a sentry.
Foes put their foreign emblems at the entry,
flags that our folk had never seen before.
3. Yes, it's your name doled out around the globe,
axe in the cedar, hatchet in the panels,
no prophets left, no titular, no annals.
Why keep your right hand hidden in your robe?
4. Yet, God my King, you're with us from the first,
realms have you ruled as author of salvation,
split was the sea in two, a revelation,
warned were the monsters not to do their worst.
5. Pulled you apart a reedy beast, in shreds,
tripe for ferocious animals, abhorrent,
opened a spring, let loose of every torrent,
made primal rivers arid in their beds.
6. You are the Lord of visions in the night,
orbs you endowed with interface and border,
signs and conditions, seasons in their order,
sun, moon and stars that shower us with light.
7. Look at our sufferings patiently withstood,
mark how a madman offers us the chalice.
Do not betray your dove into their malice,
don't ever give your wretches up for good.
8. Rise up and offer words on your behalf.
Bring us relief and terminate their scheming.
Don't overlook that autocrat blaspheming,
give to the needy cause to shout and laugh.

Psalm 74 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 74 10 11 11 10 Serial (neartomb)

1. O God, in your dignity,
 your name with thanks we invoke.
 To the dissolute you spoke:
 "At the moment I decree,
 drunkards quake when I dispense
 a dose of my common sense.

2. 'How dare you be bothersome!'
 From not the east or the west,
 desert dune or mountain crest,
 but from God a word will come,
 driving down or drawing up
 each soul, with a frothing cup.

3. A wine of depleted mirth
 that's drugged and poured into kegs,
 drink and drain the very dregs,
 all you wicked of the earth!
 Offering God my daily praise,
 the horns of the just I'd raise.

Psalm 75 Chris Nelson @ 2021
 Genevan 75 777.777 In D