

1. Our God in Judah is renowned,  
the names that they give will resound:  
    David's city Jerusalem  
    and Zion, a fortress for them,  
their line of skirmish never broken,  
the swiftest arrow, when you've spoken.
2. Majestic, sending out your look,  
such mountains of spoil you took,  
    heroes stored in a final sleep,  
    with shields of war in a heap.  
From heaven thunder, you Divider,  
your trumpet stunning horse and rider.
3. Most holy! Who could touch the ground  
when facing your strength to confound?  
    When your clouds veil every star,  
    the skies up above as they are,  
and you expect the right decision,  
all earth stays silent at the vision.
4. Our human strivings only serve  
to sharpen that praise you deserve.  
    We, who make every vow, O God,  
    now offer our gift from the sod.  
Before your patience gets much thinner  
you'll promise mercy to the sinner.

Psalm 76    Chris Nelson @ 2021  
Genevan 76    888899    Serial (step)

1. When in misery I'm seeking,  
out of Egypt are you speaking,  
mind and spirit are consoled  
by your help 'in days of old.'  
Eyes of memory never closing,  
I would spend all night supposing -  
mounds of data I'd recall,  
questions pondered big and small:
2. Lord, if you withhold your favor  
must we always be the braver?  
Is your love misunderstood,  
is your promise void for good?  
Have you finished being tender,  
only when your own surrender?  
Now those marvels that you did  
seem like mercies that you hid.
3. God, your medium is holy,  
great are you before the lowly!  
Lots of energy and might  
let us know that you were right.  
When you moved your sons and daughters  
from the enemy, the waters  
rolled on back since they could see  
it was you who made them free.
4. Ringing with reverberation,  
lightning lit the whole creation.  
Such a miracle, marine!  
Steps of yours could not be seen!  
As you marched across the ocean,  
earth was quaking with emotion.  
Then you led us through the sands,  
Moses, Aaron, by their hands.

1. Gather round, O my people, pay attention  
while I expound in parable dimension  
what we have heard from God by revelation,  
words we'd submit to every generation,  
a glorious list of all the wonders done,  
decisions instituted one by one.
2. Rouse yourselves, it's the Lord who is commanding,  
so that the children reach an understanding!  
Folk for their sons and daughters were devising  
ways to retell those 'waters that were rising',  
that every student get a proper start,  
not insincere, but with the mind and heart.
3. Armed to fight, with the pillar brightly glowing,  
would any milk and honey keep on flowing?  
'Rocks brought abundant water by the torrent,  
but what we try to chew remains abhorrent'.  
So rude, they itemized the things they'd eat,  
their favorite vegetables or favorite meat.
4. Could they know how the fire was ignited,  
faith that the wrongs they did were always righted?  
God would continue steadily revealing  
food from the storehouse, manna through the ceiling,  
the bread of angels at their worn-out feet,  
cuisine with likeness to a wafer sweet.
5. Even then, from the east, from all directions,  
birds thick as sand, by heavenly convections,  
mouths had enough to satisfy a craving,  
yet would the words they spoke become enslaving.  
Despite all this they'd no reliance, none,  
while life went on as it had always done.
6. Creatures balked while their wits were circumvented.  
Heaven responded, they in turn repented.  
Though they were obstinate to every ruling,  
still with compassion, anger ever cooling,  
was God forgiving of the woebegone,  
a puff of wind that passes quickly on.

7. Once again, it was God who was the griever,  
truly oblivious, they, the unbeliever,  
blind to the signs that symbolized creation,  
plague and disaster, such an operation  
unleashing vengeance through an angel-troop,  
assaulting sinfulness in one fell swoop.
8. Up like dikes went the waters when divided,  
safe, unafraid, when knowing they were guided,  
good when their Shepherd led them, always ready,  
sheep in the desert, bound to be unsteady,  
until at last they reached the Promised Land,  
those highlands conquered by a strong right hand.
9. Rebels still, so deceitfully provoking  
jealous demeanor, right to go on smoking.  
Called into question, chances of survival,  
God gave the ark in Shiloh to the rival,  
condemned those people to the sword and scourge,  
no widows left to raise a funeral dirge.
10. Then our Lord was awakened like a sleeper,  
mad with a wine bestirring us the deeper,  
stepped up a reign of terror with some rumors,  
foes undergoing punishment by tumors.  
And reapers greeted with a joyful heart  
what rumbled back upon a harvest cart.
11. Ephraim, where the Lord had made a dwelling,  
no longer used, the prophecy foretelling  
one who would roar like lions, not rejected,  
while it was Zion, soon to be elected,  
a temple built to ever glorify  
the earth, and imitate the heavens high.
12. David bowed to the Lord upon defending  
ewes and their lambs, a shepherd comprehending  
seers, that the need in Judah was protecting  
flocks of the sheep, to pasture land directing,  
with upright spirit and a dextrous hand,  
by methods everyone would understand.

1. Your heritage, O God, has been invaded,  
     all your attendants butchered or upbraided,  
 Jerusalem reduced to devastation,  
     stones in a pile, your Temple's desecration,  
 left to the birds for food,  
 mocked as our stars include  
     some scavengers, provided,  
 scorned for the things we want  
 and jeered by those who flaunt  
     before us what's derided.
  
2. Displeasure with your people, how much longer?  
     Yes, than a fire your jealousy is stronger.  
 But rather pour your anger on the nations  
     cool to the plight of Jacob's deportations.  
 Though we be made of clay,  
 meet us upon the way,  
     we cannot go much lower.  
 Help us and we'll recant,  
 blot out our faults and grant  
     us peace with our Bestower!
  
3. 'So where is God to bring them their salvation?'  
     Why should they make a joke of our relation?  
 Avenge the blood our captors have been shedding,  
     let all the captives know where they are heading,  
 know where release begins.  
 Pay them who jut their chins  
     and vilify the living.  
 We, as the flock you lead  
 to pasture, will proceed  
     to bless you with thanksgiving.

Psalm 79    Chris Nelson @ 2019

Genevan 79    11 11 11 11.667.667    In J & B

1. Shepherd of Israel, our leader,  
    on past the essence of the cedar,  
with cherubim forth from the throne  
    on Joseph your radiance has shone,  
with ease for the ram and the ewe,  
    Ephraim and Manasseh, too. 80:10
2. Lord, give your folk some confirmation!  
    Nurture our hopes for restoration!  
You smothered our prayers at the source,  
    you fed us on bread of remorse,  
our tears do we drink here and now,  
    neighbors glad for our necks to bow.
3. There was a vine which you uprooted.  
    You, with employees you recruited  
had cleared a smooth space, where it grew,  
    a terrace up high with a view,  
its branches obscuring all trees,  
    tendrils stretched over rolling seas.
4. Where was the yield that you expected?  
    Why have its fences been neglected?  
Now everyone steals as they pass  
    and animals stomp on the grass.  
Look down at this vine and enroll  
    earth below in your firm control.
5. Foes flood our land till we are drowning,  
    those you'd rebuke if you were frowning.  
Give strength to that throng at your side,  
    the agent you chose to preside.  
We'll call on your name for reproof.  
    Round us up underneath your roof.

1. Sing aloud to God,  
joyfully resilient!  
Shout to whom you laud,  
banging on the drums  
music that becomes  
splendorous and brilliant!
2. Trumpets, at the moon,  
seekers, who are finding,  
from the rock be hewn,  
blow, upon our day,  
how you try to say  
something's ever binding!
3. It was I who pried  
burdens from the shoulder,  
baskets laid aside.  
Free to see my form  
hidden in the storm  
were you all the bolder.
4. Hear, O Israel,  
brook no superstition.  
Look at what befell  
when a god of gold,  
stranger to behold,  
stood in competition.
5. Blessings, my reward,  
sovereignty, I will it!  
I, for room and board,  
brought you from the south.  
Open up your mouth  
so that I may fill it.
6. Bow down and obey  
orders, not refusing,  
not that you'd betray -  
at a single stroke,  
would I break your yoke,  
while the foe is snoozing.
7. If I sealed their doom  
in one blazing action,  
wilderness would bloom,  
bounty from the stalk,  
honey from the rock,  
to your satisfaction.

1. God's in the heavenly congregation,  
    keen to reveal his dispensation.  
    "No ridicule or graceless pun,  
    no favors to the wicked one!  
Give to the orphan arbitration,  
    show that you value reputation,  
with rescue for the poor and weak,  
    from reprobates, and so I speak!"
2. Yet do they ramble on in blindness,  
    still undermining rites of kindness.  
    "You're gods to whom respect is due,  
    you're mortal judges, all of you'.  
So, to your death shall you be crawling,  
    down all together, finally falling.  
Rise up, O God, and comfort earth  
    whose residents are yours from birth!

Psalm 82    Chris Nelson 2014  
Genevan 82    9988.9988    In R



1. In silence, O God, don't remain,  
or hold your doubtful peace in vain.  
See how your enemies are stirring:  
    'Come, we will end them as a nation  
    with their complete disintegration,  
    our deputies joined in concurring.
2. Your foes, against you, must have thought  
they'd weave a double-dealing plot,  
bargains from truthfulness divorcing,  
    those in the desert-tents of Edom  
    sure of a way to douse our freedom,  
the children of Lot reinforcing.
3. Let Midian of old be the type,  
when Sisera was overripe,  
drowned in the torrents of the Kishon,  
    dung on the ground who kept on yelling,  
    trying to confiscate your Dwelling,  
though stars could strike down their position.
4. God, bowl them head-first in the breeze,  
as lightning dazzles forest trees.  
Drive them with panic in their faces,  
    let them receive this declaration:  
    You are the Lord of all creation,  
Most High above earth and disgraces.

Jr. 8:7

2. How happy the pilgrims who start  
the journey of the pure in heart  
set on a highway that's ascending,  
the Valley of springs going through,  
where showers drop down like the dew,  
in blessings wrapped up, ever wending  
to Zion from height unto height  
that shows you in your sovereign might.

**Mt. 5:8**

Dt. 32:2

3. O Lord God of Jacob, I dare  
incline your ear to hear my prayer,  
Lord Sabaoth, you never slumber!  
A single day spent in your courts,  
in ante-rooms full of supports,  
is better than scores I could number,  
is better by gates of the fence  
than revelry in other tents.

121:4

4. For God is a Shi-eld and Sun,  
a rising, everlasting one,  
free with the graciousness of glory,  
no valuable thing that is good  
withheld from the servants who stood  
as part of the throng in the story.  
How happy, my God and my King,  
the ones who live by faith and sing.

Is. 60:20

84:3

84:2

1. The country that loves you to you belongs.  
 Bring back the captives you revive to life.  
 Your pardon their sins, you blot out their wrongs.  
 Take from your people rivalry that's rife.  
 Lion of Judah, master and renounce  
 against us your wrath and decide to pounce!  
 Will you reveal to servants only rage  
 you would repeat forever on the stage?
2. Lord, open our ears, let our hearts rejoice,  
 show us your tenderness without restraints.  
 You're talking of peace and we hear your voice,  
 peace for relations, faithful all your saints.  
 Those who relinquish folly for reward,  
 will see you abide in our land, restored,  
 with pow'r and glory when your help is near,  
 traits of your being, ready to appear:
3. Your features of Love and Respect now meet,  
 Pledge and Agreement in your warm embrace,  
 with Duties that reach on up to your feet,  
 Joy leaning lower, down from outer space.  
 These will renew our reapers on the farm  
 while you yourself give with your own right arm  
 a rich abundance that will never cease,  
 there in your footsteps, Righteousness and Peace.

Rv. 5:5

Psalm 85 Chris Nelson @ 2019

Genevan 85 10 10 10 10.10 10 10 10 In R

## 1. Read me, Lord, and be observant.

139:2

Keep my soul and save your servant.  
 Needy, destitute and shy,  
 to your probing I reply.  
 You are gracious, and forgiving  
 those you rescue while they're living.  
 Give me reason to rejoice  
 as I raise to you my voice.

2. Hardly breathing, barely sighing,  
on your mercy I'm relying.

There's no God that can compare,  
 all our yokes because you bear.

Mt. 11:30

You made nations with a story  
 who would bow and give you glory.  
 When my feet have had their bath  
 I would also walk that path.

Jn. 13:5

## 3. For your sake will I endeavor

dulcet praise to sing forever.

Lord, you draw me with your breath  
 from the depths of sin and death.

Rm. 8:11

Seated high above all others,  
 so devoted like our mothers,  
 give, as proof of goodness done,  
 marvels, yours, of others, none.

Psalm 86 Chris Nelson @ 2019

Genevan 86 8877.8877 Serial (rbd) [rebuild]

1. Zion stands in the land where she was founded,  
still does the Lord prefer her over all!  
Glorious things are predicted in your hall,  
great is the love that's keeping you surrounded.
2. Pilgrims wish to agree with one another,  
first to profess that God will hear our cry.  
Even Put and Philistia wonder why  
folk be adopted, calling Zion, "Mother".
3. To this hill all the peoples are advancing,  
as she delights to call them on the horn.  
"It was here that the foreigner was born",  
here that performing princes will be dancing.

Psalm 87            Chris Nelson @ 2022  
Genevan 87        11 10 10 11        Serial (lap)

1. O Lord, I cry for help, and drink  
tears with the bitterness of weeping,  
a vigil of prayer daily keeping  
while dangling on the dangerous brink,  
now numbered with those who are falling,  
whose deeds you'd no more be recalling.
2. You've plunged me into gloom and dread.  
Down by your wrath and anger weighted  
to drown in your waves am I fated,  
to live among the silent dead,  
with all of those souls you're depriving  
of hope they once had for surviving.
3. My causes have denied me friends.  
Deep in the dungeon, no tomorrow,  
my vision worn out by my sorrow,  
as anguish I display ascends.  
Will wonders of yours be declaring  
your love in the grave, that you're caring?
4. And who can know, when night is dark,  
how I'm descending to perdition,  
a land without drive or ambition?  
But I am here, and I embark  
upon a new day every morning  
demanding some hints of a warning.
5. As death surrounds my life, my blood,  
wheels out of gear are duly spinning,  
the terrors you send always winning,  
your anger, a deluge, a flood,  
while neighbors detect my depression,  
their shadows my only possession.

Psalm 88            Chris Nelson @ 2022  
Genevan 88        899.899        In D

1. Would I remember your love evermore in rhyme,  
ring out your faithfulness time after ceaseless time!  
I'd advertise them now, O Lord, because they're grounded  
in qualities and features totally unbounded.  
"I'll make the kingdom last for every generation,  
David's the one on whom I'll rest my reputation."
2. Which holy one above has what your traits endue,  
great in the council of gods and the angels, who?  
You rule the rowdy beasts who energize the ocean,  
when earth is giving way you quiet their emotion.  
The north and south are yours, their circle you created,  
heights of Mount Tabor and Mount Hermon so elated.
3. Peace and its Righteousness gladly support your throne,  
known for its Faithfulness right in the sacred zone.  
How happy and triumphant living by your kindness,  
acclaiming light and truth, not ignorance or blindness,  
our Holy One of Israel, with you belonging  
both our defenses and a monarch we are thronging!
4. Once in a vision you spoke to your friends renowned,  
"See how this mighty one's head with prestige is crowned.  
With pure and holy oil I recognize my servant,  
my eye, to see and read, is open and observant.  
My Chosen from all rivalry will I deliver,  
one in complete control of waterway and river.
5. "Hewn from the quarry, this rock that I cut excels,  
firm and established, my law in the citadels.  
And should I find descendants' emulation cooling,  
I'll punish every one who disregards my ruling.  
But I will keep my word, its power not obscuring,  
stars in the sky shall see that dynasty enduring."
6. Now your support is replaced by your cryptic aim,  
scorn which the neighbors heap up on your worthy name,  
with adversaries ever adamant for plunder,  
with arrows snapped in two, no scepter causing wonder,  
so useless while your holy countenance is raging,  
even the infamy of prematurely aging.
7. Help me to know my end, count up my final days,  
caught in the clutches of death and its grim malaise.  
Our destiny is void, you anger left to smolder,  
your faithfulness recedes, you love becoming colder.  
You swore a binding oath to David your anointed,  
see that my heart's no longer sorely disappointed!

1. Ages past, ever ancient, for our dwelling,  
    Lord, when you acted, mountains were upwelling.  
Formed was the earth in yesterdays undated,  
    God, yes you were when Adam was created.  
Behold, your word can turn our schemes to dust,  
    'Away! Return to what you were, you must!'
2. Days to you are in aeons, for the keeping,  
    years to the mortal: minutes while we're sleeping,  
just like the dreams that vaporize on waking,  
    just like the grass so animated quaking,  
appearing early with the morning rays,  
    by evening withered in the arid blaze.
3. Yes, we're burned by your anger that's consuming  
    woes we amass with fidgeting and fuming.  
Judge must you be of folk who were ignoring  
    things they've arranged, those secrets they were storing.  
Beneath your summons we advance towards death,  
    our lifespans over while you'd draw one breath.
4. Threescore years plus the ten that makes them ample,  
    four runs of twenty, giving one example,  
add up to anxious cares about our dying,  
    gone in a trice our spirits upward flying.  
For who has dared your very will to gauge  
    or learned like novices to fear you rage?
5. Teach us how to confer appreciation,  
    so to be made aware of our duration.  
Lord, acquiesce! Our waiting, how much longer?  
    Yes, we're your servants bent on growing stronger.  
Be pleased to wake us with your ardent love  
    to make us radiant like your hosts above.
6. Make our future triumphantly predicted,  
    much as the time your people were afflicted.  
Let your assistants recognize their story,  
    lots of descendants basking in your glory.  
Your sweetness ever to your own decreed,  
    make all we do, that we attempt, succeed.



1. Your refuge is the Lord Most High,  
 Almighty God, your dwelling,  
 whose awning is the place to lie,  
 with adversaries yelling,  
 who screens you from the savage things  
 that dragons go accruing,  
 puts you beneath the feathered wings  
 of avian renewing.

91:13

103:5

2. No need for you to fear so soon  
 the arrows swiftly flying,  
 the plague that stalks you down at noon,  
 the scourges of the dying.  
 Though myriads will surely fall,  
 with thousands more receding,  
 words of authority are all  
 that servants will be needing.

Mt. 7:29

3. I'll give my angels full commands  
 to halt the stones they're throwing,  
 in case the adder hurts your hands,  
 to guard you where you're going.  
 I rescue who acknowledge me,  
 I answer invocation.  
 Life do I offer, full and free,  
 and dramatize salvation.

Psalm 91 Chris Nelson @ 2019  
 Genevan 91 8787.8787 In A

1. How good, O Lord, thanksgiving,  
the evening antiphon,  
love at the crack of dawn  
you lavish on the living.  
My music am I bringing,  
the rippling of the lyres,  
All that you've done inspires  
my playing and my singing.
2. 'Such wonders you're achieving,  
your works how very great!  
Fools are the ones you hate,  
the patterns that they're weaving.  
Though wickedness is sprouting  
as thick as any weed,  
you are supreme indeed,  
your adversaries routing.
3. My spirit will you nourish  
like trees that hug the ground,  
cedars in whom is found  
no waning as they flourish.  
The righteous when they're planted  
will fruit and never fall,  
live to be fresh and tall  
and take the sun for granted.

Mt. 13:43

1. God is king, wearing power like a belt,  
    enrobed in majesty, with splendor felt.  
    Such is your throne before the world was cursed,  
    so firm and in place from the very first.
2. Lord, behold how the floods can lift on high  
    their voices, trying hard to multiply  
    sounds of the fish that flounder in the sea,  
    much harder than waves you created free.
3. God so fair, your surprises you'd arrange,  
    decrees so holy that they'll never change.  
    Blessed is your house, the ceiling and the floor,  
    the future right now and forevermore.

118:19

Psalm 93    Chris Nelson @ 2019  
Genevan 93    10 10 10 10    In F