

1. Come with all your jubilant sound,
 music of majesty renowned,
 praising the Rock of our salvation.
 Go out from your midst as you hold
 these vessels, like the ones of old,
 filled with a thankful meditation.

Is. 52: 11

2. For our King is great above all.
 In the beginning, we recall
 mountains were molded by the oceans.
 Bow down to our Maker with awe,
 who guides us through the grassy draw,
 led by a blend of gentle motions.

23:2

3. Meribah and Massah would blaze
 out to the sheep of former days,
 'If only once they'd seek my pardon.
 But, lo, they chose forty long years
 as double-dealing mutineers,
 hearts that were truly meant to harden.'

95:11

Ezk. 34:17

Psalm 95 Chris Nelson @ 2019
 Genevan 95 889.889 In M

1. Find anthems with new variations,
and sing them with pulsing vibrations,
with hymns that would widen your fame,
O Lord, and bless your faithful name,
sending a summons to the nations!
2. Is nothing more fit than our praises?
Those idols have only their phrases.
With heaven so fair on parade,
with fashions so inclined to fade,
only the beautiful amazes.
3. Expressing their love, not ignoring
your glory and power, adoring,
our families their tribute impart
with offerings of the eager heart,
quake, all the earth, and come imploring.
4. Lo, over your world are you reigning,
with angels in flight, never gaining,
as heavenly legions rejoice,
as congregations lend a voice,
firm, the creation you're sustaining.
5. Do forest and wood love the thunder,
while everything green fosters wonder?
With justice and laws to obey,
the Lord is coming down to stay,
torn, every deity asunder.

1. Our God is King indeed,
the one we want to lead!
Thick darkness is appearing,
your loyalty is cheering.
A fire before you goes,
lambasting all your foes.
Flags of success unfurled,
your lightning lights the world,
hills start to decompose.
2. The mountains melt like wax,
your feet are making tracks.
Our land beholds the glory -
the righteous and their story.
The high and mighty draw
the last and final straw,
bow as they lumber on,
Jerusalem, at dawn,
glad that your words are Law.
3. For you, O Lord, who flies
o'er ocean, earth and skies,
love those who end relations
with evil's fabrications,
defending all their days
your saints from those that laze,
who, when your lamp imparts
its joy to living hearts,
shout out your name with praise!

Psalm 97 Chris Nelson @ 2022
Genevan 97 66.77.66666 In L

1. Sing to the Lord a new creation,
 these accolades of ancient song -
 every expressive declaration,
 beings with life that would belong.
 That holy right arm is extending
 to every distant island coast,
 love, with assurances, befriending
 all, but of Israel the most.

Gn. 1:3
 24:1, Jn. 1:3

Is. 66:19

2. Sing with the power of your station,
 you peoples that are Zion-born.
 Play all the verses of narration
 sung to the fanfares of the horn.
 Let festival pipes set in motion
 the sound of every harp and string.
 Let them be showing their devotion,
 placed in the presence of the King.

87:6

3. Now let your tidal wave deliver
 its thunder like a trumpet sound!
 Clap with your hands you rushing river,
 joy shouted out on higher ground!
 The Lord who's my light and salvation
 is coming down to judge the world
 garbed in eternal revelation,
 truth and integrity unfurled.

27:1
 Jn. 3:19

96:13

Psalm 98 Chris Nelson @ 2019
 Genevan 98 9898.9898 Serial (apt)

1. Crown the Lord and make
 all the peoples quake,
who is very great
 over every state.
Just as nations can
 melt, it is the plan
to move up the lowly
 to a monarch holy.
2. Mighty are you who
 loves what you pursue,
deeds you've done for your
 folk whom you mature,
children, those whom I
 urge to magnify
our God's many features,
 all existing creatures.
3. Moses came between
 you and our routine.
By your servants you'd
 call the multitude,
talk with us who bowed
 down before the cloud
you made for relaying
 missives we're obeying.
4. Lord my God, you were
 one who could confer
grace and mercy in
 spite of every sin.
Praise your Maker and
 try to understand
our Lord at the fountain
 by the holy mountain.

1. Acclaim the Lord in all domains,
 delighting in rhymes and refrains.
Dance for joy in the holy place,
 with antiphons meant to embrace.
2. You made us, your concern allows
 our Shepherd to watch as we browse.
Average folk may resemble sheep,
 the flock you'd urge on when it's steep.
3. Approaching gates and crowded Tent,
 your porticos filled with assent,
thanks we give your enduring name,
 with honor and praise for the same.
4. Not one is good but God alone,
 the one of great age on the throne.
Ardent love is forevermore,
 with faithfulness, vast like the shore.

18:33

Mk. 10:18
Dn. 7:13

Psalm 100 Chris Nelson @ 2019
Genevan 100 8888 Serial (data)

1. I will sing of your kindness with thanksgiving.
And Lord, when will you come to where I'm living?
I'll not in my house watch the lawless look
on land they took.
2. No appeal has deception in the distance
advancing on the path without assistance.
Keep those who enslave, who assail the free,
away from me.
3. I will see that the silent be observant,
for only one who is can be my servant.
No secret untruth wants to stand its ground
while I'm around.
4. No proud hearts in the city I'm maintaining
can tolerate receivers of my training
transporting far off from our towns again
all evil men.

Psalm 101 Chris Nelson @ 2022
Genevan 101 11 11 10 4 Serial (last)

1. Lord, bend lower, I'm beseeching,
let my argument be reaching.
 Answer quickly, do not hide,
 just, but reticent to chide.
Gone, my appetite for cheering
on that day you'll be appearing,
 sinews smoldering and smoking,
 bones my body ever poking.
2. Empty, barren, unforgiving,
where I'm trying to make a living,
 banished there and kept aloof,
 lonely bird upon the roof.
Ashes, bread that I am eating,
weeping, whimpering and bleating,
 you, with anger overflowing,
 up me picking, down me throwing.
3. Dry as hay, my time is waning
while the future you're ordaining.
 Open, Zion, reappear -
 in her dust we hold her dear! -
building up your habitation
once a novel operation,
 while you treat the opposition
 scorn you not the true petition.
4. Let this project be recorded,
our descendants be rewarded:
 Down you're leaning from the heights,
 us from heaven in your sights,
sounds of sighing and of yelling,
doomed to die, we have a dwelling
 in your citadel, uniting,
 all, your miracles reciting.
5. Will I live, and how much longer?
Though I'm eager, you're the stronger.
 Eons long ago you laid
 earth's foundations bound to fade.
Like a garment past insuring,
these wear out, though you're enduring.
 We need changing and attending,
 you, your years are never ending.

1. Bless you the Lord of Life who keeps you going,
 lauds be the hour of praises when you're knowing
 release from your existence in the Pit.
 Bless you the crowns of mercy you're receiving,
 kind and forgiving, cure for unbelieving,
 which prompt you like an eagle that has lit.
2. God does it right and verily disposes
 on the oppressed those promises to Moses,
 to save and ransom captive Israel,
 short when offenses lessen our relation,
 not very lengthy wrathful indignation
 when all-too-eager gods would oversell.
3. Can we be children even when we're fearing?
 Great is the Lord when sins begin appearing,
 as far away as east is from the west,
 kind as a father, gentle as a mother,
 that we would grow in grace with one another,
 remembering dust are we though still a guest.
4. Last, do we not, much longer than a flower,
 one single gust would overwhelm the power,
 survival's instinct only for a day.
 Love for a son and daughter is forever,
 bonds to their children's children broken never
 who call to mind such orders to obey.
5. God has arranged a throne beyond the mortal,
 sovereign when morning passes through the portal,
 angelic armies, servants on patrol.
 Bless you the Lord of Hosts for such a feature,
 cloaks that surround the joy of every creature,
 O bless the Lord exalted, O my soul.

Psalm 103 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 103 11 11 10.11 11 10 Serial (logos)

1. O bless the Lord, most high by any name,
a grand pageantry of designs proclaim,
the glory all peoples have been declaring,
the heavenly parent, far beyond comparing,
wrapped in a robe of scintillating light,
(light was the 'day' and darkness was the 'night').
How great you are! And we're your demonstration,
proud to be part of such a population!
2. Your heavens open outward like a tent
produced strong for weather apportionment.
The zephyrs of wind give you elevation
with chariot-clouds your agile transportation.
Gates of the morning hasten to reveal
hot glowing flames, your messengers of zeal.
You put us on your adequate foundation,
air, with the aqua, high above our station.
3. The waters eyed the limits to their flight
when your thunder struck them, induced by light,
when torrents flowed on down the lordly mountains
replenishing the sources of the fountains.
Wind that you warmed to melt the winter snow,
grass for the cattle sprouting up to grow,
the evergreens of Lebanon you planted,
leaves for the lark we lately took for granted.
4. The moon would mark the seasons that are set,
the sun knows when every horizon's met.
The evening is cool and the forest creatures
imprint upon the darkness all their features.
Dawn comes around, in hideaways they lurk,
one has ambition, managing to work,
but rests enough to recognize your backing,
man, how you made a monarch, nothing lacking.
5. This world is full of wisdom on parade,
like your ocean shore that the petrels wade,
an atmosphere right for the wing and feather
of owls and doves that serenade together.
Look how the schools of living creatures teem,
fish that are swimming reservoir and stream,
the vessels that deliver up their treasure,
whales on the waves you wanted for your pleasure.

6. Dependent, all throughout the coming year,
to receive that food of the stalk and ear,
they suffer when ways to respond have ended,
revert to dust when life has been suspended.
Last came the one you fashioned from the soil,
whom you endowed with wine and bread and oil.
Your Spirit freshens earth and all creation,
earns the esteem of every generation.

7. And so it was that God began to rest
from such zealous work of the very best.
I mean to sing out and present thanksgiving,
my music beaming upward while I'm living.
May these reflections broadening my voice
give to the Lord a moment to rejoice!
May sinners never get what you endeavor!
Bless, all who back these benefits forever.

Psalm 104 The Seven Days of Creation Chris Nelson @ 2020
Genevan 104 10 10 11 11. 10 10 11 11 Serial (palmweb)

1. Give thanks to the Lord, as you're calling
for strength from the King you're installing.
Make known to the peoples the deeds
you've seen as the era proceeds,
sing praises to the holy name
whose wonders you may now proclaim.
2. The face of the Lord ever seeking,
attending to One who is speaking
those words that expand and disclose
a love to the children you chose,
our God is of exalted worth,
whose judgments touch the whole wide earth.
3. This covenant stands through the ages,
a statute that draws you in stages,
when Abraham deigned to obey,
when Isaac survived to relay,
when Jacob dealt, as Israel,
a land of Canaan in to dwell.
4. When numbers were few, duly counted,
to little their wanderings amounted.
What God had allowed they became,
while some were anointed by name,
for warning kings in every zone
to leave them well enough alone.
5. A famine came down as a token,
the staff of their bread lately broken.
A dreamer was launched as a slave,
to go on ahead, so to pave
a way for them to reunite
in land where they could see the light.
6. When Joseph was tossed into prison,
a man to read fate had arisen.
A servant to store all the grain
the Pharaoh released to retrain.
And Israel refused to balk,
to Egypt sending all their stock!

7. When people became more abundant,
their slavery was worse than redundant,
whose foes could be pressed to obey,
as Moses arrived to display,
with Aaron as a right hand man,
the plagues that formed their exit plan.
8. They suffered from frogs serenading
the royal apartments, invading,
their fishes inert under mud,
their rivers of life into blood,
a darkness on the land so dense
their anguish all the more intense.
9. Their cypress were struck by the showers,
with hail their figs and their flowers.
By locusts, that swept on and on,
the grasses were mowed, woebegone,
their country overrun by flies,
in clusters of uncommon size.
10. Their children born first were afflicted,
and Jacob at last was evicted,
a hoard of their gold in a cart
that Israel got for a start.
So Egypt, whom they'd filled with woe,
was glad enough to see them go.
11. The pillar of cloud for their going,
its fire by night always glowing,
with bread from above for the band,
with gifts of the quail, thick as sand,
yes, water from the fissure flowed
in streams upon their wild abode.
12. The promise remembered was holy
to Abraham's seed, ever lowly,
made happy in homes, who were led
on forward with shouts, up ahead,
observing such a pleasant view
that all would enter hereinto.

1. Give thanks to God whose will is good,
whose love the test of time has stood,
whose works are too great not to mention,
our praises too few to foresee
our chances for care and attention,
for keeping our traditions free!
2. To me come near with fervent love
you furnished us from high above,
your promised good news and salvation.
Come closer, O Lord, let me in
to pleasures of joy for your nation,
take pride in being next of kin.
3. We've quite obeyed you even less
than fathers whose obliviousness
would keep their minds off of the wonders
performed when they passed through the Sea.
You saved the faint hearts from their blunders,
and strengthened every trembling knee.
4. Your word would make the Sea of Reeds
as dry as when a mist recedes.
You granted them more than a favor -
they followed right through, in a daze,
while waters gulped down their enslaver
and Miriam excelled in praise.
5. Your true intent they soon forgot,
they recognized your image not!
Their God they impugned with a faction,
the signs of your priest with their claims,
while Dathan went down by reaction
and renegades went up in flames.
6. They made a calf, a smelted thing,
were rude to God with one last fling,
and wouldn't confront any feeling
of keeping their deeds out of reach,
that covenant talked of repealing
if Moses hadn't closed the breach.

7. They spurned a land of pure delight,
they wouldn't hear or listen right.
They covered their lamp and they grumbled,
so lifting your hand you proclaimed
their daughters and sons would be humbled,
be scattered to a place unnamed.
8. They took the yoke of Baal instead,
yes, ate the foods that feed the dead.
Then up, with a yell of frustration,
stood Phineas, faced with the plague,
who yielded a great reputation
for never being slow or vague.
9. Upon the road, they made you mad,
and matters went from worse to bad
when Moses was rushed into thinking,
though as a result of their talk
the people and beasts had been drinking
the water from a desert rock.
10. They failed indeed to do as told,
they worshipped what was false with gold.
Their idols that irked you polluted
a country that should have been theirs
with innocent blood and disputed
their claim to be the rightful heirs.
11. They spurned compassion, plunging on,
their hope for rescue nearly gone.
Each time that they cried you took pity
on folks who tried hard to repent
so captors who knocked down their city
would stop from all the harm they meant.
12. O Lord, who saved us all alone
from foreigners who made us groan,
O father your saints and relations
to thank you, your self to adore,
for ways that you turn our vexations
to blessings in your treasure store.

1. With love that's everlasting,
with motivation good:
the Lord has been recasting
the slights in which we stood,
providing us a land,
viewed from the four directions
with steadiness of hand,
saved from the foreign sections.
2. Some lost their way, presuming
their clans were on the go,
with deserts ever looming,
their courage running low.
With laughter in their eyes,
reaching a habitation,
their hopes began to rise,
lakes, for a consolation.
3. In darkness were they living,
in misery, afraid,
enslavers unforgiving,
no advocate or aid.
So grateful, in their gloom,
had they the love that's binding,
fresh air with lots of room,
all of their foes unwinding.
4. And some were driven frantic,
by nuisance overcome,
existence so pedantic,
their spirits nearly numb.
Descending was the Word,
nursing their persecution.
They fluttered like a bird,
nets into dissolution.
5. Where seas became an ocean,
some traders sailed ships,
beholding great commotion
which hampered business trips,
where breakers drove them down
into a kind of madness.
But many reached a town,
thankful for ports of gladness.

126:2

Is. 35:7

124:7

6. When soil was turning barren,
 the earth to flats of salt,
 then those in line with Aaron
 would river-staves exalt.
 The errant found a home,
 fit for their exploration,
 in fields of fertile loam
 eyed for their cultivation.

Ex. 17:5

7. When pastures are diminished
 and grasses fade away,
 the dream is finally finished
 when night induces day.
 Our families are a flock,
 close by the quiet waters,
 an everlasting Rock
 drenching their sons and daughters.

90:5-6

23:2

Ex. 17:6

Psalm 107 Chris Nelson @ 2019
 Genevan 107 7676.6767 Serial (slanted)

1. My heart is prepared, O my God,
I mean to sing the news abroad.
The harp that I'm performing on!
I'm stirring the light of the Dawn!
Your faithfulness soars to the peak,
your ardor to clouds, when you speak
of resolute seers and their stories
that savor your name and its glories.
2. Bring solace to those who would stand
in Shechem by your own right hand.
Then throw your sandal over there
our armies for war to prepare,
with Edom a shout on the brink
and Moab to wash in, a sink.
With God will we fight and be daring,
like heroes, our foes ever snaring.

Psalm 108 Chris Nelson @ 2021
Genevan 108 8888.8899 In S

1. Argue well when the truth is spoken,
let your standoffishness be broken!
I'm caught, O God, in accusation,
falsity of their own creation,
the wicked, who attack with hate,
with whom your verdict I await.
2. Counter them for the way they're pouncing,
though I'm consoling, they're denouncing -
Appoint a judge to do the trying,
charges framed by a liar lying,
a guilty sentence every time,
praying regarded as a crime:
3. Reprimanded, repudiated,
for someone else my office slated,
my very children also hounded
from their homes, by their fate astounded.
May strangers to my riches creep,
banks swallow everything I reap.
4. End my name with eradication,
gone in a single generation,
my fathers' sins to me be spreading,
slips my mind was forever dreading.
May God erase my life from birth,
wipe out my memory from the earth!
5. Purposely to the pauper greedy,
this is the way I treat the needy.
So far from me the taste of blessing,
curses be my reward, possessing.
I wore them like a mantle-cloak,
into my body let them poke!
6. Let this show us the way accusers
end up as if they were the losers.
Though bold and tuned to your uniqueness,
still my heart is reduced to weakness,
a shadow in the place of strife,
brushed as a locust from its life.

7. Once I thrived and my body flourished,
now only weak and under-nourished,
an object taunted in derision,
scorned by all for prophetic vision.
But foster me and let them say
you are the God that I obey.

8. Turn right here when your face is smiling,
let me rejoice and be compiling
my gratitude, aloud and clearly,
with a throng I esteem sincerely,
for managing a true defense,
life in a happy present tense.

Psalm 109 Chris Nelson @ 2021
Genevan 109 999988 Serial (acreplot)