

# In Zion We Wait

From Psalm 65:1-5

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with some lines starting with a measure rest (indicated by a '4' or '8' above the staff). The score is divided into four systems, each with a measure rest at the beginning (4, 8, 12). The lyrics are as follows:

1. <sup>1</sup>In Zi - on we wait: O God, hear our praise;  
2. <sup>3</sup>In - iq - ui - ties rise; on me they pre - vail.  
3. <sup>4</sup>But blest is the man whom You deign to choose  
4. <sup>5</sup>Through ter - ri - ble deeds You an - swer our pray'r,

We'll pay all we pro-mised— no faith - less de - lays!  
My heart is not per - fect; it com - mon - ly fails.  
And cause to ap - proach You; He nev - er will lose.  
O God, our sal - va - tion! You an - swer our pray'r.

<sup>8</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>To us You are ti - tled, "The One Who Hears Pray'r."  
But as for trans - gres - sions, You al - ways pro - vide,  
He dwells in Your courts and he is sat - is - fied;  
The ends of the earth and the far dis - tant seas

<sup>12</sup>  
All crea - tures ap - proach You and wait on You there.  
And in Your per - fec - tions a sin - ner may hide.  
Your tem - ple is ho - ly with good - ness in - side.  
Are giv - en Your signs and they fear what You please.

Music: Joshua Leavitt's *The Christian Lyre*, 1831; alt.

Text: Douglas Wilson, 2015; alt. ©

CONFIDENCE (Leavitt)

10 11. 11 11.

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Cont'd, Psalm 65:6-9, 11-13

5. <sup>6</sup> You rose up in strength, and found - ed the hills.  
 6. <sup>8</sup> All men who now dwell be - yond ev - 'ry sea  
 7. <sup>9</sup> You vis - it the earth, and bring in Your train  
 8. <sup>11</sup> Our year has been crowned with good - ness and cheer;

Your cloth - ing is pow - er; You do what You will.  
 Will fear when Your to - kens will cause them to flee.  
 A - bun - dance by show'r - ing this won - der - ful rain.  
 Your paths drip a - bun - dance; it falls on us here.

<sup>7</sup> Your word calms the o - cean; the na - tions of men  
 The dawn and the sun - set will both find their voice,  
 The riv - er of God flows on filled to the banks.  
<sup>12</sup> The hills cel - e - brate with the cat - tle and grain;

<sup>12</sup>  
 Are stilled from their tu - mult a - gain and a - gain.  
 You make them go out and in go - ing re - joice.  
 It brings to us grain and we bring to You thanks.  
<sup>13</sup> They shout and they sing to the great God of rain.