

SONG OF BALAAM (Nm. 23, 7-24)

Capo III



C. ^{Em} From ^D Aram Balak made me come
 the king of Moab
 from the eastern ^{Em} mountains:
^D "Come, curse Jacob for me,
^{Em} come, prophesy against Israel."
^G How shall I curse, if ^D God does not let me?
^G How shall I prophesy if ^D God does not want?
 From the top of this peak I see him
 from the top of this rock I observe him:
^D this is a people different
^{Em} from all nations

A. ^{Em} HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE YOUR ^D TENTS
^{Em} HOW BEAUTIFUL O ISRAEL.
^{Em} HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE YOUR ^D TENTS (2)
^{Em} HOW BEAUTIFUL O ISRAEL.

C. ^G Who shall count your ^D multitude ^{G Bm Em}

A. ^D JACOB, ^{Em} JACOB,
^D JACOB, ^{Em} JACOB?
 HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE YOUR TENTS

C. ^{Em} But what are you doing? ^D
 you are blessing him. ^{Em}
 Come to another place, ^D
 maybe thence ^{Em} God will curse him.
^G Listen, son of Zipor, ^D
^D give ear king Balak, ^{Em}
 because God is not a man
 who says and then repents: ^{Em}
^D a star is rising from Jacob, ^{Em}
^D I hear acclamations for a king, ^{Em}
 God, God is his father:
 He crouches like a lion, ^{Em}
 He lies down like a lioness
 no one will make Him rise again.

A. HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE YOUR TENTS ...

C. ^G Let my death be ^D
 like the death of your Just One ^{G Bm Em}

A. ^D LET MY LIFE BE WHERE HE IS ^{Em}
^D LET MY LIFE BE WHERE HE IS. ^{Em}

HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE YOUR TENTS ...