

PSALM

147

O sing ye hallelujah!

D A⁷ (D A⁷) D (Bm D) A D

1 O sing ye hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis good our God to praise;
 2 The star - ry hosts he num - bers, he calls them all by name;
 3 The heavens with clouds he cov - ers, he sends the cheer-ing rain;

A⁷ (D A⁷) D A Bm⁷ E⁷ A

'tis pleas - ant and be - com - ing to him our songs to raise.
 his great-ness and his wis - dom his won - drous works pro - claim.
 the slopes of all the moun - tains he fills with grass and grain.

D A⁷ (F#m A⁷) D G D⁷ Em

He builds the walls of Zi - on, he seeks her wan-dering sons;
 The meek he lifts to hon - our, he hum - bles sin - ful pride.
 To beast and bird his good - ness their dai - ly food sup - plies;

D G A⁷ D E⁷ D A⁷ D

he binds their wounds and com - forts the bro - ken-heart-ed ones.
 Give thanks to him and ut - ter his prais - es far and wide.
 he cares for all his crea - tures, at - ten - tive to their cries.

O sing ye hallelujah!

- 4 No human power delights him,
no earthly pomp or pride;
he loves the meek who fear him
and in his love confide.
Then praise thy God, O Zion,
his gracious aid confess;
he gives thee peace and plenty,
his gifts thy children bless.
- 5 He sends his swift commandment,
and snow and ice enfold
the world, and none are able
to stand before his cold.
Again he gives commandment:
the winds of summer blow,
the snow and ice are melted,
again the waters flow.
- 6 His statutes and his judgments
he makes his people know;
to them as to no others
his grace he loves to show.
For matchless grace and mercy
your grateful praises bring;
to him give thanks forever,
and hallelujah sing.