

PSALM 108

Play the Melody 

A song. A psalm of David.

Geneva, 1562



1. My heart is stead-fast, O my God.
Your mer-cy I will ev - er laud;
Your name I will in song ex - tol,
make me-lo-dy with all my soul.
A-wake, O harp and lyre, a wake,
for I will urge the dawn to break.
I'll sing Your glo - ry to the na-tions,
Your praise a - mong their pop-u - la-tions.

2. Great is, O God, Your steadfast love,
far *higher than the heavens* above.
Your *faithfulness* soars to the skies.
Above the heavens, O God, arise;
reveal Your splendour and shine forth
Your *glory* over *all the earth*.
Now *show* Your might and *save* Your nation;
to *those You love*, grant *liberation*.

3. Our *mighty King*, the God *of* grace,
has *spoken in His* holy place:
“All *Succoth’s vale and Shechem’s* land
I *will divide* as I *have* planned.
All *Gilead* belongs to Me;
Manasseh is My *property*.
My *helmet*: *Ephraim*, *strong defender*.
My *sceptre*: *Judah*, *firm commander*.
4. God *shamed His* foes with words *that* sting:
“At *Edom* I My sandal fling;
I *Moab* as My washbowl claim
and in *Philistia* shout My fame.”
God, *who but You* can *be* our guide
to *Edom*, so well *fortified*?
But *You have* cast us *off in* anger
and *with our* armies *march no* longer.
5. To *us again* Your favour show;
grant *us Your aid* against the foe.
Uphold *us as none* other can,
for *worthless is* the help *of* man.
Our *God will* crush the *enemy*;
with *Him*, we’ll gain the *victory*.
Our *proud oppressors He* will humble,
tread *on their* necks and *make them* tremble.