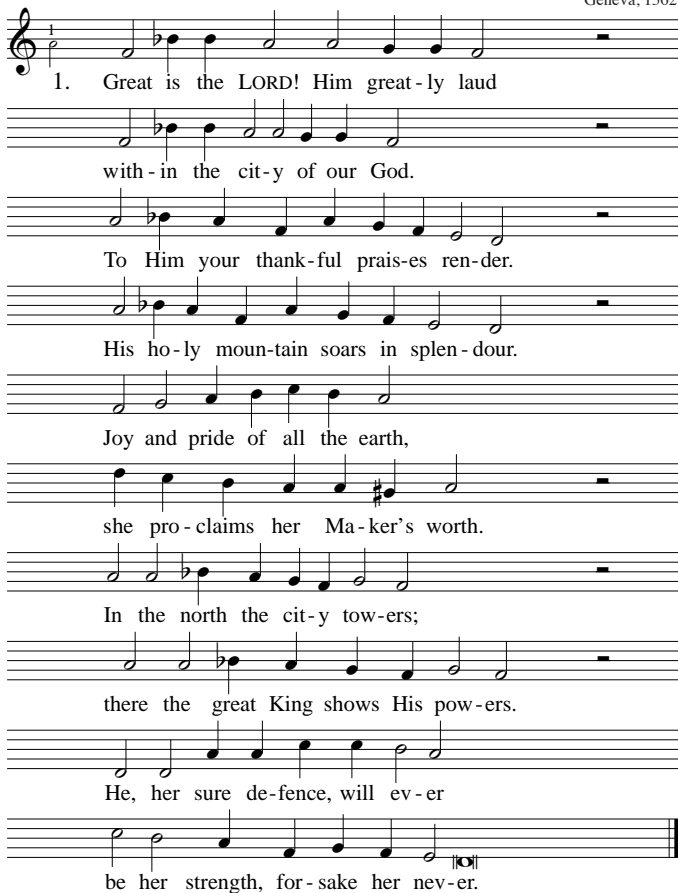


PSALM 48

Play the Melody 

A song. A psalm of the Sons of Korah.

Geneva, 1562



1. Great is the LORD! Him great-ly laud
with-in the cit-y of our God.
To Him your thank-ful prais-es ren-der.
His ho-ly moun-tain soars in splen-dour.
Joy and pride of all the earth,
she pro-claims her Ma-ker's worth.
In the north the cit-y tow-ers;
there the great King shows His pow-ers.
He, her sure de-fence, will ev-er
be her strength, for-sake her nev-er.

Psalm 48

2. Her foes joined forc-es to ad-vance
and led their troops with con-fi-dence,
but when those kings her walls sur-round-ed,
they stood a-ghast and were a-stound-ed.
Stunned and shak-en by the sight,
they in pan-ic took to flight;
seized by pain, they quaked and trem-bled –
pains that la-bour pangs re-sem-bled –
as when, by an east wind bat-tered,
ships of Tar-shish all are scat-tered.

3. *As we have heard, so have we seen
here in the city, God's domain,
which He establishes forever;
the LORD of hosts forsakes it never.
In Your temple we give thought
to the peace Your hand has brought,
and Your steadfast love we ponder.
Your great name, O God of wonder,
and Your praise, Your exaltation,
reach the earth's remotest nation.*

4. *God's love and righteousness abound.
Let Zion's mount with joy resound;
let Judah's daughters be rejoicing,
the praises of His judgments voicing.
Walk round Zion's citadels,
count her towers and crenelles,
see her walls, her strong foundations;
tell the coming generations:
Such is God, our God, forever;
He, our guide, will leave us never.*