

## PSALM 68

*For the director of music. Of David. A psalm. A song.*

1543 / Geneva, 1551



1. God shall a-rise and by His might  
put all His en-e-mies to flight;  
His tri-umph will be glo-rious.  
When those who hate Him, scat-tered, flee  
be-fore His power and maj-es-ty,  
our God will be vic-to-rious.  
For just as wind blows smoke a-way,  
He will dis-pers-e the proud ar-ray  
of those who e-vil cher-ish.  
Like wax that melts be-fore the fire,  
they will be van-quished by God's ire;  
the wick-ed all will per-ish.

2. Now *let the just with joyful voice*  
*in God's victorious might rejoice;*  
*let them exult before Him!*  
*O sing to God, His praise proclaim,*  
*and with your psalms extol His name;*  
*in joyful song adore Him.*  
*Lift up your voice and sing aloud*  
*to Him who rides upon the clouds*  
*high in the spacious heavens.*  
*The LORD – that is His glorious name.*  
*Rejoice in Him with loud acclaim;*  
*to Him be glory given.*
  
3. He, *father to the fatherless,*  
*defence of widows in distress,*  
*is in His habitation.*  
*God in the goodness of His grace*  
*gives lonely ones a dwelling place;*  
*He grants them consolation.*  
*He leads the captive out to see*  
*the joys of new-found liberty,*  
*for bounteous is God's mercy.*  
*But who against Him dare rebel*  
*must evermore with famine dwell*  
*in deserts dry and thirsty.*
  
4. O God, *when You went on ahead*  
*and through the barren desert led*  
*the flock You had assembled,*  
*You caused the earth to quake and cower;*  
*O God of Israel, great in power,*  
*before You, Sinai trembled.*  
*You with abundant rain, O LORD,*  
*your weary heritage restored*  
*and, as You had decided,*  
*You let your people settle there;*  
*You blessed them with Your lavish care*  
*and for the poor provided.*

## Psalm 68

5. When God but spoke His might-y word,  
great was the host whose shouts were heard  
as they pro-claimed their ti-dings:  
“The kings are flee-ing in de-spair!  
Our wom-en in the plun-der share,  
the spoils of war di-vid-ing!  
To those who stayed at home they bring  
as gift a dove with sil-vered wings  
and bright-ly gild-ed feath-ers.”  
Be-fore the LORD the kings all fled  
like drift-ing snow on Zal-mon spread  
by blasts of storm-y weath-er.

6. *O Bashan's mountain, massive height,  
far higher than all peaks in sight,  
so great in rugged grandeur!  
O you whose tops are seen from far,  
whose peaks so high and numerous are,  
majestic in their splendour!  
Why do you still with envy look  
at Zion's mount, which God once took  
and made His throne's location?  
There He for evermore will dwell;  
the LORD once made this humble hill  
His glorious habitation.*
7. *God's chariots, mighty to behold,  
are twice ten thousand thousandfold;  
the mountains quaked and trembled.  
From Sinai, God victoriously  
came down into His sanctuary;  
in Zion all assembled.  
When You, O Lord, went up again  
You led Your captives in Your train  
with tribute in abundance;  
gifts, too, from those who rebels were –  
that You, LORD God, for evermore,  
might dwell there in resplendence.*
8. *Blest be the Lord, who on our way  
provides for us, and day by day  
upholds us by His power.  
God of Salvation is His name;  
this glorious name shall we proclaim.  
He is our shield and tower.  
Our God, the LORD, is strong to save  
from mortal danger, from the grave  
and every cruel oppression.  
But God will crush the heads of foes,  
the hairy crown of him who goes  
in ways of foul transgression.*

## Psalm 68

9. The Lord has spo-ken: "My own hand  
will bring your foes from far-off lands;  
from Ba-shan I will guide them.  
From the re-mo-test shores and seas  
I will re-trieve Your en-e-mies,  
though o-cean depths should hide them,  
for I your tri-umph will com-plete,  
that you with joy may bathe your feet  
in blood of con-quired na-tions  
and see your dogs lap up their share  
as for My peo-ple I pre-pare  
My right-eous vin-di-ca-tion."

10. The *solemn throngs are gathered here;*  
to *God my King do they draw near.*  
They *come with sounding cymbals,*  
the *singers first, the minstrels last,*  
and *in among them, filing past,*  
the *maidens play their timbrels.*  
In *this great congregation's throng*  
let *God be praised in joyful song,*  
O *Jacob's generation!*  
There *Benjamin, the smallest clan,*  
leads *Naphtali and Zebulun,*  
*Judah and all the nation!*
11. Lord, *let Your awesome strength be known,*  
the *glorious power on which Your own*  
have *in the past depended.*  
Because *You have Your temple here,*  
kings *in Jerusalem appear*  
with *gifts for You intended.*  
*Rebuke the beasts among the reeds,*  
both *bulls and calves, those filled with greed,*  
all *who in war take pleasure.*  
Let *envoys come from Egypt's land;*  
to *God let Ethiopia's hand*  
stretch *out to give its treasure.*
12. Praise *God and shout His glory forth,*  
O *kings and kingdoms of the earth!*  
In *joyful song adore Him.*  
Praise *Him who rides the ancient sky,*  
who *thunders forth His battle cry;*  
let *all bow down before Him.*  
Proclaim *His power and spread His fame,*  
for *great in Israel is His name;*  
His *might is in the heavens.*  
O *awesome God, You from Your throne*  
with *power and glory bless Your own.*  
To *You all praise be given!*