

PSALM 19

Play the Melody 

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

Geneva, 1542/1543



1. The spa-cious heavens de-clare
God's glo-ry eve-ry-where;
the skies pro-claim His might.
The knowl-edge they dis-play
day ech-oes forth to day
and night makes known to night.
They use no speech or word,
yet eve-ry-where is heard
the voice of all cre-a-tion.
The truth that it ex-pounds
through-out the world re-sounds
and reach-es eve-ry na-tion.

2. God *in the* firmament
pitched *for the* sun a tent,
the *canopy* of light.
It's *like a* joyful groom
who *from his* bridal room
leaps *forth with* great delight.
Like *one who* runs a race
with *strong and* eager pace,
it *speeds across the* heavens;
the *sun its* path completes,
and *from its* piercing heat
not *anything is* hidden.

3. God's *law is* sound and whole;
it *will revive* the soul,
for *it new* strength supplies.
His *testimony* sure,
trustworthy evermore,
will *make the* simple wise.
His *precepts* plainly show
how *right they* are, and so
the *heart they* cheer and brighten.
The *LORD'S* commandments pure
shine *forth with* radiance clear
and so *the eyes* enlighten.

4. The *fear of* God is clean
and, *free from* sin and stain,
forever will endure.
His *judgments* all express
unfailing righteousness;
the *LORD'S* decrees are sure.
They *far exceed* in worth
the *finest* gold on earth:
His *precious* testimony!
They *even* sweeter are
than *all that's* sweet and pure
in *combs that* drip with honey.

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5. Your ser- vant, who has heard
the warn- ings of Your word,
to them pays heed, O LORD.
Those walk- ing in Your way,
who Your com- mands o- bey,
will win a great re- ward.
But, LORD, who can per- ceive
what er- rors one may have
un- witt- ing- ly com- mit- ted?
O cleanse me! Let me be
of se- cret fail- ings free,
of hid- den faults ac- quit- ted.

6. O LORD, *from* wilful ways
preserve me all my days:
the *rule of* sin prevent.
Then *I shall* blameless be,
from *grave offences* free,
and *wholly* innocent.
LORD, *hear me* as I pray:
Let *what my tongue* may say
and *what my heart may* ponder
be *pleasing* in Your sight,
Redeemer great in might,
my *Rock and my Defender*.