

PSALM 127

A song of ascents. Of Solomon.

Geneva, 1551



1. Un-less the LORD will build the house,
 its build-ers on-ly toil in vain;
 the cit-y's guards keep watch in vain
 un-less the LORD up-holds their cause.
 In all the la-bour of your hands
 suc-cess on God a-lone de-pends.

2. *In vain at early dawn you rise
 and then at night go late to bed
 only to slave all day for bread.
 In vain you toil and heave your sighs.
 On those He loves the LORD will heap
 His blessings even while they sleep.*
3. *Our children all are gifts of God,
 our sons and daughters His reward –
 each one a blessing from the LORD,
 as heritage on us bestowed.
 Like arrows in a warrior's hands
 are sons that rise to one's defence.*

4. Blest *is a man when in his youth*
the *LORD with sons* has favoured him,
who *has a quiver filled with them* –
his *arrows in the fight* for truth.
Great *is the strength* that they will show
when *in the gate* they face *their foe*.