

PSALM 21

Play the Melody 

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

Geneva, 1551

1. LORD, in Your strength the king ex-ul-t.
Your power, so great and glo-ri-ous,
has made his reign vic-to-ri-ous.
How he de-lights in such re-sults!
Him You have rich-ly blest
by grant-ing his re-quest.

2. No *favour* You from *him* withhold;
with *blessings* You surround him.
With *glory* You have crowned him –
yes, with a crown of purest gold.
He *asked* for life, and see:
You *gave* it endlessly.
3. Great *is his* glorious *majesty*
through *triumphs* that You granted.
To *him* You have presented
gifts that endure *eternally*.
Joy in Your presence, LORD,
is *his* supreme reward.

4. Our *king trusts* in the *LORD* alone,
who *never will forsake* him.
Nothing *will ever* shake him,
for *God His* love to *him* has shown.
He *knows he* can rely
on *help from* God Most High.

5. O *king, your enemies* are doomed.
Your *hand will overpower* them,
and *fire will soon devour* them,
for, *by God's blazing wrath* consumed,
those *who oppress* the just
will *turn to* ash and dust.

6. Their *offspring*, too, you *will destroy*
and *from among the* nations
blot *out their* generations.
Whatever *schemes they may employ*,
whatever *evil deed*,
your *foes will* not succeed.

7. When *you, O king, your arrows* aim,
those *who for war* assemble
will *flee in fear and* stumble.
LORD, *be exalted in the* fame
of *Your* victorious might.
We *praise it* day and night.