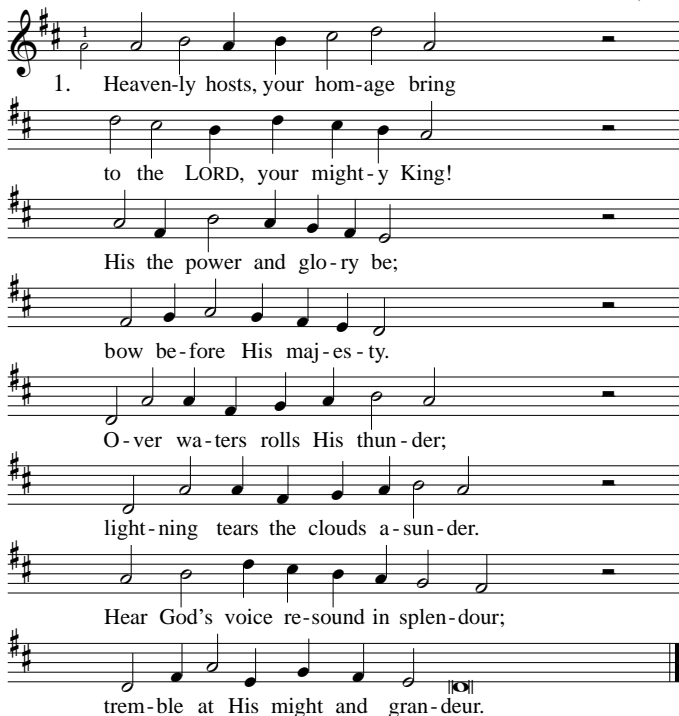


# PSALM 29

Play the Melody 

A psalm of David.

Geneva, 1551



1. Heaven-ly hosts, your hom-age bring  
to the LORD, your might-y King!  
His the power and glo-ry be;  
bow be-fore His maj-es-ty.  
O-ver wa-ters rolls His thun-der;  
light-ning tears the clouds a-sun-der.  
Hear God's voice re-sound in splen-dour;  
trem-ble at His might and gran-deur.

2. Cedars *shatter*, forests fall,  
mountains *shudder at His* call.  
Like a calf leaps *Lebanon*,  
like a wild-ox *Sirion*.  
God's voice, *flames from heaven* flashing,  
with the *roar of thunder* crashing,  
shakes the *wilderness*, and broken  
lie *its oaks when He* has spoken.

3. Thunders *roar and* lightnings glare;  
God's voice *strips the forest* bare.  
In *His temple courts* all cry:  
"Glory to the *LORD on high!*"  
He who *reigns as King* forever  
sits *enthroned on flood and river*.  
May the *LORD give strength and power*,  
peace upon *His people* shower.