

PSALM 97

Geneva, 1562



1. The LORD our God is King!
Let earth re-joice and sing.
Let shores of dis-tant na-tions
re-sound with ju-bi-la-tion.
Clouds dark with mys-ter-y
en-fold His maj-es-ty.
He firm-ly based His throne
on right-eous-ness a-lone.
Our glo-rious King is He.

2. Fire *that consumes His* foes
fiercely *before Him* goes.
His *thunderbolts* are frightening:
The *world's* lit up with lightning.
Earth *trembles* at the sight.
The *mountains, great in* height,
like *wax* all melt away
in terror and dismay
when *God* reveals His might.
3. The *heavens* everywhere
His *righteousness* declare.
The *world in awe* and wonder
beholds *His holy* splendour.
But *God* puts those to shame
who *do not fear His* name,
who *in their* idols boast,
and *all their* worthless host.
You *gods, all* worship Him!
4. Now *Zion* lifts her voice;
all *Judah's* towns rejoice.
They *heard the* proclamation
of *glorious* vindication.
LORD, *none with You* compare,
for *God Most High* You are.
The *earth is* Yours alone;
exalted is Your throne,
supreme for evermore.
5. Let *evil* be abhorred
by *those who love the* LORD.
The *faithful* He will ever
from *wicked men* deliver.
Light *dawns for the* upright;
in *joy* they will delight.
You *saints, rejoice* in Him
and *praise His* holy name.
Extol *His* glorious might!