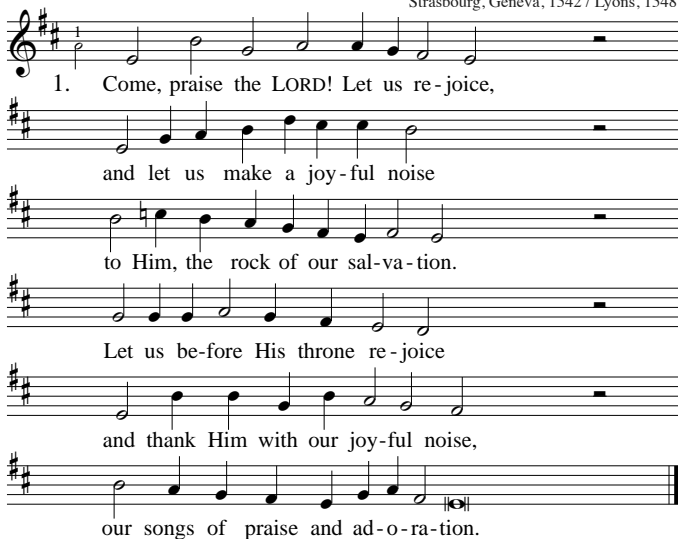


PSALM 95

Strasbourg, Geneva, 1542 / Lyons, 1548



1. Come, praise the LORD! Let us re-joice,
and let us make a joy-ful noise
to Him, the rock of our sal-va-tion.
Let us be-fore His throne re-joice
and thank Him with our joy-ful noise,
our songs of praise and ad-o-ra-tion.

2. The LORD our God, *whose praise we sing,*
rules *as our great and glorious King.*
None equals Him, no god is greater.
The *deepest caves are in His hand;*
the *mountains, all the seas, the land*
are *His, for He is their Creator.*
3. Come, let us worship *and bow down*
before this God of great renown.
Our *Maker, Him our thanks we render;*
He *led us by His mighty hand*
to pastures in a verdant land.
He *is our shepherd, our defender.*

4. Today, would you *but hear* His voice:
Do *not repeat your fathers'* choice,
who *stubbornly with Me* contended;
at *Massah's rock and Meribah*
they *tested Me* although they saw
how *they by Me* had been defended.

5. For forty years *they wearied* Me.
I *said*, "*They show no loyalty.*
Their hardened hearts resist My favour;
My ways they foolishly ignore."
And *so I in My* anger swore:
"*Into My rest they'll enter* never."