

PSALM 147 7s and 6s

HARTFORD

John B. Dykes

1 O sing ye Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis good our God to praise;

'Tis pleas - ant and be - com - ing To Him our songs to raise;

Reasons for Praise

He builts the walls of Zi - on, He seeks her wan - dering sons,

He binds their wounds and com - forts The bro - ken - heart - ed ones.

2 The starry hosts He numbers,
He calls them all by name;
His greatness and His wisdom
His wondrous works proclaim;
The meek He lifts to honor,
He humbles sinful pride;
Give thanks to Him and utter
His praises far and wide.

3 The heavens with clouds He covers,
He sends the cheering rain;
The slopes of all the mountains
He fills with grass and grain;
To beast and bird His goodness
Their daily food supplies;
He cares for all His creatures,
Attentive to their cries.

4 No human power delights Him,
No earthly pomp or pride;
He loves the meek who fear Him
And in His love confide;
Then praise thy God, O Zion,
His gracious aid confess;
He gives thee peace and plenty,
His gifts thy children bless.

5 He sends His swift commandment,
And snow and ice enfold
The world, and none are able
To stand before His cold.
Again He gives commandment;
The winds of summer blow,
The snow and ice are melted,
Again the waters flow.

6 His statutes and His judgments
He makes His people know;
To them as to no others
His grace He loves to show;
For matchless grace and mercy
Your grateful praises bring;
To Him give thanks forever,
And Hallelujah sing.