

PSALM 147 C. M.

MINERVA

John H. Stockton

1 Praise ye the Lord, for it is good To sing un- to our God; 'Tis right and pleasant

for His saints To tell His praise a-broad. The Lord our God builds up His Church, He

seeks her wandering sons; He binds their wounds and gently heals The broken heart-ed ones.

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[Selected Stanzas]

- 2 Our Lord is great, He calls by name
 And counts the stars of night;
 His wisdom is unsearchable,
 And wondrous is His might.
 The Lord upholds the poor and meek,
 He brings the wicked low;
 Sing praise to Him and give Him thanks
 And all His goodness show.
- 3 No human might, no earthly pride,
 Delights the Lord above;
 In them that fear Him He delights,
 In them that trust His love.
 O Zion, praise the Lord thy God,
 His wondrous love confess;
 He is thy glory and thy strength,
 He will thy children bless.