

PSALM 127 L. M.

ROSE HILL

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Un-less the Lord the house shall build, The wea-ry build-ers toil in vain;

Un-less the Lord the cit - y shield, The guards a use - less watch main-tain.

- 2 In vain you rise ere morning-break,  
 And late your nightly vigils keep,  
 And of the bread of toil partake;  
 God gives to His beloved sleep.
- 3 Lo, children are a great reward,  
 A gift from God in very truth;  
 With arrows is his quiver stored  
 Who joys in children of his youth.
- 4 And blest the man whose age is cheered  
 By stalwart sons and daughters fair;  
 No enemies by him are feared,  
 No lack of love, no want of care.