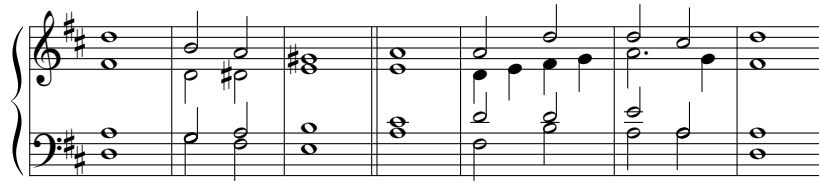


PSALM 147

Dr W. Turner



- f* O PRAISE the Lord * for it is a good thing to sing praises | unto · our | God :
yea, a joyful and pleasant | thing it | is · to be | thankful.
- 2 The Lord doth build | up Je|rusalem : and gather to|gether · the | out-casts of | Israel.
- p* 3 He healeth those that are | broken · in | heart :
and giveth | medicine · to | heal their | sickness.
- 4 He telleth the | number · of the | stars : and | calleth · them | all · by their | names.
- f* 5 Great is our Lord * and | great · is his | power : yea,| and his | wis-dom is | infinite.
- 6 The Lord setteth | up the | meek : and bringeth the un|god·ly | down · to the | ground.
- 7 O sing unto the | Lord · with | thanksgiving :
sing praises upon the | harp · un|to · our | God.
- 8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds * and prepareth | rain for the | earth :
and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains * and | herb · for the | use of | men;
- p* 9 Who giveth fodder | unto the | cattle :
and feedeth the young | ravens · that | call up|on him.
- 10 He hath no pleasure in the | strength of · an | horse :
neither de|lighteth · he in | any man's | legs.
- f* 11 But the Lord's delight is in | them that | fear him :
and | put their | trust · in his | mercy.
- 12 Praise the Lord | O Je|rusalem : praise thy | God | O | Sion.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be :
world without | end. A| -- |men.