

# Psalm 2

(Version by Zac Fitzsimmons)

Why do the nations rage  
And the peoples plot in vain  
The kings of the earth set themselves  
And the rulers take counsel together  
Against the Lord and against his Anointed, saying  
Let us burst their bonds apart  
And cast away their cords from us

He who sits in the heavens laughs  
The Lord holds them in derision  
Then he will speak to them in his wrath  
And terrify them in his fury, saying

As for me, I have set my King  
On Zion, my holy hill  
For me, I have set my King  
On Zion, my holy hill  
For me, I have set my King  
On Zion, my holy hill  
For me, I have set my King  
On Zion, my holy hill

I will tell of the decree  
The Lord said to me,  
You are my Son;  
Today  
I have begotten you  
Ask of me, and I will make  
The nations your heritage  
And the ends of the earth  
Your possession  
You shall break them with a rod of iron  
And dash them in pieces  
Like a potter's vessel

As for me, I have set my King  
On Zion, my holy hill  
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Now therefore, O kings, be wise  
Be warned, O rulers of the earth  
Serve the Lord with fear  
And rejoice with trembling  
Kiss the Son, lest he be angry  
And you perish in the way  
For his wrath is quickly kindled  
Blessed are all who take refuge in him  
Take refuge in him, take refuge in him