

Psalm 47

(To the tune of Brethren We Have Met To Worship)

Verse 1

Clap your hands, all peo-ples and shout,
To God with loud songs of Joy!
Yah-weh, Most High, is to be feared;
A great King o're all thee earth!
He sub-dued peo-ples un-der us,
And nat-ions un-der our feet!
He chose our her-i-tage for us,
The pride of Ja-cob, He loves!

Verse 2

Our God has gone up with a shout,
Yah-weh with the sound of trumps!
O, sing prais-es to God, sing praise,
Sing out prais-es to our King!
Sing praise for our God is the King,
The King o-ver all thee earth!
O sing prais-es with a Psalm for,
God is King o're all thee earth!

Verse 3

God reigns o-ver all the na-tions,
God sits on His ho-ly throne!
The princ-es of peo-ples ga-ther,
The peo-ple of A-bram's God;
For the shields of thee earth be-long,
They be-long un-to our God!
God He is High-ly ex-alt-ed;
God is King o'er all thee earth!