Psalm 147
"Praise ye the Lord, for it is good"

Text by Thomas Norton
Harmonised by David Peebles

1. Praise ye the Lord, for it is good, unto our God to sing.
2. He heals the broken in their heart, their sore up doth he bind:
3. Sing unto God the Lord with praise, unto the Lord rejoice:

For it is pleasant, and to praise, it is a comely thing.
He counts the number of the stars, and nameth them in their kind.
And to our God upon the harp, advance your singing voice.

The Lord his own Jerusalem, he buildeth up alone,
Great is the Lord, great is his pow'r, his wisdom infinite:
He covereth heav'n with clouds, and for the earth prepareth rain:

And the dispersed of Israel doth gather into one.
The Lord relieves the meek, and throws to ground the wicked wight.
And on the mountains he doth make, the grass to grow again.

Original tenor begins on D.
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