

Why do the Nations Rage? (Psalm 2)

"Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him." — Psalm 2:11-12

1. Why do the na - tions rage? Con - spir - ing all in vain? So kings and rul - ers
 2. Laugh - ter through heav - en rings As God, in wrath, de - rides The reb - els and their
 3. "Ask of Me," God de - clares To His own cho - sen King; "Ask for the na - tions
 4. Let all the kings be warned To serve the Lord with fear And now, with trem - bling,

set them - selves A - gainst God's right - eous reign? They rise a - gainst the Lord And His A - noint - ed
 emp - ty plans And they are ter - ri - fied. But God or - dained His plan, His own A - noint - ed
 eve - ry - where, That they would glo - ry bring!" The na - tions He shall rule As with an i - ron
 to re - joice; The Son of God is near! For all must "kiss the Son" Or per - ish in the

One; they try to cast their bonds a - way Re - ject - ing God's dear Son.
 One To pour Him out on Zi - on's mount And res - ur - rect His Son!
 rod; As eve - ry man be - fore Him kneels To Christ, the Son of God.
 way. Oh! Now take ref - uge in His care And serve the Lord to - day.

WORDS: Gordon A. Dickson
 MUSIC: George J. Elvey
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DIADEMATA
 6.6.8.6. (S.M.D.)

O Lord, How Many Are My Foes (Psalm 3)

But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head. — Psalm 3:3

Em C G/B D G C Dsus D

1. O Lord, how man - y are my foes That rise here and a - broad; And
2. I cried a - loud un - to the Lord, And from His ho - ly hill He
3. A - rise, O Lord! Oh, save, my God! And strike a - gainst my foes. You

C D9 Em D G Am Em

they are say - ing of my soul: "There is no help in God!" But
an - swered all my plead - ing cries Un - til my heart was still. I
break the teeth of wick - ed men And pun - ish them with woes. Sal -

Bm Em Am D G G/B C Dsus D G

you, O Lord a shield to me, My glo - ry, You have said Pro -
laid me down and slept in peace; I woke. The Lord sus - tains! So
va - tion to the Lord be - longs! He an - swers all my fears; His

C D9 Em D/F# G Am Em

tect me and in - spire my soul In lift - ing up my head.
thou - sands can - not scare me now With all their proud cam - paigns.
bless - ings on His peo - ple flow; He wipes a - way our tears.

WORDS: Gordon A. Dickson

MUSIC: Traditional English melody; arr. Ruth Coleman

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