

O Lord, My Thankful Voice I Raise

PSALM 9 - Johannes de Heer

Major

C7 F F/E Dm F Gm F/A C

1.O Lord, my thank - ful voice I raise;
 2.See how my en - e - mies re - treat;
 3.The na - tions' pride have you made void;
 4.For - ev - er reigns the Lord a - lone;
 5.God is a strong - hold firm and sure

F B \flat 7 C Dm B \flat G/B C

with all my heart I sing your praise
 they stum - ble, per - ish in de - feat.
 my wick - ed foes have you de - stroyed,
 for judg - ment he set up his throne.
 for all who grief and woe en - dure.

F F/E Dm F/C Gm F/A F/C C

and of your won - ders tell the sto - ry.
 Lord, for my cause have you con - tend - ed
 their name wiped out, their mem - ory ban - ished.
 The world he judg - es in up - right - ness;
 Those seek - ing him are not for - sak - en;

F C7/E Dm7 Gm Dm/A Gm/B \flat Gm/C F

O God Most High, in you I glo - ry.
 and from your throne my right de - fend - ed.
 Their cit - ies, root - ed out, have van - ished.
 his truth and eq - ui - ty de - light us.
 those trust - ing him will not be shak - en.

Tune: Ik Zal Van Ganser Harte, Heer - Johannes de Heer 1937; Arr: Tim Nijenhuis, © 2019

Lyrics: 1972, Walter van der Kamp; rev. - © 2009, Standing Committee of the Book of Praise

Meter: 8.8.9.9

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6. Praise God, enthroned on Zion's mount.
To all the world his deeds recount.
He who avenges blood is near us,
and when we cry, our God will hear us.
7. Have pity, Lord, my suffering see,
you who from death's gate rescue me,
that I, O God, your praises voicing,
in Zion's gates may find rejoicing.
8. My foes fell in the pit they made,
their feet caught in the snares they laid.
By their own guile their power is broken;
the Lord is just, and he has spoken.
9. The wicked to Sheol return
all those who the A-mighty spurn.
As for the poor and the afflicted,
they will not always be neglected.
10. Lord, let not human strength prevail.
Summon the nations, judge them all.
Strike them with terror, let them tremble.
Show them they're mortal, make them humble.