

Psalm 9: Thanksgiving When God Defeats His Enemies

Tune: "O Worship the King" (public domain)

1. I give all my heart to render you praise,
To tell of your pow'r, your wonderful ways;
Rejoicing, exulting, I sing to your Name,
For you are the Most High, forever the same.
2. My foes will turn back to die in your sight,
For you will defend my cause and my right;
The wicked will perish, their name disappear
When you take your throne and your justice draws near.
3. The Lord shall endure, his throne is prepared
The wicked shall see, and none will be spared;
The Lord will be strong to relieve the oppressed,
To rescue the poor and the weak and distressed.
4. And all those who know your Name will depend
On you to remain, on you to defend;
Sing praises to Yahweh who reigns on the throne
Who never forgets us, or leaves us alone.
5. Have mercy o Lord and rescue me from—
The hatred of men; o Savior now come;
That I may recount all your praise in the gates,
Rejoice in the safety my heart now awaits.
6. Let nations be caught in schemes they have planned;
In traps they have set with a wicked hand;
The wicked will perish with hell as their grave;
The nations that spurned him the Lord will not save.
7. The hope of the poor, it never will fail
Arise now o Lord, lest evil prevail;
Let people all know that they only are men,
And cause every nation to fear you again.

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