

1 Where-fore do the na-tions rage, And the peo-ple vain - ly dream,
2 But the Lord will scorn them all, Calm He sits en-throned on high;

That in tri-umph they can wage War a-gainst the Lord su-preme?
Soon His wrath will on them fall, Angered then He will re-ply:

His A-noin-ted they de-ride, And the ru-lers plot-ting say:
Yet ac-cord-ing to My will I have set My King to reign,

Their do-min-ion be de-fied, Let us cast their bonds a-way.
And on Zi-on's ho-ly hill Mine A-noint-ed I main-tain.

(Alternate tune: MENDELSSOHN, No. 339)

3 This the word declared to me,
This Jehovah's firm decree:
Thou art My beloved Son,
Yea, I have begotten Thee.
Ask and have Thy full demands,
Thine shall all the heathen be,
Thine the utmost of the lands,
They shall be possessed of Thee.

4 Dash them like a potter's urn,
Thou shalt break them with a rod.
Therefore, kings and judges, learn
Anxiously to serve your God.
Kiss the Son and worship Him,
Lest ye perish in the way;
Blest are all who trust in Him,
Yea, supremely blest are they.