1. That man is blessed who does not walk As wicked men advise,
2. He's like a deeply planted tree Beside a water stream,
3. The wicked therefore will not stand When time of judgment comes,

Nor stand where sinners meet, nor sit Where scorners pose as wise.
Which in its season bears its fruit, Whose leaves stay fresh and green.
Nor will the sinners stand among As assembled righteous ones.

2. Instead he is the one who makes The LORD's law his delight,
In all he does he will succeed. The wicked are not so,
6. Because the LORD the righteous loves; The path they walk He knows.

And in that law he mediates By day and in the night.
But they are like the scattered chaff Swept by the winds that blow.
The wicked walk a different path, That to destruction goes.

1 That man is blessed who does not walk As wicked men advise,
1 In stead he is the one who makes The LORD's law his delight,
1 And in that law he mediates By day and in the night.

Psalm 1

That Man Is Blessed
For He Himself is our peace.
—Ephesians 2:14
Psalm 19:1-6

The Skies Above

His invisible attributes are clearly seen…
even His eternal power and Godhead. —Romans 1:20

1. The skies above declare the glory of our God;
2. Though they do not speak, and utter not a word,
3. In heav’n He pitched a tent; He gave the sun its place.
4. The heavens are its course—at one end it will rise.

The firmament displays His handiwork abroad.
Though they no language use, or voice that can be heard,
And with an athlete’s joy, it thrills to run its race,
Till to the other end it runs across the skies;

2 From day to day they pour out speech;
4 Their message to the world they send,
It rises, glorious, like a groom
Its rays extend on every side,

Their knowledge every night they teach.
Their word to earth’s remotest end.
When he emerges from his room.
And nothing from its heat can hide.
Psalm 110
3. 5
2. 3
1. 1

43
4
3

Then the Lord at Your right hand

Un - til I make Your en - e - mies
Your youth, all clothed in hol - i - ness,
Will crush great kings and na - tions judge,

In - to a foot - stool for Your feet.”
Appeal each day like morn - ing’s dew.
With fall - en bod - ies fill the land.

“Rule in the midst of en - e - mies,
“In th’or - der of Mel - chi - ze - dek
7 But from the brook He’ll stop to drink,

Sub - due each un - der Your com - mand.”
For - ev - er - more You are a priest.”
And His own head He’ll lift up high.

C. Hubert H. Parry, 1848–1918; arr. Brian E. Coombs; Andrew K. Schep, 2004
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