

Psalm 127*

"Except the Lord the house do make"

Text by William Whittingham

Harmonised by
David Peebles

1. Ex - cept the Lord the house do make, And there - un - to do set his hand,
2. Though ye rise ear - ly in the morn, And so at night go late to bed,
3. There - fore mark well, when e'er ye see, That men have heirs t'en - joy their land:

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What men do build, it can not stand. Like - wise in vain men un - der - take,
Feed - ing full hard - ly with brown bread, Yet were your la - bour lost and worn:
It is the gift of God's own hand. For God him - self doth mul - ti - ply

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Ci - ties and holds to watch and ward, Ex - cept the Lord be their safe - guard.
But they whom God doth love and keep, Re - ceive all things with qui - et sleep.
Of his great li - ber - al - i - ty The bles - sing of pos - ter - i - ty.

* Melody is in the soprano.