

171 In Vision to His Saints God Spake

PSALM 89

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Joseph Barnby, 1872

With well-defined rhythm

1 In vi - sion to His saints God spake: From out the peo -
 2 No en - e - my shall him af - fright, His ad - ver - sa -
 3 Thou art my Fa - ther, he shall cry, My God, my rock

ple one I take, A might - y lead - er, true and brave, Or -
 ries I will smite, My faith - ful - ness to him will prove, And
 of ref - uge high; My first-born son shall he be owned, A -

dained, ex - al - ted, strong to save. My cho - sen ser - vant I ap - point,
 nev - er - more My grace re - move. Yea, he shall tri - umph in My Name,
 hove the kings of earth en - throned. For him My mer - cy shall en - dure,

With ho - ly oil his head a - noint; My hand with him
 And great shall be his power and fame, From sea to sea
 My cov - enant made with him is sure; His throne and race

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shall still re - main, My arm his strength shall well sus - tain.
 his might - y hand Shall hold do - min - ion o'er the land.
 I will main - tain For - ev - er, while the heavens re - main.

4 Should sons of his My laws forsake,
 My just commands and statutes break,
 Then, though My rod their sins reprove,
 My mercy I will not remove.
 Though they be chastened sore and tried,
 My faithfulness shall yet abide;
 My plighted word I will not break,
 Nor change the promise that I spake.

6 He is reproached and spoiled of all,
 His enemies upon him fall;
 His beauty is consumed away,
 Forgotten is his kingly sway.
 Cut off in youth, his sacred name
 Is covered now with deepest shame;
 How long, O Lord, shall wrath abide?
 Thy face forever wilt Thou hide?

5 My oath is stedfast, ever sure,
 My servant's race shall still endure;
 His throne forever firm shall stay
 When sun and moon have passed away.
 On Thine anointed wrath is poured
 As if Thy covenant were abhorred;
 Thou hast profaned his kingly crown,
 His matchless strength is broken down.

7 Think on my life; O Lord, take thought;
 Hast Thou created man for nought?
 What man that lives has power to save
 His soul from death, and from the grave?
 Where are Thy mercies which of old
 Were in Thy promises foretold?
 Remember, Lord, the bitter shame
 Heaped on Thine own anointed's name.

8 I sing of mercies that endure
 Forever builded firm and sure,
 Of faithfulness that never dies,
 Established changeless in the skies.
 Blest be the Lord forevermore,
 Whose promise stands from days of yore.
 His word is faithful now as then;
 Blest be His Name. Amen, Amen.