

Psalm 147:12-18

111 ST_ETHELDREDA (C.M.)

Thomas Turton (b 1900)

♩=90

The Lord praise, O Jer - u - sa - lem;
He in thy bor - ders ma - keth peace;
Hoar - frost, like ash - es, scatt - 'reth he;
He send - eth forth his migh - ty word,

Si - on, thy God con - fess:
with fine wheat fil - leth thee.
like wool he snow doth give:
and mel - teth them a - gain;

For thy gates' bars he ma - keth strong;
 He sends forth his com - mand on earth;
 Like mor - sels cas - teth forth his ice;
 His wind he makes to blow, and then

thy sons in thee doth bless.
 his word runs speed - il - y.
 who in its cold can live?
 the wa - ters flow a - main.