

The Mighty God, Jehovah, Speaks

PSALM 50

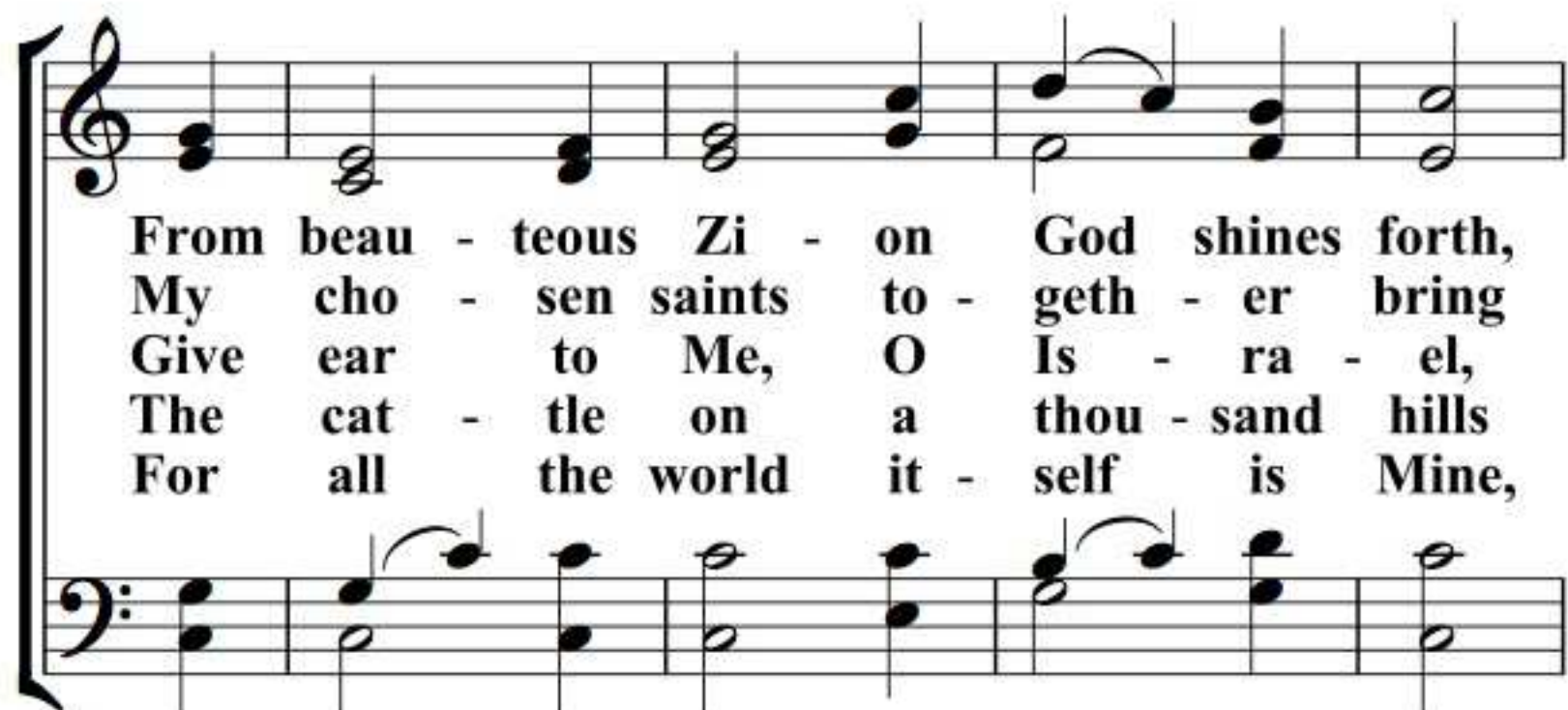
Arranged from
Dimitri Bortniansky, 1752-1828



The might - y God, Je - ho - vah, speaks
He calls a - loud to heav - en and earth
Hear, O my peo - ple, I will speak,
I will re - ceive from out thy fold
Be - hold, if I should hun - gry grow,



And calls the earth from sea to sea;
That He may just - ly judge His own;
A - gainst thee I will tes - ti - fy;
No of - fer - ing for My ho - ly shrine;
I would not tell My need to thee,



From beau - teous Zi - on God shines forth,
My cho - sen saints to - geth - er bring
Give ear to Me, O Is - ra - el,
The cat - tle on a thou - sand hills
For all the world it - self is Mine,

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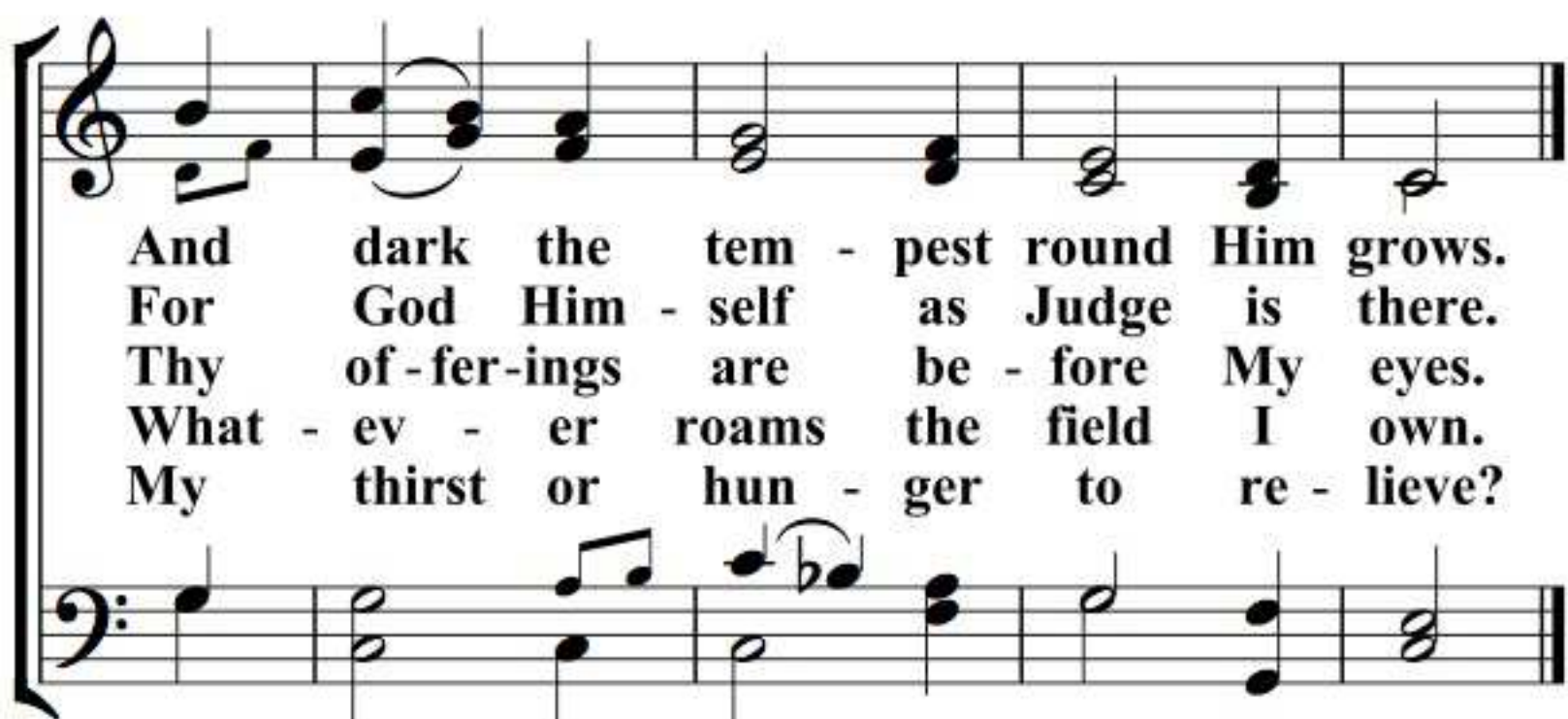
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He comes and will not si - lent be;
Who sac - ri - fice to Me a - lone;
For God, thy cov - e - nant God, am I;
And all the for - est beasts are Mine;
And all its wealth be - longs to Me;



De - vour - ing flame be - fore Him goes,
The heavens His right - eous - ness de - clare,
I do not spurn thy sa - cri - fice
Each moun - tain bird to Me is known,
Why should I aught of thee re - ceive,



And dark the tem - pest round Him grows.
For God Him - self as Judge is there.
Thy of - fer - ings are be - fore My eyes.
What - ev - er roams the field I own.
My thirst or hun - ger to re - lieve?