

PSALM 127

The Lord builds our home, and a house remains; unless He guards our town, the watchmen are vain.

- 2 Rising early or waiting, brings sorrowful food; but all those who love Him, sleep sound and good.
- 3 Behold your sons, the Lord's estate; the fruit of the belly, doth compensate.
- 4 As arrows in hand, of a champion strong; a young man's sons, will stand for long.
- 5 Blessed is the man, whose "arrows" are great; he's never ashamed, facing foes in the gate.