

# Psalm 127

Geneva, 1551



1. Un - less the liv - ing LORD shall build, the build - ers' aims go un - ful - filled.  
2. Though you may toil to earn your bread, you'll sound - ly sleep up - on your bed.



Un - less the LORD him - self de - fend, on sen - tries we can - not de - pend.  
Sons are a bless - ing from the LORD, the fruit - ful womb a great re - ward.  
3. Hap - py and bles - sed are the ones who find their quiv - er full of sons:



In vain you ear - ly wake to rise; in vain you close your wear - y eyes.  
Like ar - rows in a war - rior's hand are strap - ping youths who by you stand.  
they will not suf - fer in - jur - y when chal - lenged by an en - e - my.