

Psalm 87, O City Of God

A song of the sons of Korah

Capo 1st fret

G2 F2 G2 G C Am Dsus D
 His foundation is in the holy mountains; the LORD loves the gates of Zi----on
 G G/B C Em A7sus A7 D7sus D7
 More than all the dwellings of Jacob; great things are said of you, O city of God.

G2 F2 G2 G C Am Dsus D
 I'll mention Rahab and Babel among those who know; Philistia, Tyre and the land of Cush,
 G G/B C Em A7sus A7 D7sus D7
 See how this one was born there, but of Zion it shall be said,

G C/G G Gsus G G G/B C2 C CM7
 "O this one and that one were born in her", and the Most High Himself will establish her.
 C Am G Em G D C/G G
 For the LORD loves the gates of Zion; great things are said of you, O city of God

G2 F2 G2 G C Am Dsus D
 The LORD counts as He registers the people, "This one was born there." Selah.
 G G/B C Em A7sus A7 D7sus D7
 Then those who sing and play the flutes shall say, "All of my fountains are in you."

G C/G G Gsus G G G/B C2 C CM7
 "O this one and that one were born in her", and the Most High Himself will establish her.
 C Am G Em G D C/G G
 For the LORD loves the gates of Zion; great things are said of you, O city of God

G C/G G Gsus G G G/B C2 C CM7
 "O this one and that one were born in her", and the Most High Himself will establish her.
 C Am G Em G D C/G G
 For the LORD loves the gates of Zion; great things are said of you, O city of God

C Am G Em G D C/G G
 Yes, the LORD loves the gates of Zion; great things are said of you, O city of God

O eyes be set on things above
And not on things below
O fountain of my heart be fed
By Zion's living flow

And may my feet be strengthened
To scale the mountain high
A journey up to Selfless Love
Wherein the Old Man dies

Be not of Ham whose name means Hot
Where lower passions boiled
Fomenting waves of Rahab
Where earth-bound slaves are spoiled

Be not of Rahab-Egypt
Whose name means Swelling Pride
For Christ has crushed the dragon
And stilled the ocean's tide

Be not of Cush whose name means Black
As in the darkest night
Son Nimrod builds Confusion
The Babel foe of Light

Be not of Babel's madness
Nor bow before her king
Whose image is the Ego
The Self must feel the sting

Be not of Philistia
The giant must come down
Whose heart is left uncircumcised
Whose flesh is overgrown

Be not of Tyre, the Merchant
Who only thinks of gain
Whose god is gold and silver
Whose glory is her shame

O let me be of Zion
Where prayers and praise resound
The birthplace of all saintly souls
Who walk on Holy Ground

I called upon the Savior
Who died to make a Way
The waters split, dry ground was seen
New life on the Third Day