

Sinead O' Connor, The Glory Of Jah

(O'Connor)

There is no holy one like you
You install kings and take them down
Truly there is no one beside you
You made all of creation with wisdom

May the glory of Jah endure forever
The boughs of the mighty are broken
And the weak are clothed with strength

There is the sea, vast and wide
With all its creatures beyond number
There go the ships, they all look to you
You lift up the poor into a place of honour

May the glory of Jah endure forever
The boughs of the mighty are broken
And the weak are clothed with strength

The lord makes poor or he makes rich
The pillars of the earth belong to him
And he has set his world upon them
To raise us up from the dunghill

May the glory of Jah endure forever
The boughs of the mighty are broken
And the weak are clothed with strength