Come, let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

And a different noise with Latter-Day Psalms. The sea is his; we may drown in it. He formed the dry land, on which many millions thirst to no end.

We are the people of his pasture, we are the sheep of his hand. Baa Baa Black Sheep.

don't mind singing, though, thanksgiving and all that. It saves time to worship One than many.

To tempt God and seek to prove him is sheer folly. If that's what our fathers did, I'm sorry for them. I suspect they merely voiced a doubt or two, which our Psalmist exaggerates, as usual.