

# The Glory of Jah

Sinéad 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

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The boughs of the mighty are broken  
And the weak are clothed with strength