### Psalms

## Chapter 144

A Psalm of David to GoliAth.   
  
  
  
  
1Praise Jehovah my God  
 Who’s taught my hands to fight battles,  
 And the arts of war to my fingers.  
  
2He’s my mercy, my refuge, and shield…  
 He’s my defender and Savior.  
 Since He made my people obey me,  
 In Him, I’ve put all my hope.  
  
3What is mankind to You, O Jehovah,  
 That to us, You’d make Yourself known,  
 Or the son of man, that You’d think about him?  
 4For we really don’t have any value,  
 And our days pass by like the shadows.  
  
5O Jehovah,  
  
Lean down from Your heavens…  
 Touch the mountains and cause them to smoke.  
 6Shoot Your arrows to disturb them…  
 Flash lightning and drive them away.  
  
7Reach Your hand down from the heights,  
 Then grab me out of the water…  
 From the sons of strangers, please save me!  
 8For, with their mouths, they say foolish things,  
 And their right hands are filled with unrighteous ways.  
  
9O God,  
  
To You, I’ll sing a new song,  
 Which I’ll play on my harp of 10 strings:  
  
 10‘Please bring salvation to this king…  
 From the sword, save David, Your servant!  
  
 11‘From these sons of strangers, please save me.  
 For their mouths have said foolish things,  
 And their right hands are filled with unrighteous ways.  
  
 12‘Whose sons are these… They’re like newly-planted seeds,  
 Which feel secure in their youth.  
 Their daughters are well dressed and brightly adorned…  
 As nicely as you’d see in a temple.  
  
 13‘Their storerooms are all overflowing,  
 And their sheep are very prolific…  
 For they multiply in the streets,  
 14While their oxen have grown thick [and strong].  
  
 ‘None of their fences are broken;  
 None of their streams are [befouled];  
 And no crying is heard in their squares.  
  
 15‘Rather, bless the people of whom this is true…  
 Bless those whose God is Jehovah!’