

Gelobet sei der Herr mein Hort

SWV 249 | Psalm 144

Psalmen Davids, op. 5 (1661)

Cornelius Becker, tr. Matthew Carver ©2024

Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672)

ed. Jonathan Wessler

1 Blest be the Lord, my strength, e'er-more, Who for the bat - tle trains me!
5 A new song I will sing to Thee, My God, with ju - bi - la - - - tion,

Through Him my hands shall wage the war; He's with me and sus - tains me.
Joined by the harp and psal - ter - y With sweet - est res - o - na - - - tion:

My for - tress and tow'r, My de - fense and pow'r, My hope, shield, and trust,
For Thou lead'st the fight, Giv'st kings vic - t'ry, might, Dost Thy Da - vid save,

By whom my peo - - ple must Be un - der me sub - du - - - ed.
From murd' - rous hordes who rave And swords of e - vil - do - - - ers.

1 BLEST be the Lord, my strength, e'ermore,
Who for the battle trains me!
Through Him my hands shall wage the war;
He's with me and sustains me.
My fortress and tow'r,
My defense and pow'r,
My hope, shield, and trust,
By whom my people must
Be under me subdued.

2 Lord, what is man upon this earth,
That Thou shouldst pay attention?
Thou holdest in the highest worth
Men who deserve no mention.
A wretched people, we—
Like to vanity,
So swift our day doth run,
It soon is past and done,
And as a shadow passeth!

3 Lord, bow Thy heavens with a stroke,
Rain down Thy pow'r with wonder,
The mountains touch, and make to smoke
With lightning-bolts and thunder.
And destroy the foes,
Who Thy will oppose,
Rain on them with ire
Hail and flames of fire,
And scatter them in terror.

4 Thine hand from heaven send Thou down
And from the floods deliver,
Or else I wretchedly shall drown,
If Thou be not my Savior.
From strange children's hand
Loose me! Let me stand
'Gainst their futile lies,
Who Thy dear Word despise,
In their false works confiding.

5 A new song I will sing to Thee,
My God, with jubilation,
Joined by the harp and psaltery
With sweetest resonance:
For Thou lead'st the fight,
Giv'st kings vict'ry, might,
Dost Thy David save,
From murd'rous hordes who rave
And swords of evildoers.

6 Save me, O Lord, by Thy strong hand,
And so my soul deliver;
Let not strange children's wicked band
To mischief bring me ever.
For their lore perverse
Is to souls a curse,
There's no good therein;
When aught their hands begin,
Their works are false and harmful.

7 "If in their youth our sons might be
As plants grown tall and spritely,
And if our daughters constantly
As corner stones might brightly
Shine within the wall
Of a palace tall,
That would make us proud!"—
So say the thoughtless crowd
On temp'ral things relying.

8 "If we might have our garner filled,
All kind of store affording,
And grain by bushels finely milled,
A countless measure hoarding;
If by happy birth
Sheep and ox bring forth
By the thousands, yea,
Ten thousands, day by day,
Then would we surely prosper!"

9 As long as sadness, grief, and woe
Are heard among them never,
And they in happy splendor go
In lives of ease forever,
This they hold most worth,
As their heav'n on earth,
Yet 'tis all a fraud.
For only they whose God
Is Thou, O Lord, are blessed!