

Praised Be the LORD of Might

From Psalm 144:1-8

1. ¹ Praised be the LORD of might, My rock in all a - larms,
 2. ³ LORD, what is man that Thou Shouldst ten - der so his fare?
 3. ⁵ LORD, bend Thine arch - ed skies With ease to let Thee down;
 4. ⁷ Thy Heav'n - ly help ex - tend And lift me from this flood:

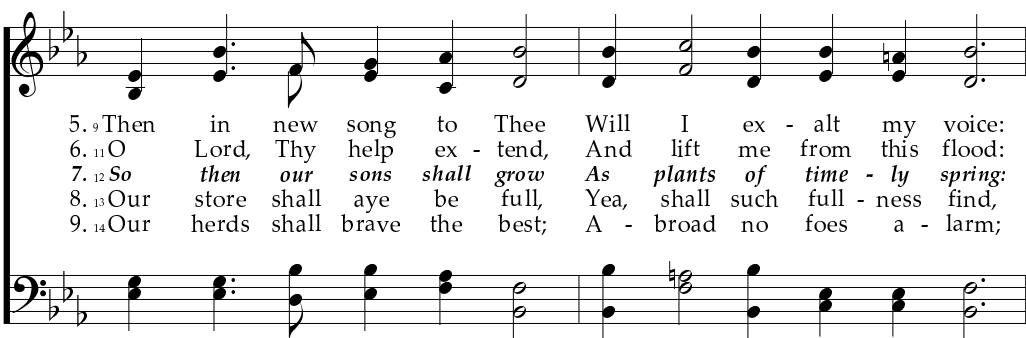
By whom my hands do fight, My fin - gers man - age arms;
 What hath his child to bow, Thy thoughts un - to his care?
 And make the storms a - rise From moun - tains' fum - ing crown.
 Let me Thy hand de - fend From hand of for - eign brood

² My grace, my guard, my fort, On whom my safe - ty stays:
⁴ Whose near - est kin is naught, No im - age of whose days
⁶ Let fol - low flames from sky, To back their stout - est stand:
⁸ Whose mouth no mouth at all, But forge of false in - tent,

To whom my hopes re - sort By whom my realm o - beys.
 More like - ly can be thought, Than shade that nev - er stays.
 Let fast Thine ar - rows fly, Dis - pers - ing thick - est band.
 Where - to their hand doth fall As apt - est in - stru - ment.

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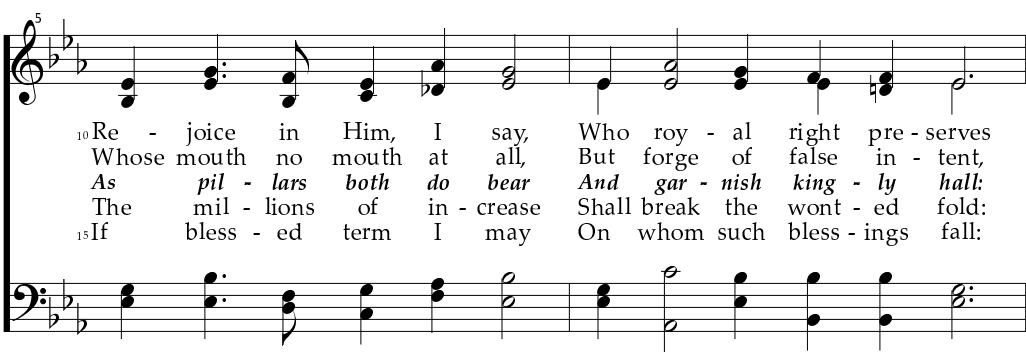
Cont'd, Psalm 144:9-15



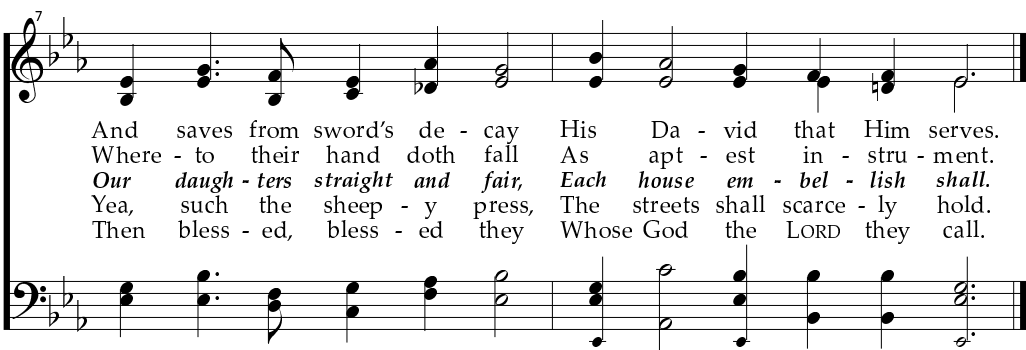
5. ⁹Then in new song to Thee Will I ex - alt my voice:
 6. ¹¹O Lord, Thy help ex - tend, And lift me from this flood:
 7. ¹²*So then our sons shall grow As plants of time - ly spring:*
 8. ¹³Our store shall aye be full, Yea, shall such full - ness find,
 9. ¹⁴Our herds shall brave the best; A - broad no foes a - harm;



Then shall, O God, with me My ten - stringed lute re - joice.
 Let me Thy hand de - fend From hand of for - eign brood
Whom soon to fair - est show Their hap - py growth doth bring.
 Though all from thence we pull, Yet more shall rest be - hind.
 At home to break our rest, No cry, the voice of harm.



¹⁰Re - joice in Him, I say, Who roy - al right pre - serves
 Whose mouth no mouth at all, But forge of false in - tent,
 As *pil - lars both do bear And gar - nish king - ly hall:*
 The mil - lions of in - crease Shall break the wont - ed fold:
¹⁵If bless - ed term I may On whom such bless - ings fall;



And saves from sword's de - cay His Da - vid that Him serves.
 Where - to their hand doth fall As apt - est in - stru - ment.
Our daugh - ters straight and fair, Each house em - bel - lish shall.
 Yea, such the sheep - y press, The streets shall scarce - ly hold.
 Then bless - ed, bless - ed they Whose God the LORD they call.