

The Loving-Kindness of the LORD

Cont'd, Psalm 89:42-46

41. ⁴²Thou lift - est up the hand that throws The spear a - gainst his breast,
 42. ⁴³No long - er is his weap - on edged To boast ten thou - sands slain,
 43. ⁴⁴*Nor more his bloom - ing hon - ors glow With heav'n's ef - ful - gent beam;*
 44. ⁴⁵The rip - er days Thou hast cut off Of all his bet - ter age,
 45. ⁴⁶For - ev - er, LORD, wilt Thou re - tire From my sub - mis - sive suit?

Thou hast de - light - ed all his foes Which his do - mains in - fest.
 And vic - to - ry no more is pledged For his re - nowned cam - paign.
His em - i - nence is lev - eled low, And made of no es - teem.
 And giv'n his glo - ry to the scoff Of ob - lo - quy and rage.
 And shall Thine an - ger burn like fire In this my dis - re - pute?