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Praised Be the LORD of Might

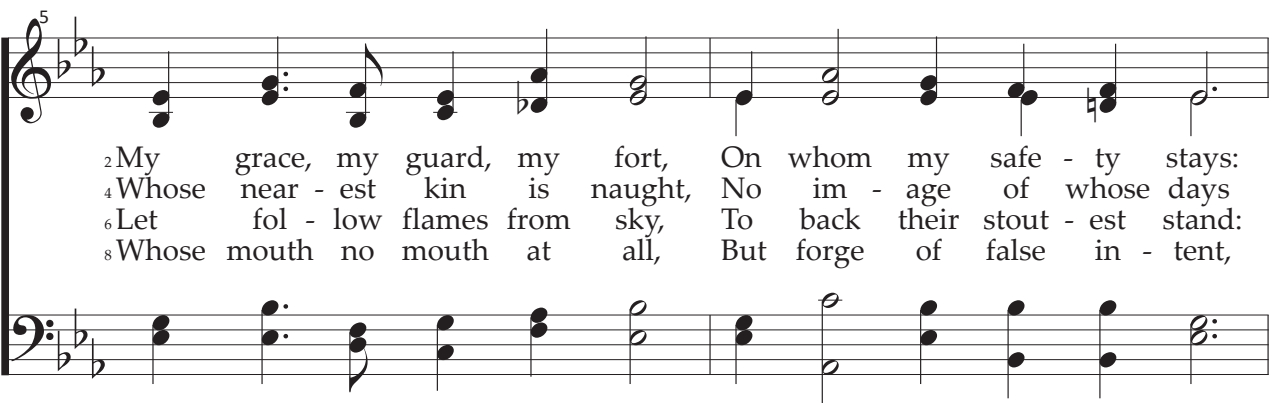
From Psalm 144:1-8



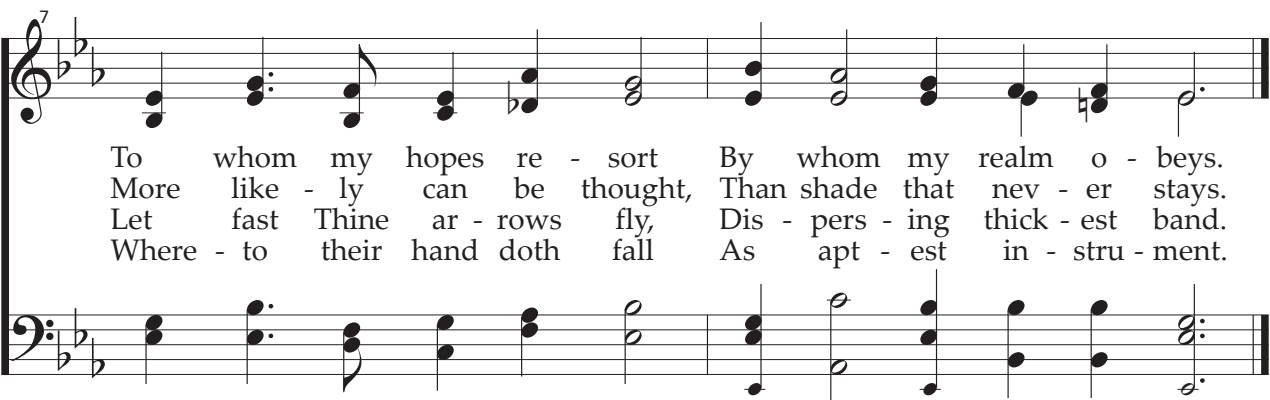
1. ¹ Praised be the LORD of might, My rock in all a - larms,
 2. ³ LORD, what is man that Thou Shouldst ten - der so his fare?
 3. ⁵ LORD, bend Thine arch - ed skies With ease to let Thee down;
 4. ⁷ Thy Heav'n - ly help ex - tend And lift me from this flood:



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.