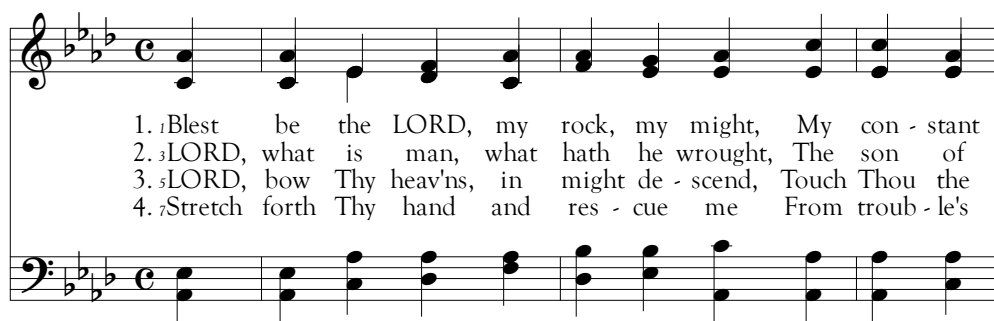
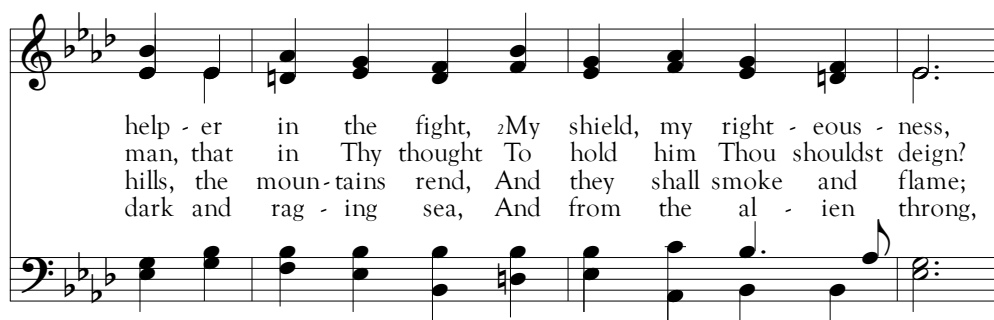


144A Blest Be The LORD, My Rock, My Might

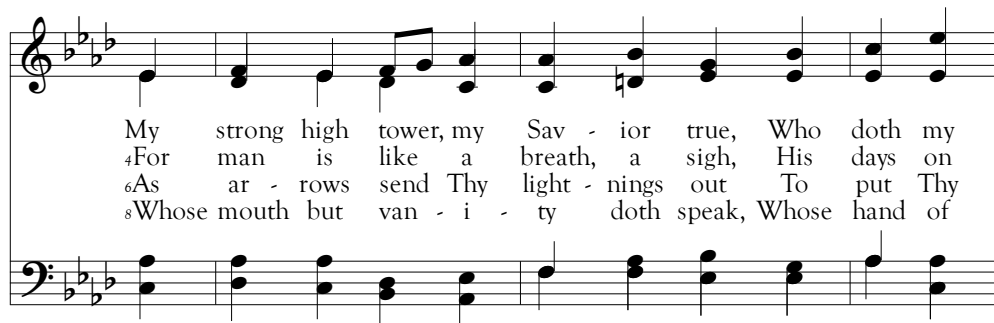
vs. 1-11



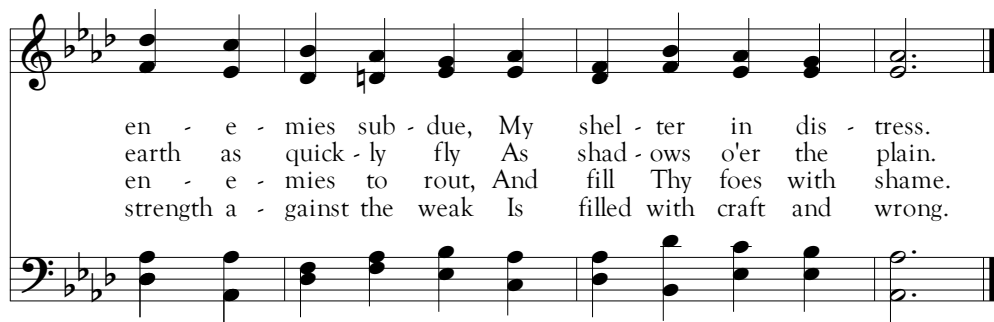
1. ¹Blest be the LORD, my rock, my might, My con - stant
 2. ³LORD, what is man, what hath he wrought, The son of
 3. ⁵LORD, bow Thy heav'ns, in might de - scend, Touch Thou the
 4. ⁷Stretch forth Thy hand and res - cue me From troub - le's



help - er in the fight, ²My shield, my right - eous - ness,
 man, that in Thy thought To hold him Thou shouldst deign?
 hills, the moun - tains rend, And they shall smoke and flame;
 dark and rag - ing sea, And from the al - ien throng,



My strong high tower, my Sav - ior true, Who doth my
⁴For man is like a breath, a sigh, His days on
⁶As ar - rows send Thy light - nings out To put Thy
⁸Whose mouth but van - i - ty doth speak, Whose hand of



en - e - mies sub - due, My shel - ter in dis - tress.
 earth as quick - ly fly, As shad - ows o'er the plain.
 en - e - mies to rout, And fill Thy foes with shame.
 strength a - gainst the weak Is filled with craft and wrong.

5. ⁹Now will I sing a glad new song,
Thy praise, O God, I will prolong,
For Thou hast heard my prayer;
¹⁰Salvation Thou dost give to kings,
Thy own dost keep, with shelt'ring wings,
From hurtful sword and snare.
6. ¹¹O Thou to Whom in trust I flee,
Stretch forth Thy hand and rescue me
From all the alien throng,
Whose mouth but vanity doth speak,
Whose hand of strength against the weak
Is filled with craft and wrong.