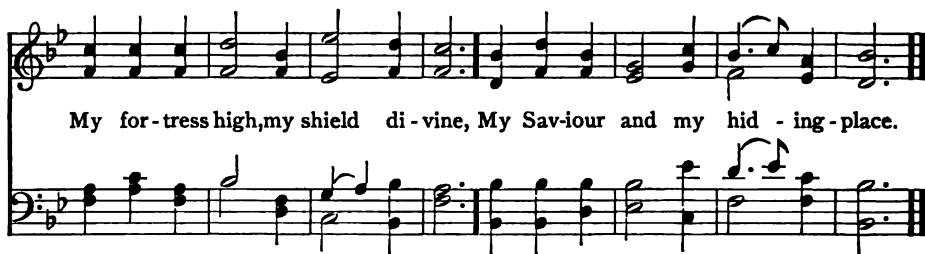
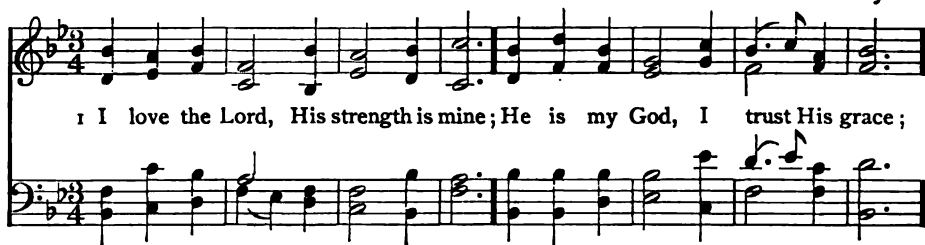


PSALM 18 L. M.

MENDON

German Melody



- 2 My prayer to God shall still be raised
When troubles thick around me close;
The Lord, most worthy to be praised,
Will rescue me from all my foes.
- 3 When, floods of evil raging near,
Down nigh to death my soul was
brought,
I cried to God in all my fear;
He heard and great deliverance
wrought.
- 4 He came: the earth's foundations
quake,
The hills are shaken from their place,
Thick smoke and fire devouring break
In anger dread before His face.
- 5 Descending through the bending skies,
With gloom and darkness under
Him,
Forth through the storm Jehovah flies
As on the wings of cherubim.
- 6 Thick darkness hides Him from the
view,
And swelling clouds His presence
Until His glorious light breaks through
In lightning flash and glistening hail.
- 7 Jehovah's thunders fill the heaven,
The dreadful voice of God Most
High;
With shafts of light the clouds are
His foes, dismayed, in terror fly.
- 8 The raging torrents overflow,
And sweep the world's foundations
bare,
Because Thy blasts of anger blow,
O Lord of earth and sea and air.
- 9 He took me from the whelming waves
Of bitter hate and sore distress;
The Lord, my stay and helper, saves,
Though mighty foes around me
press.
- 10 From direful straits He set me free,
He saved the man of His delight;
For good the Lord rewarded me,
Because I kept His ways aright.