

Psalm 110

(To the tune of A Mighty Fortress)

Verse 1

The Lord Yah-weh says to my Lord
Sit at my right hand now un-til
Un-til Your en-e-mies are made
A foot-stool for Your feet to rest

Yah-weh sends from Zi-on
Your great migh-ty scep-ter
Rule in the midst of foes
Your peo-ple give them-selves
Free-ly on the day of Your pow'r

Verse 2

Now a-rrayed in ho-ly gar-ments
And from the womb of the morn-ing
The dew of your youth will be yours
Yah-weh has sworn and won't re-lent

For-ev-er You're a priest
Af-ter the or-der of
Of priest Mel-chiz-e-dek
The Lord's at Your right hand
He will shatt-er kings in His wrath

Verse 3

He will judge a-mong the na-tions
He will fill them with corps-es too
He will shatt-er the chiefs of men
All through and o-ver the wide earth

He will drink from the brook
The brook there by the way
There-fore He will lift up
He will lift up His head
The Priest the King Yah-weh the Lord