

Psalm 144

(To the tune of Rise Again Ye Lion-hearted)

Verse 1

Blest be the Lord Yah-weh my rock.
He who trains my hands for war;
And my fin-gers for the batt-le,
For He is my stead-fast love!
And He is my for-tress,
Strong-hold who de-li-vers,
My shield He in whom I trust,
Sub-dues peo-ples un-der us!

Verse 2

Oh Lord, why do You re-gard man,
Or think of the son of man?
Like a breath and like a sha-dow,
Are his days as they pass him.
Bow Your heav-ens O Lord,
Come down touch the moun-tains;
So that they smoke and flash forth,
Light-ning strikes and scatt-ers them.

Verse 3

Send out Your arr-ows and rout them;
Stretch out Your hand from on high.
Re-scue me from man-y wa-ters;
From the hand of for-eign-ers.
In their mouth they speak lies,
Their right hand is false-hood;
I'll sing a new song to You,
O God, on a ten-stringed harp.

Verse 4

I will play to You a new song,
Who gives vic-tor-y to kings!
Who res-cues Da-vid His ser-vant,
From the cruel and e-vil sword.
Res-cue and de-li-ver
From the hand of stran-gers;
From their mouth they speak forth lies,
And their right hand is false-hood.

Verse 5

May our sons, while still in their youth,
Be like plants that are full grown.
Our daugh-ters, like cor-ner pill-ars,
For struc-ture of the pal-ace.
Grain-ar-ies o-ver flow,
Pro-vi-ding all pro-duce;
May our sheep bring forth thou-sands,
And ten thou-sands in our fields.

Verse 6

May our catt-le be heav-y with
Young suff-er-ing no mis-hap;
Or no fail-ure in their bear-ing;
With no out-cry in the streets.
Blest are all the peo-ple
To whom such bless-ings fall;
And blest are all the peo-ple
Whose God is the Lord Yah-weh