

Psalm 110

(To the tune of Triumphant Jesus)

Verse 1

Yah-weh the Lord says to my Lord
Sit here at my right hand un-til
Un-til I make Your en-e-mies
A foot-stool for Your feet to rest

Verse 2

Yah-weh the Lord, He does send forth
From Zi-on Your migh-ty scep-ter
Say-ing un-to thee, "Go and rule
In the midst of Your en-e-mies!"

Verse 3

Your peo-ple free-ly give them-selves
Ho-ly arr-ayed, the day of pow'r
And from the womb of the morn-ing
The dew of Your youth will be Yours

Verse 4

Yah-weh the Lord, yes, He has sworn
And He will ne-ver change His mind
You are a priest for-e-ver in
The or-der of Mel-chi-ze-dek

Verse 5

The Lord, He is at Your right hand
He'll crush kings on His day of wrath
He'll judge a-mong the na-tions and
He'll fill them with their corps-es too

Verse 6

He will shat-ter the chiefs of man
A-cross the earth, it's migh-ty span
He drinks from the brook by the way
There-fore He will lift up His head
There-fore He will lift up His head