

## PSALM 144

Of David.

1543 / Geneva, 1551



1. Blest be the LORD, my rock, He who sus-tains me.  
 My hands are strong, my God for bat-tle trains me;  
 my for-ress and my rock to whom I flee,  
 He is my strong-hold and de-liv-ers me.  
 God is my shield; I turn to Him for shel-ter.  
 When foes at-tack, He will not let me fal-ter.  
 Praise Him who bless-es me with vic-to-ry,  
 for He sub-dues the peo-ples un-der me.

2. LORD, what is man, mere man, that You should even take note of him as You look down from heaven?  
 For he is but a breath, a puff of wind,  
 a fleeting shadow. Soon his days will end.  
 LORD, split the skies! Come down, make mountains tremble.  
 Come and so touch them that they smoke and rumble.  
 Flash forth Your lightning and so fight my fight.  
 Shoot forth Your arrows. Put my foes to flight.

3. From heaven on high, stretch out Your hand, O Saviour;  
 Your *servant* from the *raging waves* deliver.  
 From *troubles* that engulf me, set me free,  
 and from the hands of *aliens* rescue me.  
 LORD, be my shield, my refuge, my defender;  
 save me from foes whose mouths are filled with slander,  
 whose *right hand* is a *right hand of deceit*,  
 and for their lies repay them with defeat.
  
4. To You, O God, a new song I'll be singing;  
 I'll play the ten-stringed lyre, my praises bringing  
 to You who kings with victory reward,  
 who freed Your servant David from the sword.  
 When foreign foes draw near, be my defender;  
 save me from those whose mouths are filled with slander,  
 whose *right hand* is a *right hand of deceit*,  
 and for their lies repay them with defeat.
  
5. May in their youth our sons like saplings flourish,  
 like sturdy plants that with the rains You nourish,  
 our daughters with their beauty us enthral  
 like graceful columns in a palace hall;  
 and may our garners all be overflowing,  
 provisions of all kinds on us bestowing.  
 May in our fields our sheep so multiply  
 that their ten thousands every count defy.
  
6. May all those blessings to Your praise incite us,  
 our oxen, drawing heavy loads, delight us.  
 And may there be no breaching of our walls;  
 may we be safe within our citadels.  
 May in our streets no anguished cry distress us.  
 Remember, LORD, Your people's prayer and bless us.  
 How happy those who reap such rich reward!  
 Yes, happy those whose king is God the LORD!