

Blest Be the LORD, My Rock

Based on Psalm 144

1. Blest be the LORD, my Rock, He who sus - tains me.
2. O LORD, what is a man that Thou dost heed him,
3. *Stretch from on high Thy hand toward those who hound me*
4. *O God, to Thee a new song I'll be sing - ing;*
5. May in their youth our sons like sap - lings flour - ish,
6. May all those bless - ings to Thy praise in - cite us,

My hands are strong, my God for bat - tle trains me;
The son of man, that Thou wilt help and lead him,
And draw me from the wa - ters all a - round me.
My ten - stringed harp will with Thy praise be ring - ing,
Like plants full - grown which Thou with rain dost nour - ish,
Our cat - tle, heav - y with their young, de - light us,

My for - tress and my rock to whom I flee,
That Thou dost think of com - ing to his aid?
Oh, res - cue me from my de - spair and woes;
For un - to kings Thou giv - est vic - to - ry;
Our daugh - ters with their beau - ty us en - thrall
Un - time - ly birth and mis - chance not be known,

He is my strong - hold and de - liv - ers me.
Man is like breath, his days a pass - ing shade.
De - liv - er me from hands of al - ien foes,
Thy ser - vant Da - vid Thou dost help and free.
Like grace - ful col - umns in a pal - ace hall;
No lo - custs raze the crops our hands have sown.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

LOUÉ DOIT DIEU, MA FORCE [GENEVAN 144]
11 11. 10 10. 11 11. 10 10.

5

God is my shield when en - e - mies sur - round me,
 LORD, bow Thy heav - ens, see my foes as - sem - ble;
Whose mouths are filled with slan - der and with ly - ing,
Save me from swords that for my life are vy - ing,
 And may our gar - ners all be o - ver - flow - ing,
 May in our streets no an - guished cry dis - tress us.

6

And in Him I take ref - uge when they hound me.
 Come, touch the moun - tains, that they smoke and trem - ble!
Whose right hand car - ries false - hood. Hear my cry - ing;
From al - ien foes, whose mouth is full of ly - ing,
 On us their fruit of ev - ery kind be - stow - ing.
 Re - mem - ber Thou Thy peo - ple's prayer and bless us.

7

Praise Him who dwells be - tween the cher - u - bim,
 Flash forth Thy light - nings and fight Thou our fight;
See how their might will o - ver - pow - er me.
Whose right hand is the right hand of de - ceit.
 May in our fields our sheep so mul - ti - ply
 How hap - py those who reap such rich re - ward!

8

And who sub - dues the peo - ples un - der Him.
 Send out Thy ar - rows, rout them in their flight!
Come to my help: whom have I, LORD, but Thee?
Turn Thou their pride to shame and to de - feat.
 That their ten thou - sands e - very count de - fy.
 Yes, hap - py those whose king is God the LORD!