

Thrice Blest Be Jehovah

PSALM 144

ST. DENIS 11 11 11 11

Welsh Melody, adapted 1839

1 Thrice blest be Je - ho - vah, The rock of my
2 O Lord, what are mor - tals That Thou shouldst be -
3 Bend low Thine arched heav - ens, Come, Lord, from on

might; He girds me for bat - tle And nerves me to
stow At - ten - tion up - on them Wher - ev - er they
high, And touch the great moun - tains Till smoke shall thence

fight; My mer - cy and strong - hold, My shield and my
go? Man is but a va - por, His brief earth - ly
fly; Flash forth Thy fierce light - nings And scat - ter the

tower, He hum - bled my foe - men, Es - tab - lished my power.
stay Is but as a shad - ow That fleet - eth a - way.
foe, Send out Thy sharp ar - rows And whelm him in woe.

Thrice Blest Be Jehovah

4 Reach down out of heaven
My Helper to be,
From floods and barbarians,
Lord, rescue Thou me;
Their tongues speak me falsely
And truth they despise,
Their right hand they hold forth
To swear to their lies.

5 A song never rendered
Before I will sing,
And laud Thee with music
On many a string;
Thou hiddest kings triumph;
Thy hand hath, O Lord,
Kept David, Thy servant,
From hurt by the sword.

6 Reach down out of heaven
And rescue Thou me,
From threat of barbarians,
O Lord, set me free,
Whose tongues speak me falsely
And truth they despise,
Whose right hand is held forth
To swear to their lies.

7 Our sons be like saplings
In youth grown apace,
Our daughters, carved pillars
Excelling in grace;
Our garners be brimming,
Our flocks in the field,
Increasing by thousands,
Then thousandfold yield.

8 Our rulers established,
No raids, no retreats;
No outcry of panic
Be heard in the streets.
How happy the people
On whom is outpoured
Such blessing; how happy
Whose God is the Lord!