

Blest Be the Lord, My Rock

PSALM 144 - Genevan Psalter

Dorian

Dm Am B^b F C A Dm



1. Blest be the Lord, my rock, he who sus - tains me.
2. Lord, what is man, mere man, that you should e - ven
3. From heaven on high, stretch out your hand, O Sav - iour;
4. To you, O God, a new song I'll be sing - ing;

Gm Am Dm B^b Am E A



My hands are strong, my God for bat - tle trains me;
take note of him, as you look down from heav - en?
your ser - vant from the rag - ing waves de - liv - er.
I'll play the ten - stringed lyre, my prais - es bring - ing

Dm B^b C Dm C/E E7 Am



my for - tress and my rock to whom I flee,
For he is but a breath, a puff of wind,
From trou - bles that en - gulf me, set me free,
to you who kings with vic - to - ry re - ward,

Dm B^b C Dm C/E E7 Am



he is my strong - hold and de - liv - ers me.
a fleet - ing shad - ow. Soon his days will end.
and from the hands of al - iens res - cue me.
who freed your ser - vant Da - vid from the sword.

B^b F C Dm Am B^bmaj7 C F



God is my shield; I turn to him for shel - ter.
Lord, split the skies! Come down, make moun - tains trem - ble.
Lord, be my shield, my ref - uge, my de - fend - er;
When for - eign foes draw near, be my de - fend - er;

Tune: Louis Bourgeois - Lyon, 1547, Geneva, 1551 - also used for Psalm 18; Arr. Tim Nijenhuis, © 2020


Lyrics: 1972, Walter van der Kamp; 2009, William Helder - © 2009, Standing Committee of the Book of Praise

Meter: 11.11.10.10 D

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B^b
F
C
Dm
Am
B^bmaj7
C
F




When foes at - tack, he will not let me fal - ter.
 Come and so touch them that they smoke and rum - ble.
 save me from foes whose mouths are filled with slan - der,
 save me from those whose mouths are filled with slan - der,

Dm
B^b
F/A
C
Dm
G/B
A



Praise him who bless - es me with vic - to - ry,
 Flash forth your light - ning and so fight - my - fight.
 whose right hand is a right hand of de - ceit,
 whose right hand is a right hand of de - ceit,

F
G/D
Am
C
F
Gm
F/A
A
Dm



for he sub - dues the peo - ples un - der me.
 Shoot forth your ar - rows. Put my foes to flight.
 and for their lies re - pay them with de - feat.
 and for their lies re - pay them with de - feat.

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 enthrall
 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!