

Blest Be the Lord, My Rock, He Who Sustains Me

PSALM 144 - Ninehouse

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of seven staves of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are arranged in three columns per line, with some words spanning across lines. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

E C#m A B

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;

E C#m B sus B

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.

G#m C#m A B

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,

C#m F#m9 B sus B

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.

E C#m A B

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;

E C#m B sus B

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,

Tune: 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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A C[#]m B/D[#] E B

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

E B A B Esus E

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.

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 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!