

I'll Praise the Lord, My Rock

PSALM 144

1. I'll praise the Lord, my rock who trains my hands for war;
2. Now part Your heav'ns, O Lord, come down and show Your might;
3. And, while we wait on God for His re - stor - ing grace,
4. Then mer - cy great shall flow, our chil-dren's faith in - crease;

who is my lov - ing God and shield, and my de - liv - er - er.
un - veil the la - tent pow'r of God in na - ture's storm and light.
the new song plant - ed in our soul a - wakes to His glad praise.
our sheep and cat - tle mul - ti - ply, our har - vests grow in peace.

Yet we are weak, and fail, no strong - er than a breath;
De - scend in this dark hour to scat - ter all de - ceit.
You are the King of kings, our strong se - cu - ri - ty;
No cries shall haunt our streets, no threats of fire or sword—

Lord, what is man, so small, so frail, and shad - owed deep by death?
Re - vive Your work! Re - veal Your pow'r, and ly - ing schemes de - feat.
de - liv - er us from those who lie, and set Your ser - vant free!
how blest the land that knows such rest, whose peo - ple know the Lord!

Words: Peter Ninnis

Music: Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915

Words © Peter Ninnis/Praise Trust www.praise.org.uk. Used by permission.

TERRA BEATA

SMD