

PSALM 144. *Benedictus Dominus.*

J. RANDALL.



mf BLESSED be the 'Lord my 'strength : who teacheth my hands to war
'and my 'fingers to 'fight ;

2 My hope and my fortress, my castle and deliverer, my defender in
'whom I 'trust : who subdueth my 'people 'that is 'under me.

3 Lord what is man, that thou hast such respect 'unto 'him : or the
son of man, that thou 'so re'gardest 'him?

4 Man is like a 'thing of 'nought : his time 'passeth a'way like a
'shadow.

5 Bow thy heavens O Lord 'and come 'down : touch the
'mountains and 'they shall 'smoke.

6 Cast forth thy 'lightning and 'tear them : shoot out thine 'arrows
'and con'sume them.

7 Send down thine hand 'from a'bove : deliver me and take me out of
the great waters, from the 'hand of 'strange 'children ;

8 Whose mouth 'talketh of 'vanity : and their right hand 'is a right
'hand of 'wickedness.

9 I will sing a new song unto 'thee O 'God : and sing praises unto
thee up'on a 'ten-stringed 'lute.

10 Thou hast given victory 'unto 'kings : and hast delivered David thy
servant from the 'peril 'of the 'sword.

2nd Part 11 Save me and deliver me from the hand of 'strange 'children : whose
mouth talketh of vanity, and their right hand 'is a right
'hand of in'iquity.

V.S. - Same chant

J. RANDALL.



mf 12 That our sons may grow up as the 'young' plants : and that our daughters may be as the polished 'corners' of the 'temple.

13 That our garners may be full and plenteous, with all 'manner of 'store : that our sheep may bring forth thousands, and ten 'thousands' in our 'streets.

14 That our oxen may be strong to labour, that there be 'no de'cay : no leading into captivity, and no com'plaining' in our 'streets.

15 Happy are the people that are in 'such a 'case : yea blessed are the people who have the 'Lord for 'their 'God.

Glory be to the Father, and 'to the 'Son : and 'to the 'Holy 'Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now and 'ever 'shall be : world without 'end.' A'men.