Psalm 144

Lyricist: Isaac Watts

Richard St. Clair
(20 July 2024)

Not too quickly, bouyant ♩.= 108

mf

Soprano
Alto

1. For ev - er bless - ed be the Lord, My Sav - iour and my
what is man, poor fee - ble man, Born of the earth at

Tenor
Bass

5

sheil; He sends his Spi - rit with his word To arm me for the
first! His life a sha - dow, light and vain, Still has - ting to the

9
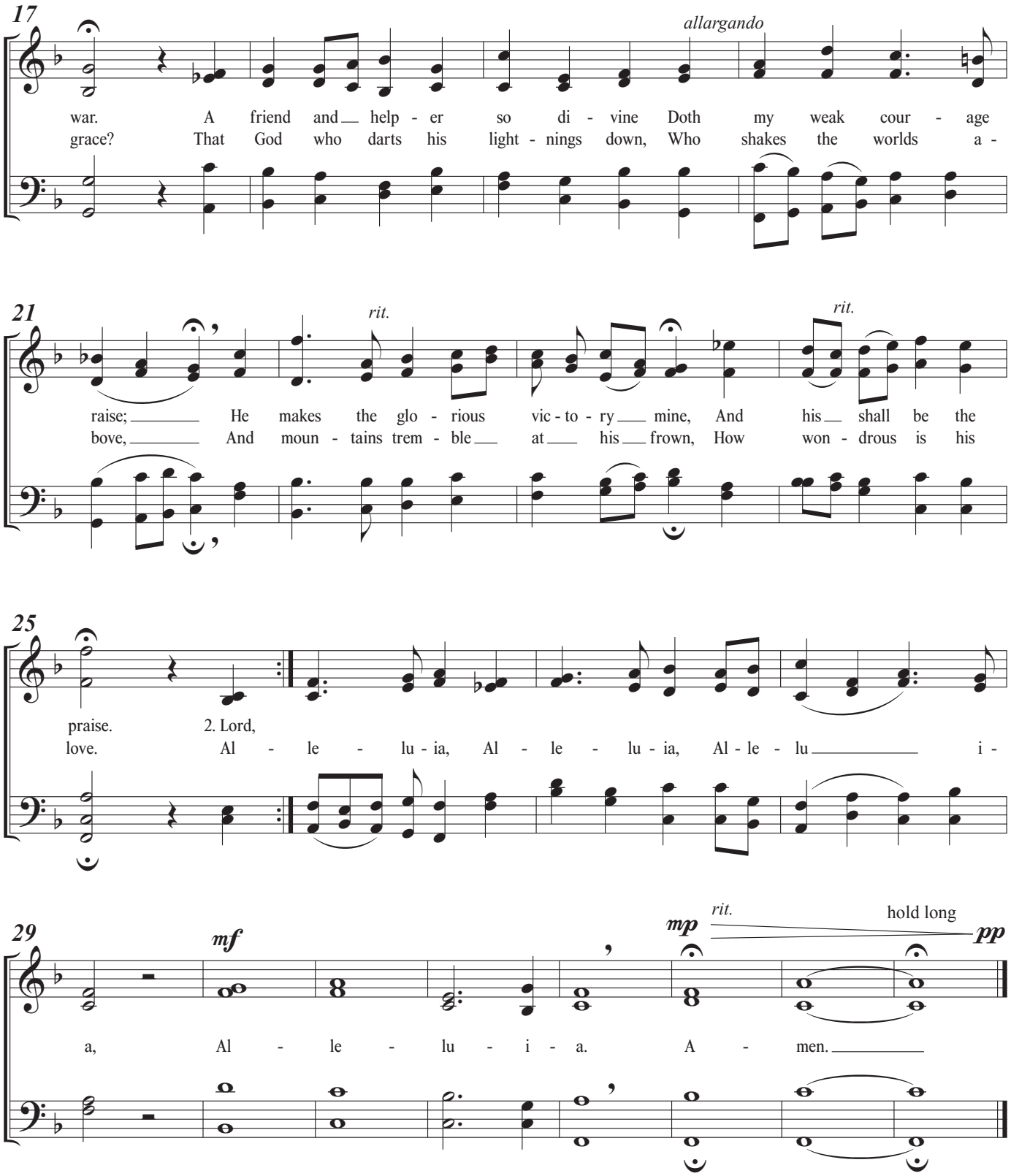
rit.

field. When sin and hell their force u - nite, He makes my soul his
dust. O what is fee - ble dy - ing man Or an - y of his

13

care, In - structs me to the heavn' - ly fight, And guards me thro' the
race, That God shoul make it hiss con - cern to vis - it him with

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17
allargando
war. A friend and help - er so di - vine Doth my weak cour - age
grace? That God who darts his light - nings down, Who shakes the worlds a -
21
rit.
rit.
raise; He makes the glo - rious vic - to - ry mine, And his shall be the
bove, And moun - tains trem - ble at his frown, How won - drous is his
25
praise. 2. Lord,
love. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu i -
29
mf
mp
rit.
hold long
pp
a, Al - le - lu - i - a. A - men.