

Psalm 144

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A Psalm of David.

¹ **B**LESSED *be* the LORD my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, *and* my fingers to fight:

² My goodness, and my fortress; my high tower, and my deliverer; my shield, and *he* in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me.

³ LORD, what *is* man, that thou takest knowledge of him! *or* the son of man, that thou makest account of him!

⁴ Man is like to vanity: his days *are* as a shadow that passeth away.

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

⁶ Cast forth lightning, and scatter them: shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them.

⁷ Send thine hand from above; rid me, and deliver me out of great waters, from the hand of strange children;

⁸ Whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand *is* a right hand of falsehood.

⁹ I will sing a new song unto thee, O God: upon a psaltery *and* an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.

¹⁰ *It is he* that giveth salvation unto kings: who delivereth David his servant from the hurtful sword.

¹¹ Rid me, and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand *is* a right hand of falsehood:

¹² That our sons *may be* as plants grown up in their youth; *that* our daughters *may be* as corner stones, polished *after* the similitude of a palace:

¹³ *That* our garners *may be* full, affording 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 breaking in, nor going out; *that there be* no complaining in our streets.

¹⁵ Happy *is that* people, that is in such a case: *yea, happy is that* people, whose God *is* the LORD.