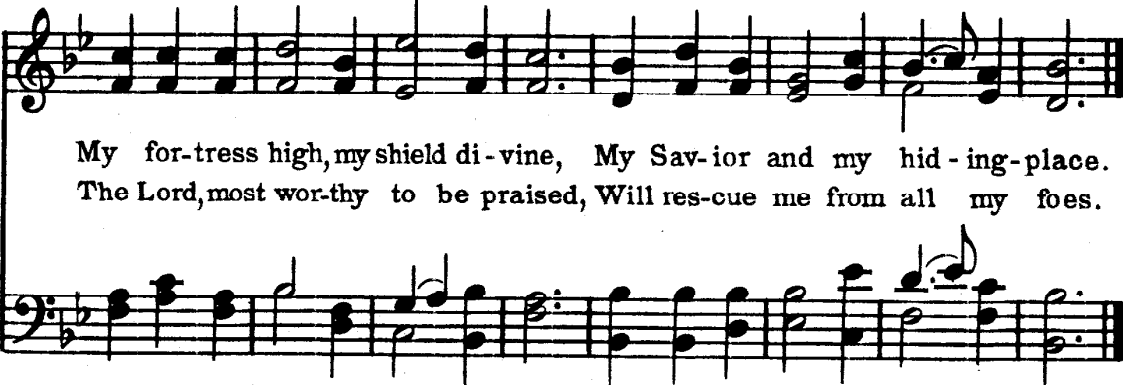


1 I love the Lord, His strength is mine; He is my God, I trust His grace;
2 My prayer to God shall still be raised When troubles thick a-round me close;



My fortress high, my shield divine, My Savior and my hiding-place.
The Lord, most worthy to be praised, Will rescue me from all my foes.

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|---|---|
| 3 When, floods of evil raging near,
Down nigh to death my soul was
brought,
I cried to God in all my fear;
He heard and great deliverance
wrought. | 7 Jehovah's thunders fill the heaven,
The dreadful voice of God Most
High;
With shafts of light the clouds are
riven,
His foes, dismayed, in terror fly. |
| 4 He came: the earth's foundations quake,
The hills are shaken from their
place,
Thick smoke and fire devouring break
In anger dread before His face. | 8 The raging torrents overflow,
And sweep the world's foundations
bare,
Because Thy blasts of anger blow,
O Lord of earth and sea and air. |
| 5 Descending through the bending skies,
With gloom and darkness under Him,
Forth through the storm Jehovah flies
As on the wings of cherubim. | 9 He took me from the whelming waves
Of bitter hate and sore distress;
The Lord, my Stay and Helper, saves,
Though mighty foes around me press. |
| 6 Thick darkness hides Him from the view,
And swelling clouds His presence veil,
Until His glorious light breaks through
In lightning flash and glistening hail. | 10 From direful straits He set me free,
He saved the man of His delight;
For good the Lord rewarded me,
Because I kept His ways aright. |