

Eighteenth Psalm

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1. We love Thee, Lord, and we a - dore; Now is Thine arm re - vealed: Thou art our
2. We fly to, our e - ter - nal Rock, And find a sure de - fense; His ho - ly

3. When God, our lead - er, shines in arms, What mor - tal heart can bear The thun - der
4. He rides up - on the wing - ed wind, And an - gels in ar - ray In mil - lions

5. He speaks, and at His fierce re - buke, Whole ar - mies³ are dis - mayed; His voice, His
6. He forms our gene - rals for the field, With all their dread - ful skill; Gives them His

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strength, our heaven - ly tower, Our bul - wark, and our shield.
name our lips in - voke, And draw sal - va - tion thence.

of His loud know a - larms, The light - ning of His spear?
wait to know His mind, And swift - ning as flames o - bey.

frown, His ang - ry to look, Strikes all their cour - age dead.
aw - ful sword to wield, And makes their hearts of steel.