

Psalm 18: I Call On The Lord

I love You, Lord, my strength, and my fortress
My Savior, my rock, and my God
My God, my only rock, and my refuge
My stronghold, my help, and my shield

I call on the Lord who's worthy to be praised

The waves of death grew high and assailed me
I faced all the snares of the grave
Unto the Lord I called in my trouble
He heard me from His holy place

I call on the Lord who's worthy to be praised

The quaking earth then shook every mountain
They trembled with fear at His rage
And from His nose and mouth smoke and fire went
The coals by its heat set ablaze

He made the heavens bow when He came down
A dark cloud was seen under Him
On cherubim enthroned He descended
He flew on the wings of the wind

I call on the Lord who's worthy to be praised

His covering was made out of darkness
Dark waters and clouds were His tent
A shining brightness blazed all around Him
With hail and with fire giving vent

And then the Lord filled heaven with thunder
In strong voice I heard the Most High
He scattered all my foes with His arrows
With lightnings He put them to flight

I call on the Lord who's worthy to be praised

Then God revealed the bed of the ocean
Laid bare all the depths of the world
O Lord, it was the threat of Your thunder
That blast of Your anger unfurled

Then from on high You reached down and seized me
You drew me forth out of the deep
You saved me from the grip of the mighty
From foes who were too strong for me

I call on the Lord who's worthy to be praised
And from all my foes I will be saved

