

From Psalm 118

118 Thank God because he's good,
because his love never quits.

Tell the world, Israel,

"His love never quits."

And you, clan of Aaron, tell the world,

"His love never quits."

And you who fear God, join in,

"His love never quits."

Pushed to the wall, I called to God;

from the wide open spaces, he answered.

God's now at my side and I'm not afraid;

who would dare lay a hand on me?

God's my strong champion;

I flick off my enemies like flies.

Far better to take refuge in God

than trust in people;

Far better to take refuge in God

than trust in celebrities.

Hemmed in by barbarians,

in God's name I rubbed their faces in the dirt;

Hemmed in and with no way out,

in God's name I rubbed their faces in the dirt;

Like swarming bees, like wild prairie fire, they hemmed
me in;

in God's name I rubbed their faces in the dirt.

I was right on the cliff-edge, ready to fall,

when God grabbed and held me.

God's my strength, he's also my song,

and now he's my salvation.

Hear the shouts, hear the triumph songs

in the camp of the saved?

"The hand of God has turned the tide!

The hand of God is raised in victory!

The hand of God has turned the tide!"



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