

# Psalm 18:4-10

150x HIGH POPPLES (D.C.M.)

arr. D.S. Hoard



Floods of ill men af - frigh - ted me,  
Th' earth, as af - frigh - ted, shake,  
He al - so bow - ed down the heav'ns,



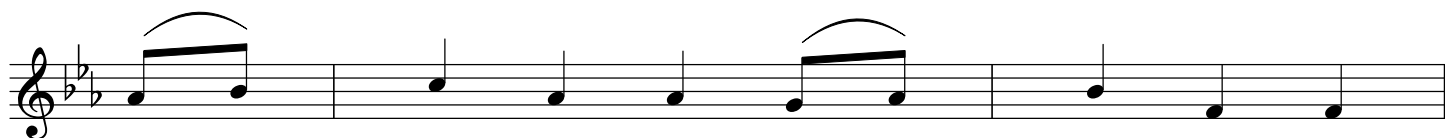
death's pangs a - bout me went;  
trem - bling u - pon it seiz'd;  
and thence he did de - scend;



Hell's sor - rows me en - vi - ron - ed;  
The hills' foun - da - tions of mov - ed were,  
And thic - kest clouds of dark - ness did



death's snares did me pre - vent.  
be - cause he was dis - pleas'd.  
un - der his feet at - tend.



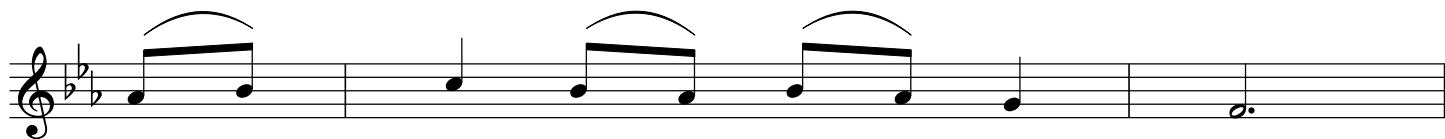
In my dis - tress I call'd on God,  
Up from his nos - trils came a smoke,  
And he u - pon a che - rub rode,



cry and to my God did I;  
and from his mouth there came  
fly;



He from his temp - le heard my voice,  
De - vour - ing the fire, and by it  
Yea, on the swift wings of the wind



to were his ears came my cry.  
his tur - ned in - to flame.  
flight was from on high.