



“Who art thou, woman”?

She’s like a well that never runs dry,
A belly that never runs empty,
Fresh living waters flow out of her mouth,
Wisdom is in the tip of her tongue,
Her words are like the healing balm of Gilead,
Who art thou, woman?
Praise, Tsidi is her name.

Pains and groans of childbirth have passed,
Multitudes, multitudes are the fruit of her womb,
She sits at the feet of Jesus day and night,
She is a like gold mine,
In her are the treasures of heaven,
Who art thou, woman?
Mama Praise is her name.

Her obedience to her Master, strengthens multitudes,
She is an example of a branch,
Firmly attached to the true vine,
Blessed are those that sit at her feet,
Those that can sit and listen to her,
Many, long to have such a privilege
Who art thou, woman?
Praise is her name.

The Lord raised you up for such at time as this,
He raised you up to display His splendour in you,
You are an inspiration to multitudes,
A sweet aroma of praise rises up to the Lord
Many praise the Lord because of your obedience,
I praise the Lord, because of your obedience to Him,
When Praise stands in front of the Lord, He can’t help but respond,
The Lord is praised just by your presence in His court,
Praise is indeed who you are to the Lord.

Look ahead; for many will be your descendants, presidents, men of authority all over the world are searching for that which is in you.
You are going far...