

Hear, O Lord, Our Supplication
Henry Lyte, 1833.
Robert Roberts(1863-?)

Hear, O Lord, our supplication;
Let our souls on Thee repose!
Be our refuge, our salvation,
'Mid ten thousand threatening foes.

Lord, Thy saints have many troubles,
In their path lies many a snare:
But before Thy breath like bubbles,
Melt they soon in idle air.

Cunning are the foe's devices,
Bitter are his words of gall;
Sin on every side entices;
Lord, conduct us safe through all.

Be our foes by Thee confounded,
Let the world Thy goodness see,
While, by might and love surrounded,
We rejoice, and trust in Thee.