

O Lord, How Many Are My Foes

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: St. Albans Tune Book.

O Lord, how many are my foes,  
In this weak state of flesh and blood!  
My peace they daily discompose,  
But my defense and hope is God.

Tired with the burdens of the day,  
To Thee I raised an evening cry:  
Thou heardst when I began to pray,  
And Thine almighty help was nigh.

Supported by Thine heavnly aid,  
I laid me down, and slept secure:  
Not death should make my heart afraid,  
Though I should wake and rise no more.

But God sustained me all the night:  
Salvation doth to God belong;  
He raised my head to see the light,  
And make His praise my morning song.