

O God, Thou Hast Cast Off Thy Saints  
Charles Spurgeon, 1866.  
Sigismund Neukomm(1778-1858)

O God, Thou hast cast off Thy saints;  
Thy face Thou dost in anger hide,  
And lo, Thy Church for terror faints,  
While breaches all her walls divide!

Hard things Thou hast upon us laid,  
And made us drink most bitter wine;  
But still Thy banner we've displayed,  
And borne aloft Thy truth divine.

Our courage fails not, though the night  
No earthly lamp avails to break,  
For Thou wilt soon arise in might,  
And of our captors captives make.

Thy right hand shall Thy people aid;  
Thy faithful promise makes us strong;  
We will Philistia's land invade,  
And over Edom chant the song.

In Jesu's name we'll Shechem seize,  
And swift divide all Succoth's vale;  
E'en Moab's sons shall bow their knees,  
And Jesu's conquering scepter hail.

Through Thee we shall most valiant prove,  
And tread the foe beneath our feet;  
Through Thee our faith shall hills remove,  
And small as chaff the mountains beat.