

O Lord, How Are My Foes Increased  
The Psalter, 1912.  
Anonymous.

O Lord, how are my foes increased!  
Against me many rise;  
How many say, in vain for help  
He on his God relies.

Thou art my shield and glory, Lord,  
My Savior, O Most High,  
The Lord from out His holy hill  
Gives answer when I cry.

I laid me down and slept, I waked,  
Because the Lord sustains;  
Though many thousands compass me,  
Unmoved my soul remains.

Arise, O Lord; save me, my God;  
For Thou hast owned my cause;  
And oft hast beaten down my foes  
Who scorn Thy righteous laws.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,  
In Him His saints are blest;  
O let Thy blessing evermore  
Upon Thy people rest.