

# LORD, How They Surge

From Psalm 3

1. <sup>1</sup> LORD, how they surge who cause me grief With - out re - lief!  
2. <sup>4</sup> I called the LORD with all my might; From Zi - on's height  
3. <sup>7</sup> A - rise, O LORD; Save me, my God! I need Your rod

<sup>3</sup> Crowds rise as my of - fend - ers! <sup>2</sup> Great hosts e - merge to mock  
He heed - ed my com - plain - ing. <sup>5</sup> My hope re - stored, I laid  
To rise for my sal - va - tion. You struck the hoard to their

<sup>4</sup> my soul, To ri - di - cule: "His God is no de - fend - er."  
to rest, I woke re - freshed; I found the LORD sus - tain - ing.  
dis - grace; Broke from their face The teeth of dom - i - na - tion.

<sup>7</sup> <sup>3</sup> But You, O LORD, Are shield and sword, My glo - ry cloud,  
<sup>6</sup> I will not dread Ten thou - sand head Ar - rayed for war  
<sup>8</sup> To save is Yours; You win our wars. You set us free

<sup>10</sup> My head un - bowed; You lift my head in splend - or!  
A - round my door; I fear no foe re - main - ing.  
In vic - to - ry; You bless Your con - gre - ga - tion.