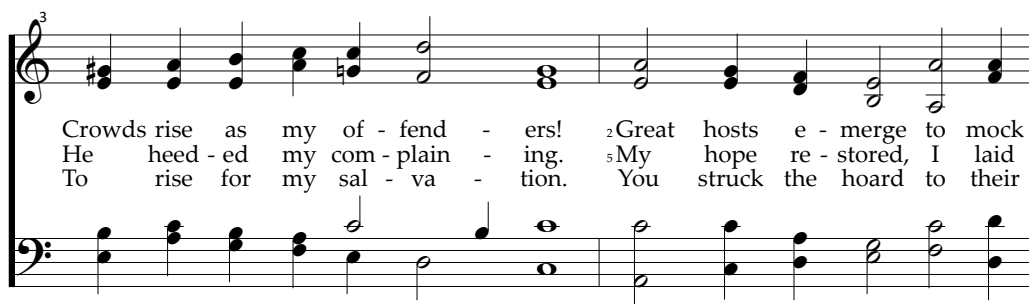


# LORD, How They Surge

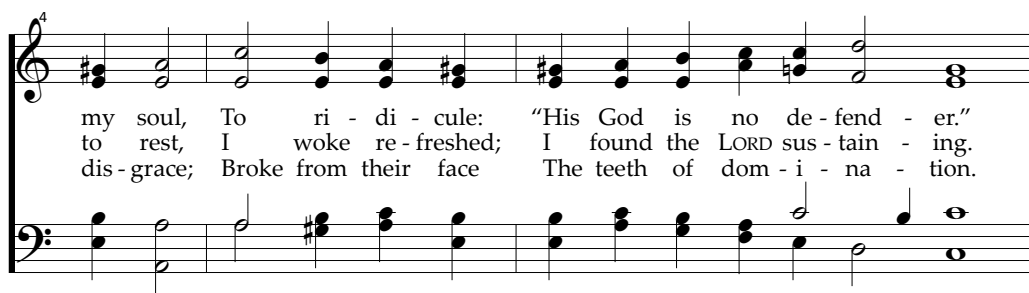
From Psalm 3



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.

Music: Heinrich Schütz, 1628  
 Text: Donald P. Owens II, 2012 ©

ACH WIE GROSS IST [BECKER 3]  
 8 4 6. 8 4 6. 4 4. 4 4. 7.