

LORD, How They Surge

From Psalm 3

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

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

⁴my 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.

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

¹⁰
 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.