

O Little Flock, Fear Not the Foe

1. O lit - tle flock, fear not the foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - ver - throw;
 2. Be of good cheer; your cause be - longs To Him who can a - venge your wrongs;
 3. As true as God's own Word is true, Not earth nor Hell with all their crew
 4. A - men, Lord Je - sus, grant our pray'r; Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,

Dread not his rage and pow'r. What though your courage sometimes faints,
 Leave it to Him, our Lord. Though hid - den yet from mor - tal eyes,
 A - gainst us shall pre - vail. A jest and by - word are they grown;
 Fight for us once a - gain! So shall Thy saints and mar - tyrs raise

His seem - ing tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.
 His Gid - eon shall for you a - rise, Up - hold you and His Word.
 God is with us, we are His own; Our vic - t'ry can - not fail.
 A might - y cho - rus to Thy praise, World with - out end. A - men.

Music: Georg Gruenwald (?-1530); alt.

Text: Johann M. Altenburg, 1632; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855; alt.

KOMMT HER ZU MIR

8 8 6. 8 8 6.