Lord, a Band of Foes Increasing

Doh is Ab · 3/4 Tune: GALILEE (JUDE)

| m s, | r - r - r s, | d - d - d d | d - - l, d r | m - - - m l, |
Lord, a band of foes in- creasing Terror to my heart would bring; For they

| r - r - r s, | d - d - m m | f - l, - m r | d - - - |
tell my soul un- ceasing, That no help from God can spring.

The other verses

2 Yet Thou art my shield about me,
Till the time of strife is past;
And though cruel foes may flout me,
Thou wilt hear my prayer at last.

3 On my couch when night was falling,
Lay I down devoid of fear;
And when morning light was calling,
I awoke, for thou wert near.

4 Tens of thousands round my dwelling
Stand arrayed to do me harm;
But my trust when foes are swelling,
Rests in Thine almighty arm.

5 Rise, O Lord, for Thou, victorious,
Hast the might of sin o'erthrown,
And amid Thy triumph glorious,
Bless the people Thou dost own.

Tune GALILEE (JUDE) by William Herbert Jude (1851–1922); words by Traditional Greek; translated by John Brownlie (1857–1925). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.