O Lord, How Many Are My Foes

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
O Lord, how many are my

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
foes, In this weak state of

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
flesh and blood! My peace they

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
daily discom- pose, But

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
my defence and hope is God.

The other verses

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry;
Thou heardst when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong;
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning song.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.