The Lord Appears My Helper Now

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
The Lord appears my helper now, Nor

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
is my faith a- fraid What

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
all the sons of earth can do, Since

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
heaven affords its aid.

The other verses

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.

4 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.

6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days:
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.