Who Will Arise and Plead My Right

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Who will arise and plead my right A-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
gainst my numerous foes, While

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
earth and hell their force unite, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
all my hopes op- pose?

The other verses

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

3 "Alas! my sliding feet," I cry'd;
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

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.