

HEAR, O Lord, our supplication;
Let our souls on Thee repose!
Be our refuge, our salvation,
'Mid a host of threatening foes.

- 2 Lord, Thy saints face false inventions,
Spread by those who Thee have spurned;
O expose their vile intentions,
To their shame their tongues be turned.
- 3 Cunning are the foes' devices,
Bitter are their words of gall;
Sin on every side entices:
Lord, conduct us safe through all.
- 4 Be our foes by Thee confounded,
Let the world Thy goodness see,
While, by might and love surrounded,
We rejoice, and trust in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847†