

I AM hated, Lord, by those
Who Thy holy Truth despise;
Save me from my evil foes,
Lord of hosts, arise, arise!

2 Thou my rock and my defence!
Mighty tower unto Thy saints!
Thee I make my confidence,
Thee I'll trust, though nature faints.

3 Glad Thy mercies will I sing,
All Thy power and love confess;
Thou hast been, O heavenly King,
My safe refuge in distress!

4 Songs with every morning's light,
Lord, shall rise up to Thy throne;
All Thy saints shall praise Thy might,
And Thy mercy shall make known.

William Allen, 1784-1868