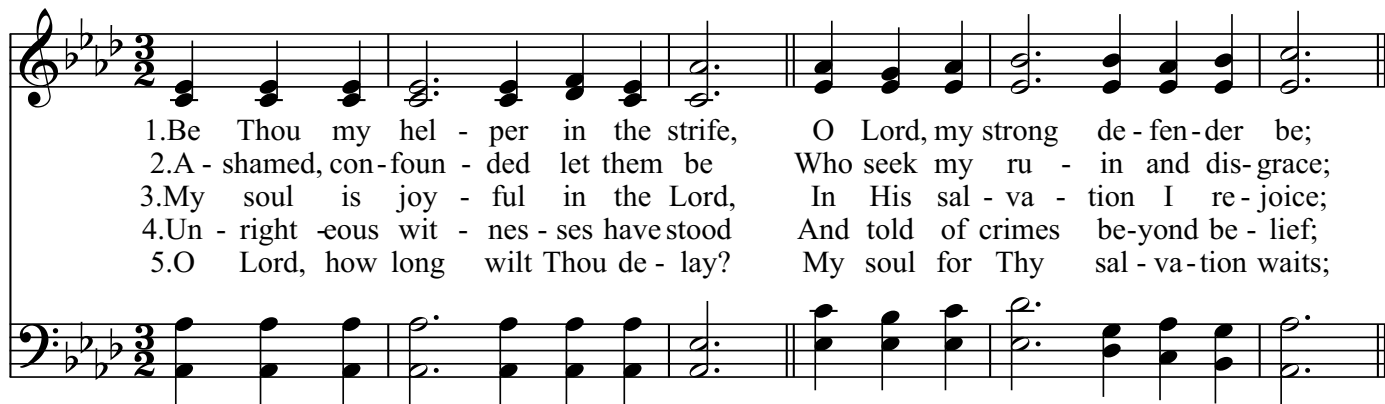


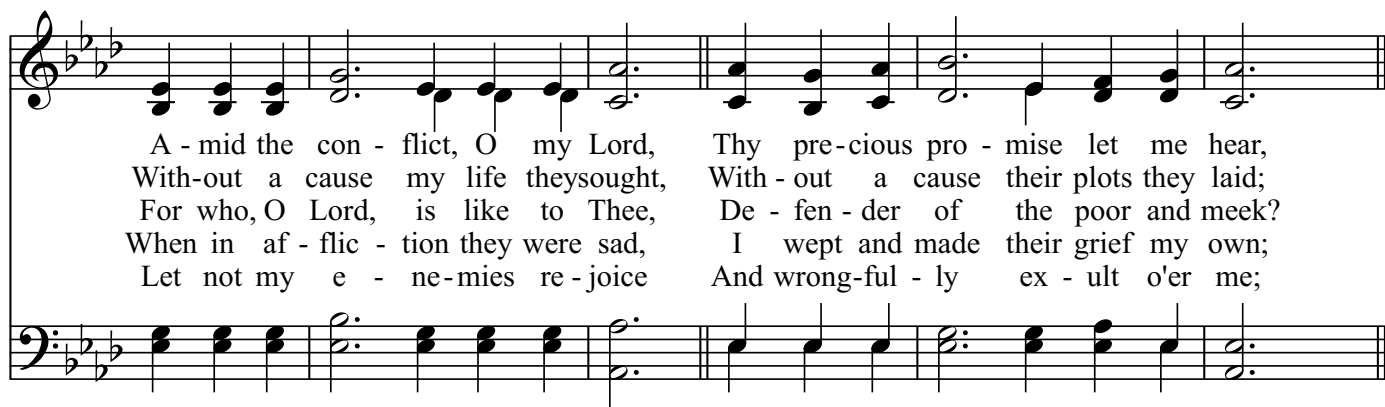
92. God Our Advocate and Judge



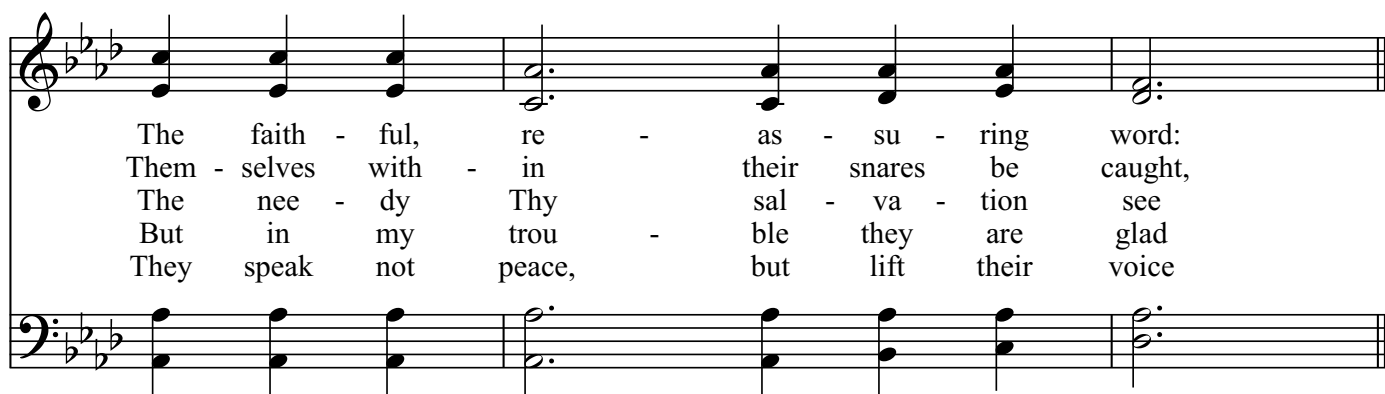
1. Be Thou my hel - per in the strife, O Lord, my strong de - fen - der be;
 2. A - shamed, con - foun - ded let them be Who seek my ru - in and dis - grace;
 3. My soul is joy - ful in the Lord, In His sal - va - tion I re - joice;
 4. Un - right - eous wit - nes - ses have stood And told of crimes be - yond be - lief;
 5. O Lord, how long wilt Thou de - lay? My soul for Thy sal - va - tion waits;



Thy migh - ty shield pro - tect my life, Thy spear con - front the e - ne - my.
 O let Thy an - gel fight for me, And drive my foes be - fore his face.
 To Him my heart will praise ac - cord And bless His Name with thank - ful voice.
 Re - tur - ning e - vil for my good, They o - ver - whelm my soul with grief.
 My thank - ful - ness I will dis - play A - mid the crowds that throng Thy gates.



A - mid the con - flict, O my Lord, Thy pre - cious pro - mise let me hear,
 With - out a cause my life they sought, With - out a cause their plots they laid;
 For who, O Lord, is like to Thee, De - fen - der of the poor and meek?
 When in af - flic - tion they were sad, I wept and made their grief my own;
 Let not my e - ne - mies re - joice And wrong - ful - ly ex - ult o'er me;



The faith - ful, re - as - su - ring word:
 Them - selves with - in their snares be caught,
 The nee - dy Thy sal - va - tion see
 But in my trou - ble they are glad
 They speak not peace, but lift their voice

I am thy Sa - viour, do not fear.
 And be my craf - ty foes dis - mayed.
 When migh - ty foes their ru - in seek.
 And strive that I may be o'er - thrown.
 To trou - ble those that peace - ful be.

6. My foes with joy my woes survey,
 But Thou, O Lord, hast seen it all;
 O be no longer far away,
 Nor silent when on Thee I call.
 O haste to my deliverance now,
 O Lord, my righteous cause maintain;
 My Lord and God alone art Thou;
 Awake, and make Thy justice plain.

7. O Lord my God, I look to Thee,
 Be Thou my righteous Judge, I pray;
 Let not my foes exult o'er me
 And laugh with joy at my dismay.
 With shame and trouble those requite
 Who would my righteous cause destroy;
 But those who in the good delight,
 Let them be glad and shout for joy.

8. Yea, let the Lord be magnified,
 Because Thy servants Thou dost bless;
 And I, from morn till eventide,
 Will daily praise Thy righteousness.
 My soul is joyful in the Lord,
 In His salvation I rejoice;
 To Him my heart will praise accord
 And bless His Name with thankful voice.