

# If Our God Had Not Befriended

A<sup>b</sup>

*Allegro moderato*

1. If our God had not be - friend - ed, Now may grate - ful Is - rael say,  
2. Then the tide of venge - ful slaugh - ters O'er us had been seen to roll,  
3. Praise to God, whose mer - cy - to - ken Beamed to still that rag - ing sea:

If the Lord had not de - fend - ed, When with foes we stood at bay,  
And their pride, like an - gry wa - ters, Had en - gulfed our strug - gling soul,  
Lo, the snare is rent and bro - ken, And our cap - tive souls are free,

Mad - ly rag - ing, Mad - ly rag - ing, Deem - ing our sad lives their prey:  
Those loud wa - ters, Those loud wa - ters, Proud and spurn - ing all con - trol.  
Lord of glo - ry, Lord of glo - ry, Help can come a - lone from Thee.