

His Word a Tower

Anonymous, 19th Century.

Philip Bliss

While foes are strong and danger near,
A voice falls gently on my ear:
My Savior speaks, He says to me,
That as my days my strength shall be.

Refrain

His word a tower to which I flee,
For as my days my strength shall be.
His word a tower to which I flee,
For as my days my strength shall be.

With such a promise need I fear
For all that now I hold most dear?
No, I will never anxious be,
For as my days my strength shall be.

Refrain

And when at last I'm called to die,
Still on Thy promise I'll rely;
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,
That as my days my strength shall be.

Refrain