

My High Tower
Philip Bliss, 1876.

In Zion's Rock abiding,
My soul her triumph sings;
In His pavilion hiding,
I praise the King of kings.

Refrain

My High Tower is He!
To Him will I flee;
In Him confide, in Him abide;
My High Tower is He!

Wild waves are round me swelling,
Dark clouds above I see;
Yet, in my Fortress dwelling,
More safe I cannot be.

Refrain

My tower of strength can never
In time of trouble fail;
No power of hell, forever,
Against it shall prevail.

Refrain