

To Thee, O Lord, I Fly
The Psalter, 1912.
Henry Lewis.

To Thee, O Lord, I fly
And on Thy help depend;
Thou art my Lord and king most high;
Do Thou my soul defend.
A heritage for me
Jehovah will remain;
My portion rich and full is He,
My right He will maintain.

The lot to me that fell
Is beautiful and fair;
The heritage in which I dwell
Is good beyond compare.
I praise the Lord above
Whose counsel guides aright;
My heart instructs me in His love
In seasons of the night.

I keep before me still
The Lord whom I have proved;
At my right hand He guards from ill,
And I shall not be moved.
Life's pathway Thou wilt show,
To Thy right hand wilt guide,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And boundless joys abide.