O Lord, to Thee I cry





O Lord, to Thee I cry; Thou art my rock and trust; O be not silent, lest I die And slumber in the dust.

O hear me when in prayer Thy favor I entreat; Hear, while I lift imploring hands Before Thy mercy seat.

But blessèd be the Lord Who hearkens when I cry; The Lord, my strength, my help, my shield, On Him will I rely. His help makes glad my heart, And songs of praise I sing; Jehovah is His people's strength, The Stronghold of their king.

Bless Thine inheritance, Our Savior be, I pray; Supply Thou all Thy people's need, And be their constant stay.

The Psalter, 1912.

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