

# 115 To Thee I Cry

From Psalm 61

1. <sup>1</sup>To Thee I cry, My cry - ing hear. To Thee my pray - ing voice doth fly;  
 2. <sup>2</sup>Up to Thy hill, Lord, make me climb; Which else to scale ex - ceeds my skill;  
 3. <sup>3</sup>*Then where a tent For Thee is made, To har - bor still is my in - tent*  
 4. <sup>4</sup>What first I crave First grant - ing me, That I the roy - al rule may have  
 5. <sup>5</sup>Be - fore Thy face Grant ev - er he May sit, and let Thy truth and grace

Lord, lend my voice a lis - t'ning ear. <sup>2</sup>From coun - try ban - ish - ed,  
<sup>3</sup>For in my most dis - tress - ed time, Thine eye at - tend - ed me,  
*And to Thy wings' pro - tect - ing shade My - self I car - ry will,*  
 Of such as fear and hon - or Thee: <sup>6</sup>Let years be man - i - fold  
 His end - less guard ap - point - ed be. <sup>8</sup>Then, sing - ing pleas - ant - ly,

All com - fort van - ish - ed, To Thee I run when storms are nigh.  
 Thy hand de - fend - ed me, A - gainst my foe my for - tress still.  
*And there I tar - ry will, Safe from all shot a - gainst me bent.*  
 As can be an - y told; Thy king, O God, keep from the grave.  
 Prais - ing in - ces - sant - ly, I dai - ly vows will pay to Thee.