

To Thee I Cry

From Psalm 61

1. ¹To Thee I cry, My cry - ing hear. To Thee my pray - ing voice doth fly;
 2. Up to Thy hill, Lord, make me climb; Which else to scale ex - ceeds my skill;
 3. ⁴*Then where a tent For Thee is made, To har - bor still is my in - tent*
 4. ⁵What first I crave First grant - ing me, That I the roy - al rule may have
 5. ⁷Be - fore Thy face Grant ev - er he May sit, and let Thy truth and grace

Lord, lend my voice a lis - t'ning ear. ²From coun - try ban - ish - ed,
³For 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: ⁶Let years be man - i - fold
 His end - less guard ap - point - ed be. ⁸Then, 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.

Music: Michael E. Owens, 2018
 Text: Mary Sidney Herbert (1556–1621)

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