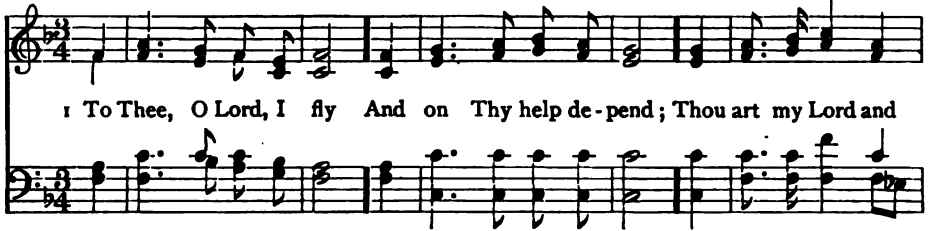


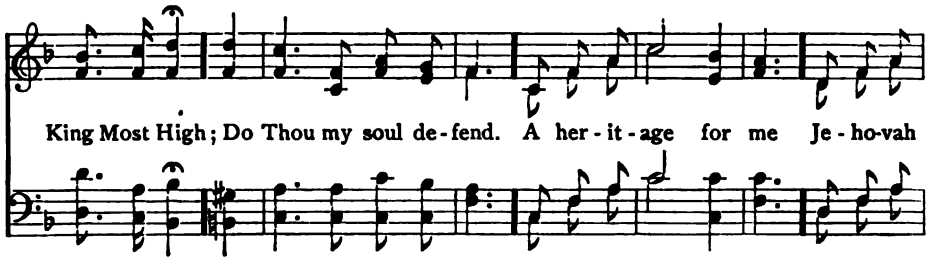
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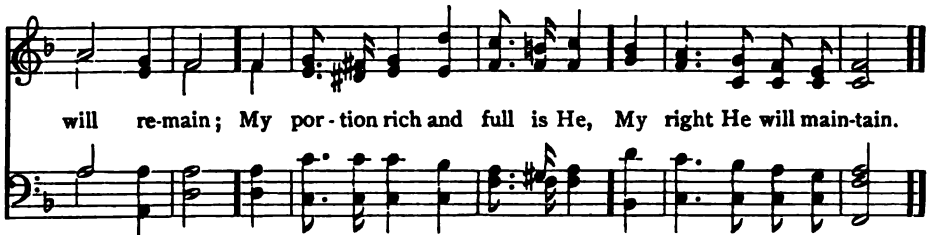
Henry A. Lewis



To Thee, O Lord, I fly And on Thy help de-pend; Thou art my Lord and



King Most High; Do Thou my soul de-fend. A her-it-age for me Je-ho-vah



will re-main; My por-tion rich and full is He, My right He will main-tain.

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[ Selected Stanzas ]

- 2 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.
- 3 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.