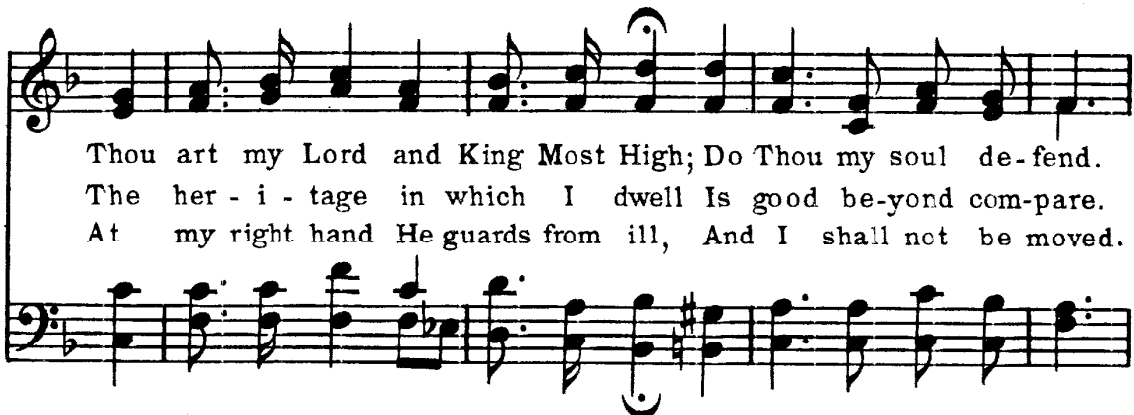
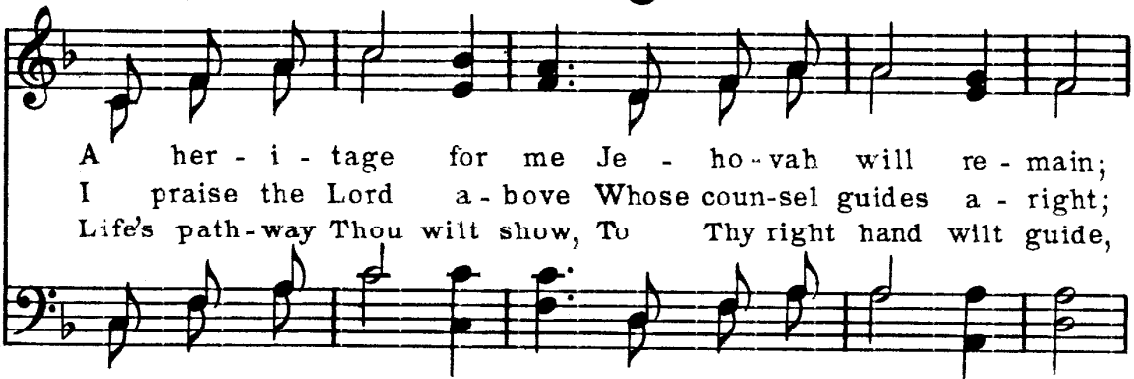




1 To Thee, O Lord, I fly And on Thy help de - pend;
 2 The lot to me that fell Is beau - ti - ful and fair;
 3 I keep be - fore me still The Lord whom I have proved;



Thou art my Lord and King Most High; Do Thou my soul de - fend.
 The her - i - tage in which I dwell Is good be - yond com - pare.
 At my right hand He guards from ill, And I shall not be moved.



A her - i - tage for me Je - ho - vah will re - main;
 I praise the Lord a - bove Whose coun - sel guides a - right;
 Life's path - way Thou wilt show, To Thy right hand wilt guide,



My por - tion rich and full is He, My right He will main - tain.
 My heart in - structs me in His love In sea - sons of the night.
 Where streams of pleas - ure ev - er flow, And bound - less joys a - bide.