

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart in sorrow lies,
Helpless, and far from all relief:
To Heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
Of gracious, kindly aid;
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou mighty tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 With all who fear Thy name,
My heritage is sure;
An undeserved and blessed life
In Heaven for evermore.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748