

STRANGER and pilgrim here below,
I turn for refuge, Lord, to Thee,
Aware of every want and woe,
Relieve my trials, and rescue me.

2 Now, Lord, in love and kindness speak,
Sustain and cheer my sinking soul;
Low as I am, and poor, and weak,
One word of Thine can make me whole.

3 Help, Lord! may all my foes perceive,
I have a heavenly strength and stay;
With Thee to bless me and relieve,
I can endure the hardest way.

4 Now make my soul with joy arise,
Thy sheltering wings around me cast;
Cause all that now afflicts or tries,
To work my good, O Lord, at last.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847†