

**I**N the Lord I've put my trust;  
Why, my soul, to mountains flee? . . .  
Hills of safety from unrest,  
Far from scorn and enmity;  
Hiding-places quiet and broad,  
From the battles of the Lord.

- 2 O assist me here to stand,  
Daily fervent to proclaim  
To the lost around me here  
All the wonders of Thy name,  
Telling of Thy love to me,  
Shrinking not from loyalty.
- 3 Though foundations be destroyed,  
Men no longer care or know  
Of divine and holy things,  
Seeking all their good below;  
Yet Thy power, O Lord, can still  
Stir the hearer at Thy will.
- 4 Therefore from Thy temple, Lord,  
Look upon our strivings here.  
Try our hearts and make us now  
More devoted and sincere;  
Make us know we're in Thy sight,  
And supported by Thy might.

*Evangelical Psalter*