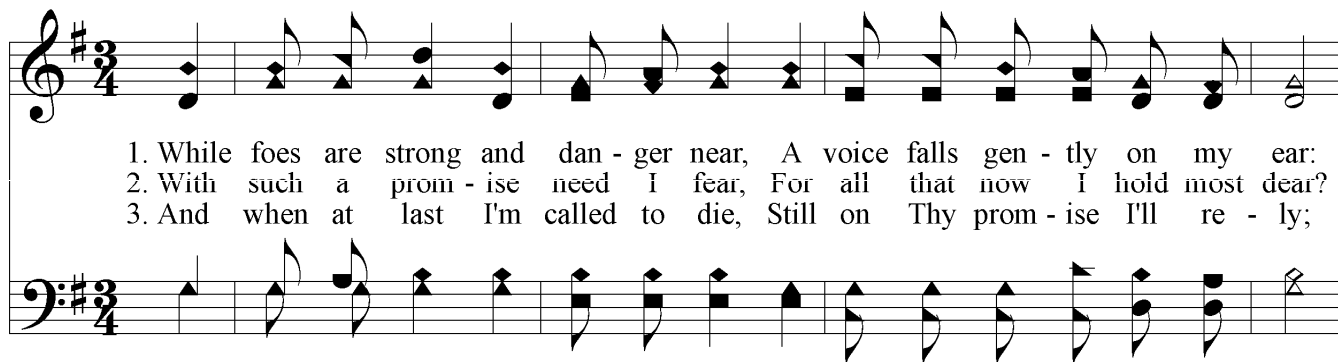


# His Word A Tower



1. While foes are strong and dan - ger near, A voice falls gen - tly on my ear:  
2. With such a prom - ise need I fear, For all that now I hold most dear?  
3. And when at last I'm called to die, Still on Thy prom - ise I'll re - ly;




My Sav - ior speaks, He says to me, That "as my days my strength shall be."  
No, I will nev - er anx - ious be, For "as my days my strength shall be."  
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee, That "as my days my strength shall be,"

## Chorus



His word a Tow'r to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."



His word a Tow'r to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."