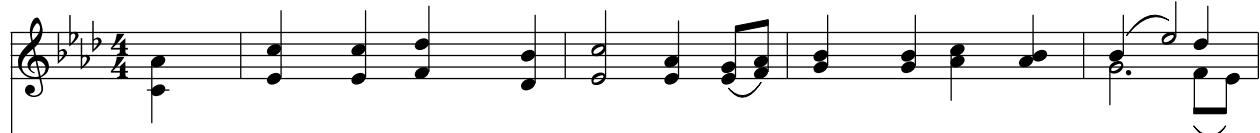


# My High Tower

Philip Paul Bliss, 1876

Philip Paul Bliss

$\text{♩} = 115$



1. In Zi - on's rock a - bid - ing, My soul her tri - umph sings; In  
2. Wild waves are round me swell-ing, Dark clouds a - bove I see; Yet,  
3. My tower of strength can ne - ver In time of trou - ble fail; No



*Refrain*



His pa - vil - ion hid - ing, I praise the King of kings.  
in my for - tress dwell-ing, More safe I can - not be. My high tower is  
power of hell, for - ev - er, A - gainst it shall pre - vail.



He! To Him will I flee; In Him con-fide, in Him a-bide; My high tower is He!

