Were I to Cross from Land to Land

PSALM 139



- 3. I grieve to hear Your enemies speak hatred, Lord, of You; long though they scheme with ill-intent, their days are numbered too.
- 4. How precious are Your thoughts to me, how countless, Lord, they are; more than the shores have grains of sand, more than the skies have stars.
- 5. Come search and test this heart, O Lord, dispel each anxious thought; and lead me onward evermore, to tread the path I ought.
- 6. How blest I am, so bound with love, surrounded, yet so free; in doubt or blessing, life or death, my Lord remains with me.