

1 Un - to the hills a - round do I lift up My longing eyes; O whence for

me shall my sal - va - tion come, From whence a - rise? From God the

Lord doth come my cer - tain aid, From God the Lord Who heaven and earth hath made.

- 2 He will not suffer that thy foot be moved,  
Safe shalt thou be;  
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close  
Who keepeth thee;  
Behold He sleepeth not, He slumbereth ne'er,  
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.
- 3 Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true;  
Thy changeless shade  
Jehovah, evermore on thy right hand,  
Himself hath made;  
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,  
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.
- 4 From every evil shall He keep thy soul,  
From every sin;  
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,  
Thy coming in;  
Above thee watching, He Whom we adore  
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.