

Unto the Hills, I Lift My Eyes (Psalm 121)

Unto the hills, I lift my eyes--
From whence shall help arise?
My help comes from the Lord alone;
Maker of earth and skies.

He will not let your foot be moved;
He watches over those beloved.
Behold, He guards His chosen ones;
By sleepfulness, unmoved.

The Lord's your keeper, night and day;
At your right hand, come what may.
Not sun, nor moon will cause you harm;
The Lord's your rock and stay.

He shall preserve from evils sore;
Preserves you o'er and o'er.
Your going out, your coming in;
From now, and forevermore.

Rev. Brian L. Penney ~ 2007
(sung to This Endris Nyght ~ traditional English Carol)