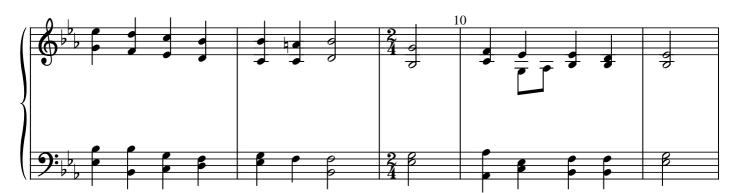
I to the hills will lift my eyes





I to the hills will lift my eyes; O whence shall come my aid? My help is from the Lord alone, Who Heav'n and earth has made.

He will not let thy foot be moved, Thy Guardian never sleeps; With watchful and unslumbering care, His own He safely keeps. Thy faithful Keeper is the Lord, Thy Shelter and thy Shade; 'Neath sun or moon, by day or night, Thou shalt not be afraid.

From evil He will keep thee safe, For thee He will provide; Thy going out, thy coming in, Forever He will guide.

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