

UNTIL the hills around do I lift up  
My longing eyes,  
O! whence for me shall my salvation come,  
From whence arise?  
From God the Lord doth come my certain 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 our God, the Lord, Who slumbers ne'er,  
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

3 Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true,  
Thy changeless shade,  
Jehovah thy defence 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, and for evermore.

*James Douglas Sutherland Campbell, 1845-1914*