



To the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels.
Will He not His help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down; the God and Lord
That made both earth and Heaven.

Faithful soul, pray always; pray And still in God confide; He thy feeble steps shall stay, Nor suffer thee to slide: Lean on thy Redeemer's breast; He thy quiet spirit keeps; Rest in Him, securely rest; Thy watchman never sleeps.

Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell Thy keeper can surprise; Careless slumbers cannot steal On His all seeing eyes; He is Israel's sure defense; Israel all His care shall prove, Kept by watchful providence, And ever waking love. See the Lord, thy keeper, stand Omnipotently near! Lo! He holds thee by thy hand, And banishes thy fear; Shadows with His wings thy head; Guards from all impending harms; Round thee and beneath are spread The everlasting arms.

Christ shall bless thy going out, Shall bless thy coming in; Kindly compass thee about, Till thou art saved from sin; Like thy spotless master, thou, Filled with wisdom, love and power, Holy, pure and perfect, now, Henceforth, and evermore.

Charles Wesley

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