

To The Hills I Lift Mine Eyes  
by Charles Wesley

1 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.

2 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.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell  
Thy Keeper can surprise;  
Careless slumbers cannot steal  
On his all-seeing eyes;  
He is Israel's sure defence;  
Israel all his care shall prove,  
Kept by watchful providence,  
And ever-waking love.

4 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.

5 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.