

PSALM 121

The Peerless Poems of David, the King

November 20, 2016

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While on faith's wing my prayers arise,  
I'll lift unto the hills mine eyes,  
    From whence my help doth come;  
My help comes from the Lord on high,  
Who made the earth and starry sky —  
    Yon vast, effulgent dome.

He will not let thy foot be moved;  
Lo! He that keepeth thee hath proved  
    He will thee safely keep:  
Yea, He that keepeth Israel,  
And who thine every want can tell,  
    Shall slumber not, nor sleep.

The Lord doth ever by thee stand,  
He is thy shade on thy right hand,  
    And thy protector near;  
The sun shall not thee smite by day,  
Nor shall the moon by night thee slay,  
    Nor cast on thee a fear.

The Lord shall thee preserve from ill,  
And all thy life with blessings fill;  
    Thy sin-sick soul restore;  
Thy going out and coming in,  
He shall persevere from harm and sin,  
    Now, and for evermore.