

Unto the Hills We Lift Our Longing Eyes

466

John Campbell, Duke of Argyll, 1877; alt.

Ps. 121

1 Un - to the hills we lift our long - ing eyes with yearn - ing sighs.
 2 God will not let our ser - vant feet be moved; safe we will be.
 3 God is our keep - er, change - less through the years, a shel - ter strong.
 4 From ev - ery e - vil, God will keep our lives, from ev - ery sin.

Who will pro - vide the help we sore - ly need? Who hears our cries?
 God will sup - ply, for all our nights and days, se - cu - ri - ty.
 God is our shade, pro - tect - ing ev - ery hand, through a - ges long.
 God will pre - serve and guard our go - ing out, our com - ing in.

From our Cre - a - tor comes our cer - tain aid.
 God does not sleep when we are tak - ing rest.
 Sun will not strike or harm through - out the day,
 Ev - er a - round, with - in, we will a - dore

Our help is from our God, who all things made.
 God's cov - e - nant en - dures through ev - ery test.
 Nor moon by night, those liv - ing by God's way.
 our God who holds and guides for - ev - er - more.

John Campbell's paraphrase of Psalm 121 was a favorite with Canadian soldiers during World War II. Campbell, a member of Parliament, was married to Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise. For six years he was governor-general of Canada.

Tune: SANDON 10.4.10.4.10.10.
 Charles Henry Purday, 1860
 For another harmonization, see 366

O Love That Will Not Let Me Go

485

George Matheson, 1882; alt.

Rom. 8:38-39; John 8:12

1 O Love that will not let me go,
 2 O Light that fol - lows all my way,
 3 O Joy that seeks me through my pain,
 4 O Cross that rais - es up my head,

I rest my wea - ry soul in you;
 to you I yield my flick - ering flame;
 to you I can - not close my heart;
 from you I dare not seek to flee;

I give you back the life I owe, that
 Re - new my spir - it's fee - ble ray, that
 I trace the rain - bow through the rain, and
 Life's glo - ries with - er and are dead, but

in your o - cean depths its flow may swell with ar - dor true.
 from your bril - liant sun - lit day it may new bright - ness claim.
 know the prom - ise is not vain that you will ne'er de - part.
 from the ground there blos - soms red, life that shall end - less be.

Although he was nearly blind, George Matheson studied for the Church of Scotland ministry, assisted by his sisters, who learned Latin, Greek, and Hebrew to help him. Matheson wrote this hymn in five minutes on June 6, 1882, at his parsonage.

Tune: ST. MARGARET 8.8.8.6.
 Albert L. Peace, 1885

Acts 17:30-31; Rev. 7:9-14

Fanny Crosby, 1873; alt.

1 Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a
 2 Per-fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light! Vi - sions of
 3 Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of
 rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 Sav - ior am hap - py and blessed; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a -

God, born of the Spir - it, washed in Christ's blood.
 bove, ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 bove, filled with God's good - ness, lost in Christ's love.

Refrain

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long;

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.