



Mary Louise Brown

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A Song of Ascents

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains;
From whence shall my help come.
My help cometh from the Lord,
Who made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, He that keepeth Israel
Doth neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall keep thee from all evil;
He shall keep they soul.
The Lord guard thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth and forever.