

**Andante**

S  
1. To Si-on's hill I lift my eyes, From thence ex-pec-ting aid; \_\_\_  
2. Then thou, my soul, in safe-ty rest, Thy Guar-dian will not sleep: \_\_\_  
5. At home, a-broad, in peace, in war, Thy God shall thee de-fend; \_\_\_

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Org

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From Si-on's hill, and Si-on's God, Who heaven and earth has made. \_\_\_  
His watch-ful care, that Is-rael guards, Will Is-rael's mon-arch keep. \_\_\_  
Con-duct thee through life's pil-gri-mage, Safe to thy jour-ney's end. \_\_\_

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Org

3. Shelter'd beneath th'Almighty's wings  
Thou shalt securely rest,  
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee  
By day or night molest.

4. From common accidents of life  
His care shall guard thee still ;  
From the blind strokes of chance, and foes  
That lie in wait to kill