To Heaven I Lift My Waiting Eyes

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
To heaven I lift my waiting eyes, There

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
all my hopes are laid: The

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
Lord that built the earth and skies Is

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
my perpetual aid.

The other verses

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.