Brooklyn Tabernacle Choir "My Help"

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I will lift up mine eyes to the hills From whence cometh my help My help cometh from the Lord The Lord which made Heaven and Earth He said He would not suffer thy foot Thy foot to be moved The Lord which keepeth thee He will not slumber or sleep Oh the Lord is thy keeper The Lord is thy shade Upon thy right hand, Upon thy right hand No the sun shall not smite thee by day Nor the moon by night He shall preserve thy soul Even forever more My help, my help, my help All of my help cometh from the Lord

Choir:

(Same as lead)

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