

IN vain the powers of darkness try
To work the church's ill,
The Friend of sinners reigns on high,
And checks them at His will.

2 Though evil in their hearts may dwell,
And on their tongues deceit,
A word of His their pride shall quell,
And all their aims defeat.

3 My trust is in His grace alone;
His house shall be my home,
How sweet His mercies past to own,
And hope for more to come.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847