

BELIEVERS, like their Lord of old,
Must bear with foes and trials here:
Yet may the weakest saint be bold,
With such a Friend as Jesus near.

- 2 The lion's roar need not alarm,
O Lord, the weakest of Thy sheep;
The serpent's venom cannot harm,
While Thou art near to watch and keep.
- 3 Before, when dangers round me spread,
I cried to my almighty Friend;
He covered my defenceless head;
So now I'll trust Him to the end.
- 4 O refuge of the poor and weak,
Regard Thy suffering people's cry;
Humble the proud, uphold the meek,
And bring us safe to Thee on high.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847