

**T**HY promise, Lord, is perfect peace,  
And yet my trials still increase;  
Till fears, at times, my soul beset  
That Satan will defeat me yet.

2 Then, Saviour, must I fly to Thee,  
And in Thy strength my refuge see;  
O hear me from Thy holy hill,  
And calm, and keep, and help me still.

3 Beneath Thy care secure I sleep,  
For what can harm, when Thou dost keep?  
I'll wake and know Thee at my side,  
My omnipresent guard and guide!

4 For how can earth or hell distress,  
With God so strong, so near to bless?  
From Thee alone salvation flows,  
My only refuge and repose.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*