

THERE is a safe and secret place  
Beneath the wings divine  
Reserved for all the heirs of grace,  
O! be that refuge mine!

2 The least, the feeblest there may hide  
Uninjured and unawed;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
They rest secure in God.

3 The angels watch them on their way,  
And aid with friendly arm;  
And Satan, roaring for his prey,  
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 They feed in pastures large and fair,  
Of love and Truth divine;  
O child of God, O glory's heir,  
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honoured life, a peaceful end,  
And Heaven to crown it all!

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*