

HE who has made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

- 2 Then will I say, 'My God, Thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower:
I, that am formed of feeble dust,
Make Thine almighty arm my trust.'
- 3 Thrice happy one! my maker's care
Shall keep me from the tempter's snare;
The tempter, Satan, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike His saints among the rest,
Even the pains of death are blest!
- 5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrow set them free,
And bring Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748