

INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
Thy great, mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness and love
To feeble, helpless worms,
A buckler and a refuge prove,
From enemies and storms.

3 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To lift the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.

4 The Lord Himself is ever nigh
To them that love His name;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

5 Burdens and changes are their lot
Throughout their sojourn here;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have His saints to fear?

John Newton, 1725-1807