

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His Word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence:
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

John Newton, 1725-1807