

God Of Israel's Faithful Three
by Charles Wesley

1 GOD of Israel's faithful three,
Who braved a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorned to bow the knee,
And walked unhurt in fire;
Breathe their faith into my breast,
Arm me in this fiery hour;
Stand, O Son of man, confest
In all thy saving power!

2 Lo! on dangers, deaths, and snares
I every moment tread,
Hell without a veil appears,
And flames around my head;
Sin increases more and more,
Sin in all its strength returns,
Seven times hotter than before
The fiery furnace burns.

3 But while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage;
Calm I mark their vain design,
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of thine.