

Thou, Lord, Art A Shield For Me
by Charles Wesley

1 THOU, Lord, art a shield for me,
Succour still I find in thee;
Now thou liftest up my head,
Now I glory in thine aid,
Confident in thy defence,
Strong in thine omnipotence.

2 To the Lord I cried; the cry
Brought my helper from the sky;
By my kind protector kept,
Safe I laid me down and slept,
Slept within his arms, and rose;
Blest him for the sweet repose.

3 Thine it is, O Lord, to save;
Strength in thee thy people have;
Safe from sin in thee they rest,
With the gospel-blessing blest,
Wait to see the perfect grace,
Heaven on earth in Jesu's face.