

Blessed Lord, in Thee Is Refuge

Herbert Booth, 1886.

William Owen, 1852.

Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,

Safety for my trembling soul;

Pow'r to lift my head when drooping

'Midst the angry billows' roll.

I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee;

All my life Thou shalt control;

All my life Thou shalt control.

In the past, too, unbelieving,

'Midst the tempest I have been,

And my heart has slowly trusted

What my eyes have never seen.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,

Teach me on Thine arm to lean;

Teach me on Thine arm to lean.

O, for trust that brings the triumph

When defeat seems strangely near;

O, for faith that changes fighting

Into vict'ry's ringing cheer!

Faith triumphant, faith triumphant, faith triumphant,

Knowing not defeat nor fear;

Knowing not defeat nor fear.

Faith triumphant blessed victory!

Every barrier swept away.

Heaven descending, joy and fullness,

Dawn of everlasting day!

Jesus only, Jesus only, Jesus only,

Him to love and Him obey;

Him to love and Him obey.