

I Walk in Danger All the Way

Hans Brorson, 1734.

Halle, Germany, 1704.

I walk in danger all the way,
The thought shall never leave me
That Satan, who has marked his prey,
Is plotting to deceive me.
This foe with hidden snares
May seize me unawares
If e'er I fail to watch and pray.
I walk in danger all the way.

I pass through trials all the way,
With sin and ills contending;
In patience I must bear each day
The cross of God's own sending.
Oft in adversity
I know not where to flee;
When storms of woe my soul dismay,
I pass through trials all the way.

Death doth pursue me all the way,
Nowhere I rest securely;
He comes by night, he comes by day,
And takes his prey most surely.
A failing breath, and I
In death's strong grasp may lie
To face eternity for aye.
Death doth pursue me all the way.

I walk with angels all the way,
They shield me and befriend me;
All Satan's power is held at bay
When heav'nly hosts attend me;
They are my sure defense,
All fear and sorrow, hence!
Unharm'd by foes, do what they may,
I walk with angels all the way.

I walk with Jesus all the way,
His guidance never fails me;
Within His wounds I find a stay
When Satan's power assails me;
And by His footsteps led,
My path I safely tread.
In spite of ills that threaten may
I walk with Jesus all the way.

My walk is heavenward all the way;
Await, my soul, the morrow,
When thou shalt find release for aye
From all thy sin and sorrow.
All worldly pomp, begone!
To Heaven I now press on.
For all the world I would not stay;
My walk is heavenward all the way.