

In the Secret Place of God

Llewellyn Morrison, 1896.

Walter Lewis.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of God, Most High,
When the days of biting bitterness and travail draweth nigh,
With the crimsoned lintel over and the sheltering solace sure,
Doth abide beneath the shadow of Omnipotence, secure.

Refrain

Art thou dwelling in this hiding,
Underneath the sprinkled blood?
Is thy soul, by grace, abiding
In the secret place of God?
There is fullness there, and sweetness;
All thy pow'rs find full employ,
Gladness, comforting, completeness,
Peace, and everlasting joy.

He a fortress is and refuge unto all who trust;
From the fowler's snare and pestilence He ransometh the just;
His truth is shield and buckler, so the potent promise rings,
And there's rest, delight and safety 'neath the cover of His wings.

Refrain

He that said it: "I will answer him who calls on Me;
Will honor and deliver him; from trouble set him free;
Because his love is on Me still, My name to glorify,
I will save and satisfy him, and will give him life on high."

Refrain