

That Man No Guard or Weapons Needs

John Newton, 1779.

George Coles, 1835.

That man no guard or weapons needs,  
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;  
But safe may pass, if duty leads,  
Through burning sands or mountain snows.  
Released from guilt he feels no fear,  
Redemption is his shield and tower;  
He sees his Savior always near  
To help, in every trying hour.

Though I am weak and Satan strong,  
And often to assault me tries;  
When Jesus is my shield and song,  
Abashed the wolf before me flies.  
His love possessing I am blest,  
Secure whatever change may come;  
Whether I go to East or West,  
With Him I still shall be at home.

If placed beneath the northern pole,  
Though winter reigns with rigor there;  
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,  
And make a spring throughout the year.  
Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil,  
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove;  
His presence would support my toil,  
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.