

Alas! Elisha's Servant Cried

John Newton, 1779.

Joseph Funk, 1867.

Alas! Elisha's servant cried,
When he the Syrian army spied,
But he was soon released from care,
In answer to the prophet's prayer.

Straitway he saw, with other eyes,
A greater army from the skies;
A fiery guard around the hill,
Thus are the saints preserved still.

When Satan and his host appear,
Like him of old, I faint and fear;
Like him, by faith, with joy I see,
A greater host engaged for me.

The saints espouse my cause by prayer,
The angels make my soul their care;
Mine is the promise sealed with blood,
And Jesus lives to make it good.