

Incarnate God! the soul that knows
The Believer's Safety
John Newton, 1779,
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 47

Incarnate God! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2. Thy wisdom, faithfulness and love,
To feeble helpless worms;
A buckler and a refuge prove,
From enemies and storms.

3. In vain the fowler spreads his net,
To draw them from thy care;
Thy timely call instructs their feet,
To shun the artful snare.

4. When like a baneful pestilence,
Sin mows its thousands down
On every side, without defence,
Thy grace secures thine own.

5. No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
No arrow wounds by day;
Unhurt on serpents they shall tread,
If found in duty's way.

6. Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms;
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.

7. The angels' Lord, himself is nigh,
To them that love his name;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

8. Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have the saints to fear?