

The Lion That on Sampson Roared  
Words: John Newton, 1779.  
Music: Scottish Psalter, 1615.

The lion that on Sampson roared,  
And thirsted for his blood;  
With honey afterwards was stored,  
And furnished him with food.

Believers, as they pace along,  
With many lions meet;  
But gather sweetness from the strong,  
And from the eater, meat.

The lions rage and roar in vain,  
For Jesus is their Shield;  
Their losses prove a certain gain,  
Their troubles comfort yield.

The world and Satan join their strength,  
To fill their souls with fears;  
But crops of joy they reap at length,  
From what they sow in tears.

Afflictions make them love the Word,  
Stir up their hearts to prayer;  
And many precious proofs afford,  
Of their Redeemer's care.

The lions roar but cannot kill,  
Then fear them not, my friends;  
They bring us, though against their will,  
The honey Jesus sends.