There Is A Safe And Secret Place

WORDS: Henry Francis Lyte

MUSIC: Thomas Hastings

ORTONVILLE C. M.

1. There is a safe and secret place Beneath the wings dwelt
   Of angels, fair and bright, A haven of the heart.

2. The least and feebl'est there may bide, Uninjured and unknown,
   In worship's pure retreat, And there the soul is found.

3. The angels watch him on his way, And aid with friendly word,
   He rests secure in God, Nor fear nor evil come.

4. He feeds in pastures large and fair, Of love and truth divided,
   How rich a lot is thine, And every vine is found.

5. Vine, reserved for all the heirs of grace; Oh be that refuge mine,
   May hate, but cannot harm, He rests secure in God.

6. While thousands fall on every side, He rests secure in God.
   How rich a lot is thine, And every vine is found.

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