There Is A Safe And Secret Place

WORDS: Henry Francis Lyte  
MUSIC: Thomas Hastings

1. There is a safe and secret place Beneath the wings di-vine, 
   Reserved for all the heirs of grace; Oh be that refuge mine,
   Rests secure in God, He rests secure in God.
   May hate, but cannot harm, How rich a lot is thine!

2. The least and fee-bl'est there may bide, Un-in-jured and un-awed: 
   While thousands fall on every side, He rests secure in God. 
   May hate, but cannot harm, How rich a lot is thine!

3. The angels watch him on his way, And aid with friend-ly arm; 
   And Satan, roaring for his prey, May be that refuge mine. 
   Oh be that refuge mine!

4. He feeds in pas-tures large and fair, Of love and truth di-vine; 
   O child of God, O glory's heir, How rich a lot is thine!
   How rich a lot is thine!