

When your dwelling is secure in the Lord's Almighty shadow,

our Refuge, our fortress, the God, whom we trust,
from all terrors of the night, every day's tormenting arrows,
the wings of his truth as a shield hold you fast.

Through darkness we'll walk, even days of disaster,
before we shall see our true home;
but if thousands may fall, who know not the Master,
the fate of the wicked he'll keep from his own.

Since you dwell in the Most High,
with my LORD you're bound together,
no plague of dread judgment can darken your home;
for his angels he has charged, they shall guard your path forever,
borne up on their arms lest your foot strike a stone.

Satan will fall, though he roar like a lion:
under your feet the Snake slain!
"For you love me" says the Lord, "your heart is in Zion;
And I will exalt all who honour my name."

"When they call me I will hear: every cry, and those unspoken,
So shall I be near them, till my Kingdom come;
then deliver them to life, for my promise stands unbroken,
to share the salvation of Jesus my Son!"

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