HE that hath made his refuge; God, Hath found a most secure abode: Will walk all day beneath His shade, And safely rest at night his head.

If burning beams of noon conspire To dart a pestilential fire, God is a Rock, whose ample shade Around His Isr'el's tents is spread.

If vapours, with their pois'nous breath, Rise thick and scatter midnight death, Isr'el is safe; the poison'd air Grows pure, if Isr'el's God be there.

Then let them say, our God Thy power Shall be our fortress and our tower; Though we be form'd of feeble dust, Still in Thy Spirit make us trust,

