ANGEL MINISTERS



2. Angel-legions all about thee, death and danger to repel; angels o'er thee and before thee, what are all the hosts of hell?

Perils thicken, tempests chafe, fiends assail thee; thou art safe.

3. Angel-guards, how near and gracious; angel-shields, how broad and bright; angel-eyes, how quick and tender; angel-hands, how full of might!

What a wondrous company, pilgrim, waiteth upon thee!

4. Not the thousand times ten thousand of man's proudest war array, not the steel of bannered squadrons could thee shield so well as they, sent from heaven as ministers of the kingdom's blessèd heirs.

5. Hopeless oft may seem the ventures of the pilgrim-march below; never will thy guards desert thee, never fear to face thy foe; caring for thee day and night, in the journey or the fight.

6. Gabriel, Michael – who I know not – may be leader of the host; named or unnamed, they will keep thee, fearing, fainting, danger-tossed; wounded oft and battle-worn, thou canst never be o'erborne.

7. Yet 'tis not angelic legions, with their skill, and care, and might, that can guard thee from the perils of the darkness or the light.

'Tis the King of angels who can conduct thee safely through.

8. Lean on him to whom the legions of the angelic host belong,
Captain of the heavenly army,
true and faithful, wise and strong.
Hands may slacken, eyes grow dim; only, only lean on him.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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