

## “Safe in the Arms of Jesus” ~ Fanny Crosby

In April 30, 1868, Dr. W. H. Doane came into my house and said, “I have exactly forty minutes before my train leaves for Cincinnati. Here is a melody. Can you write words for it?” I replied that I would see what I could do. Then followed a space of twenty minutes during which I was wholly unconscious of all else except the work I was doing. At the end of that time I recited the words to “Safe in the Arms of Jesus.” Mr. Doane copied them, and had time to catch his train.” – Fanny Crosby

A mother was very much interested in a conversation carried on by her two little girls. One of them had been singing “Safe in the Arms of Jesus,” and the other had interrupted her with the question; “How do you know that you are safe?” “Because”, was the response. “I am holding on to Jesus with both hands.” “But that does not make you safe,” persisted the other; “suppose Satan should cut off your hands.” For a moment a troubled expression came into the trustful little face, but it almost instantly cleared and she joyously exclaimed, “Oh, I made a mistake! Jesus is holding me with His hands, and Satan can’t cut His hands off. I am perfectly safe in His arms.” Could any answer have been more beautiful. ----- From Famous Hymns of the World, by Southerland.

*Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o’ershaded, sweetly my soul shall rest.  
Hark! ’tis the voice of angels, borne in a song to me.  
Over the fields of glory, over the jasper sea.*

*Refrain*

*Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast  
There by His love o’ershaded, sweetly my soul shall rest.*

*Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world’s temptations, sin cannot harm me there.  
Free from the blight of sorrow, free from my doubts and fears;  
Only a few more trials, only a few more tears!*

*Refrain*

*Jesus, my heart’s dear Refuge, Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages, ever my trust shall be.  
Here let me wait with patience, wait till the night is over;  
Wait till I see the morning break on the golden shore.*