

Jacob's Ladder

John Newton (1725-1807)

If the Lord our leader be,
We may follow without fear;
East or west, by land or sea,
Home, with Him, is everywhere:
When from Esau Jacob fled,
Tho' his pillow was a stone,
And the ground his humble bed,
Yet he was not left alone.

Kings are often waking kept,
Racked with cares on beds of state;
Never king like Jacob slept,
For he lay at Heaven's gate:
Lo! he saw a ladder reared,
Reaching to the heav'nly throne;
At the top the Lord appeared,
Spoke and claimed him for His own.

Fear not, Jacob, thou art Mine,
And My presence with thee goes;
On thy heart My love shall shine,
And My arm subdue thy foes:
From My promise comfort take,
For My help in trouble call;
Never will I thee forsake,
'Till I have accomplished all.

Well does Jacob's ladder suit
To the Gospel throne of grace;
We are at the ladder's foot,
Every hour, in every place:
By assuming flesh and blood,
Jesus Heav'n and earth unites;
We by faith ascend to God,
God to dwell with us delights.

They who know the Savior's name,
Are for all events prepared;



What can changes do to them,
Who have such a guide and guard?
Should they traverse earth around,
To the ladder still they come;
Every spot is holy ground,
God is there—and He's their home