

In the Shadow of His Wings
Eben Rexford, 1905.
Austin Miles.

In the times of bitter trouble,
When the heart is grieved with loss,
And o'er rough, hard ways we stumble,
'Neath the burden of our cross,
Then a thought comes, comfort bringing,
And the heart's disordered strings
Lose their discord in its music
In the shadow of His wings!

Refrain

O the thought is sweeter, sweeter,
Than the song the skylark sings,
Soaring toward the gates of Heaven
In the shadow of His wings!

Just to think! God is so near us,
That His hand our hand may find
If we reach out in the darkness,
Tho' our eyes with tears are blind!
Close beside us! O the comfort
That this thought of nearness brings,
Tho' His face for tears we see not!
In the shadow of His wings!

Refrain

Love of God that faileth never,
Foll'wing all the wandering feet,
Hating sin, but seeking sinners
With a patience strange as sweet;
Follow, follow, ever follow,
Till Thy loving pleading brings
All Thy children to the shelter
In the shadow of Thy wings!

Refrain