

Not One Forgotten
Eliza Hewitt, 1893.
Henry Gilmour.

There's a word of tender beauty
In the sayings of our Lord;
How it stirs the heart to music,
Waking gratitude's sweet chord;
For it tells me that our Father,
From His throne of royal might,
Bends to note a falling sparrow,
For 'tis precious in His sight.

Refrain

In my Father's blessed keeping
I am happy, safe and free;
While ,
I will not forgotten be.

Tho' I'm least of all His children,
So unworthy of His love,
Yet, for me, there's kind remembrance
In the Father-heart above;
He will ever save and keep me,
He will guide me on the way,
For my Savior gently whispers,
"Are ye not much more than they?"

Refrain

Oh, the wounded hands of Jesus
All the springs of life control,
Is there any ill can harm me
While His blood is on my soul?
Let me, like the little sparrow,
Trust Him where I cannot see,
In the sunshine and the shadow,
Singing, "He will care for me."

Refrain