

O Child of God
Fanny Crosby, 1886.
Ira Sankey.

O child of God, wait patiently when dark thy path may be,
And let thy faith lean trustingly on Him who cares for Thee;
And though the clouds hang drearily upon the brow of night,
Yet in the morning joy will come, and fill thy soul with light.

O child of God, He loveth thee, and thou art all His own;
With gentle hand He leadeth thee, thou dost not walk alone;
And though thou watchest wearily the long and stormy night,
Yet in the morning joy will come, and fill thy soul with light.

O child of God, how peacefully He calms thy fears to rest,
And draws thee upward tenderly, where dwell the pure and blest;
And He who bendeth silently above the gloom of night,
Will take thee home where endless joy shall fill thy soul with light.