

The Father's Care

P. B. Sabin, 1897.

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'Neath threatening clouds a little bird  
Flew homeward to its rest;  
And 'neath the leaves of sheltering oak  
Slept safe in downy nest.  
Thro' ceaseless storm of summer night  
Was heard no wild despair,  
For greater than the tempest's wrath,  
The Father's watchful care.

Refrain

O the wonderful, wonderful love,  
That marks the sparrow's fall;  
O the wonderful, wonderful love,  
That hears my faintest call.

So white the snow on valley's breast,  
So bare the old oak tree;  
The wind plays with a broken nest  
O bird, who cares for thee?  
A song of praise a burst of joy  
Brought Jesus' words to me:  
"The Father marks thy fall," I cried,  
And His love feedeth thee.

Refrain

O heart oppressed with life's sad woe,  
Doubt not thy Father's care.  
No sorrow is to Him unknown,  
Its anguish He doth share.  
The love that marks the sparrow's fall  
Shalt for thy need prepare,  
For greater than thy life can tell,  
Thy Father's watchful care.

Refrain