

The Lord Is Our Trust

Will Maupin, 1921.

Leonard Daugherty.

I know not where the path may lead,
How dark the way that I must tread;
My feet may walk on fragrant mead,
Or midst deep bogs that 'round them spread.

Refrain

But this I know, whate'er betide,
I need not fear nor walk alone;
I still may have One at my side,
And feel my hand within His own.

I may not have strength of my own,
To do the task before me laid;
Heart shrink to make the fight alone
Against the foe I see arrayed.

Refrain

But this I know, whate'er the task,
Or foe that seeks my soul's alarm,
I need not fear; I need but ask
The helpful strength of His strong arm.

Refrain

I may not know what waits the day,
Nor part the veil that hangs between;
I may not glimpse one golden ray
Upon the further distant scene.

Refrain

But this I know, if with my best
I played the part I had to play,
'Tis safe to leave to Him the rest,
For His own time, in His own way.

Refrain