

Be Not Afraid
Alfred Hough, 1874.
Charles Gabriel.

Come weal, come woe where'er we go,
God is not far away;
He holds the stormy winds that blow,
And molds the golden day,
The darkest night to Him is light,
And thro' the shine or shade,
He speaks in tones of tender might,
"My child, be not afraid."

Refrain

Child, be not, be not afraid;
Child, be not, be not afraid
The darkest night to Him is light,
And thro' the shine or shade,
Child, be not, be not afraid;
Child, be not, be not afraid
He speaks in tones of tender might,
"My child, be not afraid."

Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail
O'er boundless seas of space,
And lights along all shores may fail,
God will not hide His face;
But sweetly whispers while His hands
Upon His own are laid,
"Lo! at thy side thy Father stands,
My child, be not afraid."

Refrain

Thro' changing years, in joy and tears,
The changeless One abides,
And safe the soul from doubt and fears
That in His bosom hides.
On noisy street, in still retreat,
Thro' vales of deepest shade,
That voice is heard with accents sweet,
"My child, be not afraid."

Refrain