

Children Of The Heavenly Father

Plumb

Children of the heav'nly Father
Safely in His bosom gather
Nestling bird nor star in Heaven
Such a refuge e'er was given
God, His own doth tend and nourish
In His holy courts they flourish
From all evil things He spares them
In His mighty arms He bears them
Neither life nor death shall ever
From the Lord, His children sever
Unto them His grace He showeth
And their sorrows all He knoweth
Though He giveth or He taketh
God His children ne'er forsaketh
His, the loving purpose solely
To preserve them, pure and holy
Lo, their very hairs He numbers
And no daily care encumbers
Them that share His ev'ry blessing
And His help in woes distressing
Praise the Lord in joyful numbers
Your Protector never slumbers
At the will of your Defender
Ev'ry foeman must surrender
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