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up - ward wing to - night. Thou my child Keep on and all. and mine, en - cir cles me. His arm is gain. good, and loss ill,-since God is No



- 4. Beneath the shadow of His mighty wing;In that sweet secret of the narrow way,Seeking and finding, with the angels sing:"Lo, I am with you alway," watch and pray.
- 5. No snare, no fowler, pestilence or pain;No night drops down upon the troubled breast,When heaven's aftersmile earth's tear-drops gain,And mother finds her home and heav'nly rest.