

# “The Lord,” My Fear Saith

1. “The Lord,” my fear saith, “Thy needs will de - ny.”  
 2. A - way un - be - lief; My Sav - ior is near;  
 3. The Faith - ful One will In fu - ture be nigh,

“Each good thing,” saith faith, “Will Je - sus sup - ply.  
 His plans for re - lief Will short - ly ap - pear.  
 My wants will He fill, My needs all sup - ply!

To Him all things leav - ing, What - e'er may be - tide,  
 Though here I am writh - ing In dust like a worm,  
 Full many a re - mind - er Of help my life shows:

Though now thou art griev - ing: The Lord will pro - vide!”  
 The Lord is pro - vid - ing—I smile at the storm.  
 He could not be kind - er, Who heals all my woes!

4. The way dark may be  
That He bids me take,  
Yet He lovingly  
That way bright will make;  
Though cisterns be broken,  
Things visible fail,  
The Word He hath spoken  
Shall ever prevail!

5. So all that I meet  
Redounds to my weal,  
The bitter turns sweet,  
The wounds quickly heal;  
Though trials be present,  
They will not last long;  
And then—oh, how pleasant—  
A victory-song!

6. Why should I complain  
Of trial or need,  
Of trouble or pain?  
Christ teacheth indeed:  
To whom He would offer  
The kingdom on high,  
With Jesus must suffer,  
And with Him must die!

7. How bitter the woe  
He bore for our sin  
That He might bestow  
Salvation to men!  
His way was far rougher,  
Far darker than mine;  
He came down to suffer—  
Should I then repine?

8. Though trouble's dark night  
Or sorrow assail,  
Though foes may affright  
And friends' help may fail,  
There's One who remaineth  
Always at our side,  
Our faith He sustaineth—  
The Lord will provide.

9. How firm is the ground,  
Ye saints of the Lord,  
That for you is found  
In God's holy Word:  
What more can He say than  
His promise declares?  
True faith stands unshaken;  
False faith—it despairs!