

Under His Wings

William Orcutt Cushing, 1896

Ira David Sankey

♩=130

1. Un-der His wings I am safe-ly a-bid-ing, Though the night deep-ens and
2. Un-der His wings, what a ref-uge in sor-row! How the heart yearn-ing-ly
3. Un-der His wings, oh, what pre-cious en-joy-ment! There will I hide till life's

temp-ests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me,
turns to His rest! Oft-en when earth has no balm for my heal-ing,
tri-als are o'er; Shel-tered, pro-ject-ed, no e-vil can harm me,

Refrain

He has re-deemed me, and I am His child.
There I find com-fort, and there I am blessed. Un-der His wings, un-der His wings,
Rest-ing in Je-sus, I'm safe ev-er-more.

Who from His love can se-ver? Un-der His wings my soul shall a-bide, Safe-ly a-bide for-

- ev-er.