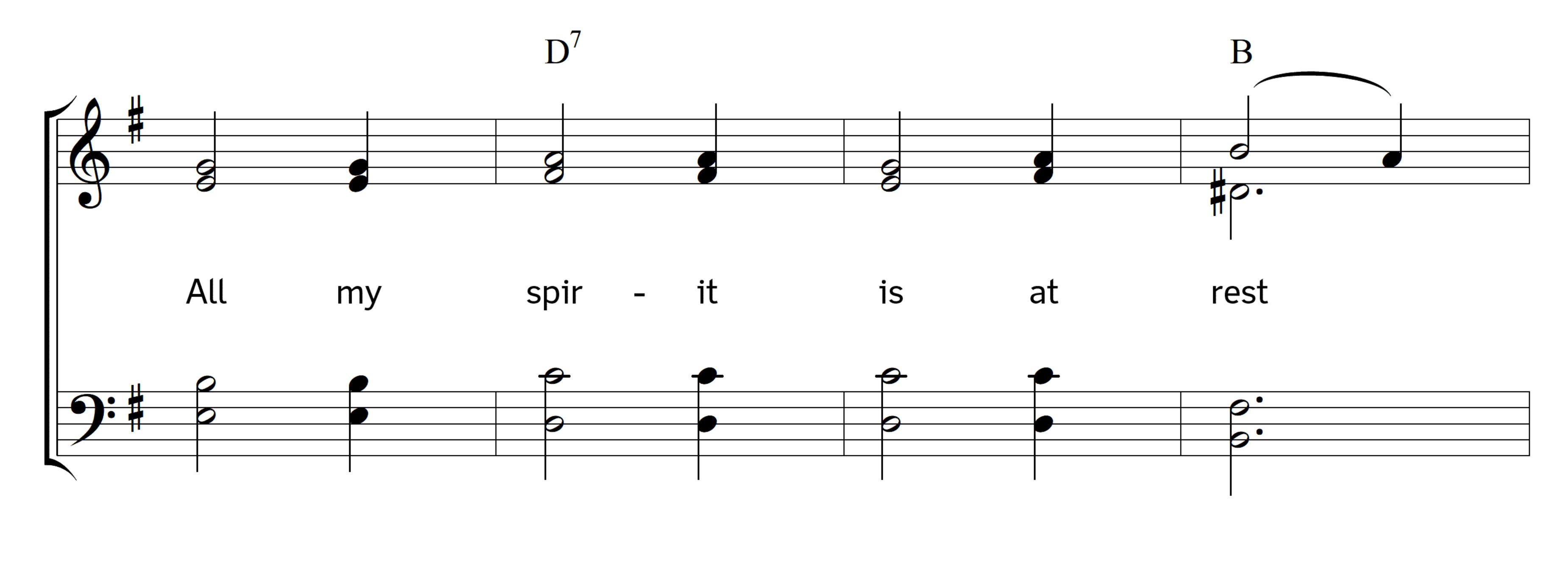
THE EVERLASTING ARMS







- 2. There my spirit cannot murmur, pleased with all that my betide what the will of Self would cherish is already crucified buried is each murmuring word in the grave of Christ my Lord.
- 3. There my spirit cannot question, little doth she think or say; all the thorns of life around her cannot take her peace away he who made me guideth best, and my heart is left at rest.
- 4. There my spirit knows no darkness, love remains when all is gone sorrows crushing soul and body do the heathens know alone resting in Christ's blessed light, fears she not the earthly light.

- 5. There my spirit is not careful, for she knoweth of no ill; hanging still upon her Father, though he slay her, trusting still; how shall flesh and blood repine where the chastening is divine?
- 6. Thus on God my spirit waiteth, even so doth overcome; silently enduring all things, mockery and martyrdom; like a still sea doth she lie, full of praise to God most high.

Words: Johann Joseph Winkler. Translation: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2013 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/816/