THE SHELTERING WING





- 2. Thou knowest, Lord, my only plea is sovereign grace, too rich, too free, too omnipotent to doubt; it drew me – led me to thy feet; to hear thee those blessed words repeat, "Ne'er will I cast thee out."
- 3. In childhood, through that grace divine, to thee my heart did I resign; and though in after years I wandered far in sin's dark track, mercy pursued and brought me back, with floods of contrite tears.
- 4. Still has that mercy led me on; for more than "forty years" has shone o'er life's long pathway traced; and now, methinks, I see it gleam from far, o'er Jordan's billowy stream, wither my footsteps haste.

- 5. Saviour! Thy voice can banish fear, and if thou deignest to draw near when most I need thine aid; if, when the cold waves round me swell, "the everlasting arms" I feel, I shall not be dismayed!
- 6. Mercy will bear me safely through, mercy, sweet mercy, still pursue, brightening the dark rough wave, and land me on that peaceful shore where enemies are known no more, omnipotent to save.

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