

# Plumb, Children Of The Heavenly Father

Children of the Heavenly Father  
Safely in His bosom gather  
Nestling bird nor star in heaven  
Such a refuge e'er was given

God His own doth tend and nourish  
In His holy courts they flourish  
From all evil things He spares them  
In His mighty arms He bears them

Neither life nor death shall ever  
From the Lord His children sever  
Unto them His grace He showeth  
And their sorrows all He knoweth

Though He giveth or He taketh  
God His children ne'er forsaketh  
His the loving purpose solely  
To preserve them pure and holy

Lo their very hairs He numbers  
And no daily care encumbers  
Them that share His ev'ry blessing  
And His help in woes distressing

Praise the Lord in joyful numbers  
Your Protector never slumbers  
At the will of your Defender  
Ev'ry foe man must surrender.

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