

“God knows what is best for thee.”

WHEN thy heart is bowed with sorrow,
When fears undefined oppress,
And a dreading of the morrow
Fills with anxious care thy breast;
And in vain thy mind is seeking
Why, or whence these fears can be,
Listen to the Spirit speaking,
“God knows what is best for thee.”

Thou hast read, “tost on the billow
Weary watch disciples kept,”
Whilst as though on downy pillow
Midst the storm the Saviour slept.
Learn thou from the Saviour’s chiding
On that Galilean sea,
To be in Him all-confiding;
God knows what is best for thee.

Though the tempest rages round thee,
O’er thy bark the waves prevail,
Though thy cry for help may drown’d be
In the howlings of the gale,
Let thy faith thy heart sustaining
In that hour exultant be,
Ever this grand truth maintaining,
God knows what is best for thee.

Be not cast down, be not fearful
In that hour of sharpest trial,
Look alost serene and cheerful,
Give each doubt a firm denial.
For thy lamp of faith shall light thee
Though Egyptian darkness be,
And the thought a rich delight be,
God knows what is best for thee.

Overruled by love and wisdom,
By faith only understood,
Of His dealings this the outcome,
All is working for thy good.
Why then cast down, why so fearful?
Trusting fully constantly,
This grand truth should make thee cheerful,
God knows what is best for thee.

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