



NEVER FORGETS HIS OWN.

Do you think that the Lord forgets you
Because you must fight and pray,
And reap the sorrow harvest
You've sown from day to day?
Do you think that He lets you suffer
And never heeds your moan?
Ah, no! for the dear Lord Jesus
Will never forget His own.

Do you think that because your heart aches
With a bitter, cruel pain,
And your life's sweet, happy sunshine
Is shadowed by storm and rain,
And the music is hushed and silenced
Till you hear but the undertone,
That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?
He never forgets His own.

Do you think that because the sorrow
All human hearts must know
Has come to you or the darling
You loved and cherished so,
And things you want have vanished,
The things you would call your own,
That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?
He never forgets His own.

And we're all His own dear children,
And He holds us all as dear
As you do your own dear wee one
Who creeps to your heart so near;
And if we will only listen
We can hear His tender tone:
"Oh, rest in peace, My children:
I never forget My own."