

Under His shadow, in weakness
I rested, nor made complaint ;
For a heavy Cross He carried,
When bruised, and sore and faint.

Into the Valley of Shadows,
I shall not fear to fare ;
For my Saviour knows its darkness,
And He will meet me there.

Oh, the joy of that meeting !
The bright Eternal Day,
When in the light of His Presence
Shadows shall flee away.

