

Not One Forgotten

1. There's a word of ten - der beau - ty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Tho' I'm least of all His chil - dren, So un - wor - thy of His love,
3. O the wound - ed hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - i - tude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me there's kind re - mem - brance In the Fa - ther - heart a - bove;
Is there an - y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?

For it tells me that "Our Fa - ther," From His throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me; He will guide me on the way,
Let me, like the lit - tle spar - row, Trust Him where I can - not see,

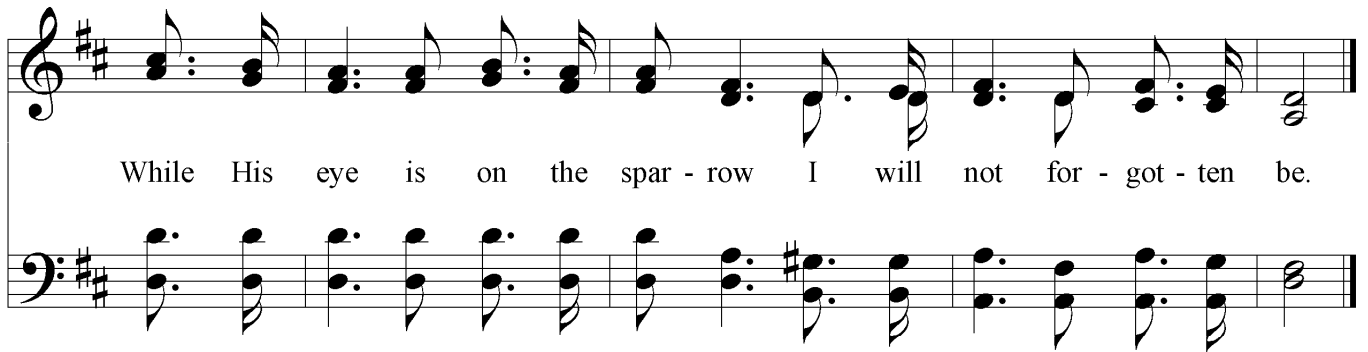
Bends to note a fall - ing spar - row, For 'tis pre - cious in His sight.
For my Sav - ior gen - tly whis - pers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun - shine and the shad - ow, Sing - ing, He will care for me.

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Chorus



In my Fa - ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;



While His eye is on the spar - row I will not for - got - ten be.