Beneath His Wing

Words by Edwin H. Nevin
Music by J. H. Fillmore

1. Beneath His wing I sweet-ly rest, While balm-y peace reigns in my breast;
   I nev-er need a foe to dread, While His bright wing is o’er me spread.

2. A - midst all dan-gers, seen or known, His guard-ian wing is o’er me thrown;
   It soothes me with its mag-ic pow’r, And turns to light the dark-est hour.

3. This heav’n-ly wing, so wide-ly spread, Is o-ver me wher-e’er I tread;
   It ban-ish-es all gloom and fear To feel as-sured His wing is near.

4. When wast-ing on the bed of death, I still can sing with dy-ing breath,
   For round me I can clear-ly see Christ’s wing of love o’er-arch-ing me.

Chorus

Be - neath His wing, my heart doth sing, be - neath, be - neath His wing.

Repeat softly