

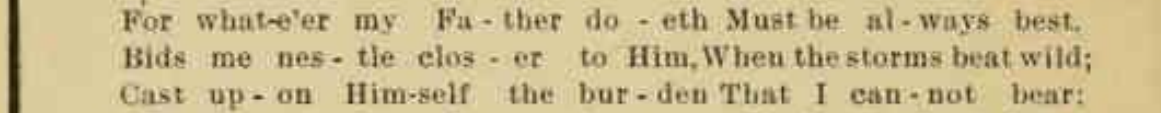
A. V. *J. S. Fuller.*



1. Pre-cious thought, my Fa-ther knoweth, In His love I rest;
2. Pre-cious thought, my Fa-ther knoweth, Car-eth for His child;
3. Sweet to tell Him all He knoweth, Roll on Him the care,
4. Oh, to trust Him then more ful-ly! Just to sim-ply move



For what-e'er my Fa-ther do-eth Must be al-ways best.
Bids me nes-tle clos-er to Him, When the storms beat wild;
Cast up-on Him-self the bur-den That I can-not bear;
In the conscious calm en-joy-ment Of the Fa-ther's love,



Well I know the heart that planueth Naught but good for me;
Tho' my earth-ly hopes are shat-tered, And the tear-drop fall,
Then with-out a care op-press-ing, Sim-ply to lie still,
Know-ing that life's chequered path-way Lead-eth to His rest,



Cresc.



Joy and sor-row in-ter-wov-en, Love in all I see,
Yet He is Him-self my sol-ace, Yea, my "all in all."
Giv-ing thanks to Him for all things, Since it is His will,
Sat-is-fied the way He tak-eth Must be al-ways blest.

