



Underneath and Everlasting

Child of God, forlorn and weary,
Doth the way seem overlong?
Are the skies above thee dreary,
And thou hast no heart for song?
Pause awhile, and think, and ponder,
There are Arms outstretched for thee,
Arms that tell of love far fonder
Than earth's fondest love could be!

Arms of Jesus, Everlasting;
Arms that never weary grow;
We, our loads upon them casting,
Cannot tire them. Cannot. No!
Open arms, outstretched, inviting,
To the weary, much-worn saint,
With the strain of constant fighting
In the heavenly warfare, faint.

Arms outstretched! And oh! the wonder!
Underneath thee, they are there!
Always, always, always under,
Thee to catch and thee to bear.
'Neath thee in thy sorest trial,
'Neath thee should thy life's sun-dial
Tell that setting sun is low.

Outstretched! Tireless! And unfailing!
Underneath, these Arms are spread!
Strong! Their strength so all-availing!
Softer yet than infant's bed!
Such the Arms that now would hold thee;
Have thee know their perfect rest;
Have thee find, as they enfold thee,
Quenchless love on Jesus' breast.

. . . *J. Danson Smith*

*"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are
THE EVERLASTING ARMS"
(Deuteronomy 33:27)*