

D.L. Moody:

1 Peter 5:7

"All thy griefs by Him are ordered,
Needful is each one for thee,
All thy tears by Him are counted,
One too much there cannot be.

And if, while they fall so quickly,
Thou canst own His way is right,
Then each bitter tear of anguish,
Precious is in Jesus' sight.

Far too well thy Saviour loves thee,
To allow thy life to be,
One long calm unbroken sunbeam,
One unruffled, stormless sea.

He would have thee fondly nestling,
Closer to his gentle breast,
He would have that world seem brighter,
Where alone is perfect rest."