

# Not One Forgotten

*Are not five sparrows sold for two pence? and not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God. - Lk. 12:6*

F - 2 - SOL

E. E. Hewitt

H. L. Gilmour, 1893

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

Lord, How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing  
Love, Yet, for me there's kind re - mem - brance In the  
trol, Is there an - y ill can harm me While his

grat - i - tude's sweet chord; For it tells me that "Our  
Fa - ther - heart a - bove; He will ev - er save and  
blood is on my soul? Let me, like the lit - tle

*D.S. Chorus* - In my Fa - ther's bless - ed

Fa - ther," From his throne of roy - al might, Bends to  
keep me; He will guide me on the way, For my  
spar - row, Trust him where I can - not see, In the  
keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free; While his

*D. S.  
Chorus*

note a fall - ing spar - row, For 'tis pre - cious in his sight.  
Sav - iour gent - ly whis - pers, "Are ye not much more than they?"  
sun - shine and the shad - ow, Sing - ing, he will care for me.

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