

In His Care

By
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My knees are weak and cannot bend,
But God still holds me up;
And when I think I've reached the end,
He passes me the cup.

He walks beside me every day;
He braces every fall.
"There is no God," some folks might say,
But He's the God of all.

In times of trouble, toil, and tears,
He soothes my burdened heart.
He takes my worries, doubts, and fears
And tears them all apart.

At last when I lie down to sleep,
I know my Lord is there.
My soul is in His hands to keep;
My life is in His care.