

A little bird I am

Comfort in Trials — By Enjoyment in Suffering

724

1. A lit - tle bird I am, Shut from the fields of
 air, And in my cage I sit and sing To Him who placed me
 there; Well pleased a pri - son - er to be, Be -
 cause, my God, it pleas - eth Thee.

2. Nought have I else to do,
 I sing the whole day long;
 And He whom most I love to please
 Doth listen to my song;
 He caught and bound my wandering wing;
 But still He bends to hear me sing.

3. Thou hast an ear to hear
 A heart to love and bless;
 And though my notes were e'er so rude,
 Thou wouldst not hear the less;
 Because Thou knowest as they fall,
 That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

4. My cage confines me round;
 Abroad I cannot fly;
 But though my wing is closely bound,
 My heart's at liberty;
 For prison walls cannot control
 The flight, the freedom of the soul.

5. O it is good to soar
 These bolts and bars above!
 To Him whose purpose I adore,
 Whose providence I love;
 And in Thy mighty will to find
 The joy, the freedom of the mind.