

A little bird I am

Comfort in Trials — By Enjoyment in Suffering

724

(Guitar: Capo 3)

G **D⁷** **G** **C**
1. A lit - tle bird I am, Shut from the fields of
D **D⁷** **G** **D⁷** **G** **A⁷**
air, And in my cage I sit and sing To Him who placed me
D **D⁷** **G**
there; Well pleased a pri - son - - er to be, Be -
G **D** **G** **C** **D** **D⁷** **G**
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.