

Peace troubled soul, thou need'st not fear

1840 Manchester Hymnal, #24

Peace troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near:
Who fed thee last will feed thee still,
Be calm, and sink into his will.

The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesus' name."

His stores are open all and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

Your sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are numbered all;
This truth he's published all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear,
Your heavenly Father will you feed;
He knows that all these things you need.

Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give:
With him you all things shall receive.

Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.