

# In His Arms of Love

*I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine. Sng. 6:3*

1. The waves are toss-ing, bil-lows roll, And storm clouds screen the sun-ny sky;  
2. I can-not see the way be-fore; Through des-ert wastes or by the sea—  
3. Let noth-ing ev-er come to cool My love for Him who lov-eth me;

I'll trust the Lov-er of my soul, For I am safe when He is nigh.  
What-ev-er He may have in store, I'll drink the cup He giv-eth me.  
Let noth-ing blight the bliss but fuel The flame to burn a-way de-bris.

He'll car-ry me up, up, a-way— A-bove the clouds the sun doth shine;  
I'll low-ly let Him have His way To purge all dross and gold re-fine;  
Let noth-ing turn my feet a-stray, Nor strain the ties that in-ter-twine;

In His dear arms of love I'll lay, For I am His and He is mine.  
In His dear arms of love I'll lay, For I am His and He is mine.  
In His dear arms of love I'll lay, For I am His and He is mine.