

Caedmons Call

"Sometimes A Light Surprises"

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Sometimes a light surprises, The Christian while he
sings
It is the Lord who rises, With healing in His wings
When comforts are declining, He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining, To cheer is after rain

In holy contemplation, We sweetly then pursue
The theme of Gods salvation, And find it ever new
Set free from present sorrow, We cheerfully can say
Let the unknown tomorrow, Bring with it what it may

Tomorrow can bring us nothing, But He will bear us
through
Who gives the lilies clothing, Will clothe His people too
Beneath the spreading heavens, No creature but is fed
And He who feeds the ravens, Will give His children
bread

Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks or herds be there
Yet God the same abiding, His praise shall tune my
voice
For while in Him confiding, I cannot but rejoice!
For while in Him confiding, I cannot but rejoice!

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