

# The Raven He Feedeth

Lewis Edgar Jones, 1898

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♩=140

1. In ten - der com - pas - sion and won - der - ful love, The Fa - ther looks  
2. His arm is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save, His eye is a  
3. No need have I ev - er to trou - ble my breast, Or fear what the

down from on high; He know - eth the ra - ven hath need of its food, And  
guide to my feet; Since love sought and found me, I con - stant - ly dwell With  
mor - row may bring; The heart of the Fa - ther is plan - ning my way, And

*Refrain*

hear - eth in mer - cy its cry.  
Him in com - pan - ion - ship sweet. The ra - ven He feed - eth, then why should I  
I am the child of a king.

fear? To the heart of the Fa - ther His child - ren are dear; So, if the way dark - ens or

storms ga - ther o'er, I'll sim - ply look up - ward and trust Him the more.