

# Leaning upon My Father's Arm

Elisha Albright Hoffman, 1905

Thomas Benjamin Mosley

*♩* = 100

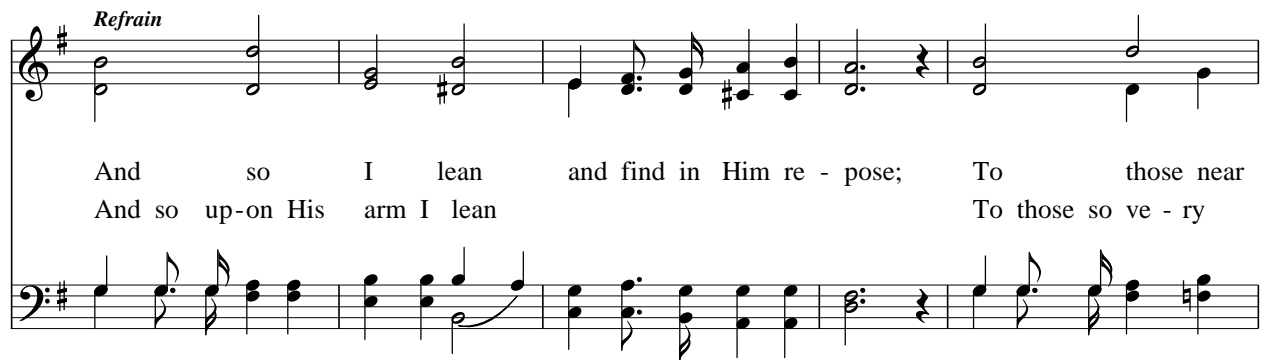


1. Lean-ing up - on my Fa - ther's arm I am se - cure from ill and harm;  
2. Here sweet-est, pur-est joys a - bound, Here per-fect peace and rest are found;  
3. Lean-ing up - on my Fa - ther's arm, No cru-el foe can me a - larm;  
4. O this is per-fect bless-èd - ness! O this is grace and won-drous peace,

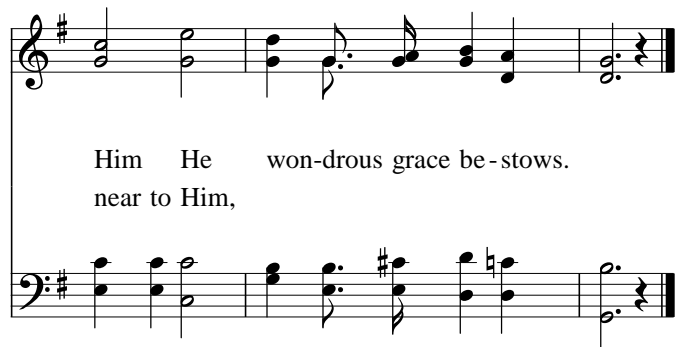


Here I a - bid in per - fect peace, And know life's pur - est hap - pi - ness.  
Here filled with Je - sus' pre - cious love, I taste the bliss of Heav'n a - bove.  
He whis - pers gent-ly, "Thou art Mine," And folds me in His love di - vine.  
To lean up - on the Fa - ther's arm, And feel se - cure from ill and harm.

*Refrain*



And so I lean and find in Him re - pose; To those near  
And so up-on His arm I lean To those so ve - ry



Him He won-drous grace be-stows.  
near to Him,