

1. Are you sunk in depths of sor - row, where no arm can reach so low?
 2. Oth - er arms grow faint and wea - ry, these can nev - er faint or fail;
 3. Un - der - neath - us, oh, how ea - sy! We have not to mount on high,
 4. Arms of Je - sus, fold me clo - ser to Thy strong and lov - ing breast,

There is One whose arms, al - migh - ty, reach be - yond thy deep - est woe:
 Oth - ers reach our moun - ts of bles - sings, these our low - est, dark - est vale.
 But to sink in - to His full - ness, and in trust - ful weak - ness lie.
 Till my spi - rit on Thy bos - om, finds its ev - er - last - ing rest,

God, E - ter - nal, is thy re - fuge, let Him still thy wild a - larms;
 Oh, that all might know His friend - ship! Oh, that all might see His charms!
 And we find our hum - bling fail - ures save us from the strength that harms;
 And when life's last sands are sink - ing, shield my heart from all a - larms,

Un - der - neath thy deep - est sor - row are the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Oh, that all might have be - neath them Je - sus' ev - er - last - ing arms.
 We may fall, but un - der - neath - us are the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Soft - ly whis - p'ring, "Un - der - neath thee are the ev - er - last - ing arms."