112. I Know Who Holds Tomorrow

Ira Stanphill

1. I don't know about tomorrow, I just live from day to day, I don't borrow row from its sunshine, For its skies may turn to gray. I don't worry o'er the one who feeds the spar-row, Is the one who stand by me. And the path that be my future, For I know what Jesus said. And today I'll walk beside Him, shining, There no tear will dim the eye, At the ending of the rainbow, portion, May be through the flame or flood, But His presence goes before me, For He knows what is ahead. Many things about tomorrow, I don't seem to understand; But I know who holds tomorrow, And I know who holds my hand.

2. Ev'ry step is getting brighter; As the golden stairs I climb; Every bower from its sunshine, For its skies may turn to gray. I don't worry o'er the bower from its sunshine, For its skies may turn to gray. I don't worry o'er the one who feeds the spar-row, Is the one who stand by me. And the path that be my future, For I know what Jesus said. And today I'll walk beside Him, shining, There no tear will dim the eye, At the ending of the rainbow, portion, May be through the flame or flood, But His presence goes before me, For He knows what is ahead. Many things about tomorrow, I don't seem to understand; But I know who holds tomorrow, And I know who holds my hand.

3. I don't know about tomorrow, It may bring me poverty; But the one who feeds the spar-row, Is the one who stand by me. And the path that be my future, For I know what Jesus said. And today I'll walk beside Him, shining, There no tear will dim the eye, At the ending of the rainbow, portion, May be through the flame or flood, But His presence goes before me, For He knows what is ahead. Many things about tomorrow, I don't seem to understand; But I know who holds tomorrow, And I know who holds my hand.