His Eye Is on the Sparrow

Violin Solo

Old City, Jerusalem
COVER:  His Eye Is on the Sparrow

Surely the little sparrows did find a dwelling place around the Temple (Psalm 84:1-3), for as we wander through the streets of the Old City of Jerusalem and around the famous Western Wall Plaza, we see tame little sparrows hopping on the ground or flying out from crevices in the stones. They have found a house near God’s altar (where the Lord Jesus Christ was offered). We, also, have found in the Saviour our abode and our delight!

David envied the sparrows, when he languished for the ancient tabernacle services and for communion there with His Lord. He was being persecuted and hounded by Saul.

When the Lord Jesus was about to send His disciples out to preach the Gospel of the kingdom, He gently fortified their minds against the persecutions that they would have to endure. He feared lest they should fear, and was anxious lest they be anxious, so He talked to them as a brother full of tenderness and sympathy: Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows (Mt. 10:29-31).

God takes better care of us than we take care of ourselves. We may count sheep and cattle, but do we number the hairs of our head? He knows when we have lost a hair, or when they turn white with grief or age. Before the world began the hairs of our head were numbered!

Not only we, but all that concerns us, have been foreordained by God. Everything has been ordained by divine wisdom, even to the blowing of a grain of dust along a public road! Neither is there anything so great as to be beyond His control! Our happiness, therefore, can only lie in complete submission to the Lord our God.

Even someone who loves us very much does not count the very hairs of our heads, but God goes beyond this. If there were no one else in the world except us, and God didn’t have anything to do but think of us, He would not know more about us than He does now. What manner of persons ought we to be as to our feelings, our thinking, our resolving, our desiring, our doing, and our speaking, when everything is minutely known to God, even to the counting of the very hairs of our head! Ought we not to give our whole selves to God, even to the minutest detail?

See the high estimate that the Lord Jesus sets on His servants. If we were buying a farm, we might count the trees, but not the limbs and leaves; but if we were buying a jeweler’s shop, we would count all the pins, and all the diamond rings, because everything is precious there. How precious in the sight of the Lord are His saints. He sets such a value on His children that He gave His Son Jesus Christ to die sooner than He would lose one of them.

His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He cares for me.

His Eye Is on the Sparrow

Score
Civilla D. Martin

Vincent

Why should I feel discouraged

Why should the shadows come,

Why should my heart be lonely
And long for Heav’n and home,

Shaddai is my portion?
My constant Friend is He:

His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me;

His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

I sing because I’m happy,

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His Eye Is on the Sparrow

sing because I'm free, For His eye is on the
sparrow, And I know He watches me dolce poco rit.

"Let not your heart be troubled,"

His tender word I hear.

And resting on His

goodness,
His Eye Is on the Sparrow

I lose my doubts and fears; I draw the closer to Him, From care He sets me free, His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me. His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.
His Eye Is on the Sparrow

sing because I'm happy; I sing because I'm free, for His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
His Eye Is on the Sparrow

Piano

molto dolce

pp

6

12

17

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Civilla D. Martin

Charles H. Gabriel
Arr. Glenda Macomber

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spar-row, And I know He watches me; His eye is on the spar-row, And I

know He watches me, sing because I'm happy, I sing because I'm

free. For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches

dolce poco rit. "Let not your heart be
His Eye Is on the Sparrow

And resting on His goodness,
I lose my doubts and

Hear, hear, His tender word.
His Eye Is on the Sparrow

I demand the close, to Him, From care He steers. His eye is on the
And I know He cares for me. His eye is on the
And I know He cares for the
His Eye Is on the Sparrow

me... sing because I'm happy; I sing because I'm free, for His eye is on the 

...spar row, And I know He watches 

...me...