Father Of Mercies, In Thy Word

MANOAH

1. Fa - ther of mer-cies! in Thy word What end-less glo-ry shines!
2. Here, the fair tree of knowl-edge grows, And yields a free re-past;
3. Here, the Re-deem-er's wel-come voice Spreads heav'n-ly peace a-round;
4. Oh, may these heav'n-ly pag-es be My ev-er dear de-light;

For ev-er be Thy name a-dored, For these ce-les-tial lines.
Sub-lim-er sweets than na-ture knows In-vite the long-ing taste.
And life and ev-er-last-ing joys At-tend the bliss-ful sound.
And still new beau-ties may I see, And still in-creas-ing light.

Words: Anne Steele
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