"Thy Gentleness!" O Gracious Word

1. "Thy gentleness!" O gracious word! It binds me to my blessed Lord;
2. Oh, why should God thus condescend To treat a mortal as a friend?
3. My God, I thank Thee for Thy love, Whose daily minis try I prove;

Where'er He leads me I will go—His gentleness doth help me so!
And why should He with loving care My daily portion so prepare?
I thank Thee for my friends and home, And all the joys that from them come;

He teaches me and makes me strong, He helps me in the war with wrong;
I only know that every hour I trust His mercy and His pow'r!
I thank Thee for the wondrous grace That gives my soul a hiding-place;

Rit...

He shields my soul from wick-ed hate! His gentleness hath made me great!
And while from Him the wick-ed flee He shows His gentleness to me!
Thy count- less mer-cies I confess, And bless Thee for Thy gentleness. Amen.

Words: Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891
Music: E. P. Tate
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