

AMNS 167 Father of mercies, in thy word

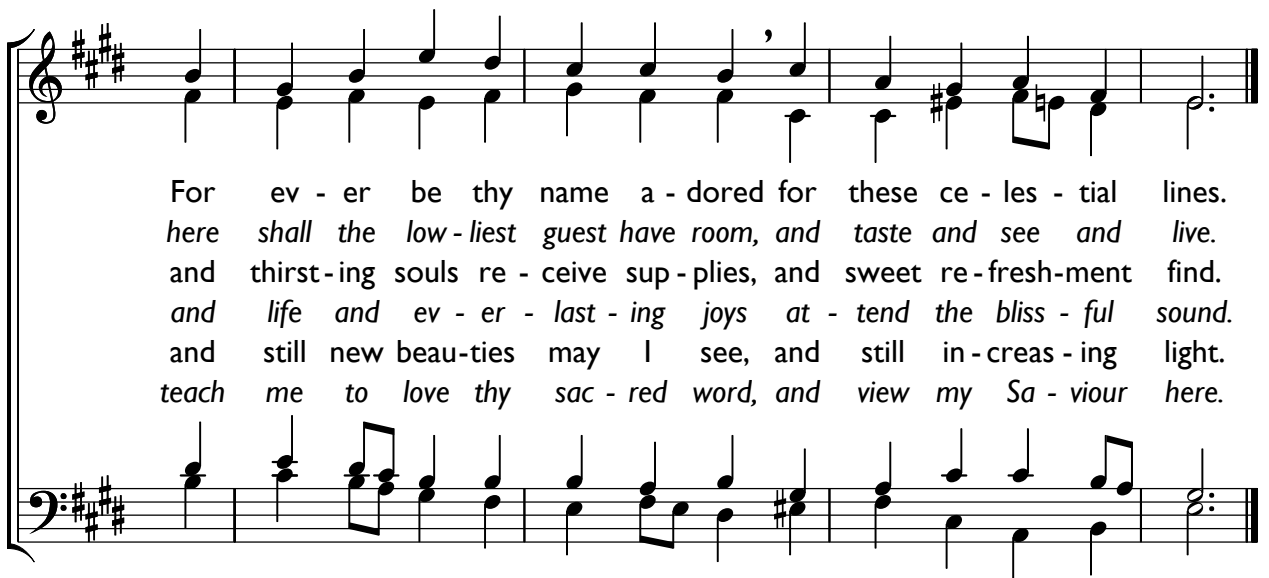
Melody: Angmering

Anne Steele
(1717-1778)

C. H. H. Parry
(1848-1918)



1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy word what end - less glo - ry shines!
2. Here may the blind and hun - gry come, and light and food re - ceive;
3. Here springs of con - so - la - tion rise to cheer the faint - ing mind,
4. Here the Re - deem - er's wel - come voice spreads heav'n - ly peace a - round,
5. O may these heav'n - ly pa - ges be my ev - er dear de - light,
6. Di - vine in - struc - tor, gra - cious Lord, be thou for ev - er near;



For ev - er be thy name a - dored for these ce - les - tial lines.
here shall the low - liest guest have room, and taste and see and live.
and thirst - ing souls re - ceive sup - plies, and sweet re - fresh - ment find.
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.
teach me to love thy sac - red word, and view my Sa - viour here.