

Father, we Thy children bless Thee

(ADOPTION. 8.7.8.7.D.)

SopranoAlto

1. Fa - ther, we Thy chil - dren bless Thee For Thy love on
 2. Now the sprin - kled blood has freed us, Hast - ning on - ward
 3. Though our pil - grim - age be drea - ry, This is not our

TenorBasse

us be - stowed ; As our Fa - ther we ad - dress Thee, Called to
 to our rest, Through the des - ert Thou dost lead us, With Thy
 rest - ing place ; Shall we of the way be wea - ry When we

be the sons of God. Wond - rous was Thy love in giv - ing
 con - stant fa - vour blest ; By Thy truth and Spi - rit guid - ing,
 see our Mas - ter's face ? No : e'en now an - ti - ci - pat - ing,

Je - sus for our sins to die ; Won - drous was His grace
 Ear - nest He of what's to come, And, with dai - ly strength
 In this hope our souls re - joice, And His pro - mised ad -

in leav - ing For our sakes, the heav'n's on high.
 pro - vid - ing, Thou dost lead Thy chil - dren home.
 vent wait - ing, Soon shall hear His wel - come voice.