



Words by Anne Steele

Father of Mercies, In Thy Word

Music by Steve Dale

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy Word what end-less glo - ry shines!
 2. Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows and yields a free re - past;
 3. Oh, may these heav'n-ly pa - ges 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 still new beau - ties may I see, and still in - creas - ing light.

Here, may the wretched sons of want ex - haustless rich - es find:
 Here the Re-deem-er's wel-come voice spreads heav'n-ly peace a - round,
 Di - vine In-struc-tor, gra-cious Lord, be thou for-ev - er near;

rich - es, a - bove what earth can grant, and last-ing as the mind.
 and life and ev - er - last - ing joys at - tend the bliss - ful sound.
 teach me to love thy sa - cred Word and view my Sav - ior there.

Fa-ther of mer - cies, in thy Word.