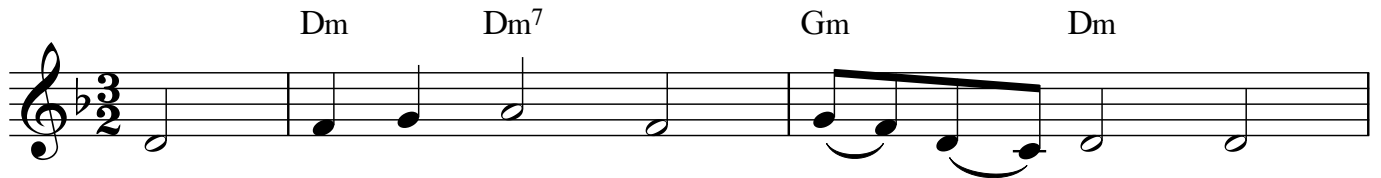


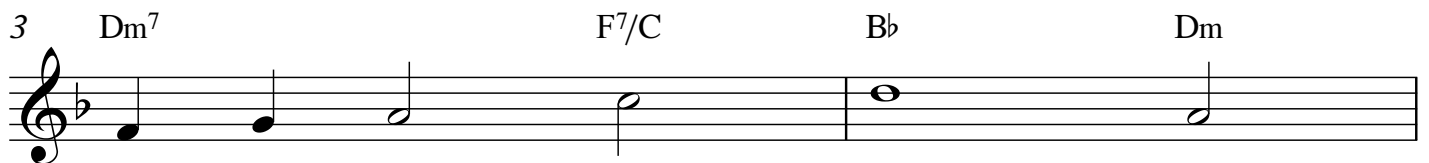
# Father Of Mercies, In Thy Word

Anne Steele

The Sacred Harp



Fa - ther of mer - cies, in Thy Word What  
 Here may the blind and hun - gry come And  
 Here springs of con - so - la - tion rise To  
 Here the Re - deem - er's wel - come voice Spreads  
 Oh, may those heav'n - ly pa - ges be my  
 Di - vine In - struct - or, gra - cious Lord, Be



end - less glo - ry shines! For -  
 light and food re - ceive; Here  
 cheer the faint - ing mind, And  
 heav'n - ly peace a - round, And  
 ev - er dear de - light; And  
 Thou for - ev - er near; Teach



ev - er be Thy name a - dored For  
 shall the low - liest guest - lave room And  
 thirst - ing souls re - ceive sup - plies And  
 life and ev - er last - ing joys At -  
 still new beau - ties may I see And  
 me to love Thy sa - cred Word And



these ce - les - tial lines.  
 taste and see and live.  
 sweet re - fresh - ment find.  
 tend the bliss - ful sound.  
 still in - creas - ing light!  
 view my Sav - ior here.