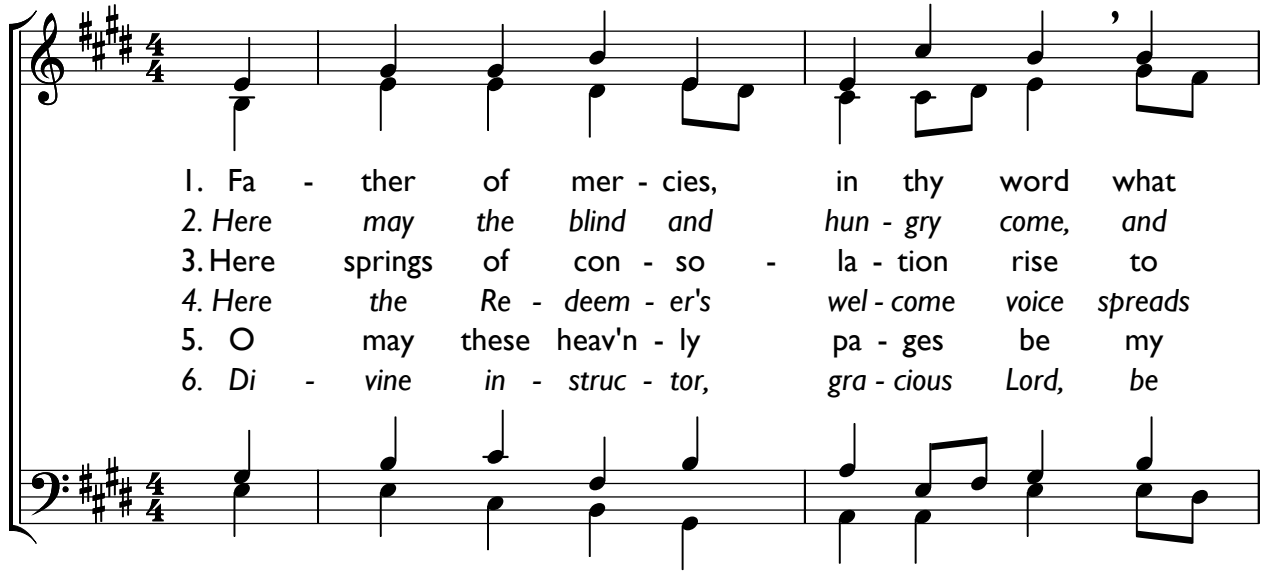


AMNS 167 Father of mercies, in thy word

Anne Steele
(1717-1778)

Melody: Southwell (Irons)

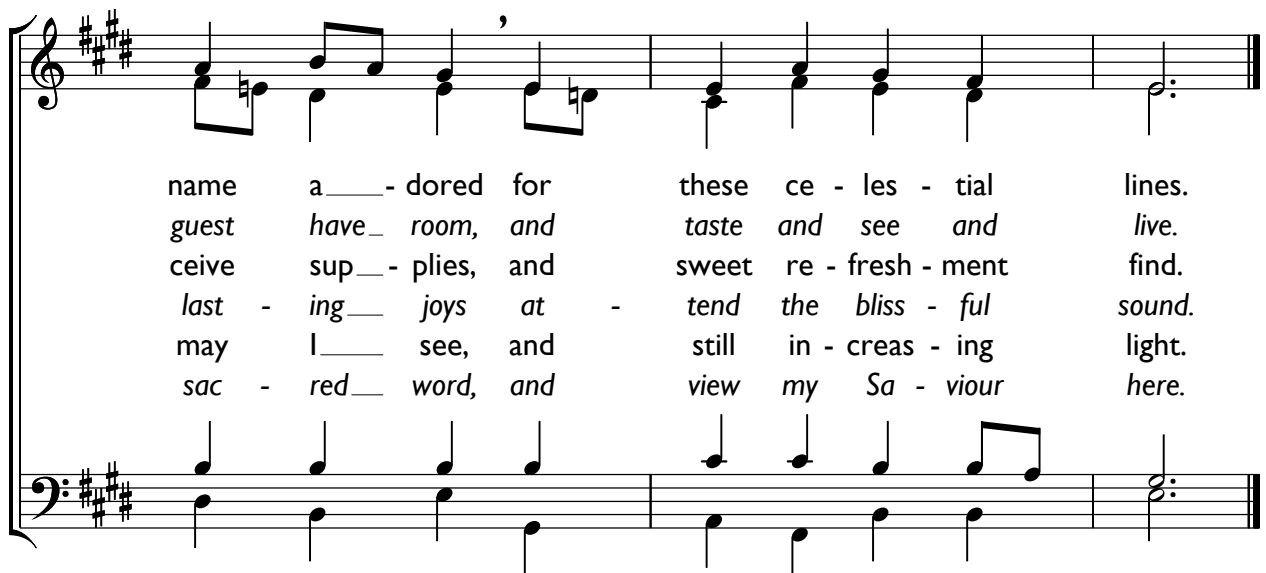
H. S. Irons
(1834-1905)



1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy word what
2. Here may the blind and hun - gry come, and
3. Here springs of con - so - la - tion rise to
4. Here the Re - deem - er's wel - come voice spreads
5. O may these heav'n - ly pa - ges be my
6. Di - vine in - struc - tor, gra - cious Lord, be



end - less glo - ry shines! For ev - er be thy
light and food re - ceive; here shall the low - liest
cheer the faint - ing mind, and thirst - ing souls re -
heav'n - ly peace a - round, and life and ev - er -
ev - er dear de - light, and still new beau - ties
thou for ev - er near; teach me to love thy



name a - dored for these ce - les - tial lines.
guest have room, and taste and see and live.
ceive sup - plies, and sweet re - fresh - ment find.
last - ing joys at - tend the bliss - ful sound.
may I see, and still in - creas - ing light.
sac - red word, and view my Sa - viour here.