O Holy Father, who in tender love

Worship of the Father — His Redemption



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44

as we eat this bread and drink this wine, Plead His once of fered sa - crifice Di - vine.

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- 2. We are not worthy to be called Thy sons, Nor gather up the fragments of Thy feast; Yet look on us, Thy sorrowing contrite ones, On us in Him our Advocate and Priest, Whose robe is fringed with mercy's golden bells, Whose breastplate fathomless compassion tells.
- 3. Oh, hear us, for Thou always hearest Him; Behold us sprinkled with His precious blood; And from between the shadowing cherubim Shine forth, and grant us by this heav'nly food Foretastes of coming glory, and meanwhile A Father's blessing and a Father's smile.
- 4. And, Father, ere we leave Thy mercy-throne, Bound by these sacred pledges, yet most free, We give our hearts, and not our hearts alone, But all we are and all we have to Thee; Glad free-will offerings all our pilgrim days, Hereafter an eternity of praise.