Father, to Thee a joyful song we raise

Worship of the Father — His Praise from Many Sons

(Guitar: Capo 1)

G			С		G			
1. Fa	- ther, to	Thee a	a joy - ful song	we a	raise		With	all Thine
D		G	с	G			D	G
own; And in Thy pre - sence sound a note of praise To Thee a - lone;								
D		Α						D7
Bro't	nigh, bro't	home	to Thee—O	won		drous		grace,
G		с		G			D	G
That	gives us	ives us now with Thine own S		Son	our place.			
 2. How deep the holy joy that fills that scene, Where love is known! Thy love, our God and Father, now is seen, In Him alone; As, in the holy calm of Thine own rest, He leads the praise of those Thy love has blessed. 3. He leads the praise! How precious to Thine ear 								

- The song He sings! How precious, too, to Thee—how near, how dear Are those He brings
- To share His place: 'twas thus that Thou didst plan; Thou lovedst Him before the world began.