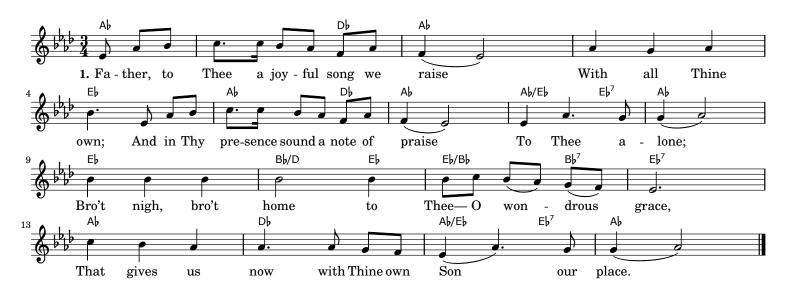
Worship of the Father — His Praise from Many Sons



**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.