

Father, to Thee a joyful song we raise

Worship of the Father — His Praise from Many Sons

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1. Fa - ther, to Thee a joy - ful song we raise With all Thine
own; And in Thy pre - sence sound a note of praise To Thee a - lone;
Bro't nigh, bro't home to Thee— O won - drous grace,
That gives us now with Thine own Son our place.

Chords: Ab, D♭, Ab, Eb, Ab, D♭, Ab, Ab/E♭, Eb7, Ab, Eb, B♭/D, Eb, Eb/B♭, B♭7, Eb7, Ab, D♭, Ab/E♭, Eb7, Ab

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.