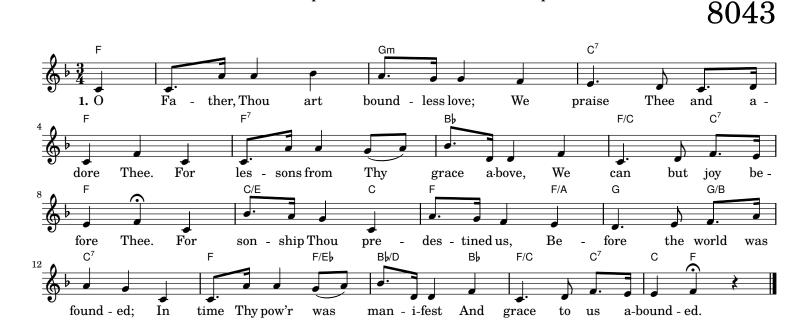
O Father, Thou art boundless love

Worship of the Father — His Grace in Sonship



- 2. Thine only Son from death Thou raised, Firstborn in resurrection; His work completed, well He's praised; His vict'ry's our possession.
 We've now become Thy many sons; Our heart with praise is ringing; All that Thy firstborn Son has done Fills all our days with singing.
- 3. His God is also ours, we're shown; His Father is our Father.
 Flesh of His flesh, bone of His bone; Naught us from Him can sever.
 By Him we're now led back to Thee To sing in congregation; Like Him and one with Him are we, Thy Firstborn's duplication.

4. What grace and love divine this is! Thy Son and sons joined ever; Our blest eternal portion 'tis, Our Father's joy and pleasure! Thy Son will come from heaven soon; Today we here await Him; May this desire our hearts consume: With lute and lyre to praise Him.