

FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light and food receive;
Here shall the lowliest guest have room,
And taste and see and live.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsting souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near:
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1717-78