William Bright And now, dear Father, mindful of the love

William Henry Monk (1824-1901)(1823-89)







- 1. And now, dear Father, mindful of the love That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree, By this prevailing presence we appeal; And having with us Him that pleads above, We here present, we here spread forth for Thee O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal; That only offering perfect in Thine eyes, The one true, pure, immortal sacrifice.
- 2. Look, Father, look on His anointed face, And only look on us as found in Him; Look not on our misusings of Thy grace, Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim: For lo! between our sins and their reward We set the passion of Thy Son, our Lord.
- 3. And then for those, our dearest and our best, O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast, From tainting mischief keep them white and clear, And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.
- 4. And so we come: O draw us to Thy feet, Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still; And by this food, so awful and so sweet, Deliver us from every touch of ill: In Thine own service make us glad and free, And grant us nevermore to part with Thee.