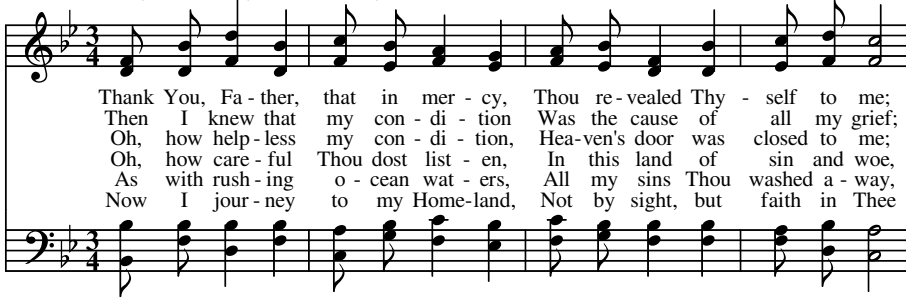


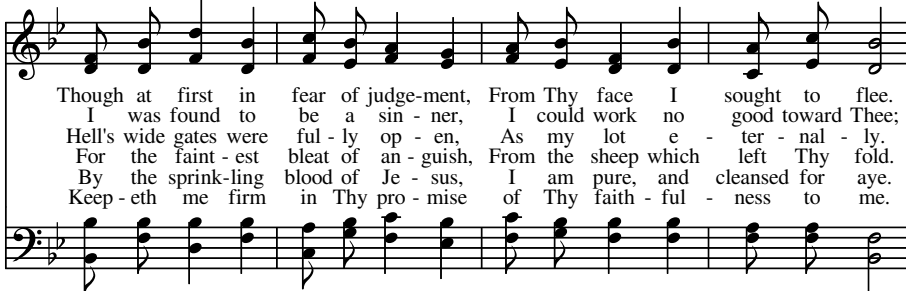
# Thank You Father, That In Mercy

S.E. Anderson

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer." II Sam 22:2




Thank You, Fa - ther, that in mer - cy, Thou re - vealed Thy - self to me;  
Then I knew that my con - di - tion Was the cause of all my grief;  
Oh, how help - less my con - di - tion, Hea - ven's door was closed to me;  
Oh, how care - ful Thou dost list - en, In this land of sin and woe,  
As with rush - ing o - cean wat - ers, All my sins Thou washed a - way,  
Now I jour - ney to my Home - land, Not by sight, but faith in Thee



Though at first in fear of judge - ment, From Thy face I sought to flee.  
I was found to be a sin - ner, I could work no good toward Thee;  
Hell's wide gates were ful - ly op - en, As my lot e - ter - nal - ly.  
For the faint - est bleat of an - guish, From the sheep which left Thy fold.  
By the sprink - ling blood of Je - sus, I am pure, and cleansed for aye.  
Keep - eth me firm in Thy pro - mise of Thy faith - ful - ness to me.



Thou who fill - eth Earth and Hea - ven, Gave no place of rest to me;  
Could I as a foun - tain flow - ing, Bring forth wat - ers foul and sweet?  
Where is hope for such a sin - ner? Where de - li - ver - ance for me?  
Now my cry was heard in Hea - ven, Thou didst rouse Thy - self for me;  
From the brink of Hell Thou drew me, In - to Hea - ven's glor - ious realm;  
Though I see my ma - ny fail - ures, Great - er is Thy grace toward me;



Thy sharp eyes were still up - on me, I could find no peace with Thee.  
No, but on - ly wat - ers bit - ter, Is - sued from my heart, un - clean.  
From my heart a cry was lift - ed, Lord, be mer - ci - ful to me.  
And in fur - ious, blood - y bat - tle, Thou didst crush mine e - ne - my.  
Bands of sin and death Thou sun - dered, From my heart poured praise and song.  
Through the keep - ing of Thy Spir - it, I am Thine e - ter - nal - ly.