

The Tender Love a Father Has



The ten - der love a fa - ther has for
The Lord re - mem - bers we are dust, and
The flower is with - ered by the wind that
Un - chang - ing is the love of God, from
Those who his gra - cious cov - enant keep the



all his chil - dren dear— such love the Lord be -
all our frail - ty knows; our life is like the
smites with blight - ing breath; so we are quick - ly
age to age the same, dis - played to all who
Lord will ev - er bless; their chil - dren's chil - dren



stows on those who wor - ship him in fear.
ten - der grass, and as the flower it grows.
swept a - way be - fore the blast of death.
do his will and rev - er - ence his name.
shall re - joice to see his right - eous - ness.