The Tender Love a Father Has

The tender love a father has for all his children dear—
The Lord remembers we are dust, and all our frailty knows;
The flower is withered by the wind that smites with blighting breath;
Unchanging is the love of God, from age to age the same,
Those who his gracious covenant keep the Lord will ever bless;

such love the Lord bestows on those who worship him in fear.
our life is like the tender grass, and as the flower it grows.
so we are quickly swept away before the blast of death.
displayed to all who do his will and reverence his name.
their children's children shall rejoice to see his righteousness.

Tune: Thomas Tallis, c. 1567

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