

# Dew of Mercy

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1873

William Howard Doane

♩=105



1. Like the still qu - iet fall of the si - lent dew of night On the leaves, that are fold - ed to  
2. How it cheers and re - vives ev - ery bud of Christ - ian hope! How it takes ev - ery sor - row a -  
3. When we ask of the Lord, in our sim - ple fer - vent prayer, For His bless - ing at morn and at



rest, Is the mer - cy of God when it drop - peth from His throne, Bring - ing  
- way! O 'tis sweet - er by far than the drops of na - ture's dew, And it  
even, Let us pray that our souls may be wa - tered and re - freshed, By the



balm from the fields of the blest. Dew of mer - cy, dew of mer - cy, Ev - er  
fall - eth by night and by day. Dew of mer - cy ev - er fall - ing, Dew of mer - cy ev - er fall - ing,  
dew of His mer - cy from Heaven.



drop - ping, gent - ly drop - ping from a - bove; Dew of mer - cy, how it  
Dew of mer - cy ev - er fall - ing, How it



cheers us, Ev - er drop - ping from a Sav - ior's love!  
sweet - ly cheer - eth us!

