

Father of everlasting grace

S. Reay, 1822-1905

Stamford
888.D

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece from the first system. It features two staves with treble and bass clefs, maintaining the key signature and time signature. The notation includes various chordal textures and melodic lines.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It consists of two staves with treble and bass clefs. The music continues with a similar hymn-like style, featuring chords and melodic fragments.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features two staves with treble and bass clefs. The final measures of the hymn are shown, ending with a double bar line.

Father of everlasting, grace,
Thy goodness and Thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and Thy truth we prove;
Thou hast, in honour of Thy Son,
The gift unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love.

The purchased Comforter is given,
For Jesus is returned to heaven
To claim and then the Grace impart:
Our day of Pentecost is come,
And God vouchsafes to fix His home
In every poor expecting heart.

Father, on Thee, whoever call
Confess Thy promise is for all,
While everyone who asks receives,
Receives the Gift and Giver too,
And witnesses that Thou art true,
And in Thy Spirit walks and lives.

Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine;
Send him the sprinkled blood to apply,
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever Thine.

So shall we pray, and never cease,
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love;
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless and praise Thee evermore,
And serve thee as Thy hosts above:

Till, added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain,
Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all our friends in light,
Thine everlasting love to man.

Charles Wesley