

Thou Tender, Gracious Father
Lina Sandell, 1859.
Bohemian Brethren.

Thou tender, gracious Father,
Who watches over me,
How shall I ever praise Thee,
How love and honor Thee?
Thou guidest me with caution
From every secret snare,
And 'neath Thy wings a refuge
I find in my despair.

With raiment, food and shelter,
Whate'er my needs imply,
For soul and body ever,
Do Thou in grace supply.
O Lord, I soon would perish
If aught Thou should exclude;
O could I love Thee better
And prove my gratitude.

In childlike, true obedience
Help me to do the right;
May precious be Thy statutes,
Thy yoke be pleasant light!
And when some hardship threatens,
A danger frightens me,
May Thou in all my trials
My present helper be.

Thy heart is all compassion,
With love it overflows;
Whate'er of ill betide me,
Thou knowest, and my woes.
Thou dost not sleep nor slumber,
By night nor thru the days;
Thine arms, almighty Father,
Enfold all time and space.