

Dew of Mercy
Fanny Crosby, 1873.
Howard Doane.

Like the still quiet fall of the silent dew of night
On the leaves, that are folded to rest,
Is the mercy of God when it droppeth from His throne,
Bringing balm from the fields of the blest.

Refrain

Dew of mercy, dew of mercy,
Ever dropping, gently dropping from above;
Dew of mercy, how it cheers us,
Ever dropping from a Savior's love!

How it cheers and revives every bud of Christian hope!
How it takes every sorrow away!
O 'tis sweeter by far than the drops of nature's dew,
And it falleth by night and by day.

Refrain

When we ask of the Lord, in our simple fervent prayer,
For His blessing at morn and at even,
Let us pray that our souls may be watered and refreshed,
By the dew of His mercy from Heaven.

Refrain