Come, Shout Aloud the Father's Grace

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Come, shout aloud the Father's grace, And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
sing the Saviour's love; Soon

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
shall you join the glorious theme, In

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
loftier strains a- bove.

The other verses

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls us his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all these comforts flow.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Ottiwell Heginbotham (1744–1768). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.