"Father Divine!" the Saviour Cried

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
"Fa- ther divine!" the Saviour cried, While

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
horrors pressed on every side, And

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
prostrate on the ground he lay, "Re-

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
move this bitter cup away.

The other verses

2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, — Thy will, not mine, be done!"

3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, — Thy will, not ours, be done!

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