Father, We Wait to Feel Thy Grace

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

```
| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
  Fa-     ther, we wait to          feel thy grace, To

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
  see thy glories          shine; The

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
  Lord will his own          table bless, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  make the feast di-          vine.
```

The other verses

2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
We drink the sacred Cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the memory of his Name,
More than the wine we taste.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.