Sitting Around Our Father's Board

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
Sit- ting around our Father's board We

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
raise our tuneful breath; Our

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
faith beholds her dying Lord, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
dooms our sins to death.

The other verses

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 O 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

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.