Souls Of Men I Why Will Ye Scatter?

Words: The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D. (1814-1863), 1849
Music: Frank Grenville Ilsley (1831-1887), 1887

1. Souls of men! why will ye scatter
   Like a crowd of frightened sheep?

2. It is God: His love looks mighty,
   But is mightier than it seems;

3. There is no place where earth’s sorrows
   Are more felt than up in heav’n;

4. For the love of God is broader
   Than the measures of man’s mind,

5. There is plentiful redemption
   In the blood that has been shed;

   Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
   From a love so true and deep?

   ’Tis our Father: and His fondness
   Goes far out beyond our dreams,

   There is no place where earth’s failings
   Have such kindly judgment giv’n.

   And then heart of the Eternal
   Is most wonderfully kind.

   There is joy for all the members
   In the sorrows of the Head.

   Was there ever kindest shepherd
   Half so gentle, half so sweet.

   There’s a wideness in God’s mercy,
   Like the wideness of the sea;

   There is welcome for the sinner,
   And more graces for the good!

   But we make His love too narrow
   By false limits of our own;

   If our love were but more simple,
   We should take His at His word;

   As the Saviour who would have us
   Come and gather round His feet?

   There’s a kindness in His justice
   Which is more than liberty.

   There is mercy with the Saviour;
   There is healing in His blood.

   And we magnify His strictness
   With a zeal He will not own.

   And our lives would be all sunshine
   In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.