The Father's Call

1. Hear the heav'n-ly Fa- ther call-ing, "Now My ten-der mer-cies prove,
I will send you rich-est bless-ings, Sweet-est to-kens of My love."
"In the crown of My re-joic-ing,
Bright as morn-ing stars shall shine,
Words: Eliza M. Sherman
Music: W. F. Werschkul

2. "In the book of my re-mem-brance, Shall their names for-ev-er be,
Who have spo-ken oft to-geth-er, Who have ev-er tho't of Me."
"In the crown of My re-joic-ing,

3. Help me bow In hum-ble rev'r-ence, Fa- ther, low be-fore Thy throne,
Con-se-crat-ing all un-to Thee, Make and seal me all Thine own.
Bright as morn-ing stars shall shine,

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They who fear Me, they who love Me," Saith the Lord, "they shall be Mine."
Then who fear Me, they who love Me,"