

# Father, Thy Children to Thee Now Raise

Evan Stephens (1854 -1930)

Father, thy children to thee now raise  
Glad, grateful songs for thy love and grace,  
For thy protection and watchful care  
Over thy Saints dwelling far and near;  
Grateful to thee for the gospel light,  
Which with its truth fills us with delight,  
Glad that we've chosen the better part.  
Songs of delight fill each grateful heart.

Thankful to thee that a pilgrim band  
Brought us to dwell in this favored land,  
Led o'er the deserts and plains by thee,  
Here to a land of true liberty;  
Thankful to thee for the mountains high,  
The fresh'ning breeze and the clear, blue sky;  
And for the fields covered o'er with corn,  
Which now our loved mountain vales adorn.

Oh, may our songs to thy courts ascend;  
Pleasing to thee may our voices blend.  
Lead us as thou hast the faithful led;  
Feed us with knowledge and daily bread.  
Let us not stray from the paths of truth;  
Forgive the folly and faults of youth.  
Father, accept thou the songs of praise  
Which from our hearts unto thee we raise.