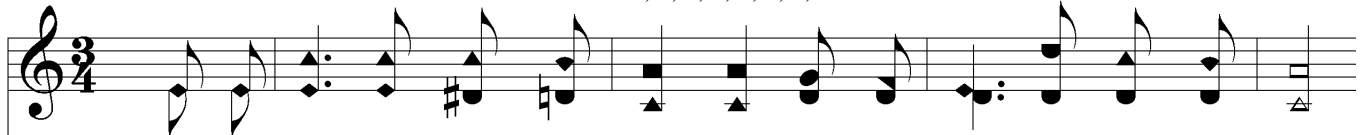


# Souls Of Men! Why Will Ye Scatter?

ILSLEY 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7



1. Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of fright - ened sheep?  
 2. It is God: His love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems;  
 3. There is no place where earth's sor - rows Are more felt than up in heav'n;  
 4. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ures of man's mind,  
 5. There is plen - ti - ful re - demp - tion In the blood that has been shed;



Fool - ish hearts, why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?  
 'Tis our Fa - ther: and His fond - ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams,  
 There is no place where earth's fail - ings Have such kind - ly judg - ment giv'n.  
 And then heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.  
 There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.



Was there ev - er kind - est shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,  
 There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;  
 There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good!  
 But we make His love too nar - row By false lim - its of our own;  
 If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take His at His word;



As the Sav - ior who would have us Come and gath - er round His feet?  
 There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
 There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.  
 And we mag - ni - fy His strict - ness With a zeal He will not own.  
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord. A - men.

