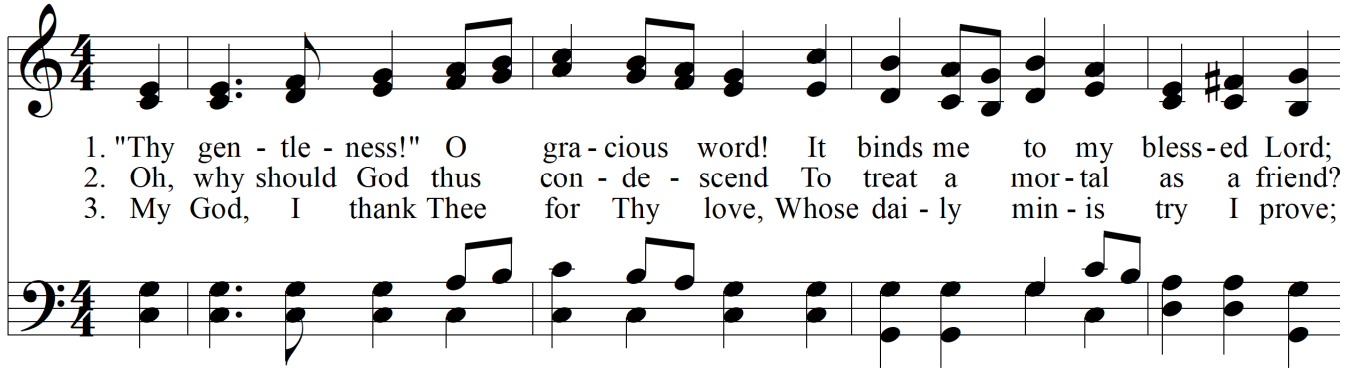
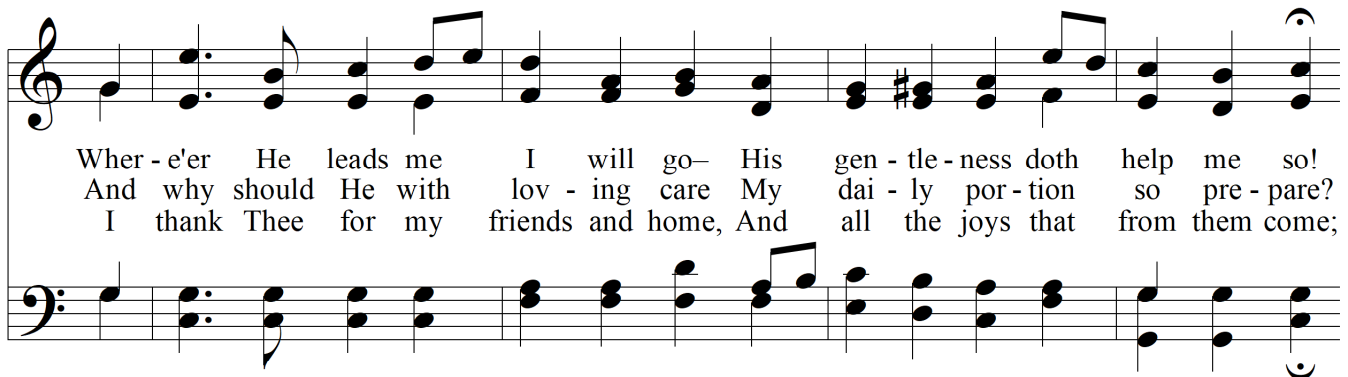


“Thy Gentleness!” O Gracious Word

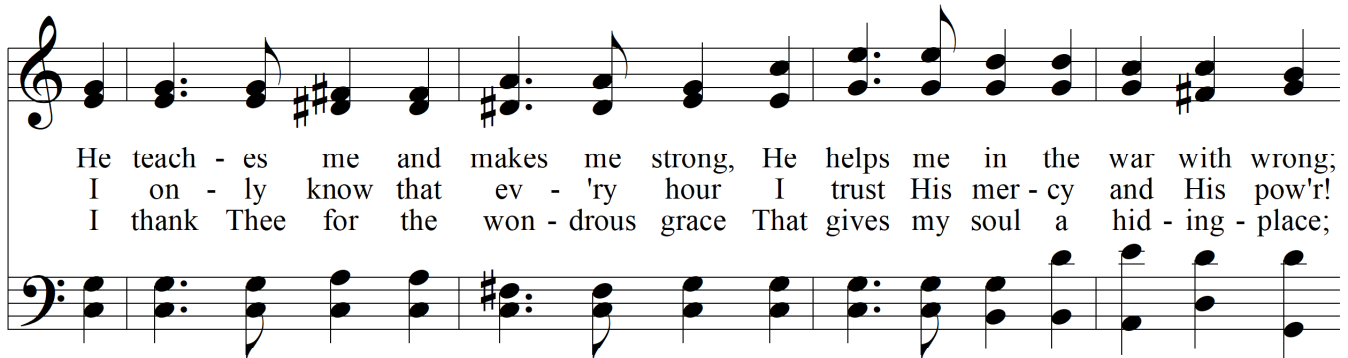
THE WORD



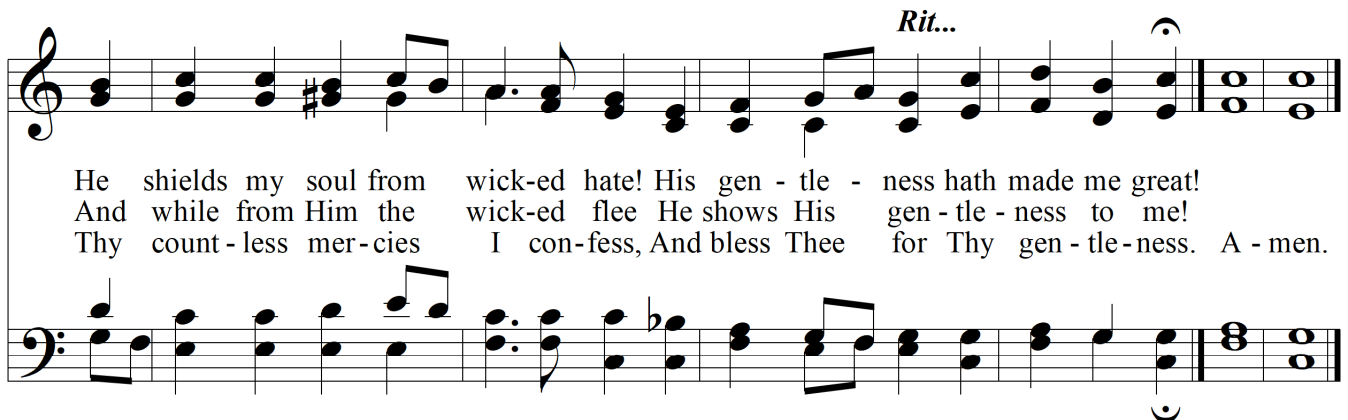
1. "Thy gen - tle - ness!" O gra - cious word! It binds me to my bless - ed Lord;
2. Oh, why should God thus con - de - scend To treat a mor - tal as a friend?
3. My God, I thank Thee for Thy love, Whose dai - ly min - is try I prove;



Wher - e'er He leads me I will go— His gen - tle - ness doth help me so!
And why should He with lov - ing care My dai - ly por - tion so pre - pare?
I thank Thee for my friends and home, And all the joys that from them come;



He teach - es me and makes me strong, He helps me in the war with wrong;
I on - ly know that ev - 'ry hour I trust His mer - cy and His pow'r!
I thank Thee for the won - drous grace That gives my soul a hid - ing - place;



Rit...
He shields my soul from wick - ed hate! His gen - tle - ness hath made me great!
And while from Him the wick - ed flee He shows His gen - tle - ness to me!
Thy count - less mer - cies I con - fess, And bless Thee for Thy gen - tle - ness. A - men.