

# The Love of God

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♩ = 100

When fear and doubt seem all con sum - ing Sor - row's sting is mine to know.  
By hold - ing fast the rod of i - ron, Hands feel on to sights un - seen.  
The scar - marked tree ab - sorbs my bur - dens, Ex - haled as I plead re - lief,  
The Sav - ior nour - ish - es my hun - ger, Pow - er - ing with pur - i - ty.

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Not wan - der - ing in dark con fus - ion Faith sup - ports my press to ward  
It strength - ens hearts in - clined to tire, — Cut - ting through the mist - y scene.  
Re - turn - ing breath of life in pure - ness, Life fills where His grace can reach.  
For when I eat the fruit He of - fers, Whole - ness fills me joy - ous - ly.

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The love of God, my Fa - ther's mer - cy, Blessed in ways He makes my own.  
The word of God, my way to Je - sus, Guides my soul to grace's — tree.  
The love of God, my breath of liv - ing, Takes my sigh and makes it clean.  
The love of God, my sweet re - fresh - ment, Joins my soul, re - news through - out.

15

He gent - ly sheds His bril - liant glo - ry, Meets my faith and leads me home. \_\_\_\_  
Em - pow - ered by the blood He shed us, I - ron car - ries Christ through me. \_\_\_\_  
His bound - less pow - er free - ly fills me As I near Him grate - ful - ly. \_\_\_\_  
So hap - py are the souls who res - pite Near its fruit and end - less fount. \_\_\_\_