

# Lo, Our Father's Tender Care

A<sup>b</sup>

*Larghetto*

1. Lo, our Fa - ther's ten - der care Slum - bers not, nor sleep - eth;  
 2. Lo, our Fa - ther's gra - cious love Slum - bers not, nor sleep - eth;

Gra - cious gifts His lav - ish hand Dai - ly on us heap - eth.  
 Trust with all thy heart in Him, Who thy por - tion keep - eth;

Tho' fierce storms, tho' per - ils low - er, Is not God our shelt-'ring tow'r?  
 Who till now pro - tec - tion grant - ed, And thy for - tune wise - ly plant'd.

Trem - ble not! At His word the storm is still, Per - ils van - ish at His will;  
 Fear thou not! God, who life and be - ing grants, Kind - ly, too, sup - plies our wants;

And His love or - dains our lot- Lo, our Guard - ian slum - bers not.  
 Let but du - ty guide our lot- Lo, our Guard - ian slum - bers not.