



- 5. "Would'st be my Father ever, Naught shall our union sever, For aid I look to Thee. O do Thou blessing send me, And let Thy strength attend me," I sigh: "O Father, help Thou me."
- 6. As Jacob in his wrestling Besought Thee for a blessing, Ere he would let Thee part, So I embrace Thee ever, Thou canst forsake me never, For tender is Thy Father-heart!

7. Ye cares, no longer tarry! No gentleness you carry. For you are stern and hard. Go now unto the Father; He is my Couns'lor rather— Arise, my soul, unto Thy Lord!