

In The Hands Of The Father

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me. . . . Where can I flee from Thy presence?
 . . . If I dwell in the remotest part of the sea, even there Thy hand will lead me.

Psa. 139: 6 - 10

Elaine O. Wiseman, 1996

Mark E. Raymer

1. Jo - nah ran from the face of the Fa - ther, from the du - ty
 2. Oh, . . . where can we flee from His pres - ence, or with what dark -
 3. Our . . . dear Sav - ior cried to the Fa - ther, "Why . . . hast Thou
 4. Won't you learn from the words of our bro - thers, hear the les - sons

he knew to be his. From the depth of the sea, to the Lord
 ness can we be hid? Know - ledge can't be at - tained of His love
 for - sa - - ken Me?" With the blood of our sin lay - ing guilt -
 by which they were led? We can't run, we can't hide, praise the Lord,

went his plea, he was { ne - ver a - lone, ne - ver a - lone. }
 { ne - - ver, ne - ver a - lone, . . . a - lone. }

ne - ver feigned, we are { ne - ver a - lone, ne - ver a - lone. }
 { ne - - ver, ne - ver a - lone, . . . a - lone. }

y on Him, He was { hung there a - lone, a cross for a throne. }
 { hung . . . there, a cross, . . a throne. }

Je - sus died, so we're { ne - ver a - lone, ne - ver a - lone. }
 { ne - - ver, ne - ver a - lone, . . a - lone. }

rit . . .

In the hands of the Fa - ther, he was ne - ver a - lone.
 In the hands of the Fa - ther, we are ne - ver a - lone.
 That we might see the Fa - ther, He was hung there a - lone.
 In the hands of the Fa - ther, we are ne - ver a - lone.

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