

## Father, let me dedicate

Father, let me dedicate  
All this year to Thee,  
In whatever worldly state  
Thou wilt have me be:  
Not from sorrow, pain, or care  
Freedom dare I claim;  
This alone shall be my prayer,  
'Glorify thy name.'

Can a child presume to choose  
Where or how to live?  
Can a Father's love refuse  
All the best to give?  
More thou givest every day  
Than the best can claim,  
Nor withholdest aught that may  
Glorify thy name.

If thou callest to the cross,  
And its shadow come,  
Turning all my gain to loss,  
Shrouding heart and home;  
Let me think how thy dear Son  
To his glory came,  
And in deepest woe pray on,  
'Glorify thy name.'

If in mercy thou wilt spare  
Joys that yet are mine;  
If on life, serene and fair,  
Brighter rays may shine;  
Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
Thee is all proclaim,  
And, whate'er the future brings,  
'Glorify thy name.'

Words by L. Tuttiert (1825-97).

It first appeared in *Germes of Thought on the Sunday Special Services* in 1864.

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*Perranporth* by A. W. Wilson

*Father, let me dedicate* by Sir G. A. Macfarren.