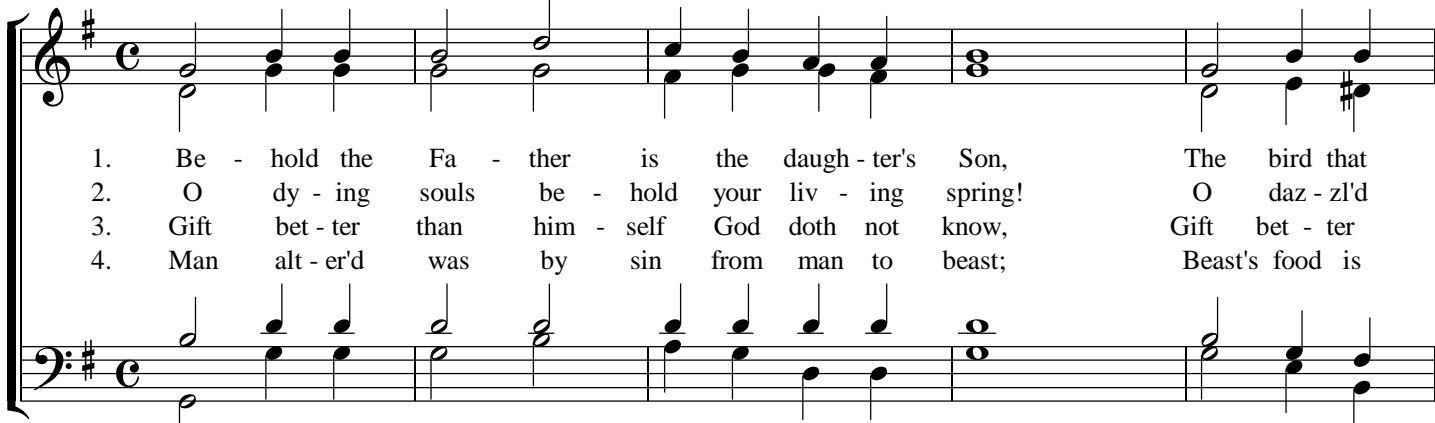


Behold the Father is his Daughter's Son

Robert Southwell (1561-1595)

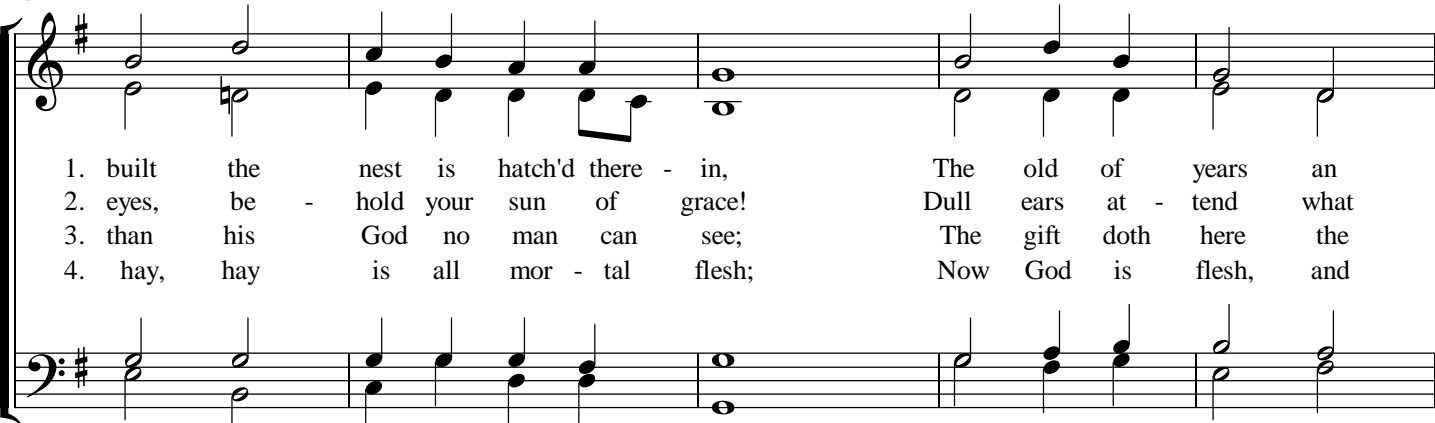
"Ffigysbren," Traditional Welsh Melody

1



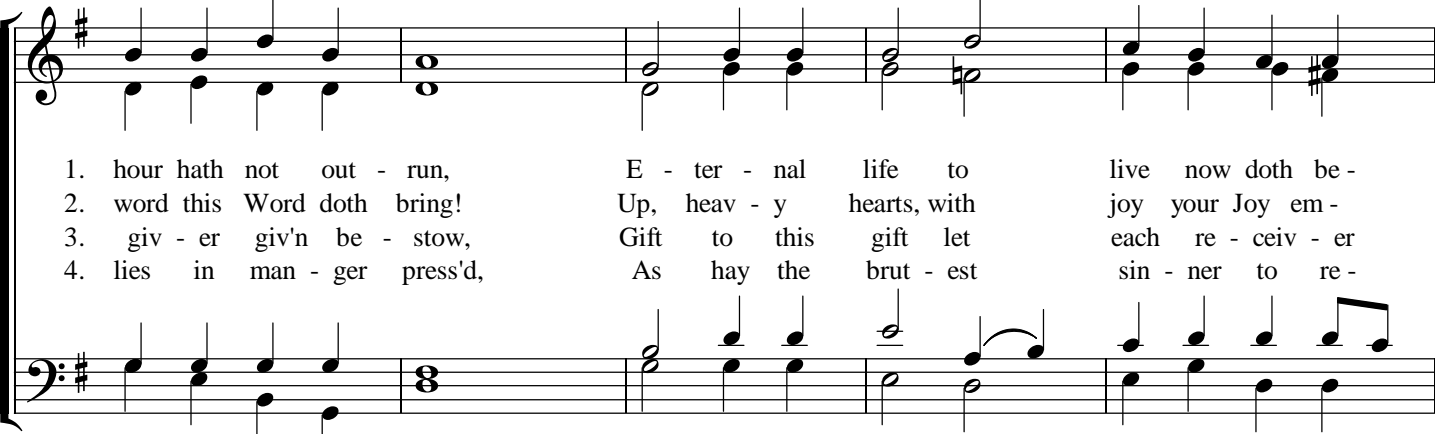
1. Be - hold the Fa - ther is the daugh - ter's Son, The bird that
2. O dy - ing souls be - hold your liv - ing spring! O daz - zl'd
3. Gift bet - ter than him - self God doth not know, Gift bet - ter
4. Man alt - er'd was by sin from man to beast; Beast's food is

6



1. built the nest is hatch'd there - in, The old of years an
2. eyes, be - hold your sun of grace! Dull ears at - tend what
3. than his God no man can see; The gift doth here the
4. hay, hay is all mor - tal flesh; Now God is flesh, and

11



1. hour hath not out - run, E - ter - nal life to live now doth be -
2. word this Word doth bring! Up, heav - y hearts, with joy your Joy em -
3. giv - er giv'n be - stow, Gift to this gift let each re - ceiv - er
4. lies in man - ger press'd, As hay the brut - est sin - ner to re -

1. gin, The Word is dumb, the mirth of heav'n doth weep,
 2. brace! From death, from dark, from deaf-ness, from de-spairs,
 3. be: God is my gift, him-self he gave to me,
 4. fresh O hap-py field where-in this fod-der grew,

1. Might fee-ble is, and force doth faint-ly creep.
 2. This life, this light, this word of joy re-pairs.
 3. God's gift am I; God on-ly shall have me.
 4. Whose taste doth us from beasts to men re-new.