

# 11R Our Mothering Father

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. Our Mothe - ring Fa - ther be, with us now  
2. O God, no lips a - lone could our joy -  
3. And may our hands reach out to those who

joy - ous - ly, as voi - ces raise for all your love has wrought,  
- ful - ness own, and wor - ship you, but may our lives ex - press  
round a - bout de - mand our love. In ev - ery hour of need

our lives with bless - ings fraught trans - cend - ing  
that which our hearts con - fess, and we in  
may we their plead - ings heed, til earth be -

all our thought, we speak your praise.  
ho - li - ness our souls re - new.  
- comes in - deed like heaven a - bove. A - men.

Words: Byron G. Russell, rev. REH (2006)  
Music: OLIVET (6.6.4.6.6.6.4.), Lowell Mason

