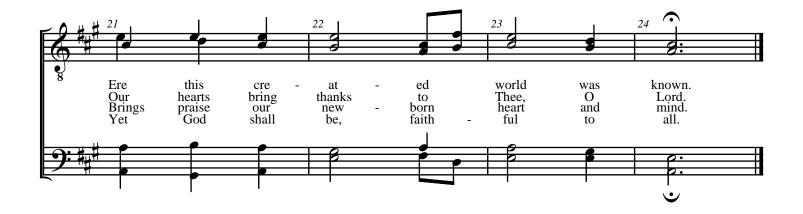
Give Thanks Unto The Father





- Yea, lips and heart shall ever praise Thee, Yet heart and lips shall ever plead: Let not my faith grow weak or waver, But build me on this ground indeed; On Thy support I will depend In faith to stand until life's end.
- 6. Let me in love live pure and holy
 And keep me without spot or stain;
 Grant that my heart be meek and lowly,
 And may no idle joy or pain
 E'er sever me from Thy great love,
 Until I find Thy rest above.
- 7. No death nor sorrow, fear nor suff'ring, All that this world and hell include, Shall ever part me from my Saviour Nor from His love and brotherhood. I trust the God of Faith and truth With saints above my heart to soothe.