

5. O arouse our feeble powers;
From things earthly set them free,
That our plans and all our efforts
May be hallowed, Lord, to Thee!
Far from fear of men and worry,
Far above mere reason's scope,
Past all dread of scorn and suff'ring
Lift us by our blessed hope!

Lord, into Thy death include us
Let with Thee be crucified
All that meets Thy disapproval;
Lead us into Paradise!
Come then, Lord, and do not tarry;
Let us never slothful be!
We shall sing with great rejoicing
When we gain our liberty.