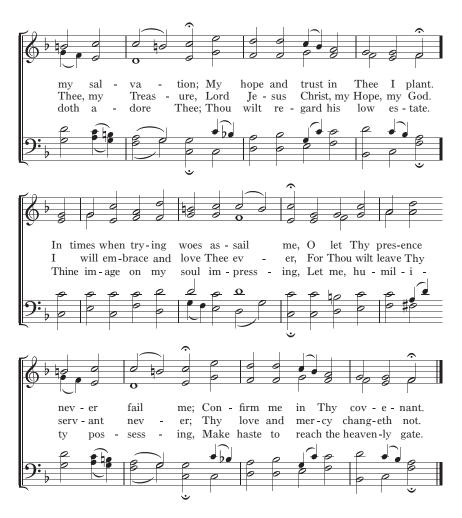
Lord, Give to Me Faith's Light and Power





4. If I must tarry here a season,
I live because it pleaseth Thee;
So too, when death shall call, Thy reason
Shall cause my soul content to be.
O let my life in Thee be hidden,
Thy death encourage me when bidden
To leave this vale of misery.
I bow my will to Thine, dear Savior;
Upon this truth I ponder ever:
Naught, naught shall break our unity.