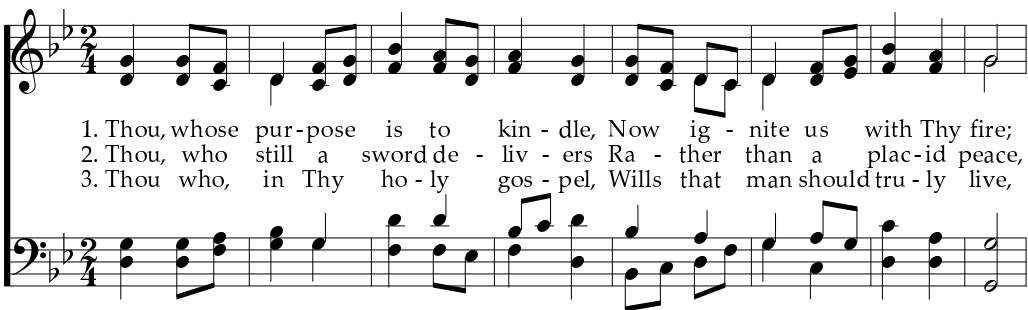
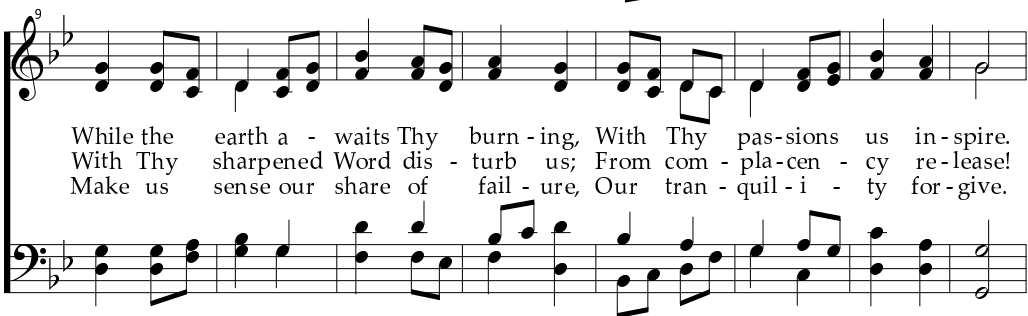


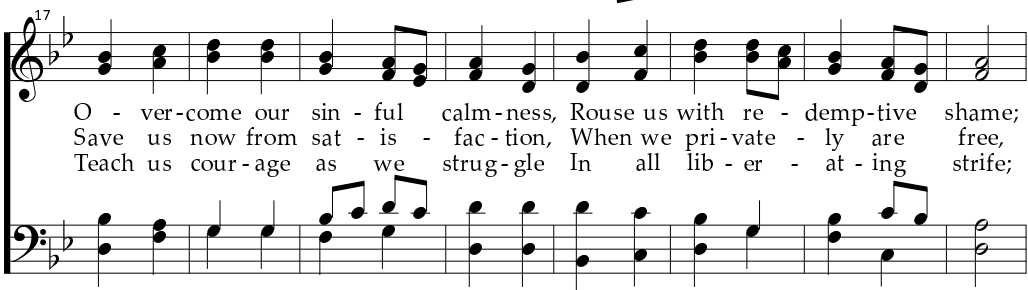
Thou, Whose Purpose Is to Kindle



1. Thou, whose pur-pose is to kin-dle, Now ig-nite us with Thy fire;
 2. Thou, who still a sword de-liv-ers Ra-ther than a plac-id peace
 3. Thou who, in Thy ho-ly gos-pel, Wills that man should tru-ly live,



While the earth a-waits Thy burn-ing, With Thy pas-sions us in-spire.
 With Thy sharpened Word dis-turb us; From com-pla-cen-cy re-lease!
 Make us sense our share of fail-ure, Our tran-quil-i-ty for-give.



O-ver-come our sin-ful calm-ness, Rouse us with re-demp-tive shame;
 Save us now from sat-is-fac-tion, When we pri-va-te-ly are free,
 Teach us cour-age as we strug-gle In all lib-er-at-ing strife;



Bap-tize with Thy fier-y Spir-it, Crown our lives with tongues of flame.
 Yet are un-dis-turbed in spir-it By our brother's mis-er-y.
 Lift the small-ness of our vi-sion By Thine own a-bun-dant life.