

Thou True Vine, That Heals the Nations

1. Thou true vine, that heals the na-tions, Tree of life, Thy branch-es we.
 2. Noth-ing can we do with-out Thee; On Thy life de-pends each one;

They who leave Thee fade and with-er, None bear fruit ex-cept in Thee.
 If we keep Thy words and love Thee, All we ask for shall be done.

Cleanse us, make us sane and sim-ple, Till our lives are merged in Thine,
 May we, lov-ing one an-oth-er, Ra-diant in Thy light a-bide;

Gain our-selves in Thee, the Vint-age, Give our-selves to Thee, the Vine.
 So through us, made fruit-ful by Thee, Shall our God be glo-ri-fied.

Music: *Christian Lyre*, 1831; harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906
 Text: attr. Percy Dearmer (1867–1936)

PLEADING SAVIOR
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