

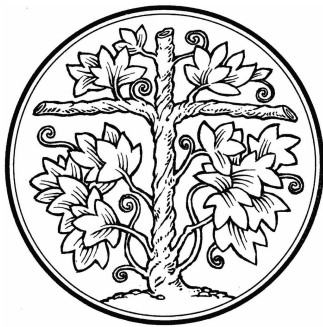
BRANCH UPON THE VINE



WHAT CAN MAKE A MAN
TURN UPON HIMSELF,
SLAY ALL THAT HE IS,
ALL HIS WEAL AND WEALTH?

WHY WISH TO EXPIRE,
WHY DESIRE TO DIE,
WHY LAY DOWN HIS LIFE,
FLESH TO MORTIFY?

THIS IS THE SIGHT OF ONE,
ONE MUCH BETTER FAR,
SIGHT OF PEERLESS WORTH,
BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.



THIS ONE FAR EXCEEDS
EVERYTHING OF EARTH,

CHRIST HIMSELF WHO COMES
IN THE SECOND BIRTH.

HIS DELIGHT IS NOW
GAZING ON THAT FACE,
RESTING IN HIS LOVE,
GROWING IN HIS GRACE.

LOW AND LOWLY HE,
LIFTED UP ON HIGH,
HE AND HE ALONE
BRINGS A MAN TO DIE.



I CAN LOSE MYSELF
FINDING ALL HE IS,
GIVING ALL I AM,
TAKING ALL OF HIS.

I AM WRETCHED MORE
THAN THE VILEST SOUL,
HE MUCH BEAUTEIOUS MORE,
LOVELY TO BEHOLD.

GLAD, I SET ASIDE
MY COLD HEART OF STONE,
SELF AND SELFISHNESS,
TAKE HIM AS MY OWN.

DYING NOW I LIVE,
NOW HIS LIFE IS MINE,
ALL MY BEING YIELD,
BRANCH UPON THE VINE.

