

 Lord, from this world our hearts set free, Its riches, cares and pleasures vain;
 Lest growing strong, they prove to be
 Like thorns that choke the precious grain.

- But to Thy wise and gracious ways
  Patient and meek we would be found;
  Thy Spirit's streams, Thy love's warm rays,
  Making that good and fruitful ground.
- Then shall Thy word, the living seed, Accomplish that for which it came, Spring up a hundredfold indeed, A harvest worthy of Thy Name.