

Song of Faith
(Tune: In the Garden)

A sweetness to mortals is given
That none but self may deny them,
'Tis a power sure
And a strength so pure
A hope to all who would endure &

CHORUS:

'Tis the holy dove
Of peace and love,
The flame eternal and bright-
The Spirit of God
And His Iron Rod,
That brings us safe through the night.

The sky may be darkened with fear
And the storms of sin rage around us,
With the power of Hell
Seeking to compell
Our fall, but still our hearts shall swell-

Discouragement nicks at the γ trials
Our Creator sends to μ expand us
While tradition cries
And all pains despise
When in truth they are blessings in disguise-

Our greatest of trials to bear
Is the pride of wealth and of power,
For while man alone
Seeks unto his own
There's none can for his sins atone-

Let each to his neighbor give heed
And seek for love universal,
'Till all have found
The world around
The tie by which the heaven's are bound-

---By Alyne Jessop
Sung by chorus of six girls at
Short Creek shindig.