## + TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST+

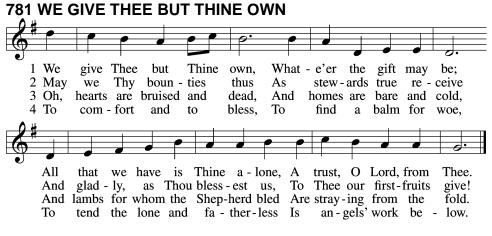
November 10, 2024

781 WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN 1 We give Thee but Thine What - e'er the gift may own, be; 2 May we Thy boun - ties thus As stew-ards true re - ceive 3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead. homes are bare and cold, And 4 То com - fort bless, To find balm for woe. and to а All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. as Thou bless - est us, glad - ly, To Thee our first-fruits give! And And lambs for whom the Shep-herd bled Are stray-ing from the fold. tend the lone and fa- ther-less Is То an-gels' work be - low. The captive to release, 5 To God the lost to bring, To teach the way of life and peace, It is a Christ-like thing. And we believe Thy Word, 6 Though dim our faith may be: Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it unto Thee.

Text: William W. How, 1823–97 Tune: William H. Monk, 1823–89 Text and tune: Public domain

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	heard Spir -	My · it's	dear Sc pow - 6	on's sto - 1 er filled y	ry; Here you ou; Here Hig	u touched Hi s ten - d	im, saw er com -	for - ev - er. His glo - ry. fort stilled you. and Broth - er.
6				•			•	
Ũ	Go.	My	chil-dre	en, with	My bless-	ing— You	are	My own.
	Go,	Мy	chil-dre	en, sins		- en, At	peace	and pure.
	Go,	Мy	chil-dre	en, fed	and nour-	ished, Joy	- ful	and free.
	Go,	Мy	chil-dre	en; I	will keep	you And	give	you peace.
Text: Jaroslav J. Vajda, 1919–2008								

Tune: Welsh, 18th cent. Text: © 1983 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110020148 Tune: Public domain