FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY



2. Say, with richer crimson glows the kingly mantle than the rose? Say, have kings more wholesome fare than we, poor citizens of air? Barns nor hoarded grain have we, yet we carol merrily. Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow! God provideth for the morrow!

3. One there lives whose guardian eye guides our humble destiny; One there lives who, Lord of all, keeps our feathers lest they fall: pass we blithely then the time, fearless of the snare and lime, free from doubt and faithless sorrow; God provideth for the morrow!"

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