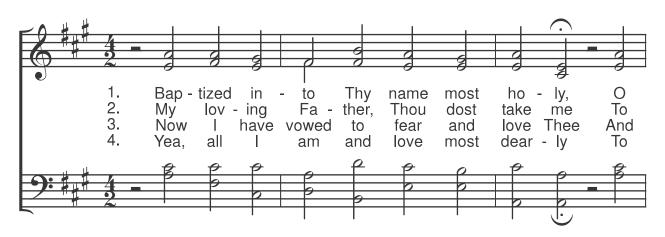
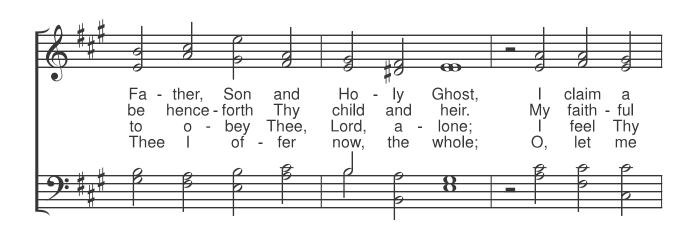
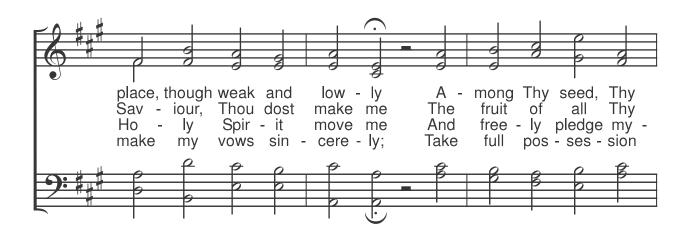
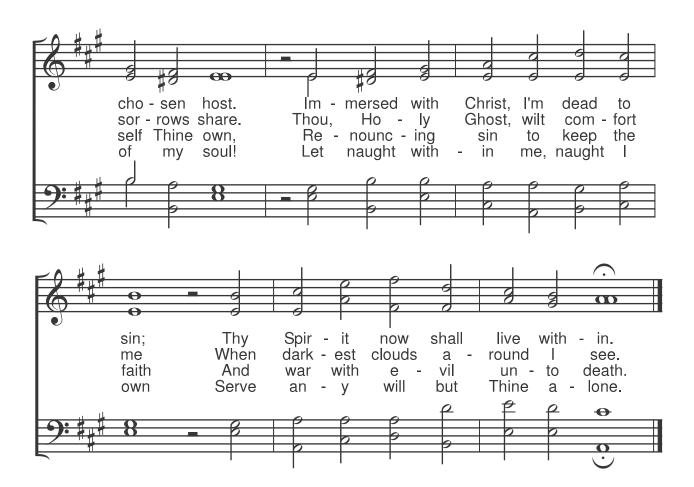
41. THE BAPTISMAL COVENANT

75, 145, 220.









- 5. Depart, depart, Thou prince of darkness!
 No more by thee I'll be enticed!
 Mine is indeed a chastened conscience
 And sprinkled with the blood of Christ.
 Away, vain world! O sin, away!
 Lo, I renounce you all this day.
- 6. And never let my purpose falter,
 O Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
 But keep me faithful to Thine altar
 Till Thou shalt call me from my post.
 So unto Thee I'll live and die,
 And praise Thee evermore on high.