A Hymn.

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SUBJECT:

A hymn, Our Lord.

The Creation: The Father, The Son.

Who did reveal Thee,
The creator: "I Am"?
Jehovah Jere: See,
The first born to man!
Who did present Him
To the regions below?
The Son, He translated Him
And His Image we know.

Who didst command me:
"Do thou, and do thou not?"
Jehovah Jere: I'm He
Who determined my lot,
for I broke from control.

A Redeemer I hear
Will pardon my soul
And save me from fear.
At present can't climb.

The Grand Traverse, the

Grand Traverse.

That's why the Traverse is

A major ski center too.

The Cass County Center

A true Traverse Center.

To the Traverse Center

I'll get there from here.

A Traverse Center.

A Traverse Center.

A Traverse Center.

A Traverse Center.
That Redeemer who lineth,
The Son--He redeemeth!
By His woundings He cleaneth;
By His kindness He wineth;
By His spirit He inflaseth
Our reins with His love.
By His power He upraiseth
Our courage from above,
Where He filleth us light
High the throne! He's the Master
Who hath banished all night
And smitteneth all disaster
For age and for age!
So, we'll lift up our voices
And make them ascen:
Without the preservation to our choicest
Redeemer and friend.
A HYMN - OUR LORD.

THE CREATOR, THE FATHER, THE SON.

Who did reveal Thee,
The Creator: "I Am"?
Jehovah Jehovah; see
The first boon to man!
Who did present Him
To the regions below?
The Son, He translates Him,
And His image we know.

Who didst command me;
"Do thou, - and do thou not?"
Jehovah Jehovah, 'tis He
Who determined my lot;
For I broke from control.
A Redeemer I hear
Will pardon my soul
And save me from fear.

That Redeemer who liveth,
That Son, - He redeemeth!
By His wounding he cleanseth;
By His kindness he winneth;
By His Spirit He infuseth
Our veins with His love.
By His power He upraiseth
Our courage from above,
Where He dwelleth in light
High the throne! He’s the Master
Who hath banished all night
And preventeth all disaster,
For aye and for aye!
So, we’ll lift up our voices
And make them ascend,
With hozanas to our choicest
Redeemer and Friend.

Oliver Otis Howard
Burlington, Vt.
New year 1904
By the spirit he is zealous
Our service with the Lord.
Pray for the power he has anointed
Our confidence in grace,
Where he gathered to fight
With the comfort of the Master
Who taught patience in times of trial
And presented in our stead:
Nor give us up our time
So we fill up our notice
And make clean escape.
With ponders to our knowledge
Regain our kits

\[\text{Signature}\]
John Frame
[Address]
[Date]