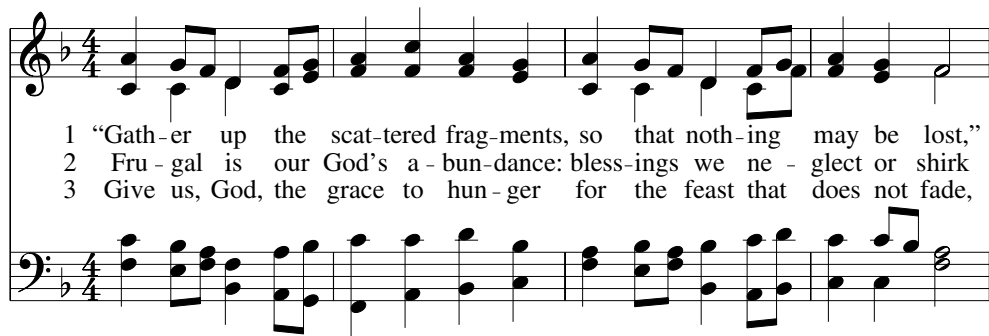
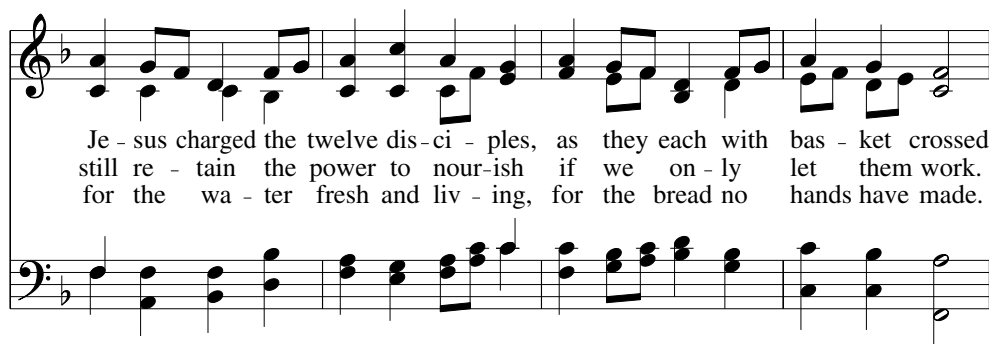


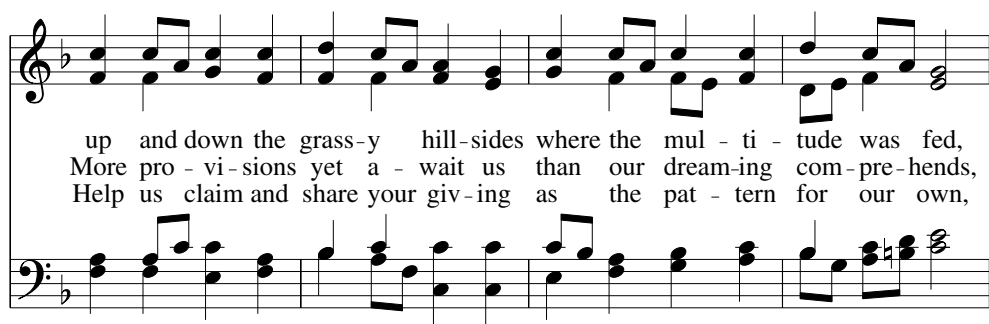
Gather up the Scattered Fragments



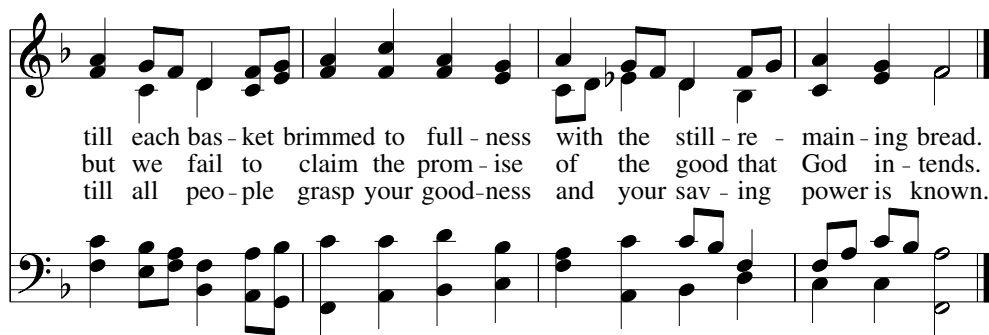
1 "Gath-er up the scat-tered frag-ments, so that noth-ing may be lost,"
2 Fru-gal is our God's a-bun-dance: bless-ings we ne-glect or shirk
3 Give us, God, the grace to hun-ger for the feast that does not fade,



Je-sus charged the twelve dis-ci-ples, as they each with bas-ket crossed
still re-tain the power to nour-ish if we on-ly let them work.
for the wa-ter fresh and liv-ing, for the bread no hands have made.



up and down the grass-y hill-sides where the mul-ti-tude was fed,
More pro-vi-sions yet a-wait us than our dream-ing com-pre-hends,
Help us claim and share your giv-ing as the pat-tern for our own,



till each bas-ket brimmed to full-ness with the still-re-main-ing bread.
but we fail to claim the prom-ise of the good that God in-tends.
till all peo-ple grasp your good-ness and your sav-ing power is known.

WORDS: Carl P. Daw, Jr., (1944-)
MUSIC: Leavitt's *The Christian Lyre*, 1830

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PLEADING SAVIOR
8.7.8.7.D.