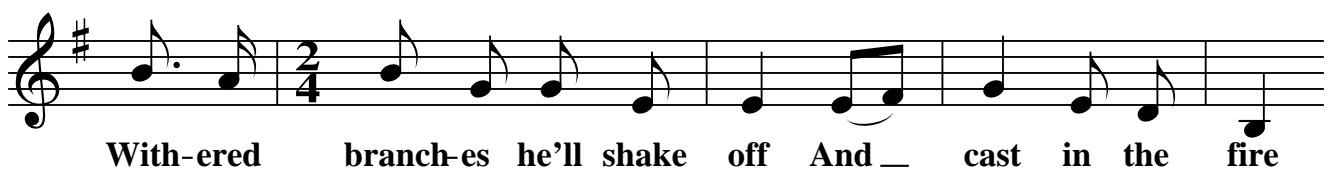
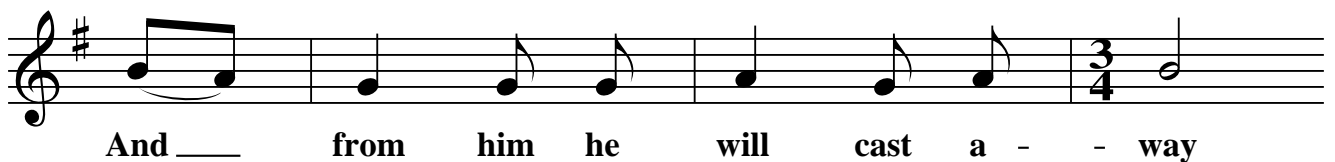
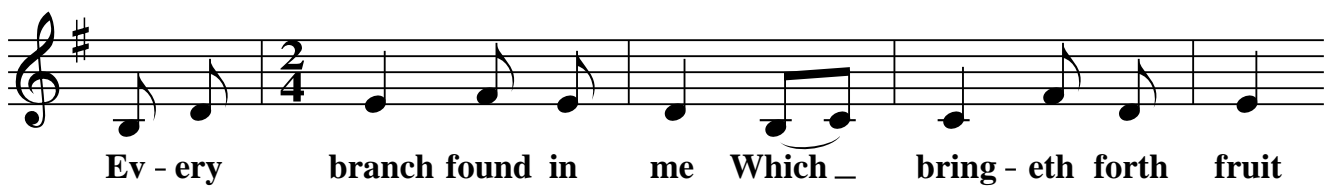
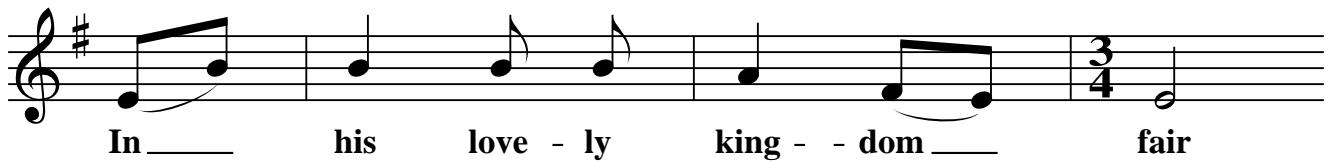
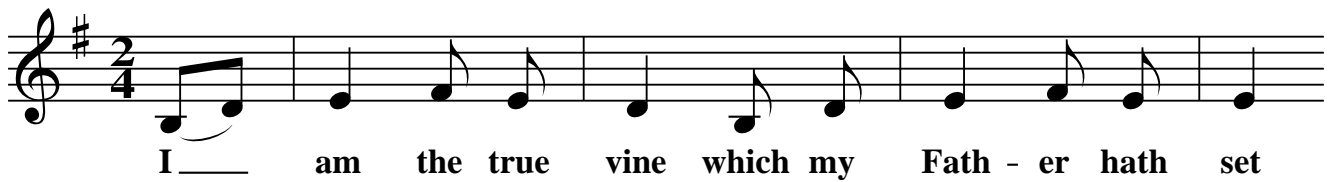
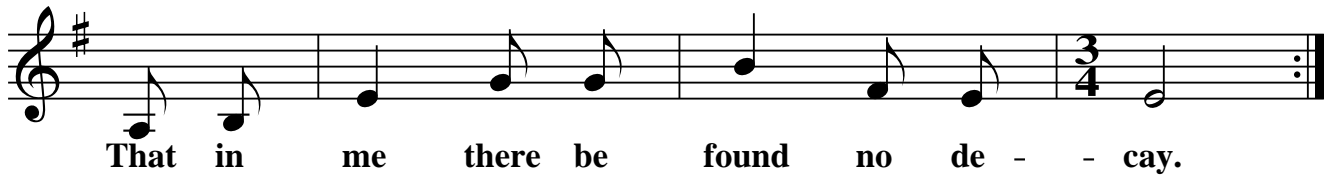


# I Am the True Vine

*Thought to be Joseph Brackett*





I am the true vine  
Which my Father has set  
In his lovely kingdom fair  
Every branch found in me  
Which bringeth forth fruit  
He purgeth it with care.  
But the vine that is barren  
He will reject  
And from him he will cast away  
Withered branches he'll shake off  
And cast in the fire  
That in me there will be found no decay.