

166. Must I Go, and Empty-Handed

"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing?" 1Th. 2:19



1. Must I go, and emp - ty - hand - ed, Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet,
 2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
 3. Oh, the years in sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
 4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;



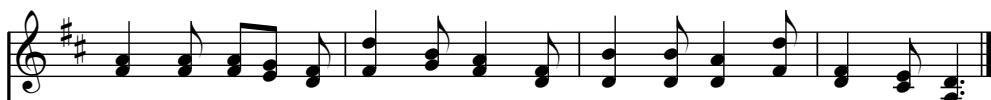
Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
 But to meet Him emp - ty - hand - ed, Thought of that now clouds my brow.
 I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
 Ere the night of death o'er-take thee, Strive for souls while still you may.



Chorus



Must I go, and emp - ty - hand - ed? Must I meet my Sav - ior so?



Not one soul with which to greet Him: Must I emp - ty - hand - ed go?

