

A PRESENT HELP

(Serenity. C. M.)

Whittier

Wm. Wallace

1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steep, To
 2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A
 3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is
 4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said, Our
 5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What -

bring the Sav - iour down; In vain we search the
 pres - ent help is He; And faith has yet its
 by our beds of pain; We touch Him in life's
 lips our child - hood frame; The last low whis - pers
 e'er our name or sign, We own Thy sway, we

low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
 Ol - i - vet, And love, its Gal - i - lee.
 throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
 of our dead, Are burd - ened with His name.
 hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thy Thine!