

Truth Reflects upon Our Senses

Thoughtfully ♩ = 69-76*Duet*

1. Truth re-flects up-on our sens-es; Gos-pel light re-veals to some.
2. Je - sus said, "Be meek and low-ly," For 'tis high to be a judge;
3. Once I said un-to an-oth-er, "In thine eye there is a mote;



If there still should be of-fens-es, Woe to them by whom they come!
 If I would be pure and ho-ly, I must love with-out a grudge.
 If thou art a friend, a broth-er, Hold, and let me pull it out."



Judge not, that ye be not judg-ed, Was the coun-sel Je-sus gave;
 It re-quires a con-stant la-bor All his pre-cepts to o-bey.
 But I could not see it fair-ly, For my sight was ver-y dim.



Mea-sure giv-en, large or grudg-ed, Just the same you must re-ceive.
 If I tru-ly love my neigh-bor, I am in the nar-row way.
 When I came to search more clear-ly, In mine eye there was a beam.



Harmony

Bless - ed Sav - ior, thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss-ful shore

Where the an - gels wait to join us In thy praise for - ev - er - more.

The image shows a musical score for two stanzas of a hymn. The first stanza is 'Bless - ed Sav - ior, thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss-ful shore' and the second is 'Where the an - gels wait to join us In thy praise for - ev - er - more.' The music is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff with chords and some melodic lines. The word 'Harmony' is written above the first staff of the first stanza.

4. If I love my brother dearer,
And his mote I would erase,
Then the light should shine the clearer,
For the eye's a tender place.
Others I have oft reproved
For an object like a mote;
Now I wish this beam removed;
Oh, that tears would wash it out!

5. Charity and love are healing;
These will give the clearest sight;
When I saw my brother's failing,
I was not exactly right.
Now I'll take no further trouble;
Jesus' love is all my theme;
Little motes are but a bubble
When I think upon the beam.

Text: Eliza R. Snow, 1804–1887; chorus by M. E. Abbey
Music: Charles Davis Tillman, 1861–1943

Matthew 7:1–5
Alma 41:14–15