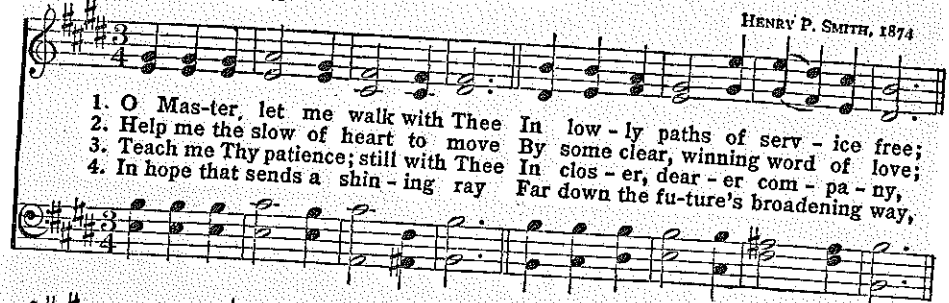


# O Master, Let me Walk with Thee

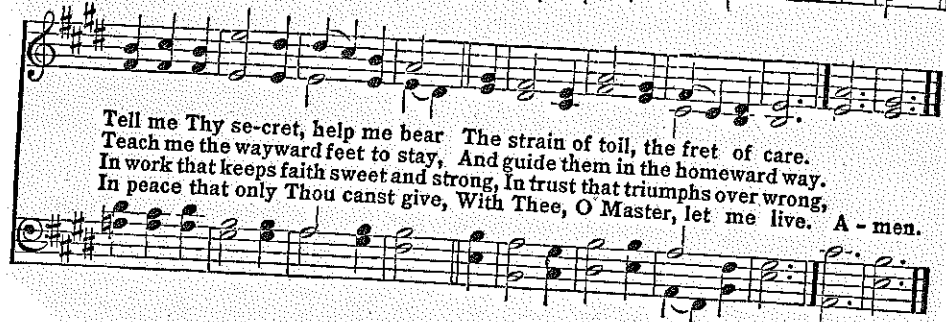
WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1879

Maryton L. M.

HENRY P. SMITH, 1874



1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;  
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;  
 3. Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,  
 4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broadening way,



Tell me Thy se-cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.  
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.  
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong,  
 In peace that only Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. A-men.

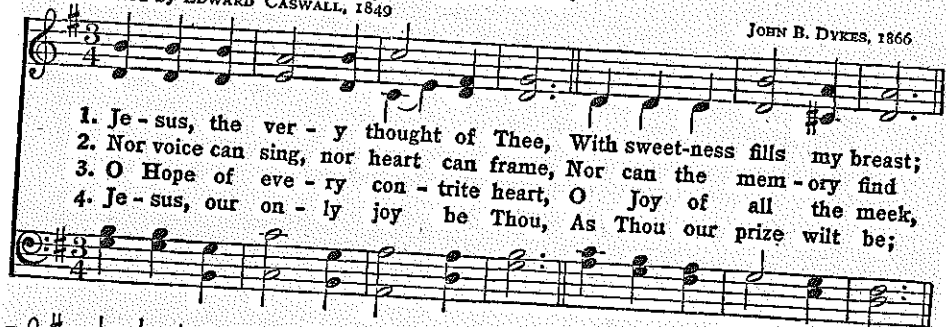
0-142

# Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

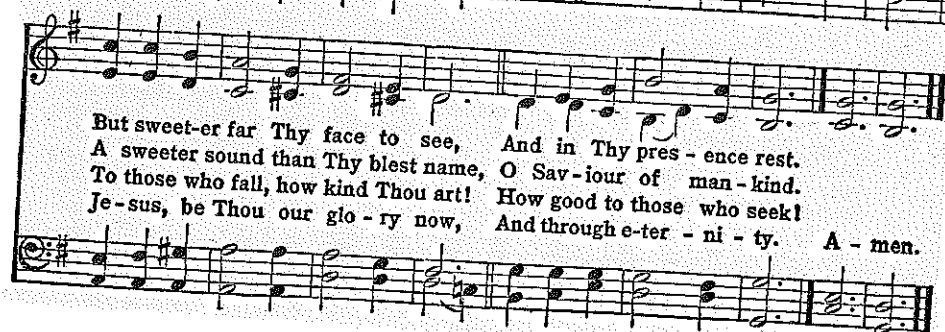
Anonymous Latin hymn, 11th century  
 Translated by EDWARD CASWALL, 1849

St. Agnes C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1866



1. Je-sus, the ver-y thought of Thee, With sweet-ness fills my breast;  
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-ory find  
 3. O Hope of eve-ry con-trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,  
 4. Je-sus, our on-ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;



But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.  
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind.  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!  
 Je-sus, be Thou our glo-ry now, And through e-ter-ni-ty. A-men.