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My Blest Redeemer

Rockingham New. L.M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707

LOWELL MASON, 1830

1. My blest Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word;
 2. What truth and love Thy bos-om fill! What zeal to do Thy Fa-ther's will!
 3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Wit-nessed the fer - vor of Thy prayer;
 4. Be Thou my pat-tern; make me bear More of Thy gra-cious im - age here;

But in Thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char-ac - ters.
 Such zeal, and truth, and love di - vine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.
 The des - ert Thy temp - ta-tions knew, Thy con - flict, and Thy vic - tory, too.
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name A - mong the fol-lowers of the Lamb.

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We May Not Climb

Serenity. C.M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1806

Arr. from WM. V. WALLACE, 1836, by U. C. BUMAP

1. We may not climb the heav-en-ly steep To bring the Sav - iour down;
 2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
 3. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
 4. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, Whate'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
 And faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!