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O Let Me Walk With Thee

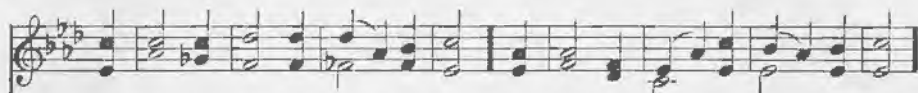
Morton. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

MRS. L. D. AVERY STUTTLE

EDWIN BARNES, 1886



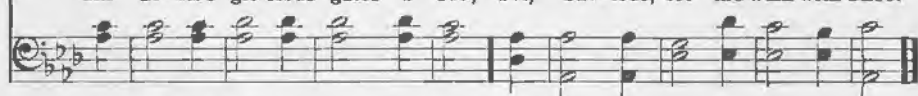
1. O let me walk with Thee, my God, As E-noch walked in days of old;
 2. I can-not, dare not, walk a-lone; The tem-pest rag-es in the sky,
 3. If I may rest my hand in Thine, I'll count the joys of earth hut loss,



Place Thou my trem-bling hand in Thine, And sweet com-mun-ion with me hold;
 A thousand snares he-set my feet, A thou-sand foes are lurk-ing nigh.
 And firm-ly, brave-ly jour-ney on; I'll bear the ban-ner of the cross



E'en though the path I may not see, Yet, Je-sus, let me walk with Thee.
 Still Thou the rag-ing of the sea, O Mas-ter! let me walk with Thee.
 Till Zi-on's glo-rious gates I see; Yet, Sav-iour, let me walk with Thee.



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Thy Way, Not Mine

St. Cecilia. 6.6.6.6.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857

LEIGHTON G. HAYNE, 1863



1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be;
 2. Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best;
 3. I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might;
 4. The king-dom that I seek Is Thine; so let the way
 5. Not mine, not mine the choice In things or great or small;

