

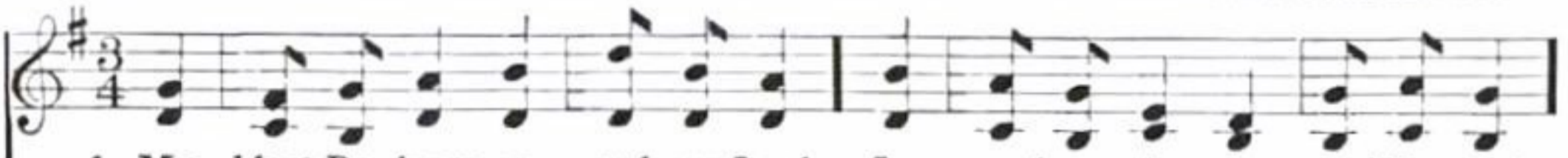
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My Blest Redeemer

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 heaven-ly steeps 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!

