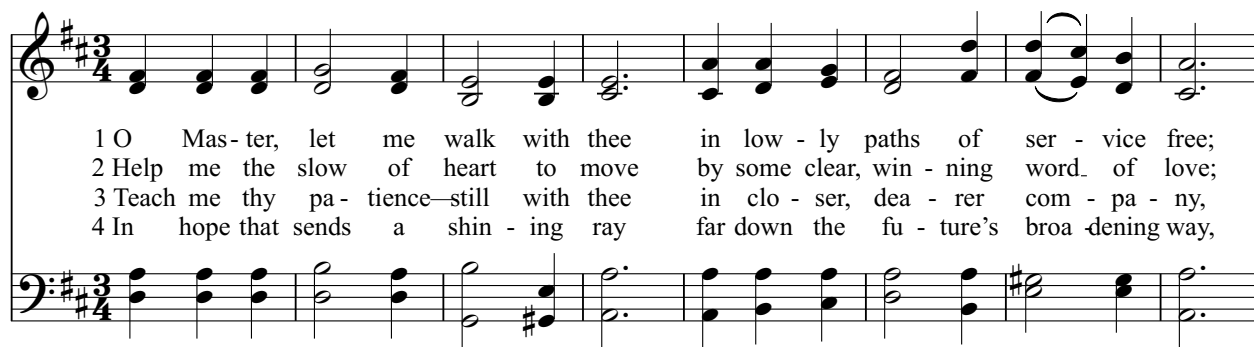


# O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee



1 O Mas-ter, let me walk with thee in low-ly paths of ser-vice free;  
2 Help me the slow of heart to move by some clear, win-ning word of love;  
3 Teach me thy pa-tience—still with thee in clo-ser, dea-rer com-pa-ny,  
4 In hope that sends a shin-ing ray far down the fu-ture's broa-dening way,



tell me thy se-cret: help me bear the strain of toil, the fret of care.  
teach me the way-ward feet to stay, and guide them in the home-ward way.  
in work that keeps faith sweet and strong, in trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong.  
in peace that on-ly thou canst give, with thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.

Text: Washington Gladden (1836-1918)  
Tune: H. Percy Smith (1825-1898)



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