Over the Line

1. Oh, ten - der and sweet was the Fa - ther's voice As He lov - ing - ly called to me,
2. "But my sins are man - y, my faith is small"; Lo! the an - swer came quick and clear:
3. "But my flesh is fee - ble," with tears I said, "And the way I can - not see;
4. The world is so cold that I can-not go back, Press for-ward I sure - ly must;

"Come o - ver the line, it is on - ly a step— I'm wait - ing, My child, for thee."
"Thou need-est not trust in thy - self at all, Step o - ver the line, I'm here."
I fear if I try I may sad - ly fail, And thus may dis - hon - or Thee."
I'll lay my weak hand in His wound-ed palm, Step o - ver the line, and *trust.*

Refrain

"O - ver the line," hear the sweet re - frain, An - gels are chant - ing the heav-en - ly strain;

1-3—"O - ver the line!"— Why should I re - main With a step be-tween me and Je - sus?
4—"O - ver the line!"— I will not re - main, I'll cross it and go to Je - sus.