

# O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

O Master, let me walk with Thee  
In lowly paths of service free;  
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear  
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear, winning word of love;  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.

O Master, let me walk with Thee,  
Before the taunting Pharisee;  
Help me to bear the sting of spite,  
The hate of men who hide Thy light.

The sore distrust of souls sincere  
Who cannot read Thy judgments clear,  
The dullness of the multitude  
Who dimly guess that Thou art good.

Teach me Thy patience, still with Thee  
In closer, dearer, company;  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong;  
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way,  
In peace that only Thou canst give,  
With Thee, O Master, let me live.