O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

1 O Master, let me walk with thee in lowly paths of service free;
2 Help me the slow of heart to move by some clear, winning word of love;
3 Teach me thy patience—still with thee in closer, dearer company,
4 In hope that sends a shining ray far down the future’s broadening way,

Tell me thy secret: help me bear the strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, and guide them in the home-ward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, in trust that triumphs o-ver wrong.
In peace that only thou canst give, with thee, O Master, let me live.