O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

1. 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.

2. 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 home-ward way.
   sweet and strong, in trust that triumphs over wrong;

3. Teach me thy patience; still with thee in closer, dearer company, in work that keeps faith future's broadening way, in peace that on-ly
   thou canst give, with thee, O Master, let me live.

4. In hope that sends a shining ray far down the
   word comes free; tell me thy secret;
   help me bear the strain of toil, the fret of care.

Text: Washington Gladden, 1879
Tune: H. Percy Smith, 1874