

# O Master, at Thy Feet

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1866

Scott Wederbaugh, 2017

♩=115

1. O Mast - er, at Thy feet I bow in rap - ture sweet! Be-  
 2. O full of truth and grace, Smile of Je - ho - vah's face; O  
 3. I have no words to bring Wor - thy of Thee, my King, And  
 4. How can the lip be dumb, The hand all still and numb, When  
 5. Yea, let my whole life be One an - them un - to Thee, And

- fore me, as in darken - ing glass, Some glori - ous out - lines pass, Of  
 tender - est heart of love un - told! Who may Thy praise un - fold? Thee,  
 yet one an - them in Thy praise I long, I long to raise; The  
 Thee the heart doth see and own Her Lord and God a - lone? Tune  
 let the praise of lip and life Out - ring all sin and strife. O

love, and truth, and ho - li - ness, and power; I own them Thine, O Christ, And  
 Sa - vior, Lord of lords and King of kings, Well may a - dor - ing ser - apts  
 heart is full, the eye en - tranced a - bove, But words all melt a - way To  
 for Thy - self the mu - sic of my days, And o - pen Thou my lipst That  
 Je - sus, Mas - ter! Be Thy name su - preme, For heaven and earth the one, The

bless Thee for this hour.  
 Hymn with veil - ing wings.  
 si - lent awe and love.  
 I may show Thy praise.  
 grand, e - ter - nal theme.