

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 - aphs
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.