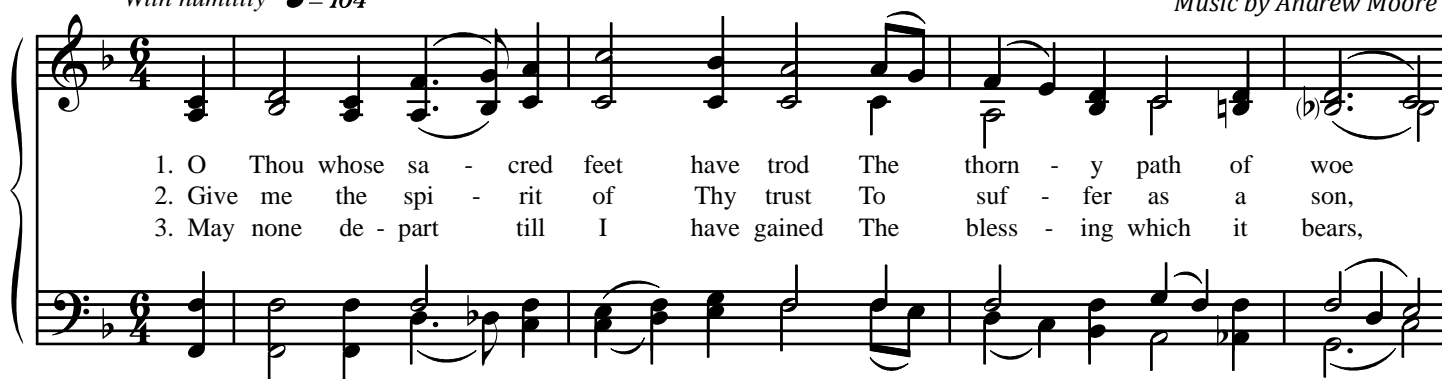


O Thou Whose Sacred Feet Have Trod


With humility ♩ = 104

Lyrics by James D. Burns (1823-1864)

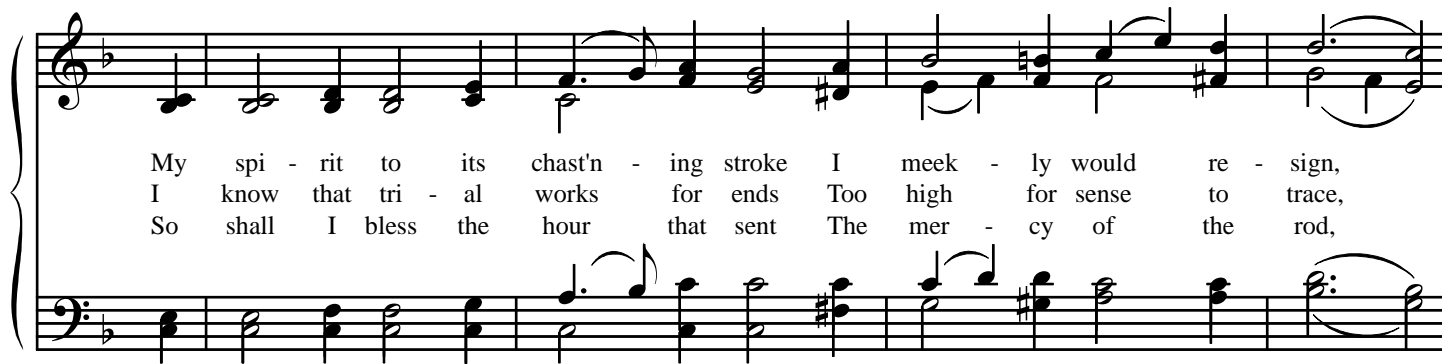
Music by Andrew Moore



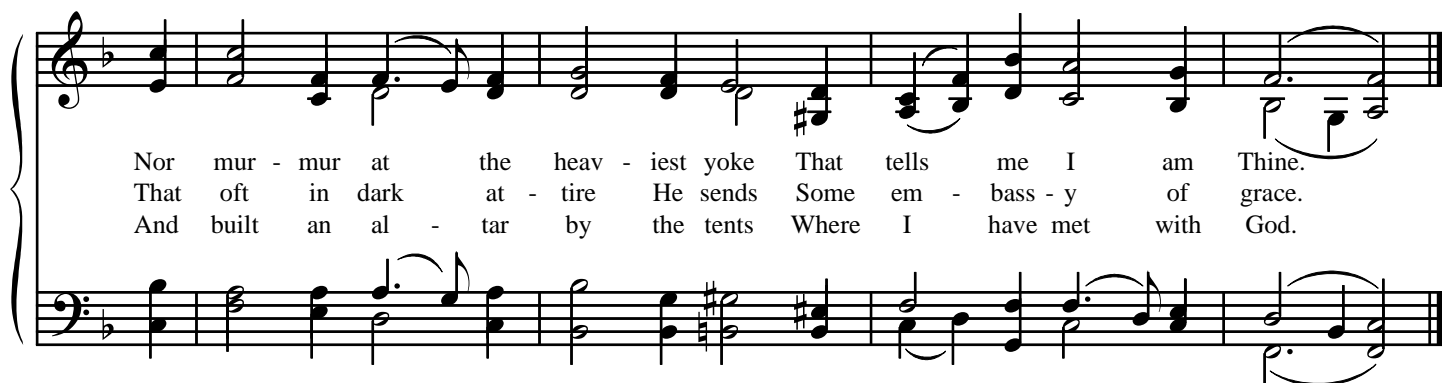
1. O Thou whose sa - cred feet have trod The thorn - y path of woe
2. Give me the spi - rit of Thy trust To suf - fer as a son,
3. May none de - part till I have gained The bless - ing which it bears,



For - bid that I should slight the rod, Or faint be - neath the blow.
To say, though ly - ing in the dust, "My Fa - ther's will be done!"
And learned, though late, I en - ter - tained An an - gel un - a - wares.



My spi - rit to its chast'n - ing stroke I meek - ly would re - sign,
I know that tri - al works for ends Too high for sense to trace,
So shall I bless the hour that sent The mer - cy of the rod,



Nor mur - mur at the heav - iest yoke That tells me I am Thine.
That oft in dark at - tire He sends Some em - bass - y of grace.
And built an al - tar by the tents Where I have met with God.