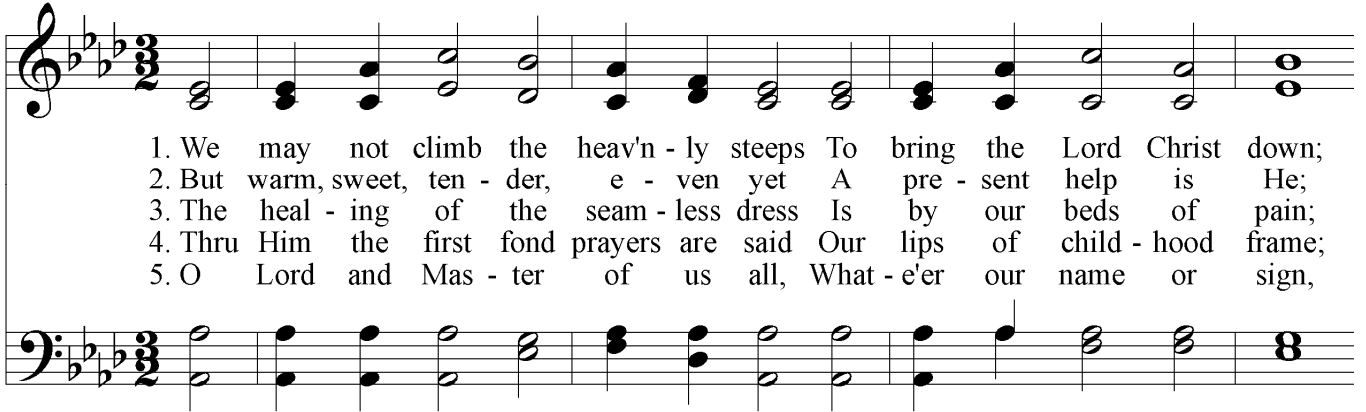
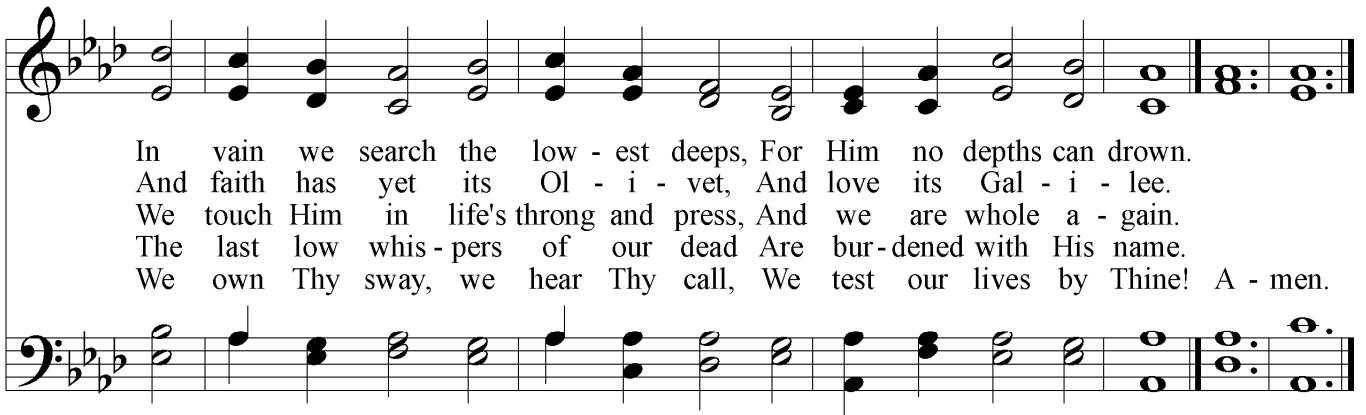


# Evan C. M.



1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;  
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pre - sent help is He;  
3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;  
4. Thru Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of child - hood frame;  
5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What - e'er our name or sign,



In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.  
And faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.  
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.  
The last low whis - pers of our dead Are bur - dened with His name.  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine! A - men.