

NOEL C. M. D.

Traditional Melody

Arranged by A. S. SULLIVAN

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1. We may not climb the heaven-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. The heal-ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown:
We touch him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.

But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is he;
O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What - e'er our name or sign,

And faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We own thy sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine.