

# 404 (106) Where His Voice is Guiding.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark, 'tis the Master! He's calling you to-day, Follow where His voice is guiding;  
 2. New fields of blessing will open to your view, Follow where His voice is guiding;  
 3. What tho' temptations may beckon you aside? Follow where His voice is guiding;

Look for His footprints along the heav'nward way, Follow where His voice is guiding.  
 Seeking His Spirit, your dai-ly strength renew, Follow where His voice is guiding.  
 Un-der His banner in loy-al-ty a-bide, Fol-low where His voice is guiding.

He . . . who lives for-ev-er-more, Trod this earthly path be-fore,  
 Press-ing onward, glad and free, Sweet-er will His service be,  
 Though the way seem hard and long, Faith will sing her cheery song;

Knows its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re-lief.  
 Rich-er His re-wards of love, Foretastes of the feast a-bove.  
 Soon we'll lay the burdens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

**CHORUS.**  
 Follow, fol-low where His voice is guiding, Follow, follow where His voice is  
 Fol-low where His voice is guid-ing, Fol-low where His voice is

Copyright, 1883 and 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

# Where His Voice is Guiding.

guid-ing, Fol-low where His voice is guiding, Follow, follow, fol-low on.  
 Fol-low where His

# 405 (107)

# More Like Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

*Slow, with feeling.*

1. More like Je-sus would I be; Let my Sav-ior dwell in me—  
 2. If He hears the ra-ven's cry, If His ev-er watch-ful eye—  
 3. More like Je-sus when I pray, More like Je-sus day by day,

*rit.*  
 Fill my soul with peace and love—Make me gen-tle as a dove;  
 Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure-ly He will hear my call;  
 May I rest me by His side, Where the tranquil wa-ters glide;

More like Je-sus, while I go, Pil-grim in this world be-low;  
 He will teach me how to live, All my sim-ple tho'ts for-give;  
 Born of Him, thro' grace renewed, By His love my will sub-dued,

*rit.*  
 Poor in spir-it would I be— Let my Sav-ior dwell in me.  
 Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Sav-ior dwell in me.  
 Rich in faith I still would be— Let my Sav-ior dwell in me.

Used by per. of W. H. Doane, owner of copyright.