

Truth Reflects upon Our Senses

Thoughtfully ♩ = 69-76

Duet

1. Truth re - flects up - on our sens - es; Gos - pel light re - veals to some.
 2. Je - sus said, "Be meek and low - ly," For 'tis high to be a judge;
 3. Once I said un - to an - oth - er, "In thine eye there is a mote;

If there still should be of - fens - es, Woe to them by whom they come!
 If I would be pure and ho - ly, I must love with - out a grudge.
 If thou art a friend, a broth - er, Hold, and let me pull it out."

Judge not, that ye be not judg - ed, Was the coun - sel Je - sus gave;
 It re - quires a con - stant la - bor All his pre - cepts to o - bey.
 But I could not see it fair - ly, For my sight was ver - y dim.

Mea - sure giv - en, large or grudg - ed, Just the same you must re - ceive.
 If I tru - ly love my neigh - bor, I am in the nar - row way.
 When I came to search more clear - ly, In mine eye there was a beam.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in the treble clef and a harmony line in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Bless - ed Sav - ior, thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss - ful shore" and "Where the an - gels wait to join us In thy praise for - ev - er - more." The word "Harmony" is written below the first treble clef staff.

Harmony

Bless - ed Sav - ior, thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss - ful shore

Where the an - gels wait to join us In thy praise for - ev - er - more.

4. If I love my brother dearer,
 And his mote I would erase,
 Then the light should shine the clearer,
 For the eye's a tender place.
 Others I have oft reprov'd,
 For an object like a mote;
 Now I wish this beam removed,
 Oh, that tears would wash it out!

5. Charity and love are healing;
 These will give the clearest sight;
 When I saw my brother's failing,
 I was not exactly right.
 Now I'll take no further trouble;
 Jesus' love is all my theme;
 Little motes are but a bubble
 When I think upon the beam.

Text: Eliza R. Snow, 1804–1887; chorus by M. E. Abbey
Music: Charles Davis Tillman, 1861–1943

Matthew 7:1–5
 Alma 41:14–15