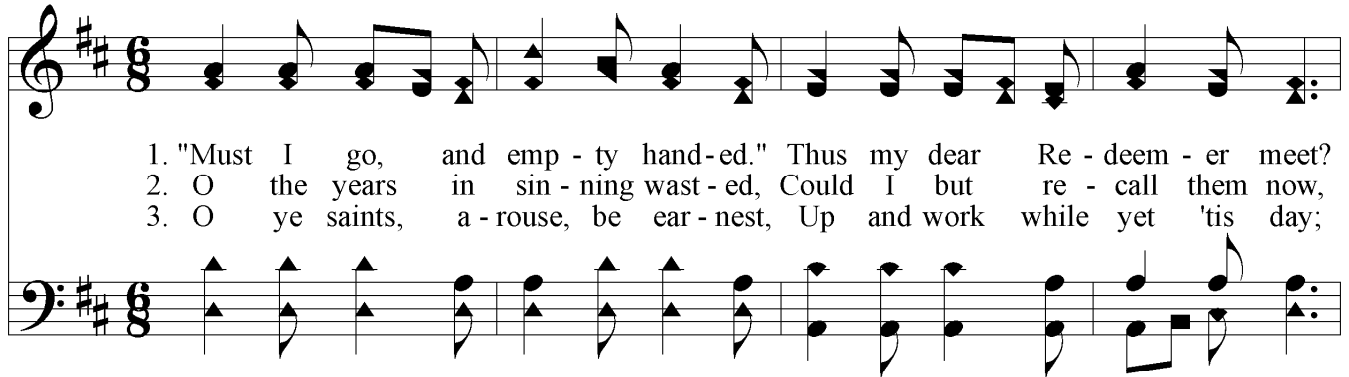


Must I Go, and Empty-Handed?

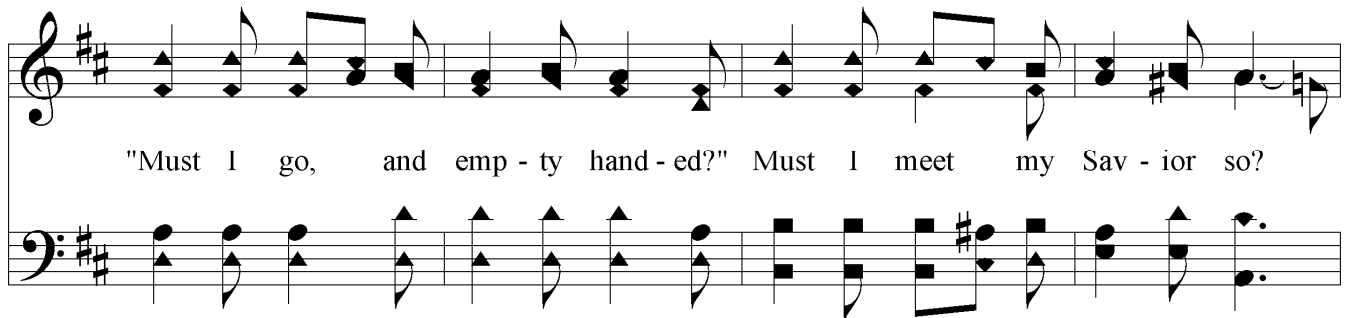


1. "Must I go, and emp - ty hand-ed." Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. O the years in sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
3. O ye saints, a - rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;

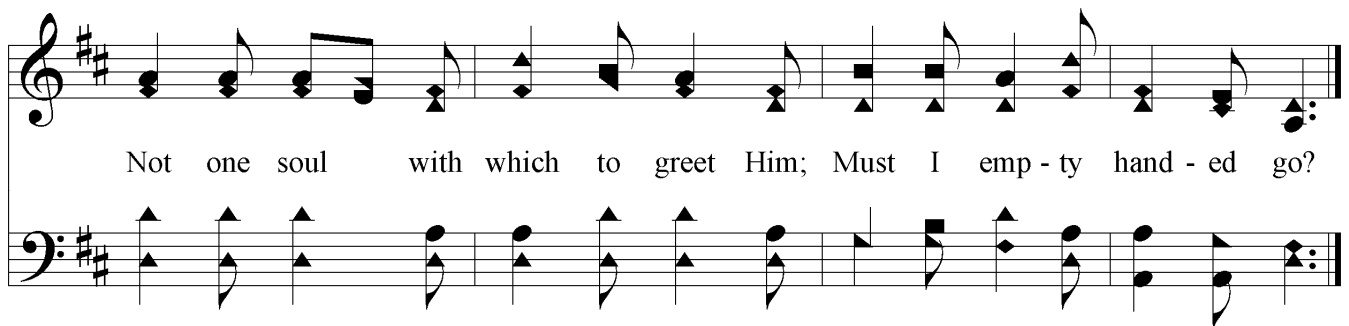


Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er - take thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

Chorus



"Must I go, and emp - ty hand - ed?" Must I meet my Sav - ior so?



Not one soul with which to greet Him; Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?