

Not Empty-Handed

1. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go; To Him whose love has bless'd me so;
 2. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go; In life's great field, some seed I'd sow;
 3. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go; His grace will hid-den treas-ures show,
 4. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go; Thru sum-mer's bloom, thru win-ter's snow,

Some pre-cious jew-el would I bring To shine for-ev-er for my King.
 Some gold-en sheaf for Him would bind; Some blos-soms tend, some fruit-age find.
 O, may I win them for His sake, And, day by day, love's of-f'rings make.
 I'll work for Him who died for me; Till, by and by, His face I see.

Chorus

Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go, To Him whose
 hand-ed would I go;

love hath bless'd me so; Some hum-ble trib-ute may I
 hath bless'd me so;

bear, With-in those gates so bright and fair.

Words by Eliza E. Hewitt
 Music by William J. Kirkpatrick