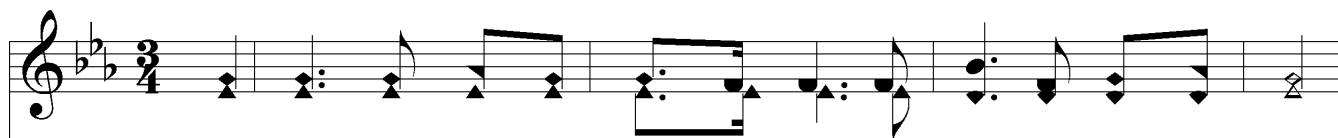
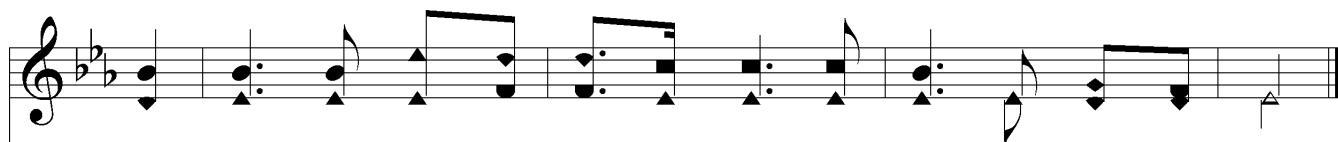


# WE MAY NOT CLIMB THE HEAVENLY STEEPS



1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;  
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pre - sent help is He;  
3. Thru Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of child - hood frame;



In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.  
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.  
The last low whis - pers of our dead Are bur - dened with His Name.

