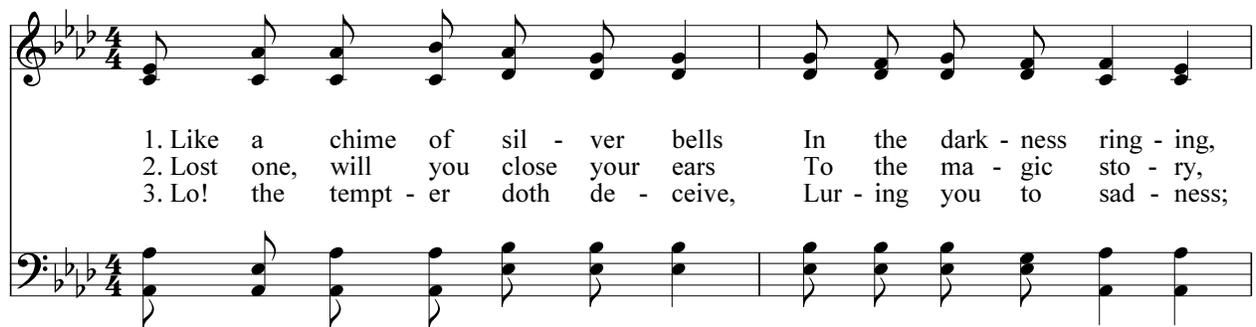


# Follow Me

G. M. Bills, 1899

Matthew Lindsay McPhail

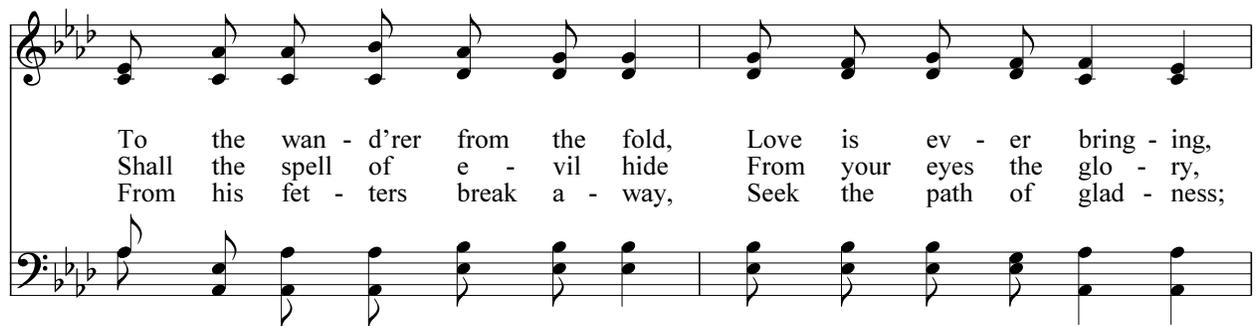
$\text{♩} = 82$



1. Like a chime of sil - ver bells In the dark - ness ring - ing,  
2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the ma - gic sto - ry,  
3. Lo! the tempt - er doth de - ceive, Lur - ing you to sad - ness;



Comes a voice that ev - er tells Of the Shep - herd's care;  
That can charm a - way your fears When earth's joys de - part?  
Then he mocks you while you grieve, Point - ing to des - pair;



To the wan - d'rer from the fold, Love is ev - er bring - ing,  
Shall the spell of e - vil hide From your eyes the glo - ry,  
From his fet - ters break a - way, Seek the path of glad - ness;



Tid - ings from the gates of gold, Of a wel - come there.  
That for - ev - er will a - bide, With the pure in heart?  
Spurn the plea - sures that de - cay, Of their sting be - ware.

*Refrain*

“Fol - low low Me,” O hear the Shep - herd say - ing,  
 “Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low Me,”

“Seek the door to pas - tures ev - er fair”;  
 “Seek the door to pas - tures fair,”

Heed, O heed thy Sav - ior's ten - der plead - ing;  
 Heed, O heed thy Sav - ior's voice, O heed His

Fol - low Him and find a wel - come there.  
 Fol - low in His foot - steps, Find a bless - ed wel - come there.