

Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses #273

with enhanced piano accompaniment - and instrumental countermelody

Thoughtfully ♩ = 72

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

Instr.

Optional instrumental countermelody - use with flute, violin, oboe, organ sounds, etc. - suggested for verses 2 and/or 3

Piano 1

Enhanced piano accompaniment - or use with organ SATB for piano/organ (check tuning dial) duet accompaniment

SATB

Piano 2 or Organ - as in current hymnbook of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

5

Pno. 1

5

SATB

5

Duet

Truth re -

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Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses

9

Pno. 1

SATB

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

13

Pno. 1

SATB

still would art should be pure of - fens - es, Woe to them by whom they come! Judge not,
be a friend, and a ho - ly, I Hold, must and let with - out pull it grudge. out. It re -
me broth - er, But I

Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses

17

Pno. 1

SATB

that quires could ye a be con - stant it judg - ed, Was the coun sel Je - sus o - gave; Mea - sure
If When I

21

Pno. 1

SATB

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

Harmony

Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses

25

Pno. 1

SATB

Sav - ior, thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss - ful shore Where the

29

Pno. 1

SATB

an - gels wait to join us In thy praise for - ev - er - more. Je - sus
Once I more.

1, 2. 3.

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.

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