

Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses #273

enhanced piano accompaniment

Thoughtfully

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

melody

Piano

5

Truth re -

Pno.

9

flects up - on our 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

Pno.

9

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Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses #273

13

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

Pno.

17

that ye be not judg - ed, Was the coun - sel Je - sus gave; Mea - sure
 quires a con - stant la - bor ly, All his pre - cepts to o - bey. If I
 could not see it fair - ly, For my sight was ver - y dim. When I

Pno.

21

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 eye there was a beam.

Pno.

Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses #273

25

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

Pno.

29

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

Pno.

1, 2. 3.

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 reproved
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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