

# Over the Line

Ellen Knight Bradford, 1878

Edward Hunt Phelps

♩=92



1. Oh, tender and sweet was the Ma-s - ter's voice As He lov-ing - ly called to me, "Come  
 2. But my sins are m - a - ny, my faith is small; Lo! the an - swer came quick and clear; "Thou  
 3. But my flesh is we - ak, I tear-ful - ly said, And the wa-y I can - not see; I  
 4. Ah, the world is cold, and I can-not go back, Press for-ward I sure - ly must; I will



over the line, it is only a step— I am wait-ing, My child, for thee."  
 need-est not trust in thyself at all, Step o - ver the line, I am here." "O-ver the line," hear the  
 fear if I try I may sa - dly fail, And thus may dis-hon - or Thee.  
 place my hand in His wound-ed palm, Step o - ver the line, and trust.



sweet re - frain, An - gels are chant - ing the heav - en - ly strain: "O - ver the line," why  
 4. v "O - ver the line," I



should I re-main With a step be-tween me and Je-sus.  
 will not re-main; I'll cross it and go to Je-sus.

