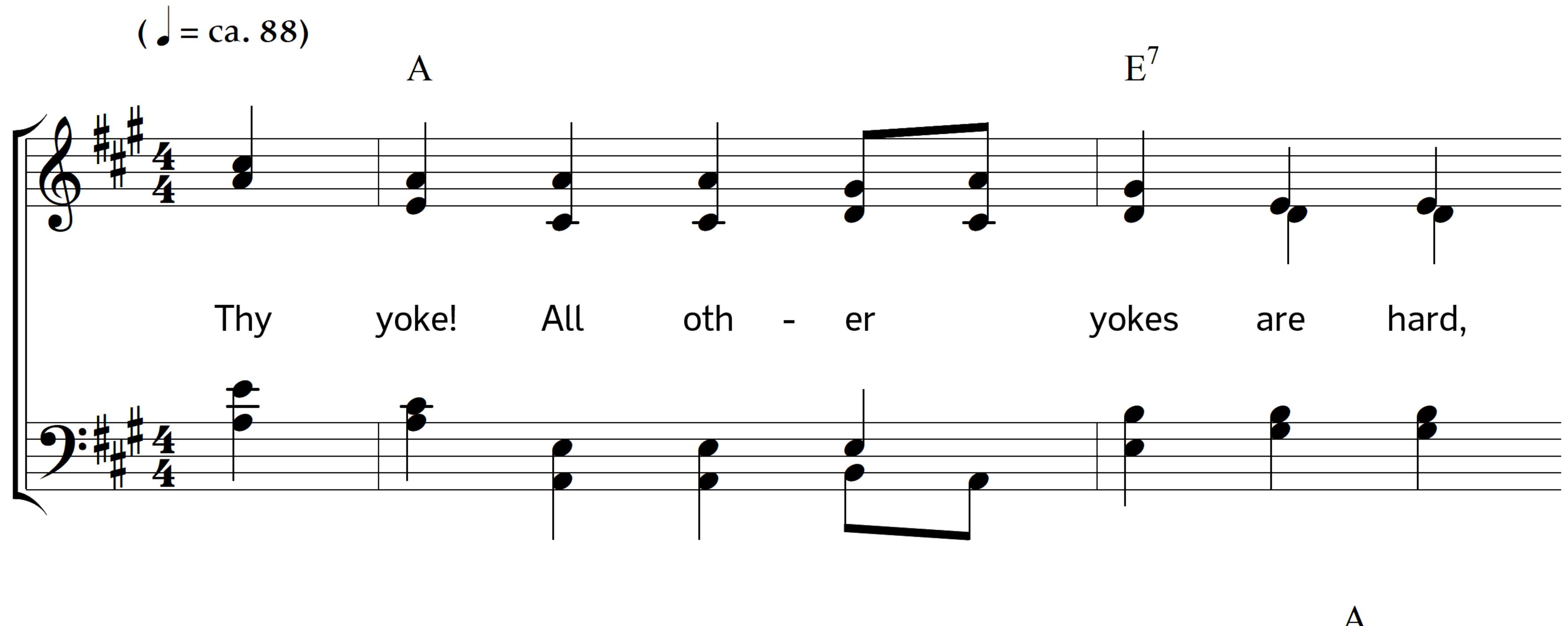
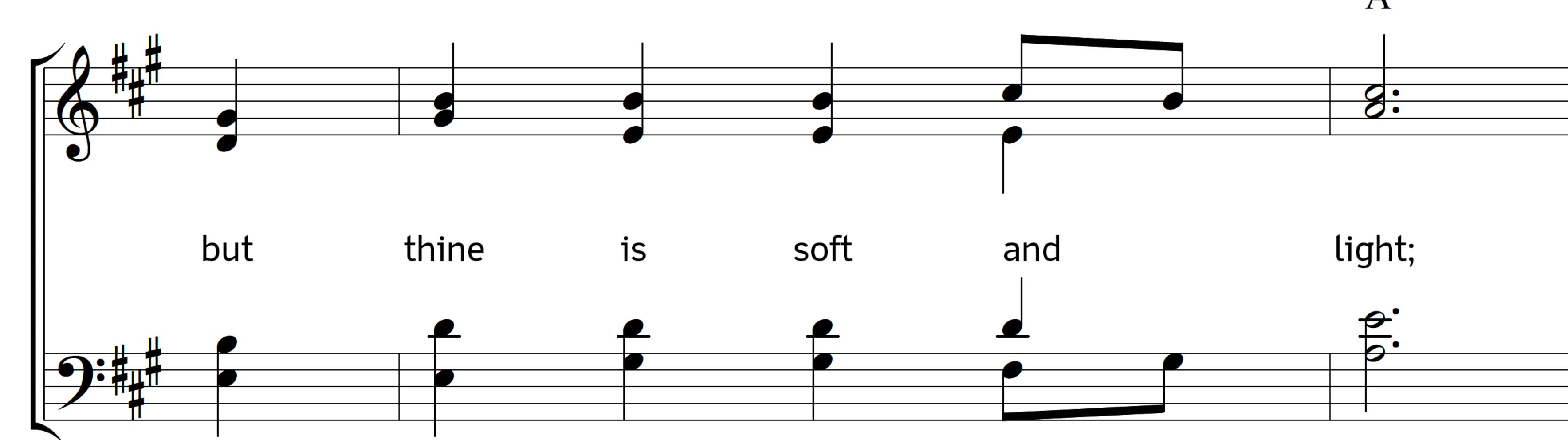
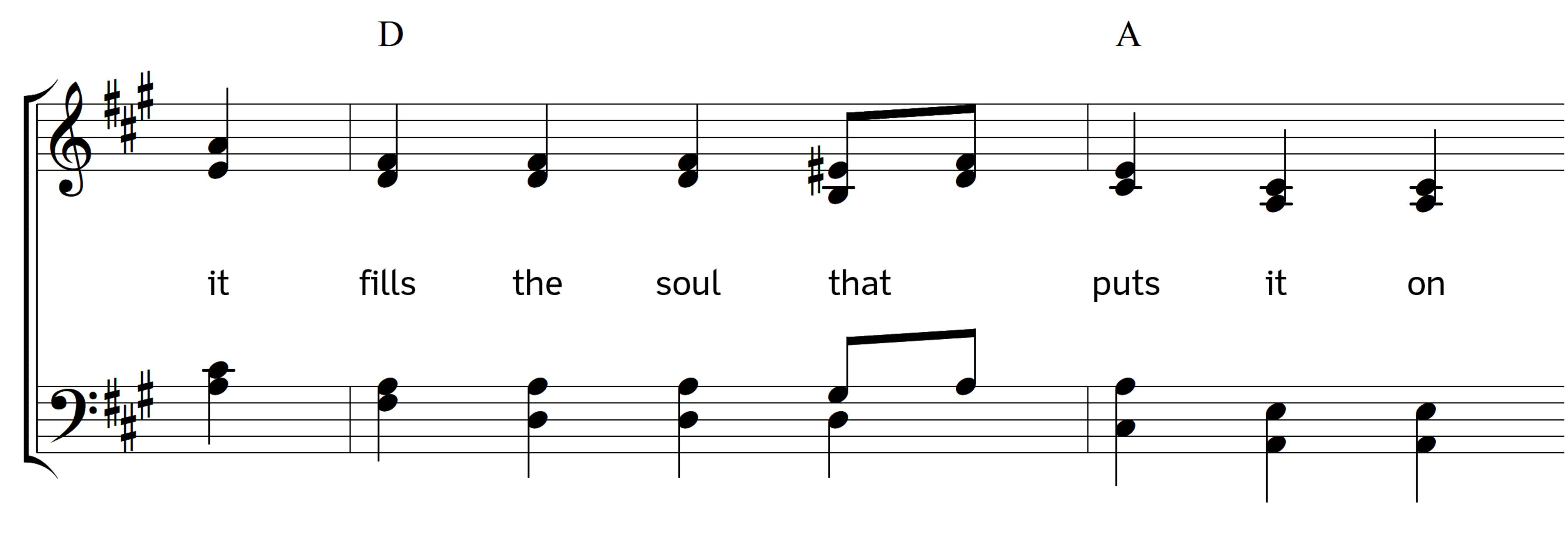
THE YOKE OF THE TRUE MASTER









2. Thy yoke! There are no chains in it; it giveth eagle's wings: the soul that takes it hastens on, and, as he goeth, sings.

3. Thy burden is a load of love, and love makes all things sweet; it gives fresh vigour to the frame, new swiftness to the feet.

4. It does not stay us in our course, nor makes our service hard; it cheers us on, and points us to the glad day of reward.

5. Oh, give us then thy pleasant yoke, thy blessed burden lay on us, that we may do thy work in our brief service-day.

6. Help us, O Lord, to serve thee well in weakness here below; that we, rejoicing in thy love, our love to thee may show.

7. The service that we render now, 'mid conflict, grief, and fear, is such as angels cannot give in their all-peaceful sphere; –

8. service which ceases when we part with foes, and sins, and pain, – service that glorifies thy name beyond all service then.

9. Right gladly then we take the yoke, and bear it hour by hour; we glory in that service here which magnifies thy power.

10. Sustain us here, most gracious Lord!
Quicken our love and faith,
that we may serve thee well, and be
still faithful unto death.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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