

(P. M.)

C. Austin Miles

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1. I claim for my own a King on a throne, The Maker of land and of sea; Whose  
 2. I wan-der a - way, from Him I might stray, But ev - er the sound of His voice Is  
 3. The by - ways are fair, but oft - en a snare Is hidden where pleasures a - bound; So



## REFRAIN



throne is on high, who ev - er is nigh, To love and care for me.  
 call - ing to me, where'er I may be, To make my heart re - joice. Wide, wide as the  
 close to His side I'll ev - er a - bide, For safe - ty there is found. Wide as the o - cean,



o - cean, High as the heavens a - bove, Deep, deep as the deep - est sea,  
 deep as the sea, above; Deep as the deep - est



Is my Saviour's love. I, tho' so un - wor - thy, Still am a child of His  
 is His love; I tho' un - wor - thy, Still am His child



care, For His Word teaches me That His love reaches me Ev - 'ry - where.  
His care,

## The Saviour's Path and Ours

(This hymn may be sung to the same tune as the preceding, using the same refrain.)

- 1 He left His bright home, His glorious throne,  
To die upon Calvary's tree;  
His blood there was spilt, to cleanse me from guilt,  
He died — He lives for me.
- 2 The path is marked out, till called by the shout,  
To meet with my Lord in the air.  
The Spirit's the power, to walk till that hour,  
The object of God's care.