

A handwritten musical score on a single staff. The staff begins with a clef, followed by a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The first measure consists of six eighth notes. The second measure consists of six sixteenth notes. The third measure consists of six eighth notes. The fourth measure consists of six sixteenth notes. The fifth measure consists of six eighth notes. The sixth measure consists of six sixteenth notes. The lyrics "I Will follow Thee" are written in cursive script to the right of the staff, with a small vertical line connecting the first 'I' to the first note.

I will follow thee, my Savior, Where-so-ever my lot may
be;
Where thou go-est I will follow, 'Tis my Lord, I'll follow thee.

Ohio.
I will follow thee, my Savior, Thou didst shed thy blood for
me;
And tho' all men should forsake thee, By thy grace I'll follow thee.

2
Though the road be rough and thorny, Trackless as the
foaming sea, Thou hast trod this way before me,
And I gladly follow thee.

3. Though 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary, cheerless though
my path may be, If thy voice I hear before me,
fearlessly I'll follow thee.

4 Though I met with tribulations, sorely tempted though
I've, Remember thou was tempted,
And rejoice to follow thee.

5 Though thou lead'st me thro' affliction, poor, forsaken,
though I be, thou wast- destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.

Ch. 4 Through to Jordan's rising billows, cold and deep,
 thou leadest me, thou hast crossed its waves before me,
 And I still will follow thee.

Braving By and By.

Then faint and weary toiling, The sweat drops on my brow;
There comes a gentle chiding, To quell each moaning sigh;
I long to rest from labor, To drop the burden now;
Work while the day is shining, There's resting by and by.

Chorus. Resting by and by, There's resting by and by, We shall not
al-ways la-bor, We shall not al-ways cry; The end is draw-ing
nearer, The end for which we sigh; He'll lay our heavy
bur-dens down, There's rest-ing by and by.

2. This life is toil is given, And he improves it best- Who seeks
by patient labor To enter into rest; Then, pilgrim, worn and
weary, Press on! the goal is nigh; The prize is straight before
thee, There's resting by and by.

3 For ask, when, overburdened, You long for friendly aid,—
"Why idle stands my brother, No joke upon him laid?"
The Master bids him tarry, And dare you ask him why?
"Go, labor in my vineyard; There's resting by and by."

4 I am reaper in the harvest; let this thy strength sustain,
Each sheaf that fills the garner brings you eternal gain,
Then bear the cross with patience, its fields of duty lie;
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
There's resting by and joy.