Hymn I Would Be True

Piano Sheet Music / Guitar Sheet Music

聖歌

我要真诚

鋼琴樂譜/簡譜/吉他樂譜

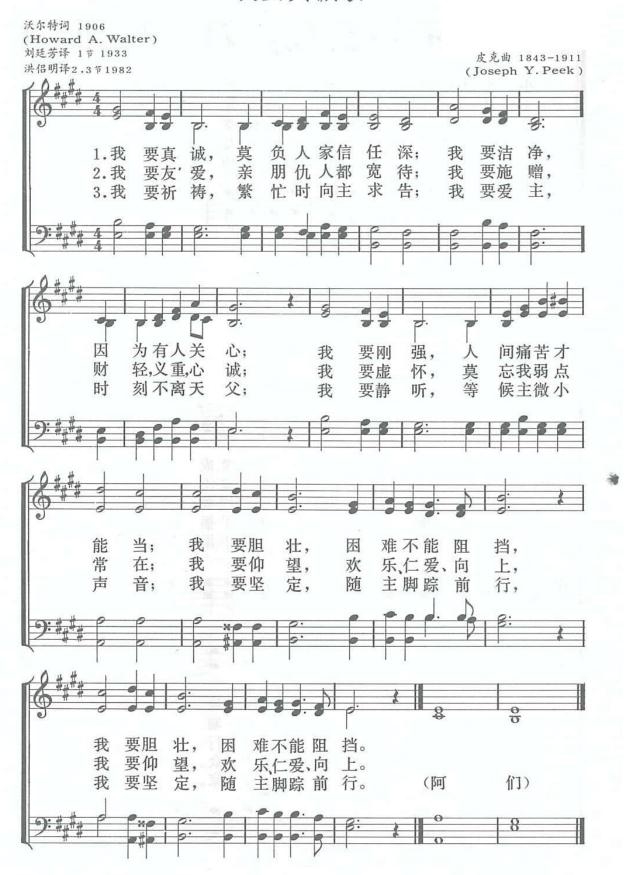




風火網頁 Webpage: https://www.feng-huo.ch/

Date: February 19, 2023









 $1 = E \frac{4}{4}$

们)

I would be true

皮克曲 1843 - 1911 (Joseph Y. Peek)

沃尔特词 1906 (Howard A. Walter) 刘廷芳译 1 节 . 1933 洪侣明译 2. 3 节 1982

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1 = E 4/4
 | 7-6-|6-7 6 | 5--3 | 4 3 3·2 | 5--0 | 1-1-|1-1 1 | 1--1 | 1 1 7·7 | 1--0 | 能 当; 我 要 胆 壮, 困 难 不 能 阻 挡, 常 在; 我 要 仰 望, 欢 乐、仁 爱、向 上, 声 音; 我 要 坚 定, 随 主 脚 踪 前 行, 4-4-|4-#2 2 | 3--5 | 6 5 5·5 | 5--0 | 4-4-|4-#4 4 5--5 | 5 5 5·4 | 3--0 |
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I Would Be True



Alternate tunes: O PERFECT LOVE, No. 524; ALVERSTOKE, No. 471

I Would Be True



The first two stanzas of this hymn are from "My Creed," a poem that Howard Walter sent to his mother from Japan, where he taught English before becoming a Congregational minister. Walter died at the age of thirty-five while working for the Y.M.C.A. in India.

Tune: PEEK 11.10.11.10.10. Joseph Y. Peek, 1911

I Would Be True

Be thou an example of the believers ... I Tim. 4:12



I Would Be True-crd

By: Howard A Walter and Joseph Y Peek

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Peek

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;

C7

F

I would be pure, for there are those who care;

Bb

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;

F

I would be brave, for there is much to dare;

Bb

F

C7

F

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;

I would be giving, and forget the gift;

I would be humble, for I know my weakness;

I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift.

I would be faithful through each passing moment:

I would be faithful through each passing moment; I would be constantly in touch with God; I would be strong to follow where He leads me; I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod; I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod.

Who is so low that I am not his brother? Who is so high that I've no path to him? Who is so poor, that I may not feel his hunger? Who is so rich I may not pity him?

Who is so hurt I may not know his heartache? Who sings for joy my heart may never share? Who in God's heaven has passed beyond my vision? Who to Hell's depths where I may never fare?

May none, then, call on me for understanding, May none, then, turn to me for help in pain, And drain alone his bitter cup of sorrow, Or find he knocks upon my heart in vain.