







Lead Thou me on, and then my feet tho' weary, Shall never falter in life's rugged way; And tho' my pathway lead thro' wilds most dreary, Guided by Thee my feet shall never stray.

Fill me with love, and then my life shall ever Show forth the light of Thy sweet love divine; And tho' this world my heart from Thee would sever, I still rejoice in knowing Thou art mine.

Give me Thy grace, the grace that more aboundeth When all the hosts of sin upon me roll; And tho' life's care my lonely way surroundeth, Still I can rest, if Thou my life control. Give me Thy peace that passeth understanding, And wraps the soul in calm and sweet repose; And tho' the storms would keep my soul from landing, At length I'll anchor, safe from all my foes.

Lord, well I know, all these, and more are given, With Christ in whom all heav'nly riches dwell; In Him by faith I grasp the joys of heaven, And taste the bliss my tongue now fails to tell.

Harry Armstrong

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