

Jesus, lead us on
Till our rest is won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless.
Guide us by your hand
To our Father's land.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us;
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest is won.
Heav'nly Leader, still direct us;
Still support, console, protect us
Till we safely stand
In our Father's land.