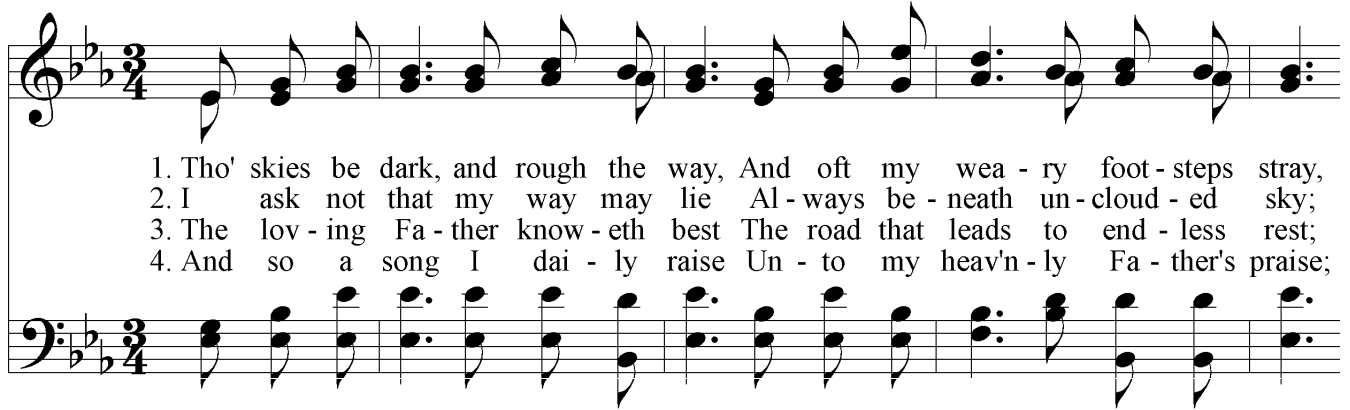


The Hand That Leadeth Me



1. Tho' skies be dark, and rough the way, And oft my wea - ry foot - steps stray,
2. I ask not that my way may lie Al - ways be - neath un - cloud - ed sky;
3. The lov - ing Fa - ther know - eth best The road that leads to end - less rest;
4. And so a song I dai - ly raise Un - to my heav'n - ly Fa - ther's praise;



Yet when the path I can - not see, I'll trust the hand that lead - eth me.
I on - ly ask that His dear hand May guide me thru this de - sert land.
And tho' it lie thru griefs and fears, His hand will wipe a - way all tears.
And when the way I can - not see, I'll trust the hand that lead - eth me.

Chorus



O bless - ed love, my Fa - ther's love, It lifts me to the heights a -
O bless - ed bless - ed love, my Fa - ther's love, it lifts me to the



bove, And when the way I can - not see, I'll trust the hand that lead - eth me.
heights a - bove, And when the way I can - not see,