

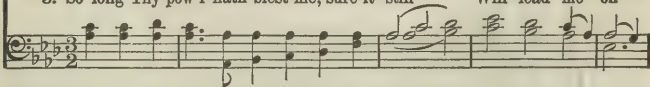
Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. *Lux Benigna.* 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

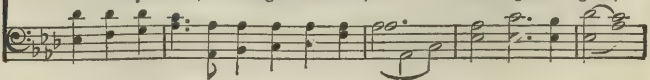
John B. Dykes.



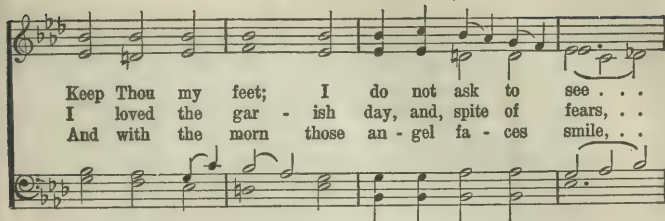
1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



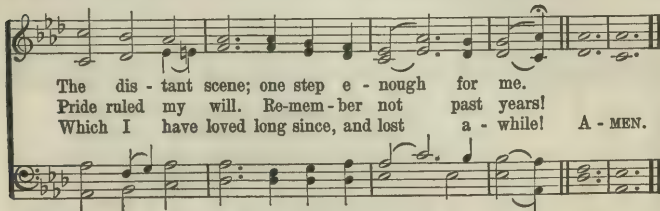
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,



Lead, Kindly Light.



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . .
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . .



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.