

WILT THOU GUIDE ME

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Wilt Thou guide me on Dear-Saviour Thru' this desert of des pair;
When I'm way ward vain and haughty place on me Thy Yoke of ease;
Life has been so sad and dreary since you placed me here on earth;



When I'm Friendless sad and -lone ly Thy rich blessings let me share.
Doub le thrice, the weight Dear Saviour, till I humb ly bend my knees.
Sad mis fort unes so be setting with such wick ed wars and death.



Solo. Rito.

Solo Sop.

Cresc.

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Let Thy Ho ly spir it guide me 'Till I reach the oth er side;
In Thy House of man y mansions is there room for all who stray;
But our faith will nev er fal ter with Thy Glo ry as our goal;

