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1884

LEAD
KINDLY
LIGHT



~:JOHN:~

~:HENRY:~

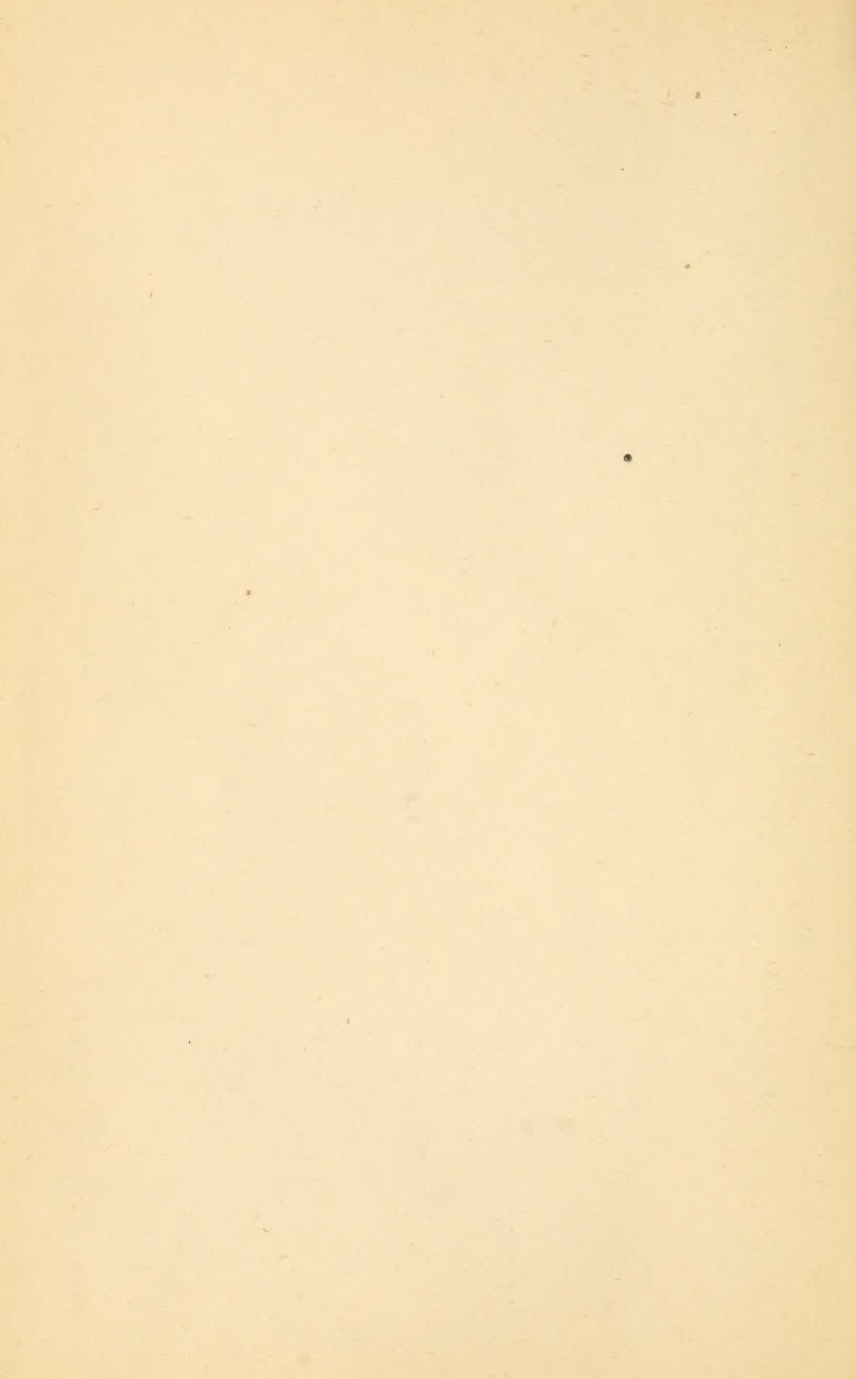
~:NEWMAN:~

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"Lead Thou me on."

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

ILLUSTRATED.

33



BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1884.

1883

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In the day time he also led
them with a cloud and all the
night through with the light
of fire



“ And all the night through with the light of fire.”



LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.





Lead me kindly through

amid the enshrouding gloom

Lead thou me on

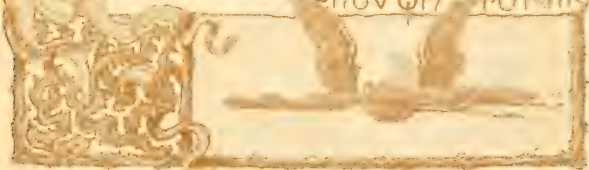




"The night is dark, and I am far from home."



The night is dark and I am
Far from home
Lead thou me on
Keep thou my feet
I do not
Ask to see
The distant scene one step
enough for me



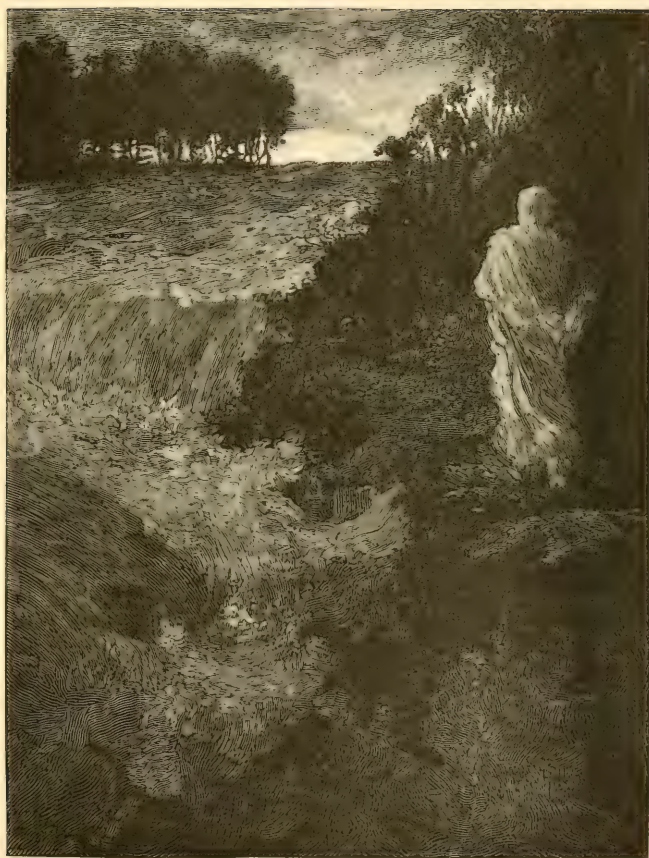


"Pride ruled my will."



I was not even then nor prayed
 that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on
 I loved to choose and see my
 path but now
 I lead Thou me on
 I loved the parish days and spite
 of fears
 Pride ruled my will remember
 not past years





“O'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone.”



So long thy power had breed
me sure it will
will lead me on
er moon and fens o'er crag and
the night is gone



"Those angel faces."



With the morn'g those
Which I have loved long since
and lost awhile



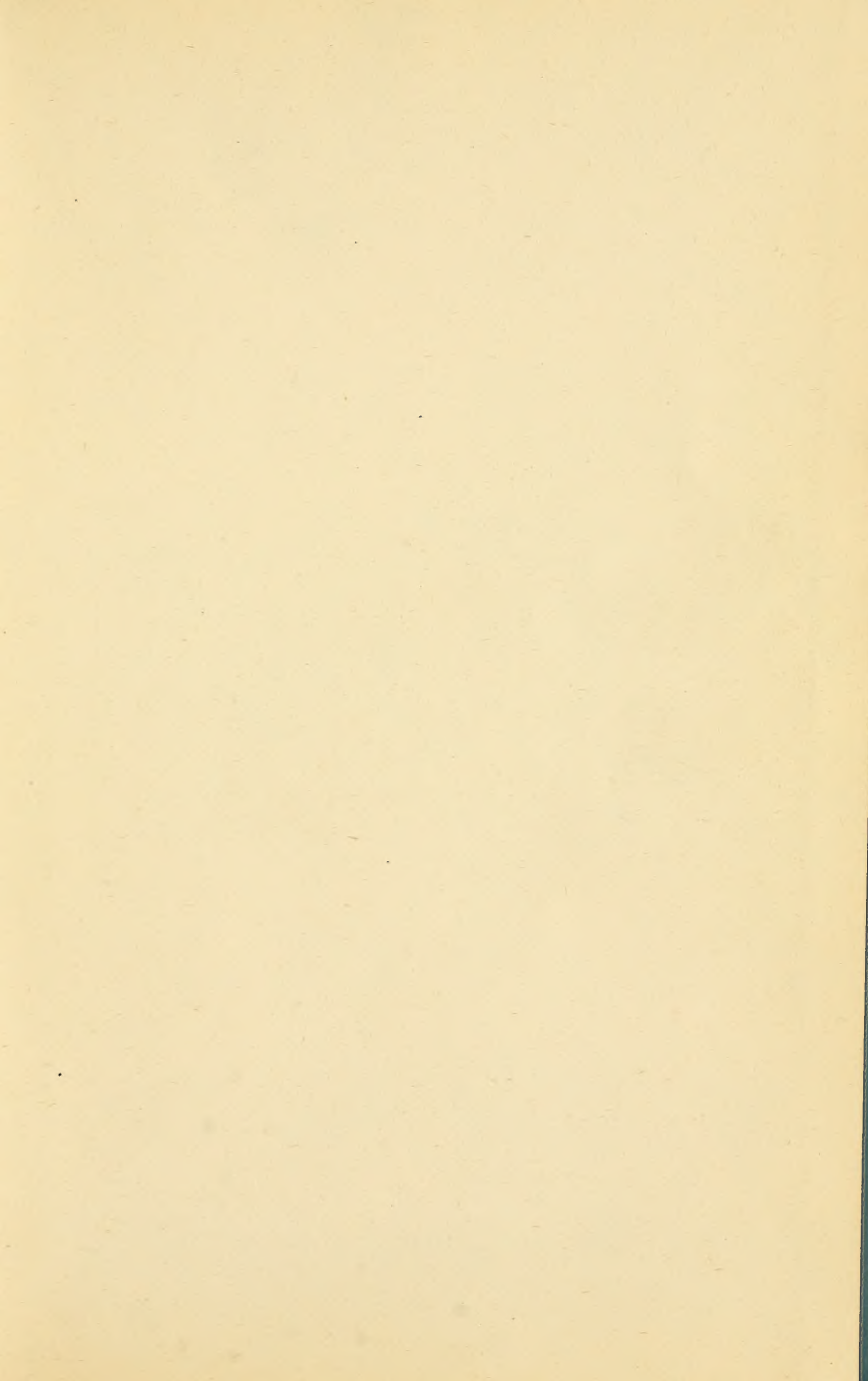


DYKES. NEWMAN, 1833.

1. Lead, Kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene—one step enough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years,
 an-gel fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.



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