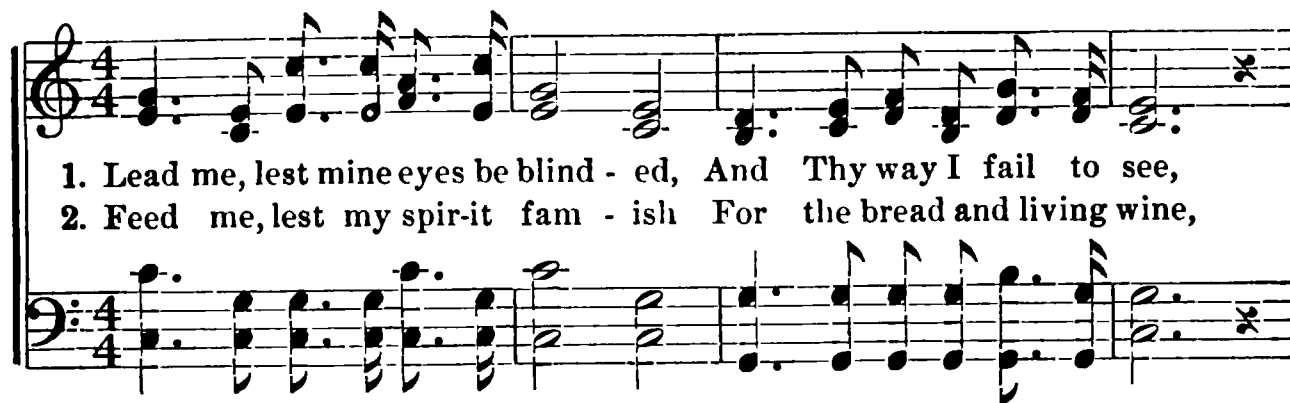




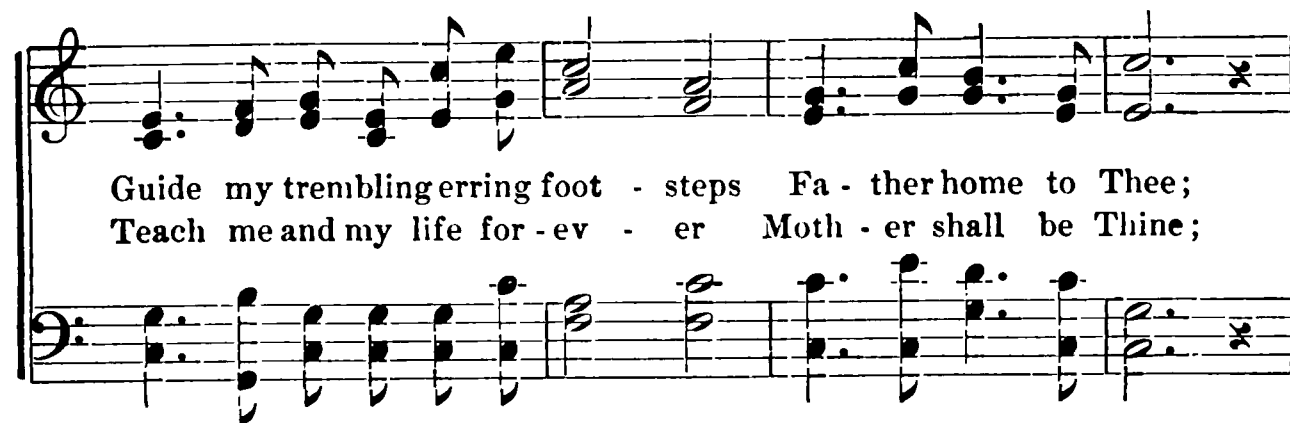
des-ert wilds no long - er roam, Ye wand'ring souls, come home. come home.

GOLDEN GATE.

CANAAN, N. Y.



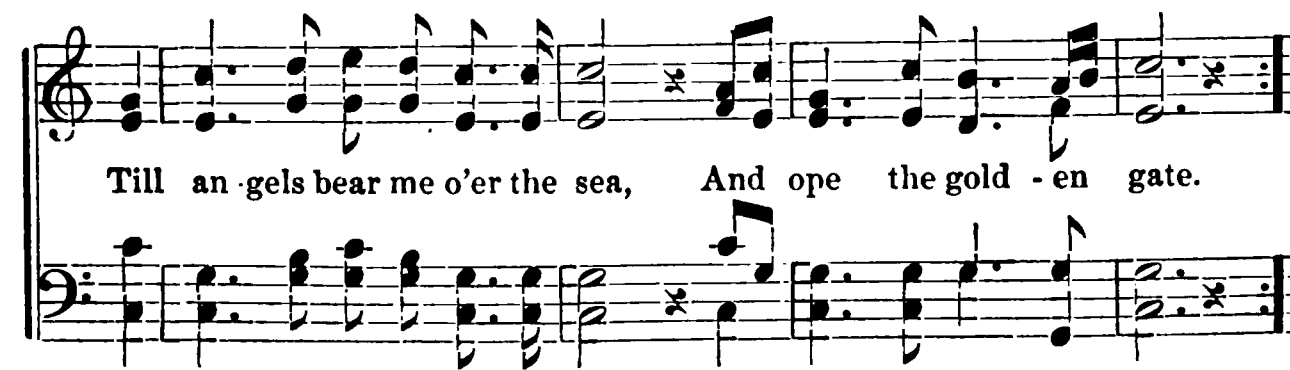
1. Lead me, lest mine eyes be blind - ed, And Thy way I fail to see,
2. Feed me, lest my spir-it fam - ish For the bread and living wine,



Guide my trembling erring foot - steps Fa - ther home to Thee;
Teach me and my life for - ev - er Moth - er shall be Thine;



Home to Thee, Home to Thee, Yet trust - ing will I wait,
Ev - er Thine, Ev - er Thine, Still trust - ing will I wait,



Till an - gels bear me o'er the sea, And ope the gold - en gate.