

Blest Savior, Near to Thee
Norman Plass, 1888.
Thomas Hastings, 1832.

Blest Savior, near to Thee,
Who art so dear to me,
Gladly I tread;
I love to walk beside
So kind and true a Guide
For ne'er can ill betide
Those by Thee led.

Lead me where Thou wilt lead,
Thy hungering flock to feed
Gladly I'll haste;
I would not idle be
While still, afar from Thee,
I can one wanderer see
On earth's drear waste.

Send me where Thou wilt send,
To foe or loving friend
Gladly I'll go;
No harm have I to fear
Since Thou art ever near,
Thy smile my way shall cheer
Life's journey through.