

He Leads Us On

Hiram Wiley, 1865.

Frederick Maker(1844-1927)

He leads us on by paths we did not know;
Upward He leads us, tho' our steps be slow;
Tho' oft we faint and falter on the way,
Tho' storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on thro' all th'unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears
He guides our steps; thro' all the tangled maze
Of losses, sorrows, and o'erclouded days
We know His will is done,
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last after the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past
Will give us rest at last.