


HYMN CHANT

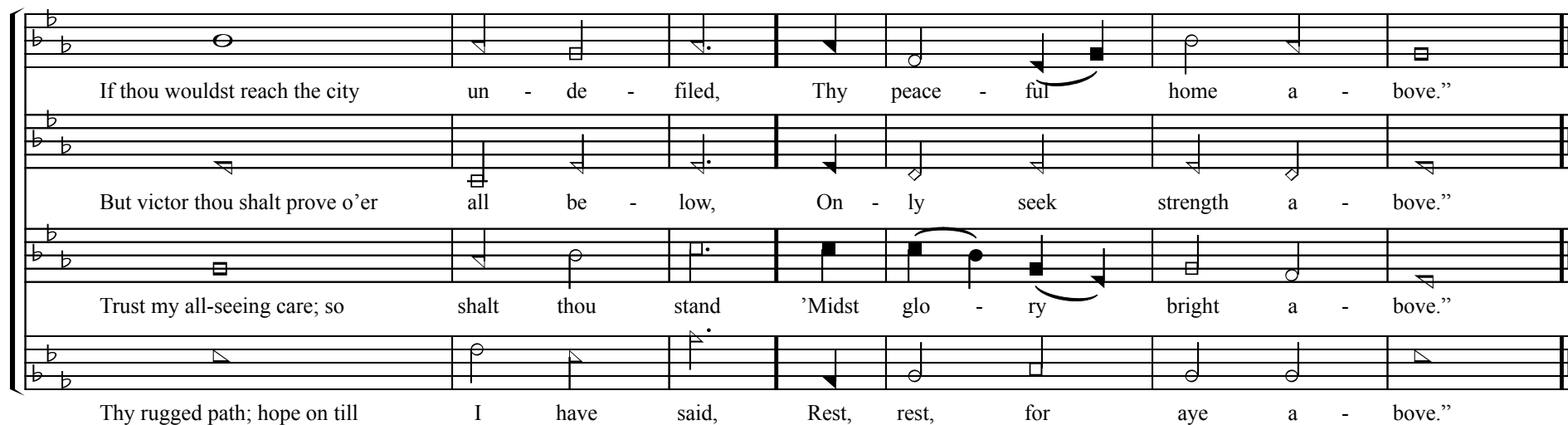


1. "Is this the way, my Father?" "Tis my child Thou must pass through this tangled, drear - y wild,

2. "But enemies are around." "Yes, child, I know, Where least expected there thou'lt find a foe;

3. "My father, it is dark," "Child, take my hand, Cling close to me, I'll lead thee through the land,

4. "O father, I am weary," "Child, lean thy head, Upon my breast, It was my love that spread



If thou wouldst reach the city un - de - filed, Thy peace - ful home a - bove."

But victor thou shalt prove o'er all be - low, On - ly seek strength a - bove."

Trust my all-seeing care; so shalt thou stand 'Midst glo - ry bright a - bove."

Thy rugged path; hope on till I have said, Rest, rest, for aye a - bove."