

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

The way is dark, my Father. Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The Thunder roars above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child !

The day goes fast, my Father ! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions ; fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father ! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child !

The way is long, my Father ! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal ;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand ;
Quickly and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate
Thy child !

The path is rough, my Father ! Many a thorn
Has pierced me ; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand ;
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child !

The thorn is great, my Father ! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore. I can not stand
Or go alone. O Father ! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child !

The cross is heavy, Father ! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand ;
And reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child !