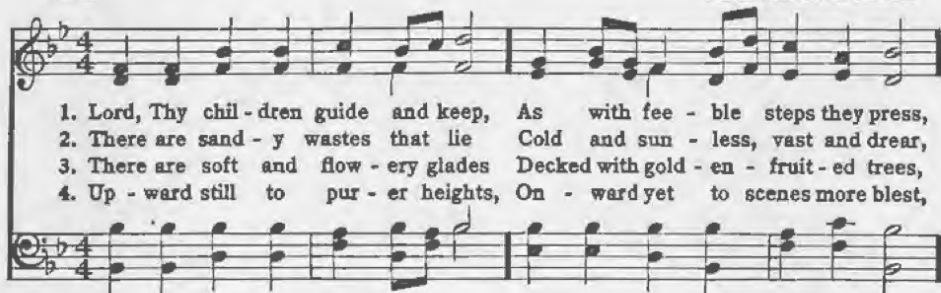
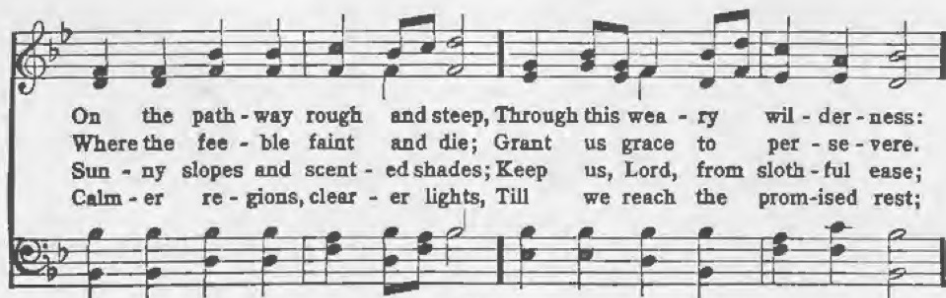


Anon.

ABRAHAM H. C. MALAN



1. Lord, Thy chil - dren guide and keep, As with fee - ble steps they press,
 2. There are sand - y wastes that lie Cold and sun - less, vast and drear,
 3. There are soft and flow - ery glades Decked with gold - en - fruit - ed trees,
 4. Up - ward still to pur - er heights, On - ward yet to scenes more blest,



On the path - way rough and steep, Through this wea - ry wil - der - ness:
 Where the fee - ble faint and die; Grant us grace to per - se - vere.
 Sun - ny slopes and scent - ed shades; Keep us, Lord, from sloth - ful ease;
 Calm - er re - gions, clear - er lights, Till we reach the prom - ised rest;

GUIDANCE



Ho - ly Je - sus, day by day Lead us in the nar - row way.
 Ho - ly Je - sus, day by day Lead us in the nar - row way.
 Ho - ly Je - sus, day by day Lead us in the nar - row way.
 Ho - ly Je - sus, day by day Lead us in the nar - row way.