

John H. Newman

John B. Dykes

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom,  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou  
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still

lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from  
 shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but  
 will lead me on. O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent,

home; lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I  
 now lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish  
 till the night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see the dis - tant  
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my  
 an - gel fac - es smile, which I have

scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 will. Re - mem - ber not past years!  
 loved long since, and lost a - while!