

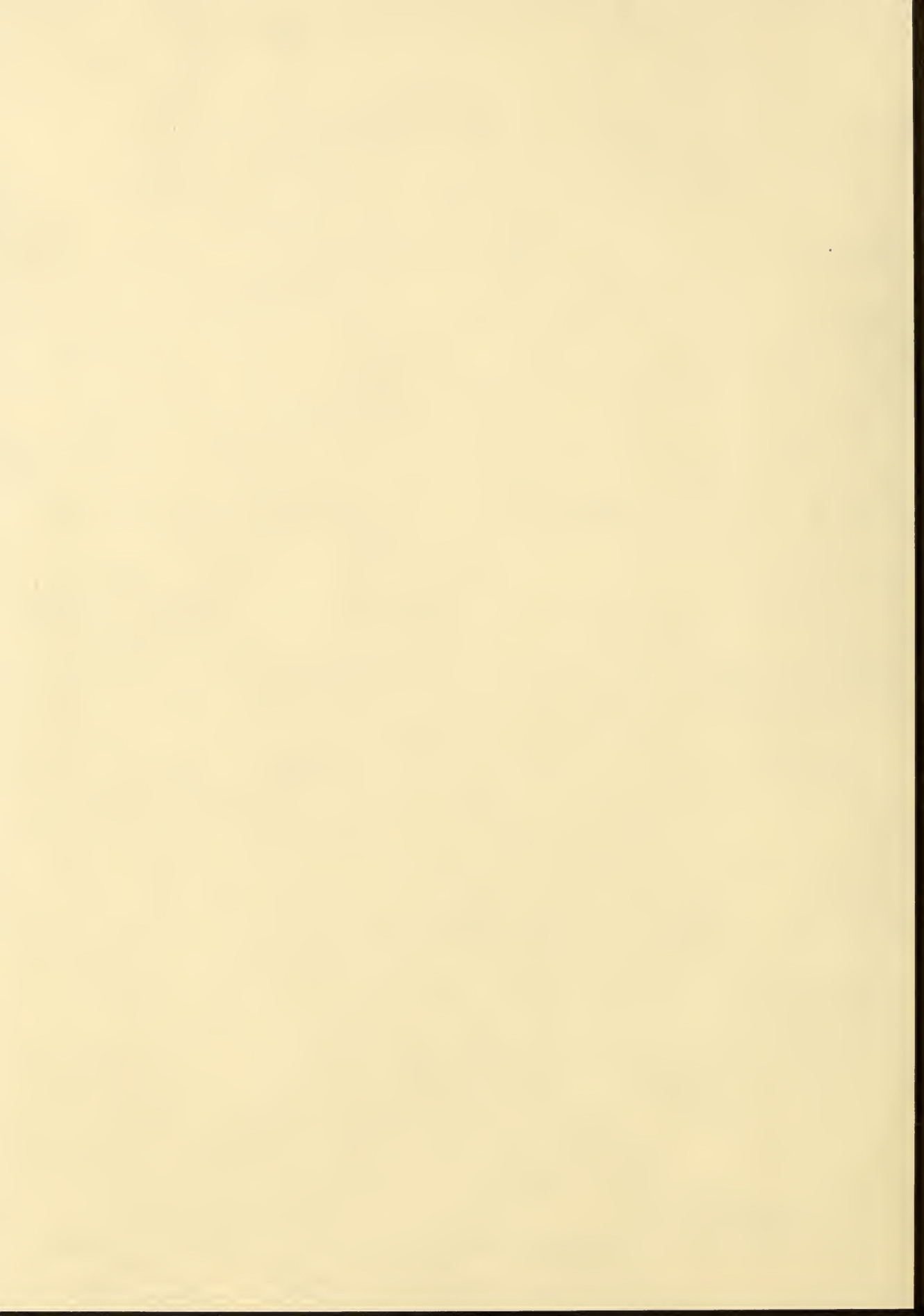
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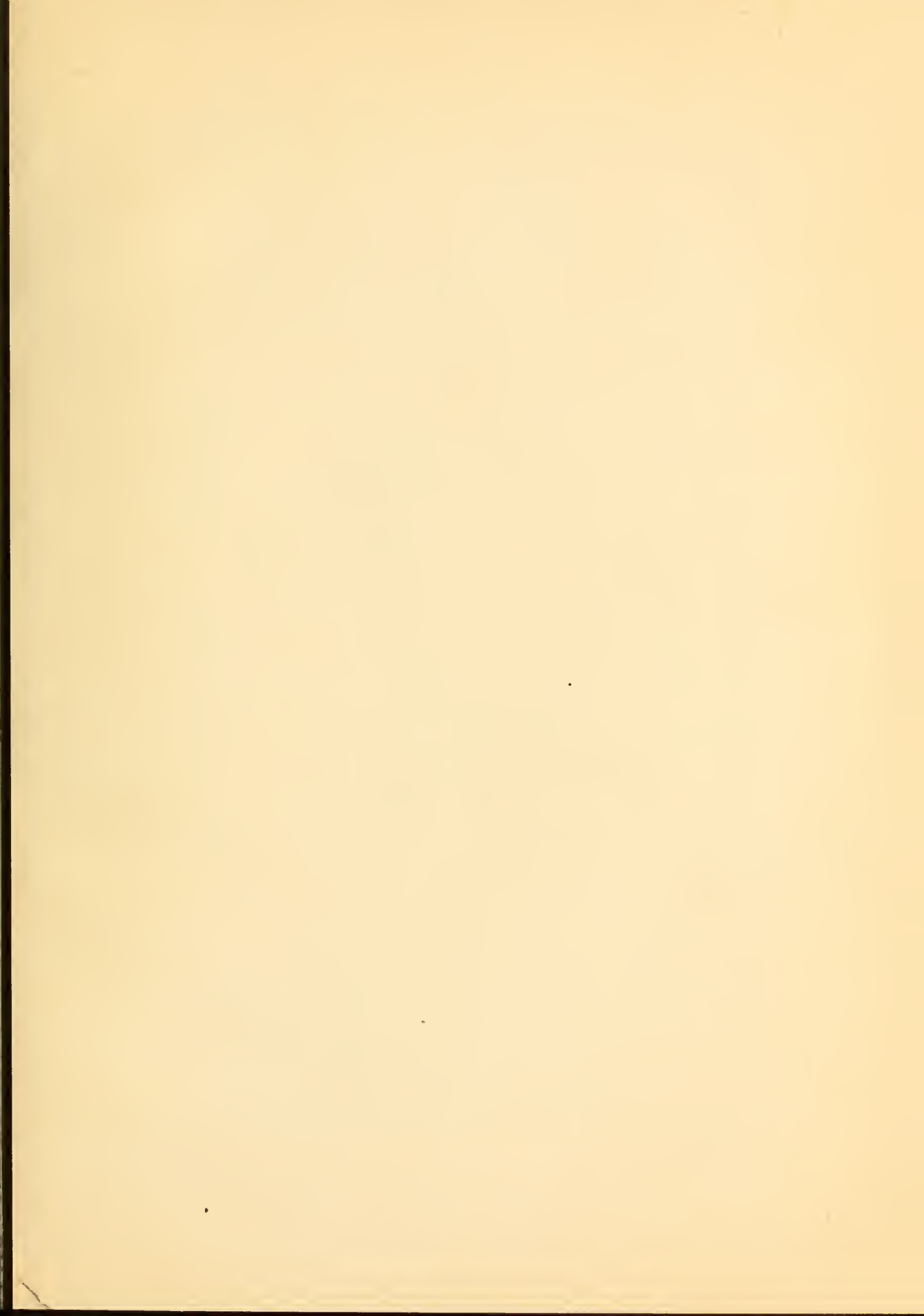
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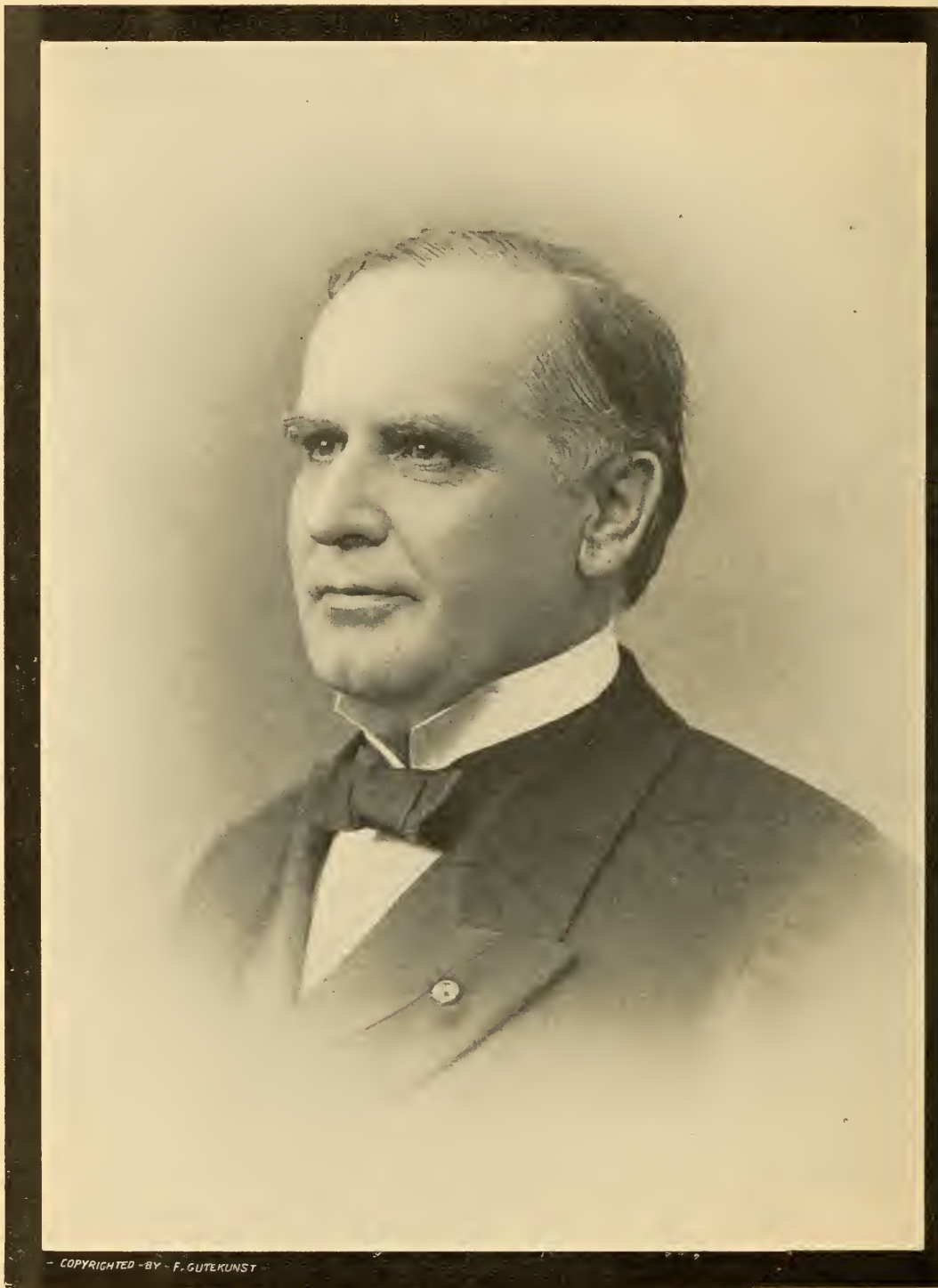
1901











WILLIAM McKINLEY,
Born, Niles, Ohio, January 29, 1843; Died, Buffalo, September 14, 1901.

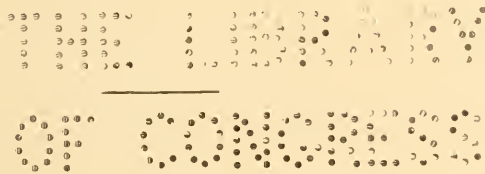
MEMORIAL EDITION

LEAD
KINDLY LIGHT

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FAVORITE HYMN

BY

JOHN P. NEWMAN



ILLUSTRATED

PHILADELPHIA
HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

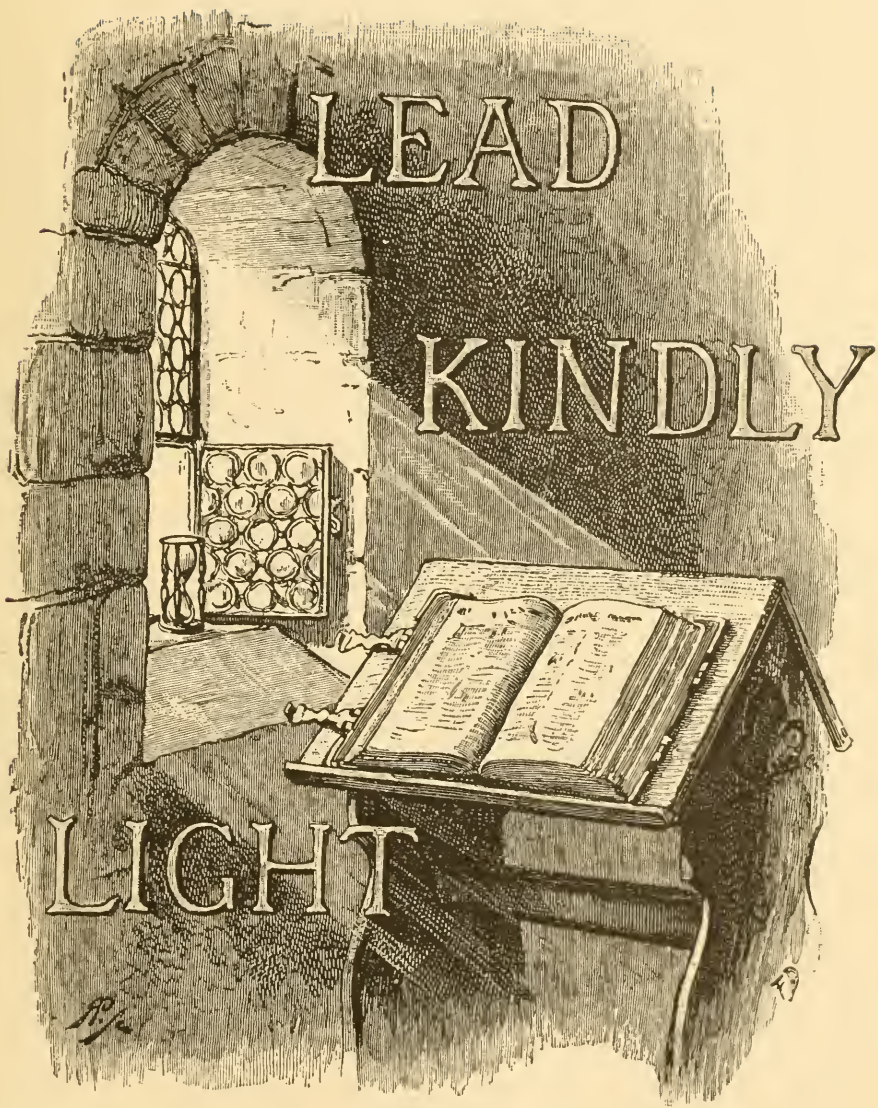
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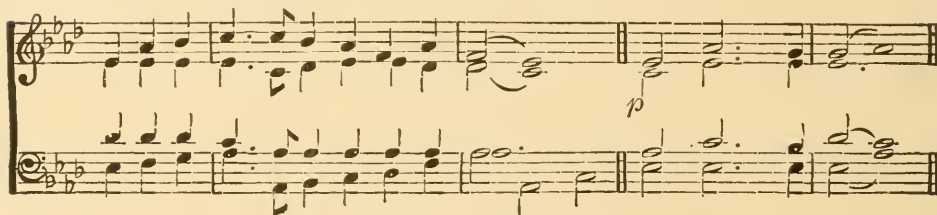


LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Tune—LUX BENIGNA.



- | | | |
|---|--|----------------------|
| 1 | Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encir-eling gloom, | Lead Thou me on! |
| 2 | I was not ev-er thus nor prayed that thou | Shouldst lead me on; |
| 3 | So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still | Will lead me on, |



- | | | |
|---|---|--------------------|
| 1 | The night is dark, and I am far from home, | Lead Thou me on! |
| 2 | I loved to choose and see my path; but now | Lead Thou me on! |
| 3 | O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till | The night is gone; |



- | | | | |
|---|--------------------|---------------------|-----------|
| 1 | Keep Thou my feet; | I do not ask | to see |
| 2 | I loved the gar- | ish day, and, spite | of fears |
| 3 | And with the morn | those an-gel fa- | ces smile |



- | | | | |
|---|----------------------|------------------|--------------|
| 1 | The dis-tant scene,— | one step e-nough | for me. |
| 2 | Pride ruled my will: | re-mem-ber not | past years. |
| 3 | Which I have loved | long since, and | lost awhile. |



LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!



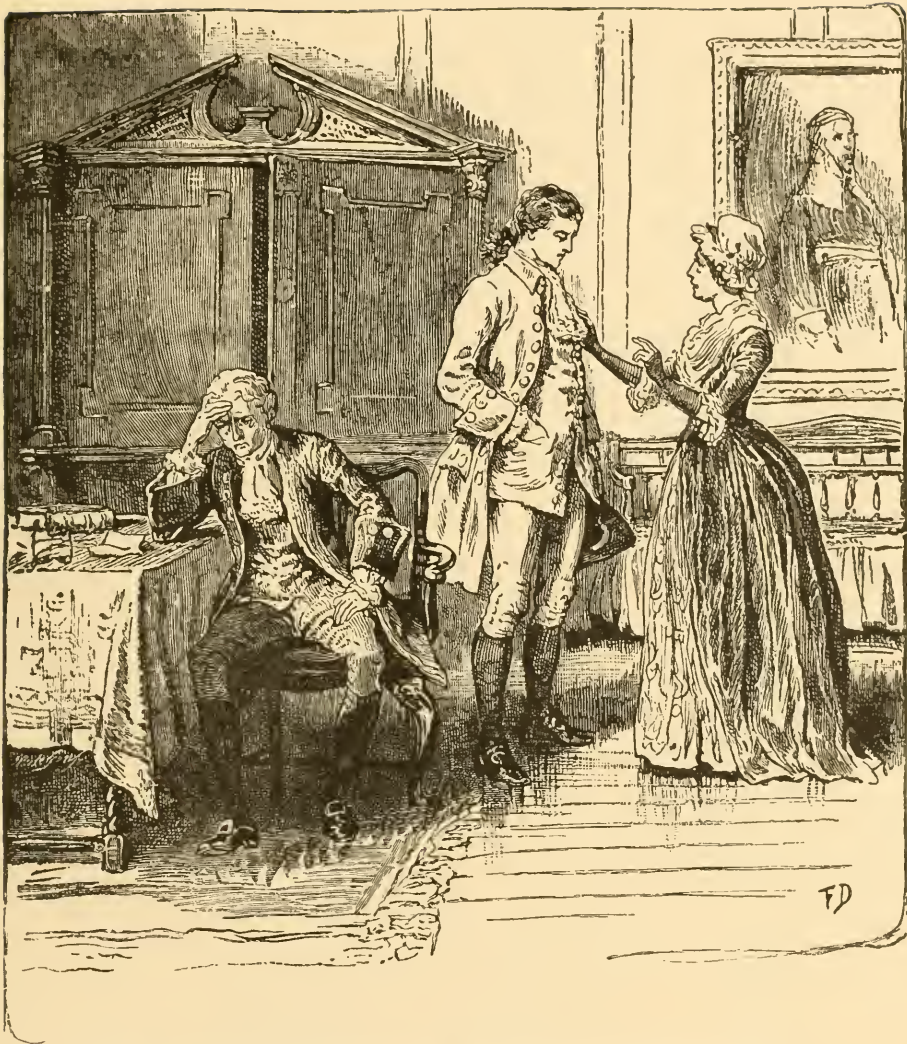
THE night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!



KEEP Thou my feet;



..... I DO not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.



I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on !



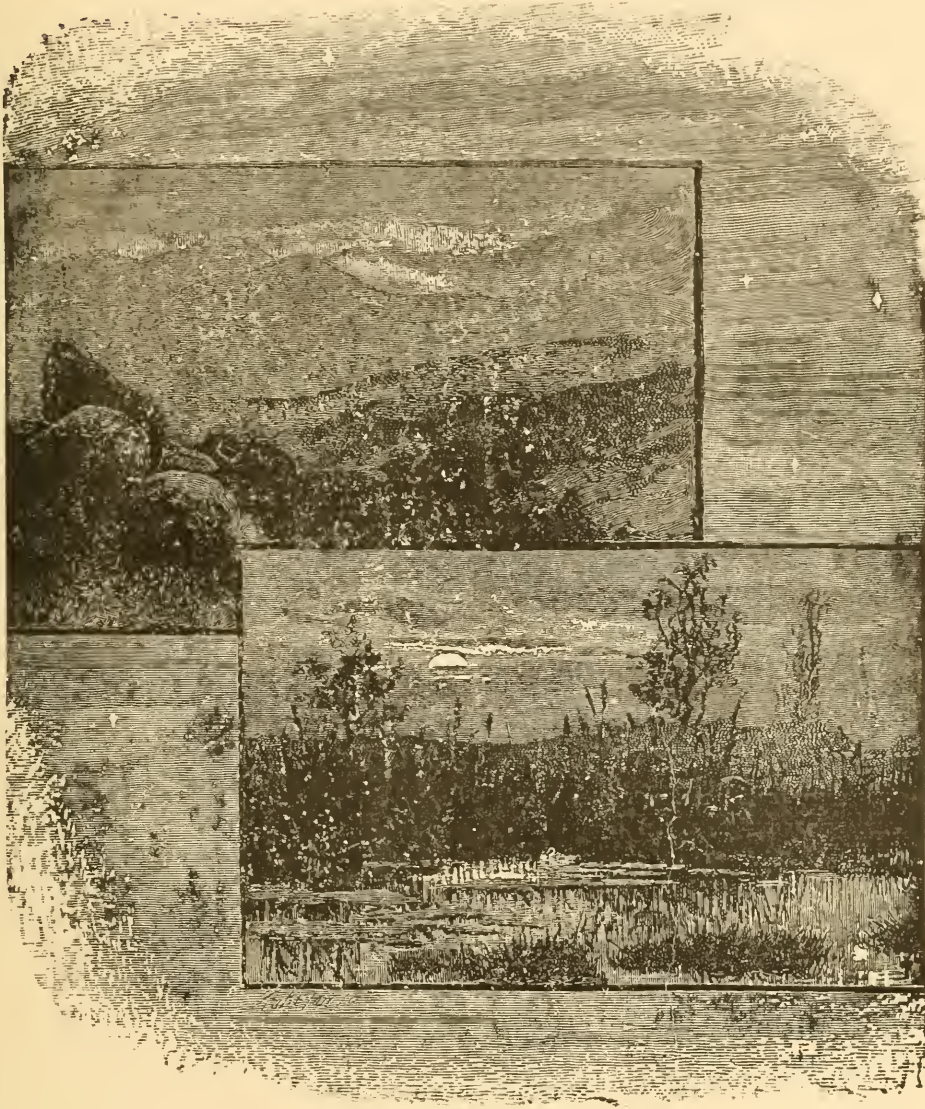
I LOVED the parish day,



..... AND, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will:



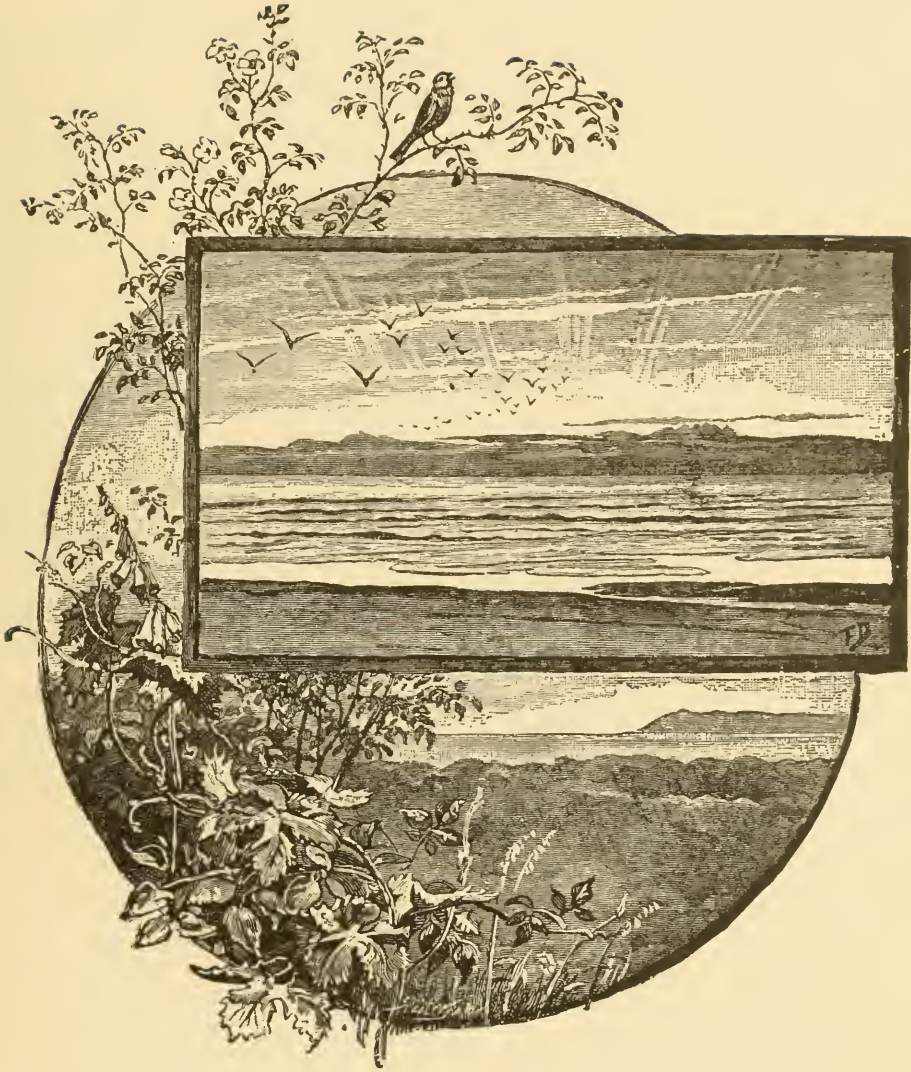
REMEMBER not past years.



So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen



OVER crag and torrent,



..... till
THE night is gone;



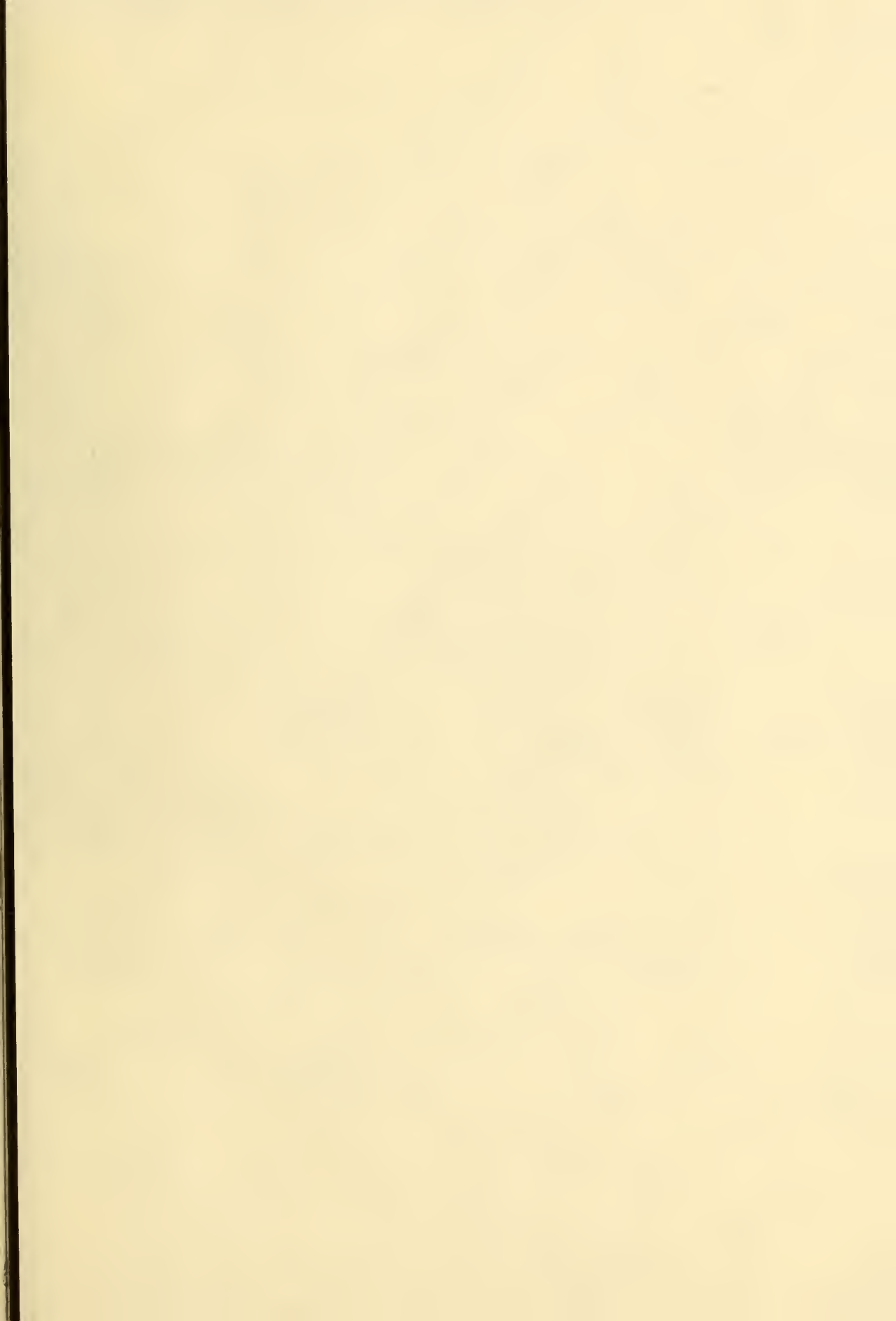
AND with the morn those angel faces smile



WHICH I have loved long since,



AND lost awhile.





WERT
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