

HE LEADETH ME

By Helen Barrett Montgomery

In pastures green? Not always,
Sometimes He who knoweth best
In kindness leadeth me
In weary ways where heavy shadows be,

Out of the sunshine warm and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night,
I oft would faint with terror and affright

Only for this, I know He holds my hand
So, whether in the green or desert land
I trust although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No not always so,
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest,
And I cry aloud for help,
The Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way.

So, where He leadeth I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in his wisdom he hath led me so.