O Lord, the hard-won miles have worn my stumbling feet; Oh, soothe me with thy smiles, and make my life complete. The thorns were thick and keen Where'er I trembling trod; the way was long between my wounded feet and
A Prayer

God.

Where healing waters flow do thou my

foot-steps lead. My heart is aching so: Thy gracious balm I

meno mosso al fine

need. Oh, soothe me with thy smiles, and make my life complete.

circa 2’30”