1. As I journey thro' the land, singing as I go,
   When before me billows rise form the mighty deep,
   Pointing souls to Calvary— to the crimson flow.
   Many arrows pierce my soul from without, within;

2. When in service for my Lord dark may be the night,
   When in valleys low I look tow'rd the mountain height,
   But I'll cling more close to Him, He will give me light;
   Satan's snares may vex my soul, turn my thoughts aside;

3. When in service for my Lord dark may be the night,
   When in valleys low I look tow'rd the mountain height,
   And behold my Savior there, leading in the fight,
   With a tender hand outstretched tow'rd the valley low,

4. As I journey thro' the land, singing as I go,
   When before me billows rise form the mighty deep,
   Then my Lord directs my bark; He doth safely keep,
   And He leads me gently on thro' this world below;

Refrain

But my Lord leads me on, thro' Him I must win.
But my Lord goes a head, leads what-e'er be-tide. O I want to see Him,
Guid-ing me, I can see, as I on-ward go.
He's a real friend to me, O I love Him so.
look up on His face, There to sing forever of His saving grace;

On the streets of glory let me lift my voice, Cares all past, home at last,

ever to rejoice.