1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear,

Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms; What a blessed-ness,
Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path
Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms? I have bles-sed peace

what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms.
grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms.
with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms.

Lean-ing, lean-ing, Safe and se- cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing, lean-ing, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms.

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