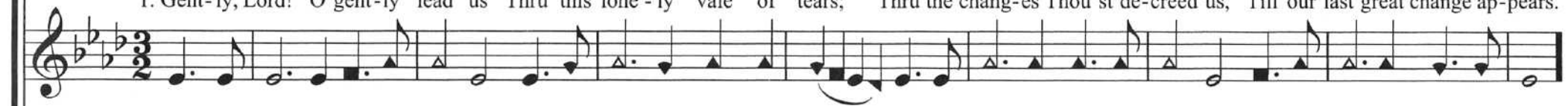


Thomas Hastings

Francois H. Barthélemon



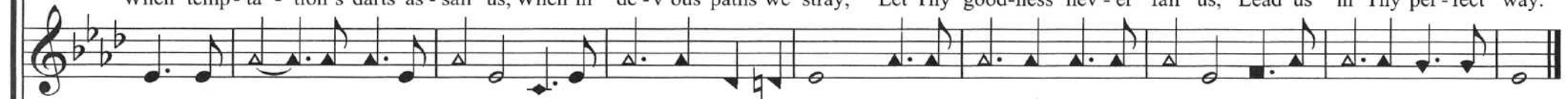
1. Gent-ly, Lord! O gent-ly lead us Thru this lone - ly vale of tears; Thru the chang-es Thou'st de-creed us, Till our last great change ap-pears.



2. In the hour of pain and an-guish, In the hour when death draws near, Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear;



When temp-ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - v'ous paths we stray, Let Thy good-ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per-fect way.



And, when mor - tal life is end-ed, Bid us in thy arms to rest Till, by an - gel bands at - tend-ed, We a - wake a-mong the blest.

