

All the Way My Savior Leads Me

All the way my Savior leads me; what have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt his tender mercy, who through life has been my guide?
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort, here by faith in him to dwell;
For I know, whate'er befall me, Jesus doeth all things well;
For I know, whate'er befall me, Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Savior leads me, cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for ev'ry trial, feeds me with the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter, and my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me, lo, a spring of joy I see;
Gushing from the rock before me, lo, a spring of joy I see.

All the way my Savior leads me—O the fullness of his love!
Perfect rest to me is promised in my Father's house above:
When my spirit, clothed, immortal, wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages: Jesus led me all the way;
This my song through endless ages: Jesus led me all the way!