

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 God.

Where healing waters flow  
Do thou my footsteps lead.  
My heart is aching so;  
Thy gracious balm I need.