

(Bradbury. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.)

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William B. Bradbury



1. Sav-iour, through the des-ert lead us, With-out Thee we can-not go;
 2. Through a des-ert waste and cheer-less Though our destined journey lie,
 3. With a price Thy love has bought us, Sav-iour, what a love is Thine!



Thou from cru-el chains hast freed us, And hast laid the ty-rant low:
 Ren-dered by Thy pres-ence fear-less, We may ev-'ry foe de-fy:
 Hith-er-to Thy power has brought us, Power and love in Thee com-bine:



Let Thy presence, let Thy presence, Cheer us all our jour-ney through.
 Naught shall move us, naught shall move us, While we see Thee, Sav-iour, nigh.
 Lord of glo-ry, Lord of glo-ry, Ev-er on Thy household shine.



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