Traveling To The Better Land
LEAD ME ON

1. Traveling to the better land, O'er the desert's scorching sand,
   Father! let me grasp Thy hand! Lead me on, lead me on!
   Make the bitter waters sweet; Lead me on, lead me on!
   Every step brings Canaan nigh; Lead me on, lead me on!

2. When at Marah parched with heat, I the sparkling fountain greet.
   Make the bitter waters sweet; Lead me on, lead me on!
   And her wells as crystal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!
   Every step brings Canaan nigh; Lead me on, lead me on!

3. When the wilderness is drear, Show me Elim's palm groves near.
   Make the bitter waters sweet; Lead me on, lead me on!
   And her wells as crystal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!
   Every step brings Canaan nigh; Lead me on, lead me on!

4. Thru the water, thru the fire, Newer let me fall or tire.
   Make the bitter waters sweet; Lead me on, lead me on!
   And her wells as crystal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!
   Every step brings Canaan nigh; Lead me on, lead me on!

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