

## Resource Sheet #4

### The House of Bondage Poetry by Octavia V. Rogers Albert

'All the way my Saviour leads me;  
What have I to ask beside?  
Can I doubt his tender mercy,  
Who through life has been my guide?  
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,  
Here by faith in him I dwell!  
For I know whate'er befall me,  
Jesus doeth all things well.

" 'All the way my Saviour leads me;  
Cheers each winding path I tread;  
Gives me grace for every 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.  
'All the way my Saviour 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."

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;  
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!  
Sing, for the pride of this tyrant is broken,  
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave--  
How void was their boast, for the Lord hath but  
spoken  
And chariot and horsemen are sunk in the wave.  
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;  
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!"

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!  
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.  
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?  
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,  
And all the brave thousands are dashed in the tide.  
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;  
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!"