

He Leadeth Me

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1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'n-ly* com-fort fraught!
2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E-den's* bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur* nor re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the* vic-t'ry's won,
 What-e'er I do, wer-e'er I be, Still* 'tis God's hand* that* lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea, Still* 'tis His hand* that* lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since* 'tis my God* that* lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since* God thro' Jor-* don* lead-eth me.
 He lead-eth me! He lead-eth* me! By His own hand* He* lead-eth me; His
 * faith-ful fol-low'r I would* be, For by His hand* He* **** lead-eth me.