

He Leadeth Me
Helen Arnold, 1896.
Charles Gabriel.

He leadeth me, for I can feel the clasping
Of that pierced hand so firm, so kind, so dear;
And in sweet, trusting confidence I follow,
And fear no danger while my guide is near.

Refrain

He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
No danger then my soul shall fear,
But in sweet, trusting confidence I follow,
And fear no danger while my guide is near.

He leadeth me, but not thro' flow'ry meadows,
Where sunshine lingers all the gladsome day;
My tired feet are often torn and bleeding,
With thorns that pierce them in this "narrow way."

Refrain

He leadeth me, but sometimes in my blindness,
I turn aside to grasp at earthly toys;
Ah, then His voice so tenderly doth win me,
That like a shadow, fly all other joys.

Refrain

He leadeth me, and I will clasp more closely
That pierced hand so kind, so firm, so dear;
And in sweet, trusting confidence I follow,
And fear no danger while my guide is near.

Refrain