1. He leadeth me, O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught! What e'er I do, wher e'er I be Still bow'rs bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still nor repine; Cont ent, what ev er lot I see, Since vic'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since

2. Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some times where Eden's bow'rs bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still

3. Lord, I would place my hand in Thine, Nor ever murmur His faith ful follow er I would be, For

4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the His own hand He leadeth me; by His hand He leadeth me.

Refrain
'tis God's hand that leadeth me. He leadeth me, He leadeth me, By 'tis His hand that leadeth me. His faith ful follow er I would be, For 'tis my God that leadeth me. God through Jordan leadeth me.

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