He Leadeth Me: O Blessed Thought

1. He leadeth me: O blessed thought! O
2. Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom, some-
3. Lord, I would place my hand in thine, nor
4. And when my task on earth is done, when

words with heavenly comfort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher
times where E-den's bowers bloom, by wa-ters still, o'er
e-ver murmur nor re-pine; con-tent, what-e-ver
by thy grace the vic-tory's won, e'en death's cold wave I

e'er I be, still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
troubled sea, still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
lot I see, since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
will not flee, since God through Jor-dan leadeth me.

Refrain

He leadeth me, he leadeth me, by his own hand he_

leadeth me; his faith-ful fol-low-er

I would be, for by his hand he leadeth me.