He Leadeth Me: O Blessed Thought

1. He leadeth me: O blessed thought! O times where E-
   den's bowers bloom, by wa-

2. Sometimes mid scenes of deep est gloom, some-
   ver mur-
   nor re-pine; con-

3. Lord, I would place my hand in thine, nor by thy grace the _vic tory's won, 'en death's cold wave I

4. And when my task on earth is done, when

words with heavenly com-fort wrought! What-e'er I do, wher e-
trou-bled sea, still 'tis God's hand that, leadeth me.
lot I see, since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
will not flee, since God through Jor-

Refrain

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

le-a-deth me; his faith-ful fol-lower

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