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 clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor-

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

words with heav'n-ly comfort fraught! What e'er I do, wher-
ever murmur nor repine, Content, what e'er by Thy grace, the vict'ry'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 Thy hand that leadeth me!
will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me!

He leadeth me, He leadeth me, By His own hand He

leadeth me: His faithful follower

I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

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