He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought

1. He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
   E'er I be, still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
   His faithful follower I would be, for by His hand He leadeth me.

2. Some times 'mid scenes of deepest gloom; Some times where Eden's flowers bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea, still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!
   For His own hand He leadeth me.

3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor will not flee, since 'tis Thy hand, that leadeth me!
   Still 'tis God's hand, that leadeth me.

4. And when my task on earth is done, When, words with heav'nly comfort fraught, what e'er I do, whether nor remain, Con tent, what e'er vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not see, since 'tis His hand, that leadeth me!
   Now God's hand, that leadeth me.