1. He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!

2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom; Sometimes where Eden's bower's bloom,

3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur nor repine,

4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,

What e'er I do, wher e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

Content, what e'er lot I see, Since 'tis Thy hand that leadeth me!

E'en death's cold wave I 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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Text: Joseph H. Gilmore, 1834-1918
Tune: William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

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