

# He Leadeth Me

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1. He lead-eth me, O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly com-  
fort  
2. Some-times mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E-den's bow-ers  
3. Lord, I would place my hand in Thine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-  
vict'ry's  
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's

fraught! What-e'er I do, where'er I be Still 'tis God's hand that  
bloom, By wa-ters still, over troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that  
pine; Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that  
won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jor-dan

lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.