

# He Leadeth Me: O Blessed Thought



1. He lea - deth me: O bles - sed thought! O
2. Some - times mid scenes of deep - est gloom, some -
3. Lord, I would place my hand in thine, nor
4. And when my task on earth is done, when



words with heaven-ly\_ com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, when  
times where E - den's bo-wers bloom, by wa - ters still, o'er  
e - ver mur - mur nor re - pine; con - tent, what - e - ver  
by thy grace the vic tory's won, e'en death's cold wave I



e'er I be, still\_ 'tis God's hand that\_ lea - deth me.  
trou-bled sea, still\_ 'tis his hand that\_ lea - deth me.  
lot I see, since 'tis my God\_ that\_ lea - deth me.  
will not flee, since God through Jor - dan\_ lea - deth me.

## *Refrain*



He lea-deth me, he lea - deth me, by his own hand he\_



lea - deth me; his faith - ful fol - lower



I would be, for by his hand he\_ lea-deth me.