He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought
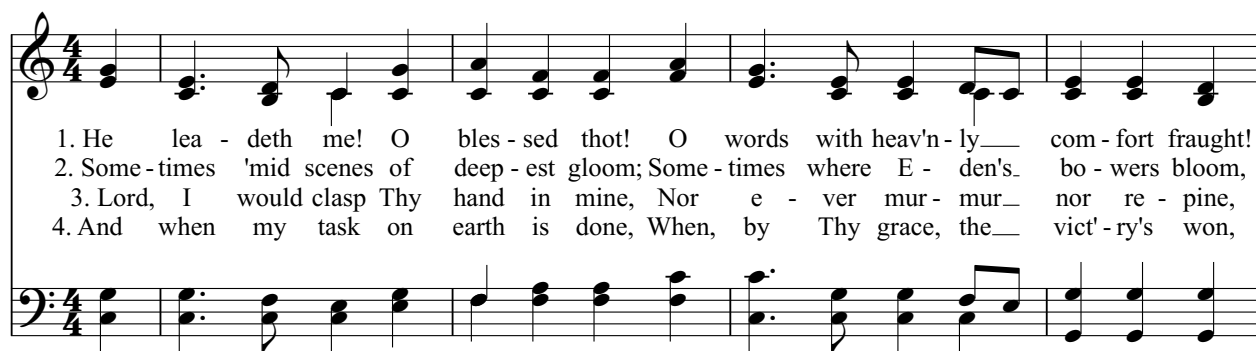
1. He lea - deth me! O bles - sed thot! O words with heav'n - ly comfort fraught!
2. Some - times 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom; Some - times where E - den's bo - wers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor e - ver mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict' - ry's won,

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lea - deth me!
By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lea - deth me!
Con - tent, what - e - ver lot I see, Since 'tis Thy hand that lea - deth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lea - deth me!

He lea - deth me, He lea - deth me, By His own hand He lea - deth me:

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