He Leadeth Me

Words: Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862

Music: William B. Bradbury, 1864

1. He lead-eth me, O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught.
2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hands in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea,— Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me!

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