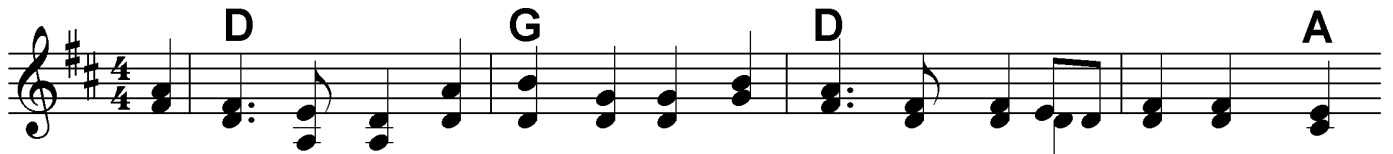


He Leadeth Me

Words: Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862

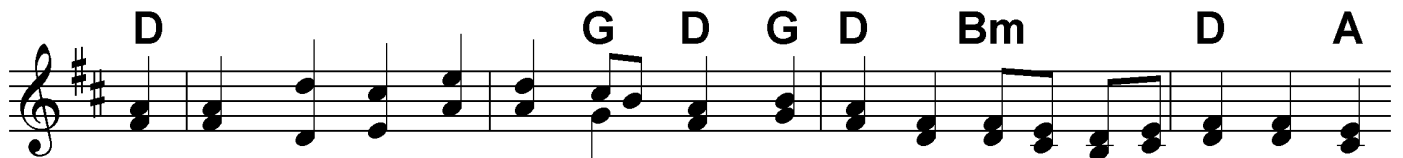
Music: William B. Bradbury, 1864



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.