

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with hea-ven-ly com-fort fraught!
 2. Some - times 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some - times where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp my hand in Thine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re pine;
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-tory's won,

6

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 His 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 through Jor - dan lead-eth me.

11

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

16

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