

# *He Leadeth Me: O Blessed Thought!*

He leadeth me: O blessed thought!  
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain:

He leadeth me, he leadeth me; by his own hand he leadeth me;  
His faithful foll'wer I would be, for by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Not over murmur nor repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by thy grace, the vict'ry's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.