He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Tho’it!

"Fear not, for I am with you..." (Isa. 43:5)

JOSEPH H. GILMORE

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho’it! O words with heav’n-ly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes ’mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den’s bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand 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 His hand that lead-eth me!
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since ’tis Thy hand 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 fol-l’wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

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