

47. He Leadeth Me

Joseph H Gilmore, 1862

William B. Bradbury, 1864

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

e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By
wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
tent, whatev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
death's cold wave I will not flee since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

His own hand He lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol - l'wer I would be, for by His hand He lead-eth me.