

He Leadeth Me! Oh Blessed Thought

Verse 1

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.
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.

Verse 2

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

Verse 3

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis Thy hand that leadeth me.
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.

Verse 4

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