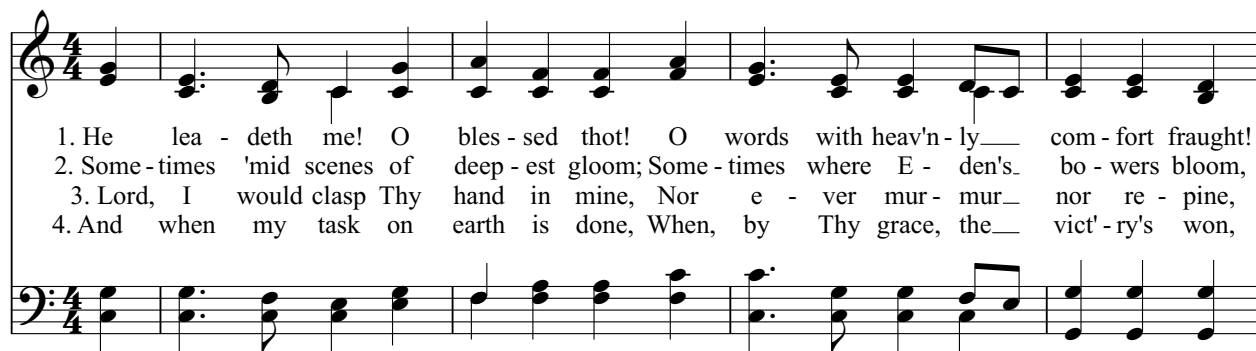


He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought



1. He lea - deth me! O bles - sed thot! O words with heav'n - ly com - fort fraught!
 2. Some - times 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom; Some - times where E - den's bo - wers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor e - ver mur - mur nor re - pine,
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict' - ry's won,



What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lea - deth me!
 By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lea - deth me!
 Con - tent, what - e - ver lot I see, Since 'tis Thy hand that lea - deth me!
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lea - deth me!



He lea - deth me, He lea - deth me, By His own hand He lea - deth me:



His faith - ful fol - l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lea - deth me.

Text: Joseph H. Gilmore, 1834-1918
 Tune: William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868



88 88 Refrain
 HE LEADETH ME
www.hymnary.org/text/he_leadeth_me_o_blessed_thought

This hymn is in the public domain. You may freely use this score for personal and congregational worship. If you reproduce the score, please credit Hymnary.org as the source.