

HE LEADETH ME

V1

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

V2

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

V3

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

CH

He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

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