

Joseph H. Gilmore, 1834 - 1918

William B. Bradbury, 1816 - 1868



1. He lead - eth me! Oh, bless - ed tho't! Oh, words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers 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 - try'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 my God that lead - eth me!  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.



## REFRAIN



He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me. By His own hand He lead - eth me.



His faith - ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

