

# He Leadeth Me

J. H. Gilmore (1862)

Soprano

William B. Bradbury (1864)



1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed though! O words with heaven-ly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp my hand in Thine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory'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 through 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.