

# He Leadeth Me

Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862

William B. Bradbury, 1864



He lead - eth me: O bless - ed thought! O  
Some - times 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Some  
Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor  
And when at last my race is run, The



words with heavenly comfort fraught! What  
times where E - den's bow - ers bloom, By  
ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine, Con -  
Sa - vior's work in me is done, E'en



e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still  
wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, Still  
tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since  
death's cold wave I will not flee, Since

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REFRAIN

'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He  
'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
God through Jor - dan lead-eth me.

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.