

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

Ref.—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.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor even murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

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 Jesus is my victory !