

404 He Leadeth Me, O Blessed Thought!

C G7/C C F C C/G G

1 He lead-eth me, O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!
 2 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
 3 And when my task on earth is done, when by thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,

C G7/C C F C Am C/G G7 C

What - e'er I do, where - e'er I be, still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 con - tent, what - e'er my lot may be, since 'tis my God who lead-eth me.
 e'en death's cold wave I will not flee, since God through Jor - dan lead-eth me.

Refrain
 C G G/F C/E F C F/C C Am C/G G

He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me, by his own hand he lead-eth me;

C G G/F C/E F C F/C C Am C/G G7 C

his faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, for by his hand he lead-eth me.