

Joseph H. Gilmore, 1834-1918

1. He leadeth me, O blessed thought!
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
What e'er I do, where e'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
2. Lord, I would place my hand in Thine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
3. And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy Grace the vict'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Still God through Jordan leadeth me.

Chorus:

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.

*The sheep hear His voice: and He calls His
own sheep by name, and leads them out.*

John 10:3