C F
He leadeth me, O blessèd thought!
C Am G
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
C F
Whate'er I do, where'er I be
C Am G C
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

C G F C
He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
C Am C G
By His own hand He leadeth me;
C G F C
His faithful follower I would be
Am7 Am G C
For by His hand He leadeth me.

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

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.

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,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Words by Joseph Gilmore, music by William Bradbury