


# He Leadeth Me: O Blessed Thought

WORDS: Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862 (Ps. 23)

**1. He leadeth me:  
O blessed thought!  
O words with heavenly  
comfort fraught!**



**Whate'er I do,  
where'er I be,  
still 'tis God's hand  
that leadeth me.**

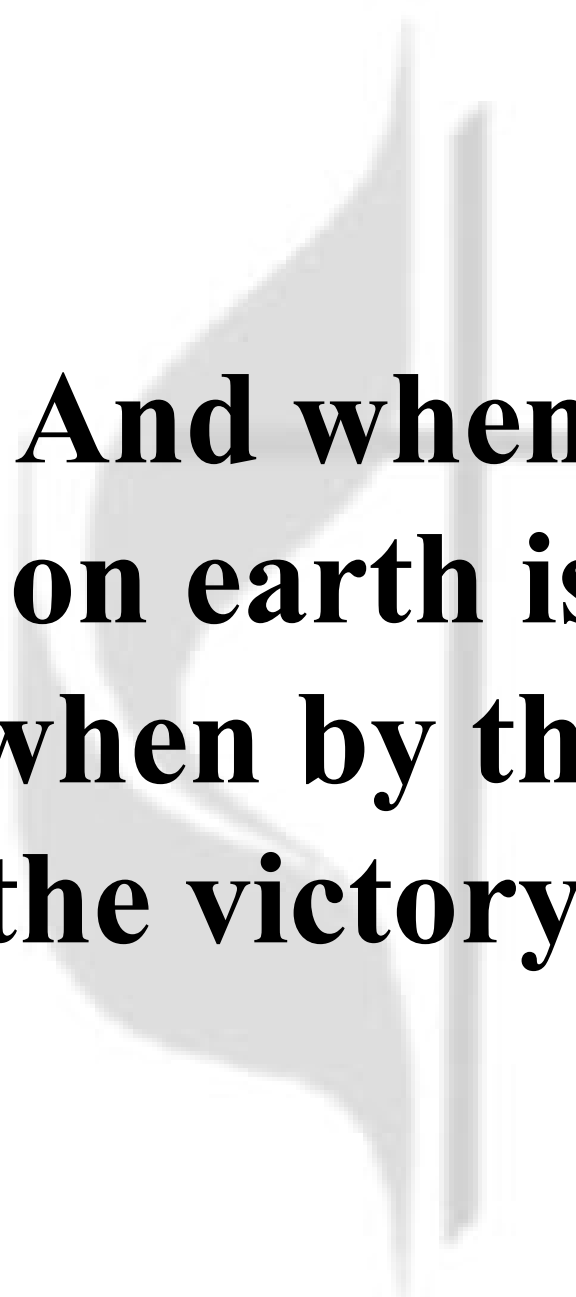
*Refrain*

**He leadeth me,  
he leadeth me,  
by his own hand  
he leadeth me;**

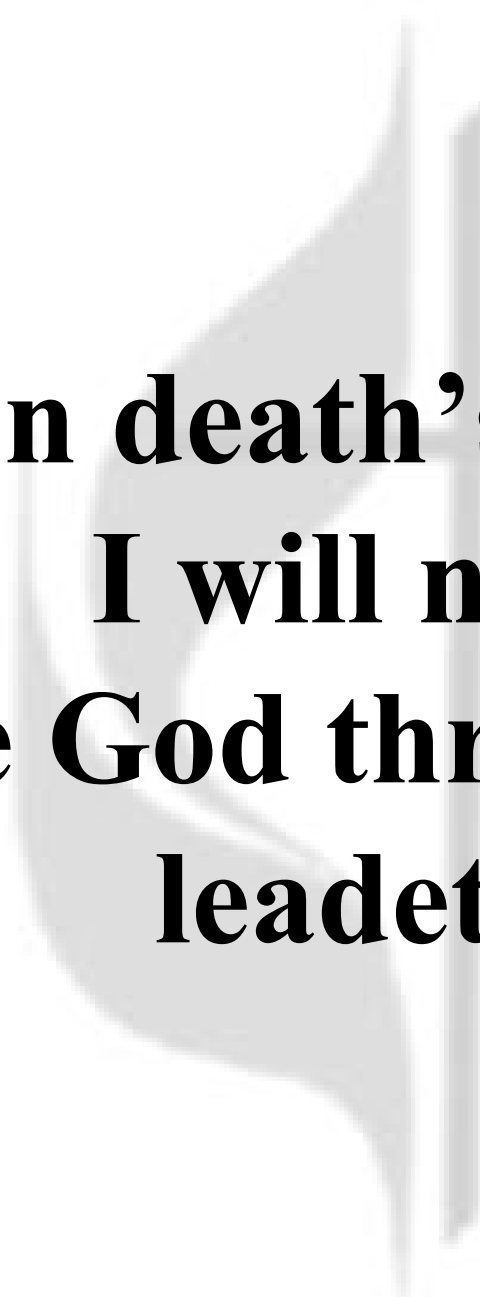


**his faithful follower**

**I would be,  
for by his hand  
he leadeth me.**



**4. 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 God through Jordan  
leadeth me.**

*Refrain*

**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.**