81 - He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought

JOSEPH H. GILMORE

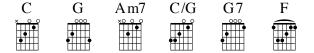
Key: C major Meter: 4/4

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

| INTRO | C G C C Am7 C/G G7 C |
|---------|--|
| VERSE 1 | CFHe leadeth me! O blessed tho't! |
| | CC/GGO words with heav'nly comfort fraught! |
| | CFWhat- e'er I do, wher- e'er I be, |
| | CAm7C/GG7CStillI 'tis God's hand thatI lead-ethme! |
| CHORUS | CGCHe leadeth me, He leadeth me, |
| | CAm7C/GGBy His own hand He leadethme: |
| | G7CGHis faithful foll'wer I would be, |
| | CAm7C/GG7CForby His hand Helead-ethme. |
| TURN- | C G C C Am7 C/G G7 C |

AROUND

- VERSE 2 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!
- VERSE 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur nor repine, Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis Thy hand that leadeth me!
- VERSE 4 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 thro' Jordan leadeth me!



Arr. © Copyright 2008 Broadman Press (SESAC) (admin. by LifeWay Worship). All rights reserved.

81 - He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought

| 81 - He Leadelli Me: O Diessed Thought | | |
|--|--|--|
| JOSEPH H. | GILMORE Meter: 4/4 WILLIAM B. BRADBURY | |
| | | |
| | | |
| INTRO | | |
| nvine | | |
| | | |
| VERSE 1 | He leadeth me! O blessed tho't! | |
| | | |
| | O words with heav'nly comfort fraught! | |
| | | |
| | What- e'er I do, wher- e'er I be, | |
| | | |
| | Still 'tis God's hand that lead- eth me! | |
| | | |
| | | |
| CHORUS | He leadeth me, He leadeth me, | |
| | | |
| | By His own hand He leadeth me: | |
| | | |
| | His faithful foll'wer I would be, | |
| | | |
| | For by His hand He lead- eth me. | |
| | | |
| TURN- AROUND | | |
| VERSE 2 | Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, | |
| VERSE 2 | By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me! | |
| | Land Leveld deep The band in mine Man area many in the | |
| VERSE 3 | Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur nor repine, Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis Thy hand that leadeth me! | |
| | | |
| VERSE 4 | And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cald wave Lwill not flee. Since Cod thre' Jordan leadeth mel | |
| | E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me! | |