He Leadeth Me

A D
He leadeth me: O blessed thought!
A F#m E
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
A D
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
A F#m E A
still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain
A E D A
He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
A F#m F#m/E E
by his own hand he leadeth me;
A E D A
his faithful follower I would be,
A F#m F#m/ E A// D...
for by his hand he leadeth me.

A D
Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
A F#m E
nor ever murmur nor repine;
A D
content, whatever lot I see,
A F#m E A
since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

A D
And when my task on earth is done,
A F#m E
when by thy grace the victory's won,
A D
even death's cold wave I will not flee,
A F#m E A
since God through Jordan leadeth me.