

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore.

William B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!
 2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow-ers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
 Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me; His
 faith-ful follow'r I would be, For by His hand He [Omit.....] lead-eth me.

E. Perronet. 1780.

(CORONATION.)

O. Holden. 1793.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,
 2. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 3. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as - crite,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 And crown Him Lord of all; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj-es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.