

## He Leadeth Me...

He leadeth me.

In pastures green? No, not always.  
Sometimes He who knoweth best  
In kindness leadeth me in weary ways  
Where heavy shadows be;  
Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,  
Out of the sunshine into darkest night.  
I oft would yield to sorrow and to fright  
Only for this; I know He holds my hand.  
So, whether led in green, or desert land  
I trust, although I cannot understand.

He leadeth me.

Beside still waters; No, not always so.  
Oft times the heavy tempests round me blow,  
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.  
But when the storm beats wildest, and I cry  
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by  
And whispers to my soul: "Lo, it is I."  
Above the tempest wild, I hear Him say,  
"Beyond the darkness lies the perfect day;  
in every path of thine I lead the way,"

So whether on the hilltops, high and fair  
I dwell, or in the sunless valley, where  
The shadows lie--what matter? He is there.  
And more than this; where'er the pathway lead  
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,  
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.  
So where He leads me I can safely go.  
And in the blest hereafter I shall know  
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

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