

### **He Leadeth Me: Oh Blessed Thought! – LBW #501**

- 1 He leadeth me: oh, blessed thought! Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be, still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
R/ 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 leadeth me.
- 2 Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom; sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea, still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
R/
- 3 Lord, I would clasp they hand in mine, nor ever murmur nor repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see, since 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
R/
- 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 through Jordan leadeth me.  
R/

### **I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say – ELW #611**

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, O weary one, lay down your head upon my breast."  
I come to Jesus as I was, so weary, worn, and sad;  
I found in him a resting place, and he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold, I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one; stoop down and drink and live."  
I came to Jesus, and I drank of that lifegiving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, and now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto me, your morn shall rise, and all your day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found in him my star, my sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk till trav'ling days are done.

### **Precious Lord, Take My Hand – ELW #773**

- 1 Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand, I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.  
Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light. Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.
- 2 When my way grows drear, precious Lord, linger near, when my life is almost gone,  
Hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand, lest I fall. Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.
- 3 When the darkness appears and the night draws near, and the day is past and gone,  
At the river I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand. Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.