Celebration of the Resurrection and Funeral Service for Martha "Sam" Smith Cowan

He Leadeth Me



- He lead eth me: oh, bless-ed thought! Oh, words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!
- 2 Some-times mid scenes of deep-est gloom, some-times 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 calm, o'er trou-bled sea, still 'tis God's 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 through Jor - dan lead - eth me.

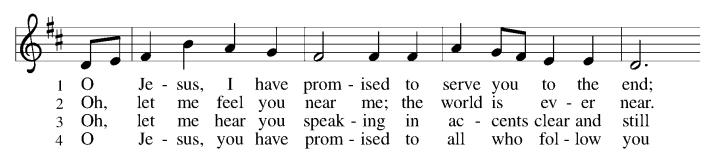


He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me, by his own hand he lead-eth me.

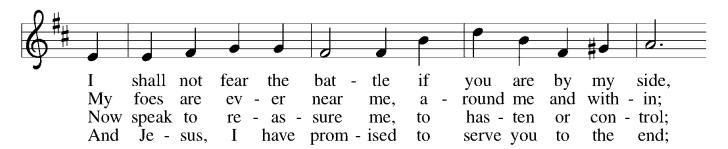


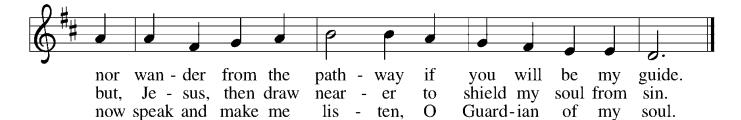
His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, for by his hand he lead-eth me.

O Jesus, I Have Promised









fol - low, my

oh, give me grace to

and my

friend.

mas - ter

Amazing Grace

