

bet-ter bide a - wee, I can -na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet-ter bide a - wee. . .

He Leadeth Me

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1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heav'nly com - fort fraught!
 2. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
 3. 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. He
 Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me. He
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me. He

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lead - eth me, He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me. He lead - eth me.