

He Leadeth Me

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Intro

C F C C/G G

F C/E G Am F G(sus4) G

C F C C/G G

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O 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. And when my task on earth is don, When, by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won,

C C/E F

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still
 By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, Still
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since

15 C Am C/G G C

'tis God's hand that lead - eth me!
 'tis His hand that lead - eth me!
 God thru Jor - dan lead - eth me!

C G (f) C/E F C Am C/G G

He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me;

C G (f) C/E F C C Am 1. C/G G C 2. C/G G C

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

Lord, From Sorrows Deep I Call

Papa/Boswell

Matt Papa and Matt Boswell

D/F# G A⁹ Bm⁷ D/F# D/G D/A A

1. Lord, from sor - rows deep I call when my hope is shak - en;
 2. Storms with - in my troub - led soul, quest - ions with - out an - swers;
 3. Should my life be torn from me, ev - ery world - ly pleas - ure;

3 D/F# G A⁹ Bm⁷ G Bm⁷ A D

Torn and ruin - ed by the fall, hear my des - pe - ra - tion.
 On my faith these bil - lows roll, God, be now my shel - ter.
 When all I pos - sess is grief, God, be then my treas - ure.

5 A D/F# G G Bm⁷ D/A A

For so long I've pled and prayed, "God, come to my res - cue."
 Why are you cast down my soul? Hope in Him who saves you.
 Be my vis - ion in the night, be my hope and re - fuge

7 D/F# G A⁹ Bm⁷ D/F# D/G A D 1. 2.

E - ven so the thorn re - mains, still my heart will praise You.
 When the fires have all grown cold, cause this heart to praise You.
 'Til my faith is turned to sight, Lord my heart will praise You.

10 3. A ↘ D/F# G D A/C# Bm⁷ ↘ G ↘ D ↘

Oh, my soul, put your hope in God, my help, my rock, I will praise Him.

15 A ↘ D/F# G Bm⁷ Em Bm⁷ ↘ 1. G 2. G D

Sing, oh sing, thru the rag - ing storm, You're still my God, my sal - va - tion. va - tion.

Jesus, Priceless Treasure

E E/G# A6 E E/G# A6 C#m

1. Je - sus, price-less trea-sure, source of pur - est plea-sure, Friend and
 2. In Your arms I'm rest-ing, all my foes are flee-ing— none can
 3. Ban-ish fear and sad-ness for the Lord of glad-ness, Je - sus,

A E B/D# C#m7 B/D# E E/G#

Bro - ther true: oh, how long in an - guish shall my spir - it
 touch me here. Though the earth be shak - ing, ev - 'ry heart be
 en - ters in. Those who love the Fath - er, though the storms may

A E/G# A B sus4 B C#m G#m/B A

lan - guish, yearn - ing, Lord, for You? Oh, Yours I am O
 quak - ing, Je - sus calms my fear. When light - nings flash and pour
 gath - er, - still have peace with - in. When grief and pain

E E/G# B C#m G#m/B A F#m9 B sus4 B E E/G#

Spot-less Lamb, to fol - low Your com - mand! I will nev - er
 thun - ders crash I'm safe - ly in Your grasp. Though my sin as -
 down like rain Your lov - ing arms re - main. Count this world as

A6 E E/G# A6 E/G# A B A

leave You seek no love be - side You, Je-sus, price-less trea-sure of my heart.
 sails me Je - sus will not fail me, Je-sus, price-less trea-sure of my heart.
 noth - ing since the one I'm gain - ing is Je-sus, price-less trea-sure of my heart.

Chorus A B A B

Oh Je - - - sus, my trea - - - sure,

B/A E/G# A A B

take my heart and make it Yours. Oh Je - - - sus,

A B A Maj7

my pre - cious Lord, I love You.

Words by Johann Franck (1618-1677) [tr. Catherine Winkworth] & David L. Ward. Music by David L. Ward.

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You Are Mysterious

Dm C/E F F/A B^b C7sus4 Dm C/E F F/A B^b Dm C/E F F/A B^b C7sus4

1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way, His
 2. His pur - pos - es will ri - pen fast, un -
 3. Fear not, you saints, fresh courage take, the

Dm C/E F F/A B^b Dm C/E F F/A B^b C7sus4 Dm C/E F F/A

won - ders to per - form; He plants His foot - steps in the sea and rides up - on the
 fold - ing ev - 'ry hour; The bud may have a bit - ter taste, but sweet will be the
 clouds you of - ten dread are filled with mer - cy and will break in bles - sings on your

B^b Gm7 F/A B^b C7sus4 Gm7 F/A B^b

storm. In deep, un - fa - thom - a - ble mines He keeps His bound - less skill and
 flow'r. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err and scan His work in vain; God
 head. Don't judge the Lord by fee - ble sense but trust Him for His grace; Be -

Gm7 F/A B^b C7sus4 Gm7 F/A C7sus4 C **Chorus**

treas - ures up His bright de - signs to work His sov - 'reign will. You are mys -
 is His own in - ter - pre - ter and He will make it plain.
 hind a frown - ing pro - vi - dence He hides His smil - ing face.

B^b C F F/A B^b C F C/E B^b/D FMaj7/C

ter - i - ous, my Lord, yet You re - veal to me Your Word. So come and take a - way my

B^b F/A Gm7 F/A B^b C7sus4 C B^b C

an - xious fears - it's all for good, so dry these tears; You are mys - ter - i - ous, my

Dm C/E F F/A B^b C7sus4 F

Lord.

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Lead Sheet