



Precious Lord, Take My Hand

“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.

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.

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.”

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