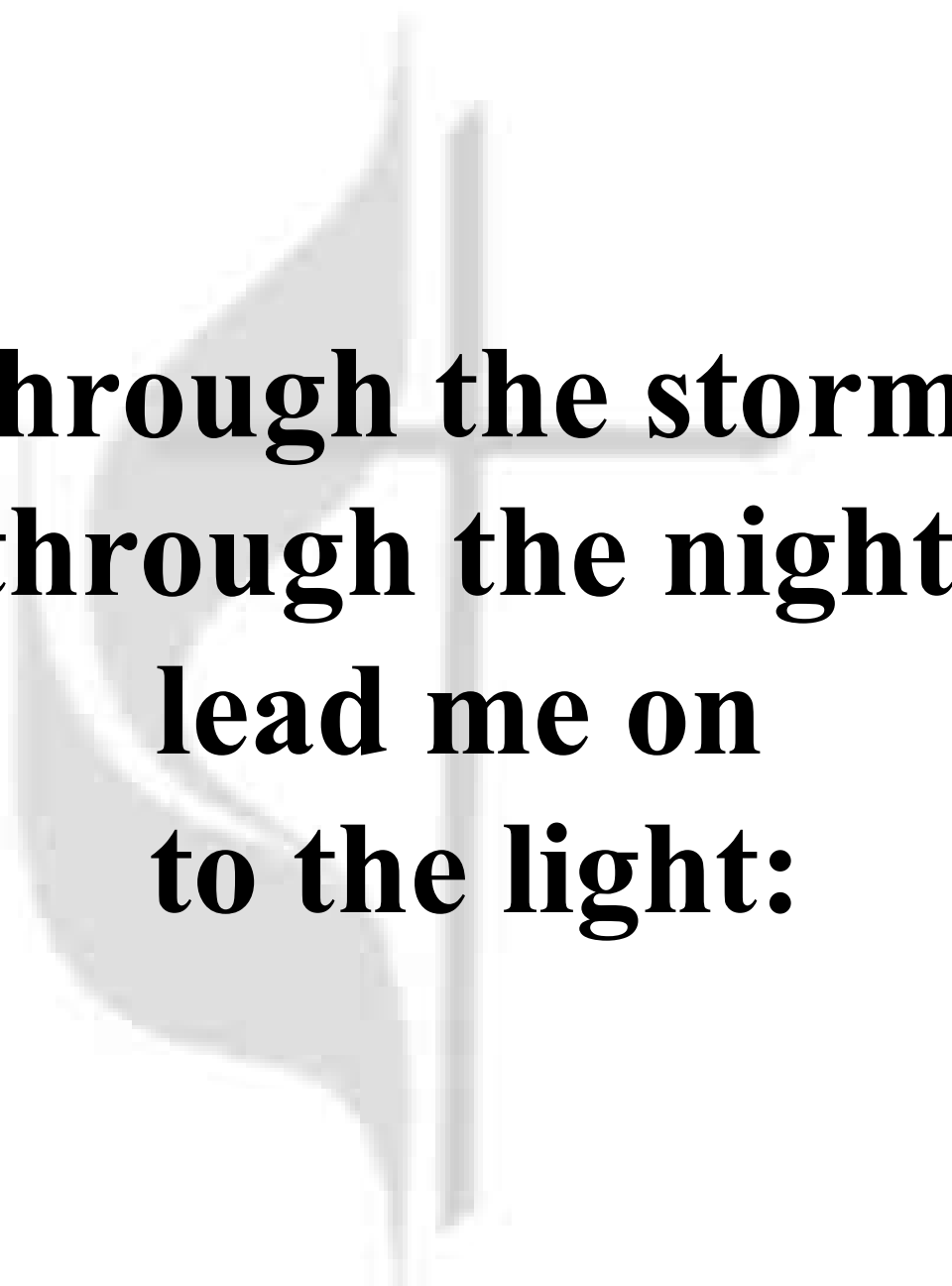


Precious Lord, Take My Hand

WORDS: Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932

**1. Precious Lord,
take my hand,
lead me on, let me stand,
I am tired, I am weak,
I am worn;**

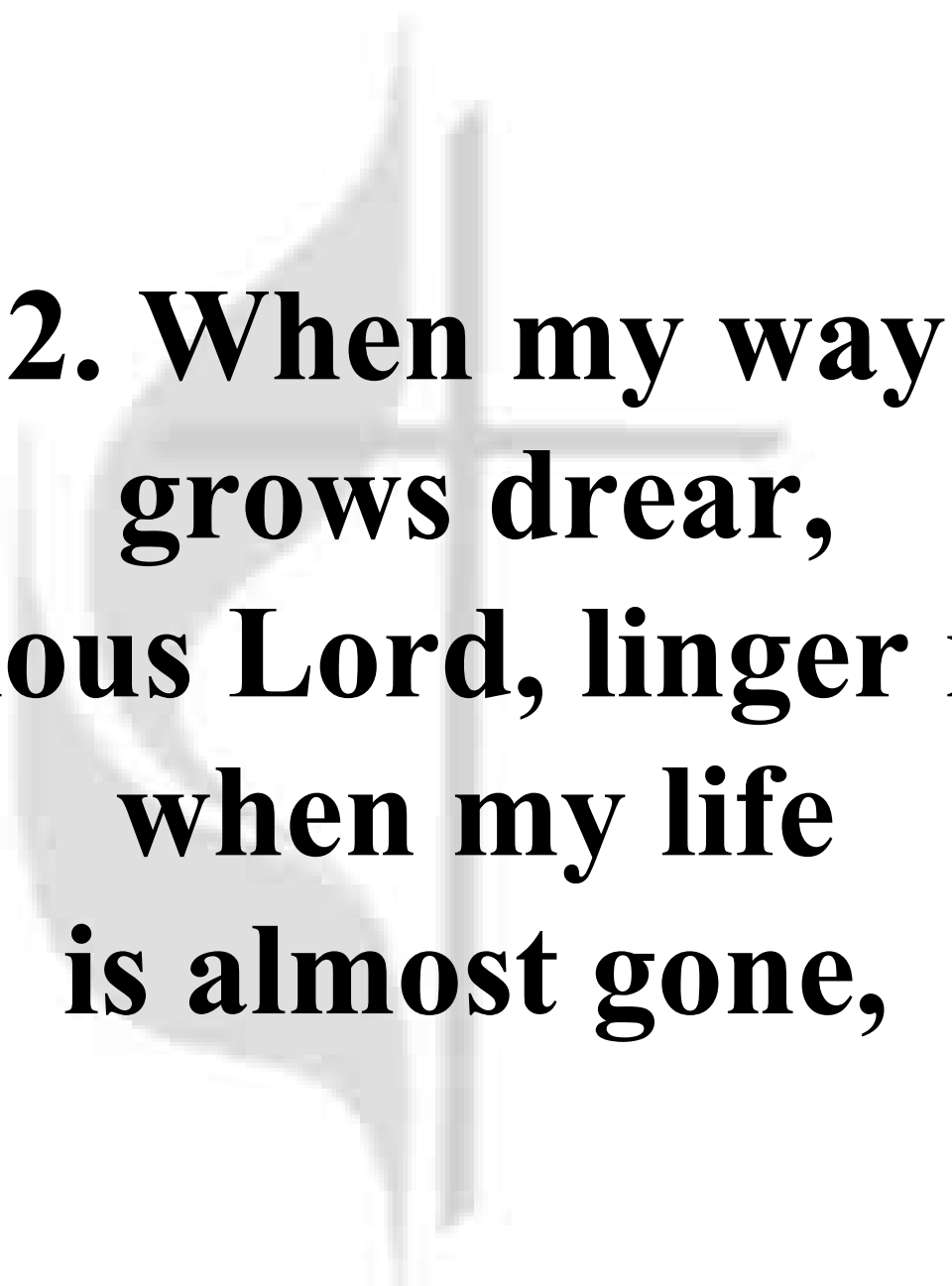


**through the storm,
through the night,
lead me on
to the light:**


Refrain



**Take my hand,
precious Lord,
lead me home.**



**2. When my way
grows drear,
precious Lord, linger near,
when my life
is almost gone,**

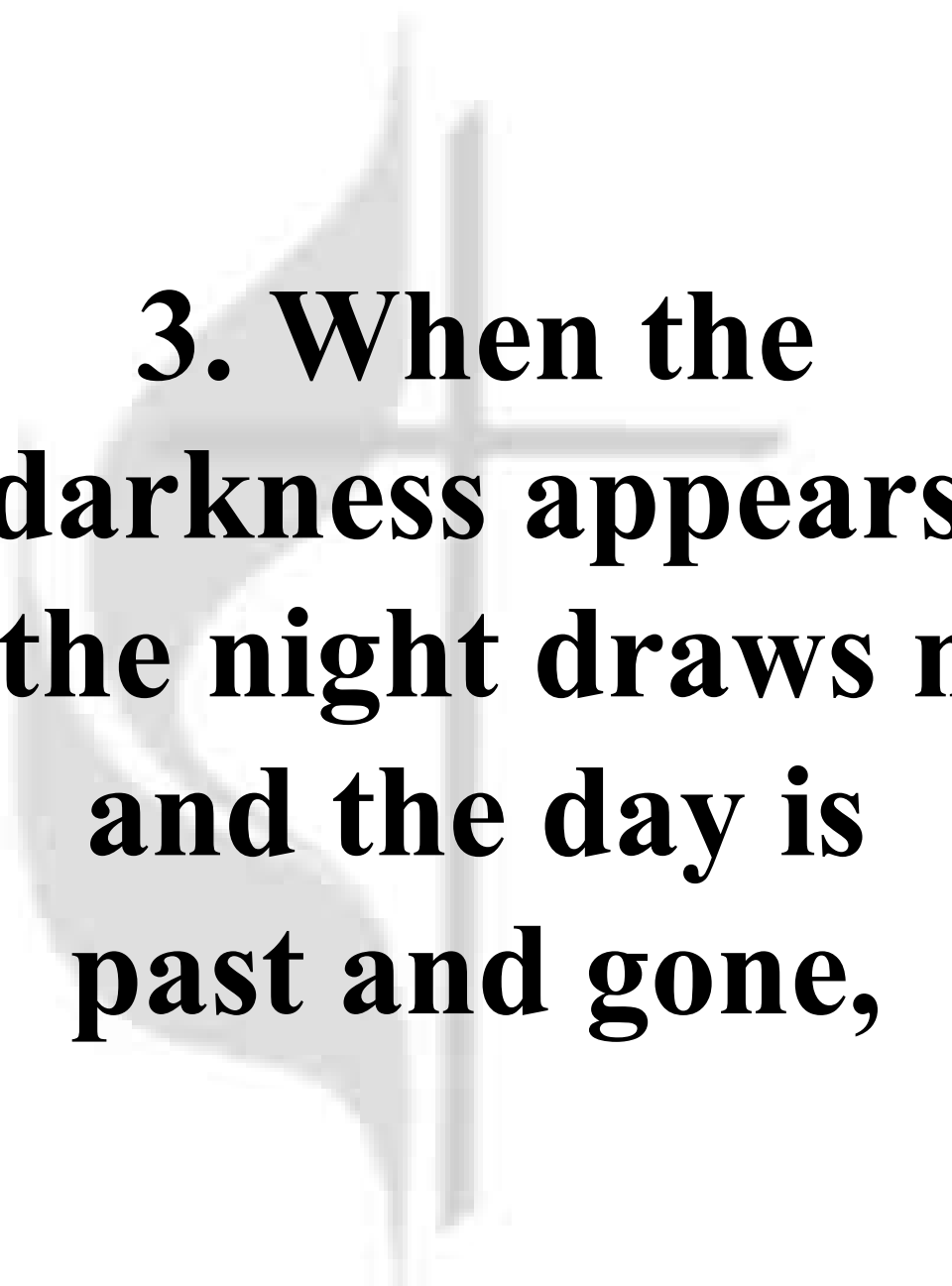


**hear my cry,
hear my call,
hold my hand
lest I fall:**

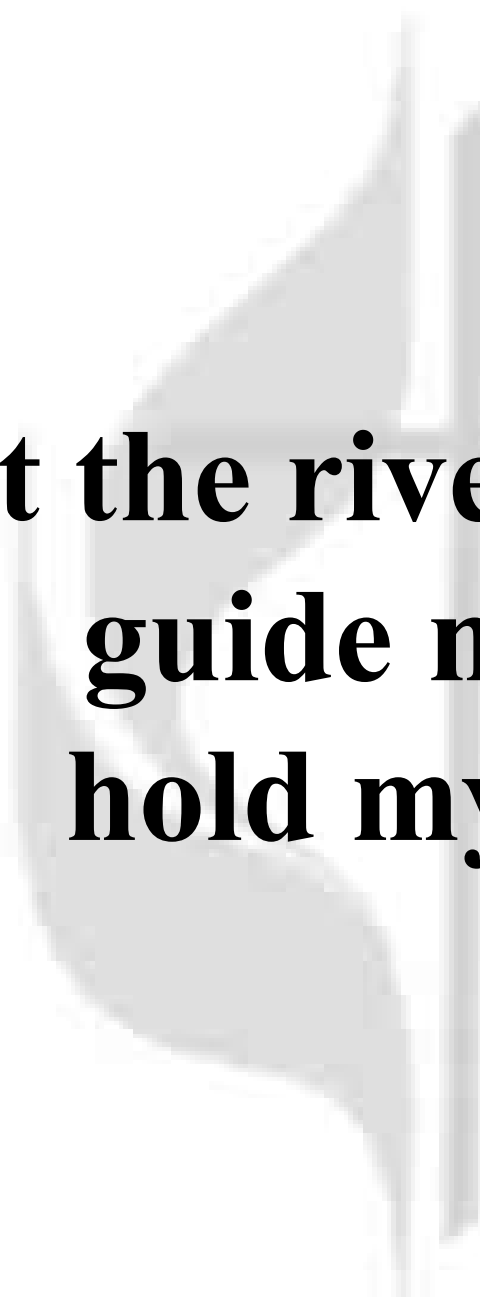
Refrain



**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:**

Refrain



**Take my hand,
precious Lord,
lead me home.**