

# Bill Anderson, Take My Hand Precious Lord

(Thomas A. Dorsey)

(Jan)

When my way groweth dear  
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.

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 the shadows appear  
And the night draweth 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.

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...