

Jan Howard, Take My Hand Precious Lord

[Jan]

When my way growith dear precious Lord linger near when my life is almost gone

Hear my cry hear my call hold my hand last 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 drawith 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...