Take My Hand, Precious Lord

Mahalia Jackson

Precious Lord, take my hand. Lead me on, let me stand. I am tired, I am weak, and 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, lead me 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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