

# Take My Hand, Precious Lord

John Conlee

When my way grows drear precious Lord linger near  
When my light 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'm tired, I'm weak, I'm lone  
Through the storm, through the night  
Lead me on to the light  
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

Precious Lord, take my hand  
Lead me on, let me stand  
I'm tired, I'm weak, I'm lone  
Through the storm, through the night  
Lead me on to the light  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home