

Hold Thou My Hand

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"Yea, Thou art my rock and my fortress..." (Ps. 31:3)

GRACE J. FRANCES

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1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help - less,
2. Hold Thou my hand; and clos - er, clos - er draw me
3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be - fore me
4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar - gin

I dare not take one step with - out Thy aid;
To Thy dear self— my hope, my joy, my all;
With - out the sun - light of Thy face di - vine;
Of that lone riv - er Thou didst cross for me,

Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov - ing Sav - iour,
Hold Thou my hand, lest hap - ly I should wan - der,
But when by faith I catch its ra - diant glo - ry,
A heaven - ly light may flash a - long its wa - ters,

No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
And, miss - ing Thee, my tremb - ling feet should fall.
What heights of joy, what rapt - urous songs are mine!
And ev - 'ry wave like crys - tal bright shall be.