Hold Thou My Hand

“Yea, Thou art my rock and my fortress…” (Ps. 31:3)

GRACE J. FRANCES

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and helpless,
2. Hold Thou my hand; and closer, closer draw me near,
3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark before me,
4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the margin

I dare not take one step without Thy aid;
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all;
Without the sunlight of Thy face divine;
Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,

Hold Thou my hand; for then, O loving Saviour,
Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander,
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,

No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.
And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

Hubert P. Main