The Touch of His Hand on Mine

"...and immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him." (Matt. 14:31)

Jesse B. Pounds

Henry P. Morton

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain
   For the face of my Friend Divine.
   But though darkness hide, He is there to guide
   The world I pine; But He draws me back to the
   Wise design, How my glad heart yearns and my faith returns
   Death combiné, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul
   By the touch of His hand on mine.

2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road,
   That for ways of the mine,
   Oh, the touch of His hand on mine!
   There is grace and
   In the trying hour, In the touch of His hand on mine.