

Precious Lord

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