



Hold Thou my hands! In grief and joy, in hope and fear, Lord, let me feel that Thou art near: Hold Thou my hands!

If e'er by doubts Of Thy good fatherhood depressed, I cannot find in Thee my rest: Hold Thou my hands!

Hold Thou my hands! These passionate hands too quick to smite, These hands so eager for delight: Hold Thou my hands!

And when at length, With darkened eyes and fingers cold, I seek some last loved hand to hold, Hold Thou my hands!

William Canton