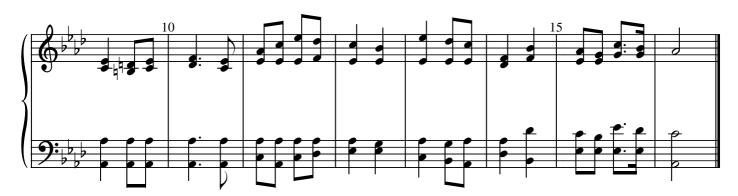
Hold Thou my hand! so weak I am

Hubert P. Main





Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and helpless, I dare not take one step without Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O loving Savior, No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

Hold Thou my hand, and closer, closer draw me To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander, And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark before me Without the sunlight of Thy face divine; But when by faith I catch its radiant glory, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!

Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the margin Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me, A heavenly light may flash along its waters, And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

Fanny Crosby

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