

Take My Hand, Precious Lord

Mahalia Jackson

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. When the darkness appears And the night draws near;
And the day is past and gone;
At the river I stand, Guide my feet, hold my hand;

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