

Precious Lord

Preservation Hall Jazz Band

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I am tired
I am weak
I am warm 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 When the darkness appears, and the night draws near
And the day is past and gone
Let the river, where I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand
Take my hand, precious lord, lead me home
Take my hand, precious lord, lead me home

Songwriters

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