

1. Pre-cious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand,
 2. When my way grows drear, pre-cious Lord, lin-ger near,
 3. When the dark-ness ap-pears and the night draws near,

I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;
 when my life is al-most gone,
 and the day is past and gone,

through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light:
 hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I fall:
 at the riv-er I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand:

Refrain

Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.

WORDS: Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932
 MUSIC: Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932

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PRECIOUS LORD
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