Hold Thou my hand: so weak I am, and helpless
Longings — For a Closer Walk with Christ

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.