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.