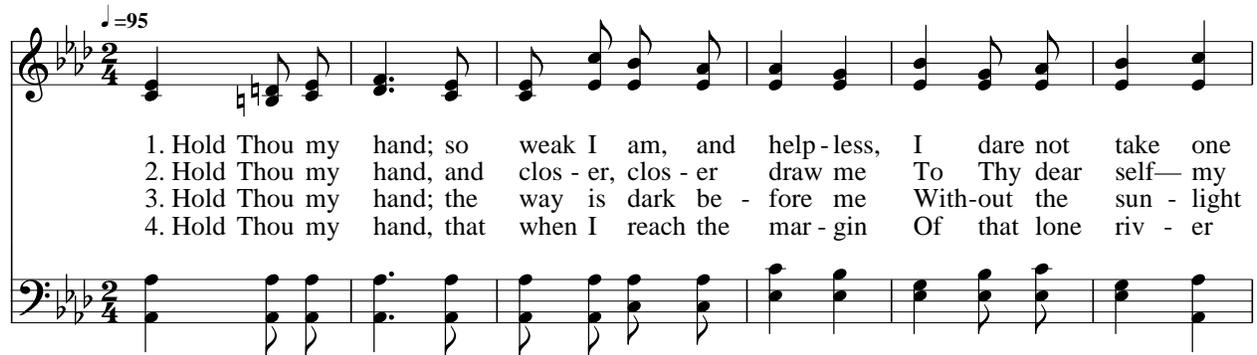


Hold Thou My Hand

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1879

Hubert Platt Main, 1880

$\text{♩} = 95$



1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help-less, I dare not take one
2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos-er, clos-er draw me To Thy dear self— my
3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be-fore me With-out the sun-light
4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar-gin Of that lone riv-er



step with-out Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov-ing Sav-ior,
hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should wan-der,
of Thy face di-vine; But when by faith I catch its rad-iant glor-y,
Thou didst cross for me, A heav-en-ly light may flash a-long its wa-ters,



No dread of ill shall make my soul a-fraid.
And, miss-ing Thee, my trem-bling feet should fall.
What heights of joy, what rap-turous songs are mine!
And ev-ery wave like crys-tal bright shall be.