

The Hand That Lifts Me

J. Byington Smith, 1874

Arranged by Mrs. N. B. Covert

♩ = 100



1. When the moun - tain of sin rose a - bove me, And
2. When I sank in the hor - ri - ble dun - geon, That
3. When I'm sink - ing in death's gloom - y riv - er, And
4. Un - to Him who thus gra - cious - ly saves me, From



I could not scale its black heights, Its dark sha - dows were fall - ing up -
hor - ri - ble pit where I lay, When the ter - rors of death were up -
down in the surg - es I lie, Then this hand is ex - tend - ed to
sor - row, and sad - ness and sin, I will cling till in love He shall



- on me, And ga - thering the black - ness of night; Then a
- on me, And noth - ing my fears could al - lay; Then a
res - cue, And lift to my home in the sky; 'Tis the
bring me, Where nev - er a sor - row has been; And when



hand took me o - ver the moun-tain To my home which was far out of sight.
hand un - der-neath me up - bore me To the bright-ness and glad-ness of day.
hand of my Sav - ior that takes me, And will lift me to dwell up - on high.
He at the door will be wait - ing, To lift me, a poor wan - der - er, in.

