

C, Eflat, Aflat
1, 2, 3, 1, 2 —

Precious Lord, Take My Hand

T.A.D.

Thomas A. Dorsey

Ab D^b6 D^b

1. When my way grow-eth drear, pre-cious Lord, lin-ger near, — When my life is —
2. When the shad-ows ap-pear, and the night draw-eth near, — And the day is —
Chorus: Pre-cious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand, — I am tired, I am

B^b9 E^b Ab Caug D^b6 D^b

al-most — gone; — Hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I
past and — gone; — At the riv-er I stand, guide my feet, hold my
weak, I am worn; — Thru the storm thru the night, lead me on to the

Ab A^b/E^b E^b7 E^b7sus Ab

fall; — } Take my hand, — pre-cious Lord, — lead me home. —
hand; — } Take my hand, — pre-cious Lord, — lead me home. —
light; — } Take my hand, — pre-cious Lord, — lead me home. —

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