

474 Precious Lord, Take My Hand

1. Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand,  
 2. When my way grows drear, pre-cious Lord, lin-ger near,  
 3. When the dark-ness ap-pears and the night draws near,

I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;  
 when my life is al-most gone,  
 and the day is past and gone,

through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light:  
 hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I fall:  
 at the riv-er I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand:

*Refrain*

Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.

WORDS: Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932  
 MUSIC: Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932

PRECIOUS LORD  
 ltr.

Come, We That Love the Lord 732

1. Come, we that love the Lord, and let our  
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing who nev-er  
 3. The hill of Zi-on yields a thou-sand  
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, and ev-ery

joys be known; join in a song with  
 knew our God; but chil-dren of the  
 sa-cred sweets be-fore we reach the  
 tear be dry; we're march-ing through im-

sweet ac-cord, and thus sur-round the throne.  
 heav-en-ly King may speak their joys a-broad.  
 heav-en-ly fields, or walk the gold-en streets.  
 man-uel's ground, to fair-er worlds on high.

WORDS: Isaac Watts, 1707  
 MUSIC: Aaron Williams, Dr. Sam'l Davies' Psalmist, 1770

ST. THOMAS  
 SM

## My Hope Is Built

368

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less than  
 2. When dark - ness veils his love - ly face, I  
 3. His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sup -  
 4. When he shall come with trum - pet sound, O

Je - sus' blood and righ - teous - ness. I dare not trust the  
 rest on his un - chang - ing grace. In ev - ery high and  
 port me in the whelm - ing flood. When all a - round my  
 may I then in him be found! Dressed in his righ - teous -

sweet - est frame, but whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
 storm - y gale, my an - chor holds with - in the veil.  
 soul gives way, he then is all my hope and stay.  
 ness a - lone, fault - less to stand be fore the throne!

*Refrain*

On Christ the sol - id rock I stand, all oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand; all oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

## One Bread, One Body

One bread, one body, one Lord of all,  
 one cup of blessing which we bless.  
 And we, though many, throughout the earth,  
 we are one body in this one Lord.

Gentile or Jew, servant or free,  
 woman or man no more.  
 One bread, one body, one Lord of all,  
 one cup of blessing which we bless.  
 And we, though many, throughout the earth,  
 we are one body in this one Lord.

Many the gifts, many the works,  
 one in the Lord of all.  
 One bread, one body, one Lord of all,  
 one cup of blessing which we bless.  
 And we, though many, throughout the earth,  
 we are one body in this one Lord.

Grain for the fields, scattered and grown,  
 gathered to one for all.  
 One bread, one body, one Lord of all,  
 one cup of blessing which we bless.  
 And we, though many, throughout the earth,  
 we are one body in this one Lord.