

The Touch of His Hand

There are days so dark that I seek in vain
For the face of my Friend Divine;
But though darkness hide, He is there to guide
By the touch of His Hand on mine.

Chorus

Oh, the touch of His Hand on mine, (on mine,)
Oh, the touch of His Hand on mine! (on mine!)
There is grace and pow'r in the trying hour,
In the touch of His Hand on mine.

There are times when tired of the toilsome road,
For the ways of the world I pine;
But He draws me back to the upward track,
By the touch of His Hand on mine.

Chorus

Oh, the touch of His Hand on mine, (on mine,)
Oh, the touch of His Hand on mine! (on mine!)
There is grace and pow'r in the trying hour,
In the touch of His Hand on mine.

When the way is dim and I cannot see
Through the midst of His wise design,
How my glad heart yearns and my faith returns,
By the touch of His Hand on mine.

Chorus

Oh, the touch of His Hand on mine, (on mine,)
Oh, the touch of His Hand on mine! (on mine!)
There is grace and pow'r in the trying hour,
In the touch of His Hand on mine.

In that last sad hour as I stand alone,
Where the powers of death combine,
While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul,
By the touch of His Hand on mine.

Chorus

Oh, the touch of His Hand on mine, (on mine,)
Oh, the touch of His Hand on mine! (on mine!)
There is grace and pow'r in the trying hour,
In the touch of His Hand on mine.