The Touch of His Hand on Mine

Jessie Brown Pounds, 1913

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my friend di-
   vine; But though dark - ness hide, He is there to guide By the touch of His hand on
   mine. There is grace and power, in the try-ing hour, In the touch of His hand on

2. There are times, when tired of the toil - some road, That for ways of the world I
   sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re - turns By the touch of His hand on
   mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on

3. When the way is dim, and I can - not see Through the mist of His wise de-
   bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul By the touch of His hand on

4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a lone, Where the pow - ers of death com-
   de, - While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul By the touch of H is hand on

Refrain

mine. There is grace and power, in the try-ing hour, In the touch of His hand on

mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on

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