

PRECIOUS LORD, TAKE MY HAND

-Ryan Parsons-

Thomas Andrew Dorsey was born in the early 1900s near Atlanta, Georgia. He was an accomplished musician at a time when music was flourishing in the United States and blasted around the world on radio waves. One day, while away for work, he received an urgent telegram summoning him home. Sadly, Dorsey lost his pregnant wife and his newborn son in childbirth. Days later, after burying them both in the same casket, he retreated heartbroken to his music. Out of the pain of this experience, he wrote this song in 1932:

Precious Lord, take my hand,
Lead me on, let me stand,
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;
Through the storm, through the night,
Lead me on to the light:
Take my hand, precious Lord,
Lead me home.

When my way grows drear,
Precious Lord, linger near,
When my life is almost gone,
Hear my cry, hear my call,
Hold my hand lest I fall:
Take my hand, precious Lord,
Lead me home.

When the darkness appears
And the night draws near,
And the day is past and gone,
At the river, I stand,
Guide my feet, hold my hand:
Take my hand, precious Lord,
Lead me home.

Tragedy frequently strikes around us. Sometimes, it affects the people we know and love. At other times, it slams us directly. Its heartache has a somber way of reminding us of our brokenness and our weakness. However, it is also an excellent teacher. At our lowest of lows, we are prompted to look beyond ourselves. The storms and falls of life are inevitable. They cannot be avoided. But, there is always a hand to grab ahold of and one to whom we can cry, "Lord, help me!" (Matt. 15:21-28; 14:28-33).

Psalm 37:23-24

The steps of a man are established by the Lord,
when he delights in his way;
though he fall, he shall not be cast headlong,
for the Lord upholds his hand.

Hold on!