
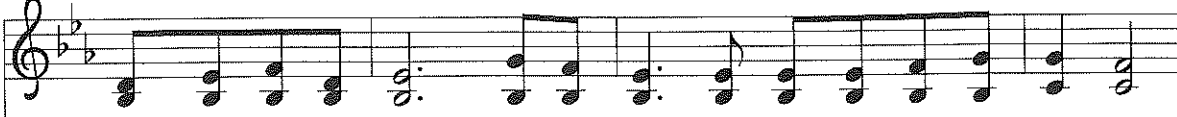


790

## Day by Day



1 Day by day, your mer - cies, Lord, at - tend me, bring - ing com - fort  
 2 Day by day, I know you will pro - vide me strength to serve and  
 3 Oh, what joy to know that you are near me when my bur - dens



to my anx - ious soul. Day by day, the bless - ings, Lord, you send me  
 wis - dom to o - bey; I will seek your lov - ing will to guide me  
 grow too great to bear; oh, what joy to know that you will hear me



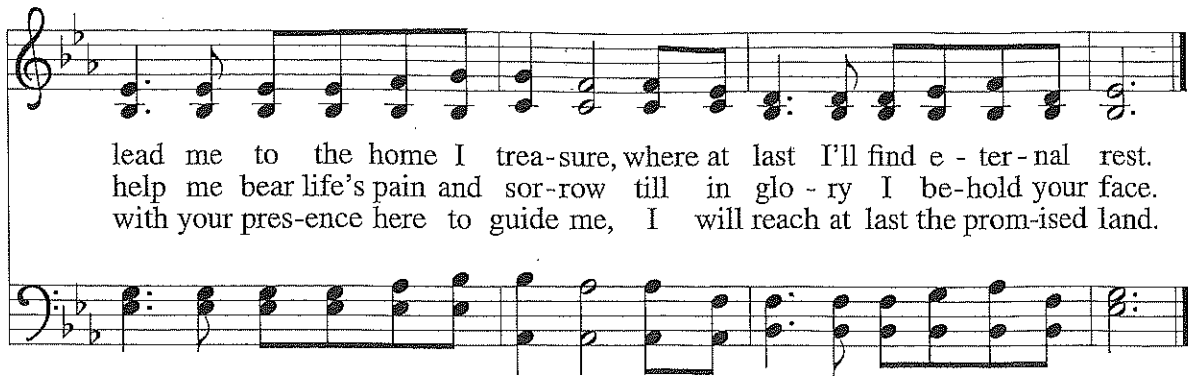
draw me near - er to my heav'n - ly goal. Love di - vine, be - yond all  
 o'er the paths I strug - gle day by day. I will fear no e - vil  
 when I come, O Lord, to you in prayer. Day by day, no mat - ter



mor - tal mea - sure, brings to naught the bur - dens of my quest; Sav - ior,  
 of the mor - row, I will trust in your en - dur - ing grace. Sav - ior,  
 what be - tide me, you will hold me ev - er in your hand. Sav - ior,

# Day by Day pg 2

TRUST, GUIDANCE



lead me to the home I trea-sure, where at last I'll find e - ter - nal rest.  
help me bear life's pain and sor-row till in glo - ry I be-hold your face.  
with your pres-ence here to guide me, I will reach at last the prom-ised land.

1006

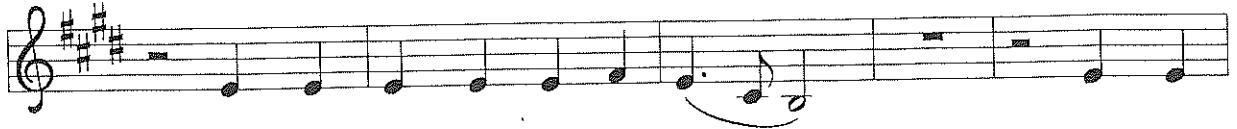
## By Grace We Have Been Saved

*Refrain*

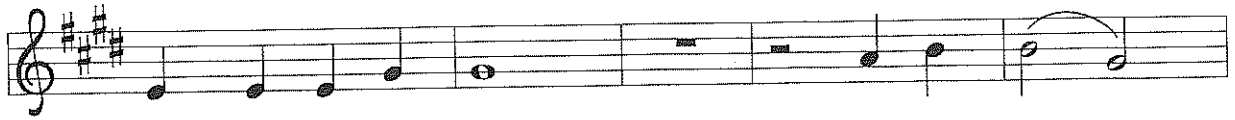
By grace we have been saved— saved by grace through faith,



not be-cause of what we do; it is the gift of God.



1 On the days when you are weak,	on the
2 Rest your bod - y, rest your mind,	in the
3 You don't need to be a - fraid.	You will



days when you are strong,	rich or poor,
still - ness you will find	you're a love - ly,
nev - er be a - lone.	There is mer - cy,

*Refrain*

young or old,	just lis - ten	to the song.
pre - cious child,	part of the	great de - sign.
there is hope,	and love will	take you home.

# Precious Lord, Take My Hand

773



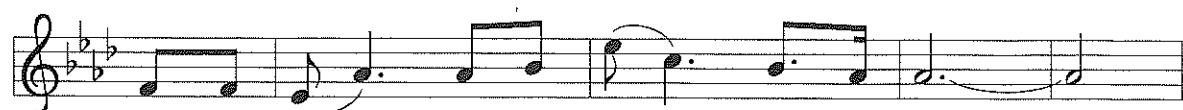
1 Pre - cious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand,  
2 When my way grows . . drear, pre-cious Lord, lin - ger near,  
3 When the dark - ness ap - pears and the night draws . . near,



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.



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

Text: Thomas A. Dorsey, 1899-1993

Music: George N. Allen, 1812-1877, adapt. Thomas A. Dorsey

Text and music © 1938, 1966 Unichappell Music Inc., admin. Hal Leonard Corp.

PRECIOUS LORD

Irregular