

# HE'S HOLDING MY HAND.

O.A.P.

O.A. Parris

1. I'm press - ing on - ward day by day, To heav - en's gold - en strand; Christ walks be - side me all the way, He's

2. My way with light su - per - nal glows, By love di - vine 'tis planned; I tell Him all my griefs and woes, He's  
*D.S. To His con - trol I trust my all, He's*

3. I feel no way like turn - ing back, In - to the sor - row land; I've left the broad and down - ward track, He's  
*D.S. To His con - trol I trust my all, He's*

*Fine* hold - ing to my hand. He hears my ev - 'ry call, And al - ways un - der - stands;  
*D.S.*

hold - ing to my hand. He hears my ev - 'ry call, And al - ways un - der - stands;  
*hold - ing to my hand.*

hold - ing to my hand. He hears my ev - 'ry call, And al - ways un - der - stands;  
*hold - ing to my hand.* He hears my ev - 'ry call, And al - ways un - der - stands;