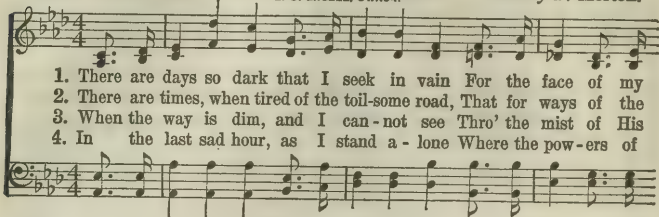


256 The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

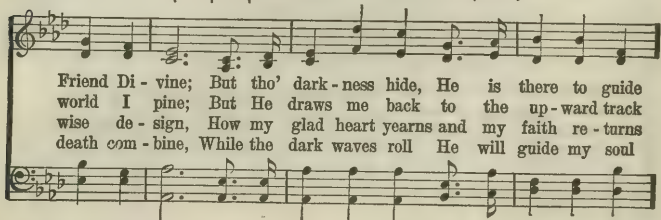
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

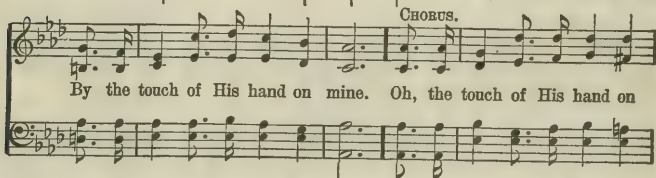
Henry P. Morton.



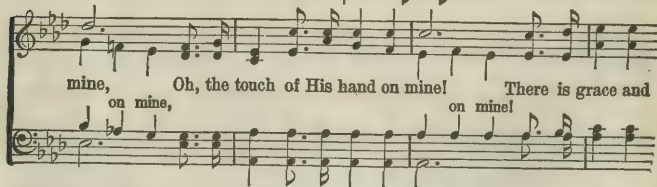
1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of



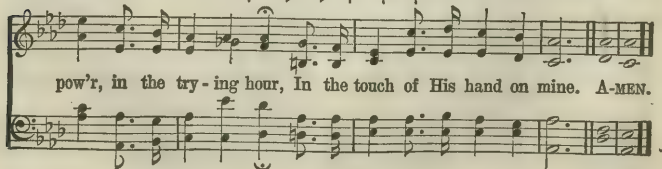
Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul



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



mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and
on mine, on mine!



pow'r, in the try-ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine. A-MEN.