On This Handle I've Gripped

Dean Reed Guymon
arr. Caleb Cuzner

Voice lyrics, lines 1–7:

For too ma-ny miles on this han-dle I've
though I am ti-red I'll keep mov-ing

gripped. On man-y a hill I have tripped and I've slipped. Oh, it sure would be
on. My Fa-ther in Heav-en knows where I be-long. I will try to be

nice to stop walk-ing like this, but I will not stop 'til I reach this hill's
hap-py as I trudge this trail. My Sav-ior has called me and I will not

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crest. The trail is so long, as I'm sing-ing this song. To turn back would be
fail. The trail is so long, as I'm sing-ing this song. To turn back would be

F   Bb   C/Bb Bb F/A   Bb/A   F/A C/G

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wrong for me. I will see fer - tile val - leys a - head, where the
wrong for me. I'll be free in that place way out west, where the

C7/G F/A   F C7/G F7/A Bb   C Bb Am

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pro - phets have said the Saints are to be. Al -
Saints will be blessed. That is home for me.

F/A Bb F/A C7(sus4)/G C7/G   F   C7   F

1.   mf   2.

1.   2.