About the artist

Born and raised in Portsmouth, Ohio, Amy studied piano from age 8 to age 13. After many years of travel, she returned to her hometown area and received Christ as her Savior. She is married, and her husband, Woody, helps record her piano instrumental mp3s in a small home studio. She used to play for an adult choir and for special music at a local Baptist Church. Amy enjoys composing gospel songs and arranging piano accompaniment for vocalists. She also enjoys playing special arrangements of public domain hymns. Her style is a combination of Christian/Southern Gospel/Folk/Ragtime. She is a self-taught composer. Amy gives God the glory for all that she has accomplished.


About the piece

Title: The Unseen Hand
Arranger: Potter, Amy
Copyright: Copyright © Amy Potter
Publisher: Potter, Amy
Instrumentation: Piano and Voice
Style: Hymn
Comment: ELDER ALBERT JACKSON SIMS
Albert Jackson Sims was born in Jackson County Georgia on July 2, 1884. He passed away October 6, 1969. He married Clara Jane Homer. To this union were born four children, Ruby, Joseph, Jim and David. His wife died February 21, 1990. Albert Jackson Sims was a man of great faith. He had a great memory. He once was asked why he had such a great memory to which he replied, I do not know, but I know... (more online)

Amy Potter on free-scores.com

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- share your interpretation
- comment
- contact the artist
The Unseen Hand

A. J. Sims (Albert Jackson Sims)
Arranged by Amy Potter

1. There is an unseen hand to me That leads through ways I cannot see; While going through this world of woe, This hand still leads where'er I go. I'm holding to the unseen hand. That guides me through this dreary land; And some sweet day I'll reach that strand, Still holding to the unseen hand.

2. His hand has led through shadows drear, And while it leads I have no fear; I know 'twill lead me to that home Where sin nor
sorrow e'er can come. I'm holding to the unseen hand that guides me thru this dreary land; And some sweet day I'll reach that strand, still holding to the unseen hand. 3 I long to see my Savior's face and sing the story "Saved by grace"; And there upon that golden strand I'll praise Him for His guiding hand. I'm holding to the unseen hand that guides me thru this dreary land; And some sweet day I'll reach that strand, still holding to the unseen hand.