

Father, I stretch my hands to Thee

Arranged

I Do Believe
CM

Father I stretch my hands to Thee;
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah, wither shall I go?

What did Thine only son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!

Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary longing eyes;
O may I now receive that gift!
My soul, without it, dies.

Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace!

O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power,
And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve
In this accepted hour.

Charles Wesley