

Father, I Stretch My Hands To Thee

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know,
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

Chorus—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

D. C. for Chorus

If Thou with - draw Thy - self from me, Ah! whith - er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with - out it dies.

And thru His blood, His pre - cious blood I shall from sin be free!