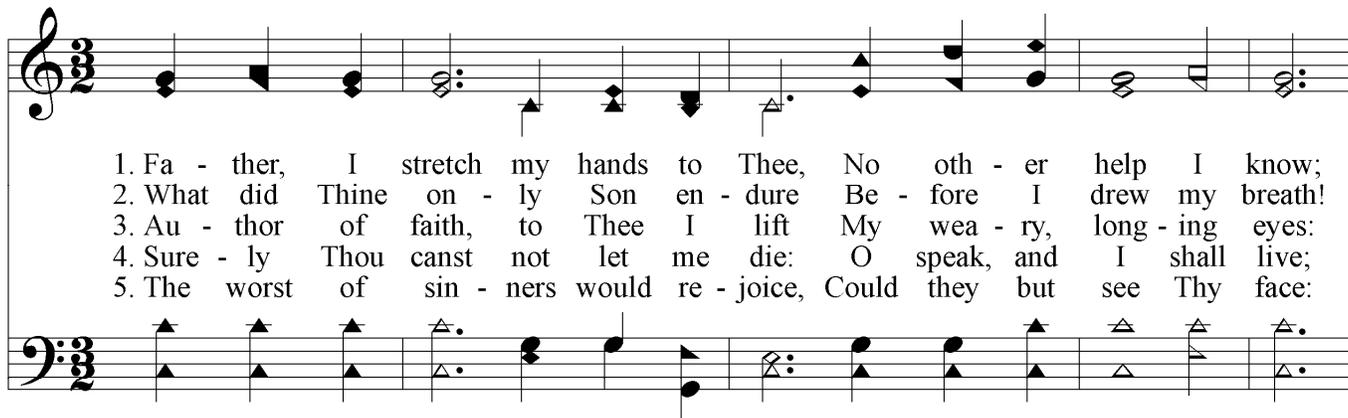


Spring C. M.



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. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes:
4. Sure - ly Thou canst not let me die: O speak, and I shall live;
5. The worst of sin - ners would re - joice, Could they but see Thy face:



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!
O may I now re - ceive that gift, My soul with - out it dies.
And here I will un - wea - ried lie, Till Thou Thy Spir - it give.
O let me hear Thy quick - 'ning voice, And taste Thy par - d'ning grace!