Spring C. M.

1. Father, I stretch my hands to Thee, No other help I know;
2. What did Thine only Son endure Before I drew my breath!
3. Author of faith, to Thee I lift My weary, longing eyes:
4. Surely Thou canst not let me die: O speak, and I shall live;
5. The worst of sinners would rejoice, Could they but see Thy face:

If Thou withdraw Thyself from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
What pain, what labor to secure My soul from endless death!
O may I now receive that gift, My soul without it dies.
And here I will unwearied lie, Till Thou Thy Spirit give.
O let me hear Thy quick'ning voice, And taste Thy pard'ning grace!

Words: Charles Wesley
Music: L. C. Everett