

HYMNS.

Hymn 1. C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know ;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go ?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure.
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death !
- 3 Oh Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power ;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes :
Oh let me now receive that gift.
My soul without it dies.