

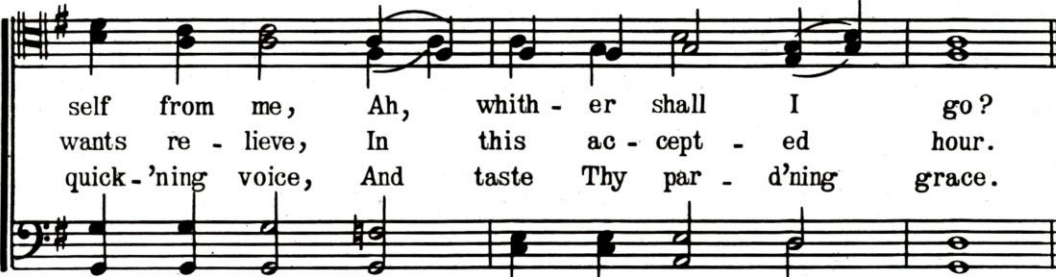
CHARLES WESLEY



1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No
 2. On Thy dear Son I now be - lieve, O
 3. How would my faint - ing soul re - joice Could



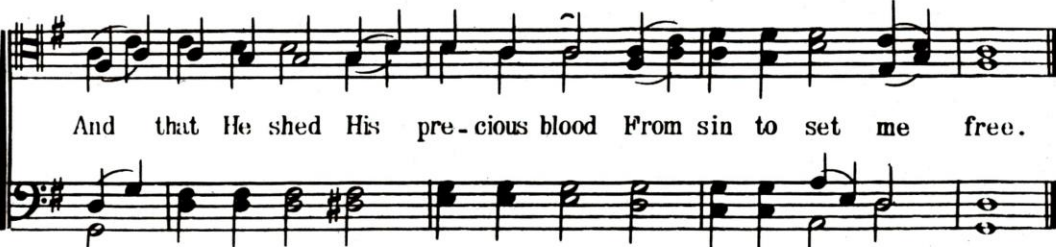
oth - er help I know; If Thou with - draw Thy
 let me feel Thy pow'r; And all my var - ied
 I but see Thy face! Now let me hear Thy



self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go?
 wants re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
 quick - 'ning voice, And taste Thy par - d'ning grace.



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



And that He shed His pre - cious blood From sin to set me free.

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