

## BRAINERD. C.M.

1. Fa - ther I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know; If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?

2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath? What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure my soul from end-less death.

3. O Je - sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r! Now my poor soul Thou wouldst re-trieve, Nor let me wait one hour.