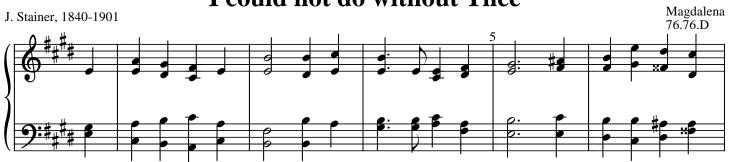
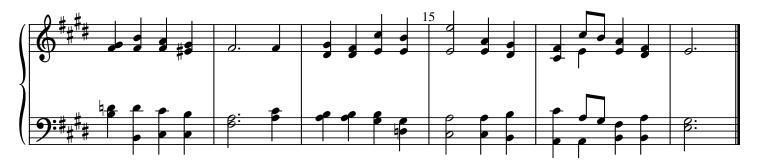
I could not do without Thee







I could not do without Thee O Savior of the lost, Whose precious blood redeemed me At such tremendous cost. Thy righteousness, Thy pardon Thy precious blood, must be My only hope and comfort, My glory and my plea.

I could not do without Thee, I cannot stand alone, I have no strength or goodness, No wisdom of my own; But Thou, belovèd Savior, Art all in all to me, And weakness will be power If leaning hard on Thee. I could not do without Thee; No other friend can read The spirit's strange deep longings, Interpreting its need; No human heart could enter Each dim recess of mine, And soothe, and hush, and calm it, O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

I could not do without Thee, For years are fleeting fast, And soon in solemn oneness The river must be passed; But Thou wilt never leave me, And though the waves roll high, I know Thou wilt be near me, And whisper, It is I.

Frances Havergal