

I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour 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.

- 2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art All-in-all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.
- 3 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 blessed Lord, but Thine.
- 4 I could not do without Thee;
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn liveness
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.'