


Jesus' Gracious Hand

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #673

words by John Berridge, 1716-1793.


music by Benj Pocta, Clint Wells,
and Brian T. Murphy, 2006

F G m7 B \flat




When Je - sus' gra - cious hand, Has
Yet long I vain - ly sought, A
My sor - row Thou can see, For
I would be near Thy feet, Or

5 F G m7 B \flat




touched our eyes and ears, O what a drear - y
rest - ing place be - low; That sweet land for -
Thou dost read my heart; It pi - neth af - ter
at Thy bleed - ing side; Feel how Thy heart does -

9 B \flat C D m



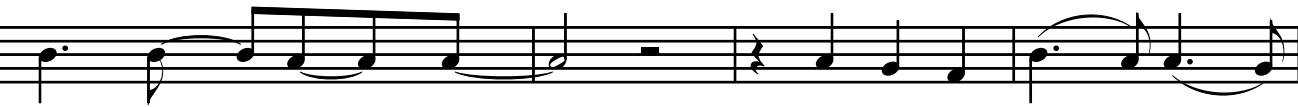
land, the wild - er - ness ap - pears. O what a drear - y
- got, where liv - ing wa - ters flow; That sweet land for -
Thee, and yet from Thee will start; It pi - neth af - ter
beat, and see its pur - ple tide; Feel how Thy heart does -

13 B \flat C F C




land, the wild - er - ness ap - pears. No heal - ing balm
- got, where liv - ing wa - ters flow; I hun - ger now for
Thee, and yet from Thee will start; Re - claim Thy rov - ing
beat, and see its pur - ple tide; Trace all the won - ders

18 B \flat F B \flat F/A



springs from its dust; No cool - ing stream to
heav - en - ly food; And my poor heart cries
child at last, And fix my heart and
of Thy death, And sing Thy love in

22 G m7 C/E F



quench the thirst.
out for God.
bind it fast.
ev - - - - - ry breath.