# Thy Healing Hands

*Prayerfully, with feeling*

*Words and music by Sara Lyn Baril*

♩= 88

*mf*

I am like the blind man sear - ching for the light; ho - ping that a mir - a - cle will re - store my sight. And though I can't see clear - ly, Thy gen - tle touch I

I am like the lame man, im -pos - si - ble the road. Yet if I make it to my knees, Thou lifts my hea - vy load. And when I am so wea - ry that I can - not go

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