

# © Jesus Christ, My Lord

1. O Je - sus Christ, my Lord, What grace did me ac - cord The right to  
 2. Such lov - ing - kind - ness - es As Thine by far sur - pass My high-est  
 3. Christ died, man's ransom paid, And in the grave was laid: Death came to  
 4. Thy Son is Head of all, Who heard, by faith, His call—Man - y—yet

be Num - bered a - mong Thy band, A - mid Thy saints to stand,  
 thought; The grace so full and free, Thy coun - sel of - fers me,  
 me. Thou cam'st to me, and then Didst wak - en me a - gain;  
 one! I, though of sin - ful race, In this good year of grace,

Re-deemed, at Thy right hand, E - ter - nal - ly! E - ter - nal - ly!  
 En - dur - ing end - less - ly, My good hath wrought! My good hath wrought!  
 I fear no death, A - men—All praise to Thee! All praise to Thee!  
 Have al - so found a place A - mong His own! A - mong His own!

5. Thanks to Thy grace so free,  
 I am in high degree  
 A proof of love;  
 The pow'r was in Thy hand  
 Alone to break my band  
 And draw me from this land  
 To Thee above! To Thee above!

6. Therefore Thy holy Name  
 I shall on earth proclaim,  
 Thy grace commend;  
 Then in the choir on high,  
 With angels in the sky,  
 Thy praise I'll magnify  
 World without end! World without end!