

Our Lot Is Found in Pleasant Places

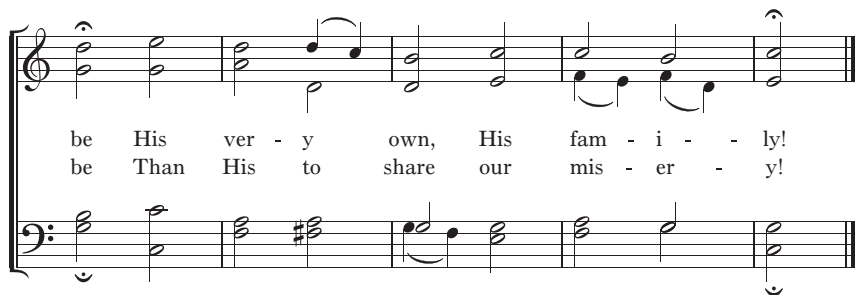
(25, 41, 75, 220, 227)

1. Our lot is found in pleasant places, A
2. He our benighted race befriended, He

goodly heritage we own: O let us
pitied us in deepest love; To Him we

give to God our praises, For these belong to
could not have ascended, So He to us came

Him alone, Who chose us by His grace to
from above: No love more wonderful could



3. He saw no comeliness nor beauty
 In us, nor any worthiness;
 No, only wrong, neglect of duty,
 Sin, sickness, shame, and dire distress;
 He saw no one who in our need
 Could offer any help indeed!

4. He had compassion with the suff'ring
 That came to us through Adam's fall;
 Our Savior gave Himself as off'ring,
 And thus He freely gave us all
 The right God's children dear to be
 And joy through all eternity.

5. We are not worthy, precious Savior,
 Of all the goodness Thou hast shown;
 Ashamed we stand in wonder ever
 Before the things that Thou hast done.
 Thy love that crowns with grace—that love
 Made us at one with God above.

6. For naught but goodness we are hoping
 From out Thy rich and loving hand,
 Right well-contented while we're groping
 Our way through this most dreary land;
 As children here, till we shall be
 As heirs united there with Thee.

7. Such is our lot in pleasant places,
 Such goodly heritage we own;
 With all men we would share the graces
 Thy favor has to us made known:
 We to all men Thy love commend,
 For Thou wouldst every one befriend.

8. It grieves us when men do not love Thee,
 And when they Thy rich grace reject,
 Who value worldliness above Thee
 And throughout life Thy gifts neglect—
 Come ye, who here have any need;
 Christ can supply them all, indeed.