

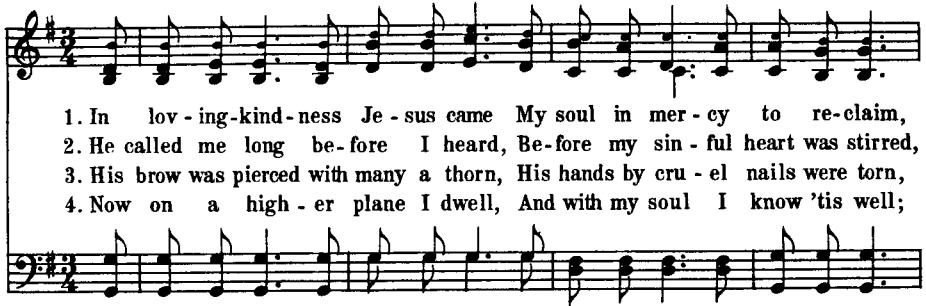
He Lifted Me

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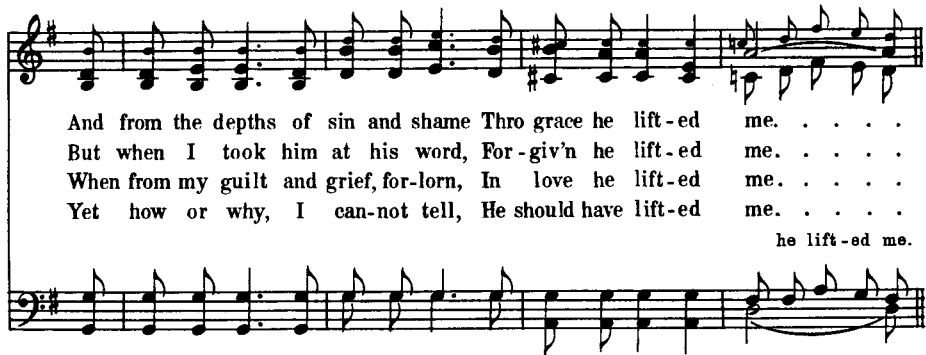
He brought me up . . . out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock . . . Psalm 40:2

Charlotte G. Homer

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

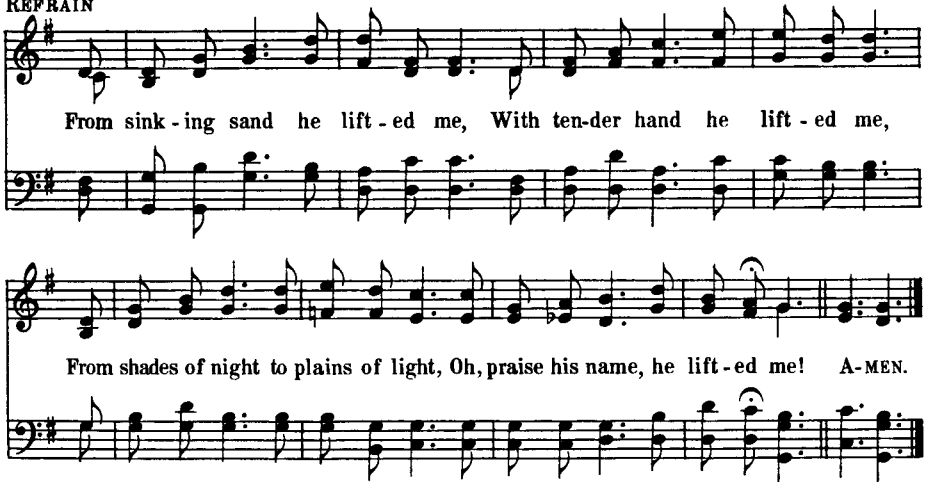


1. In lov-ing-kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
 2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
 3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
 4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



And from the depths of sin and shame Thro grace he lift-ed me. . . .
 But when I took him at his word, For-giv'n he lift-ed me. . . .
 When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love he lift-ed me. . . .
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. . . .
 he lift-ed me.

REFRAIN



From sink-ing sand he lift-ed me, With ten-der hand he lift-ed me,
 From shades of night to plains of light, Oh, praise his name, he lift-ed me! A-MEN.

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