

Lord, Thy love has sought and found us

Praise of the Lord — His Love

158

(Guitar)

1. Lord, Thy love has sought and found us Wan - d'ring in this de - sert wide;
Thou hast thrown Thine arms a - round us, For us suf - fered, bled, and died.
Sing, my soul! He lov - éd thee, Je - sus gave Him - self for me.

2. Hark! what sounds of bitter weeping
From yon lonesome garden sweep;
'Tis the Lord His vigil keeping,
While His followers sink in sleep.
Ah, my soul, He lovéd thee,
Yes, He gave Himself for me.

3. He is speaking to His Father,
Tasting deep that bitter cup,
Yet He takes it, willing rather
For our sakes to drink it up.
Oh, what love! He lovéd me!
Gave Himself, my soul, for thee.

4. Then that closing scene of anguish:
All God's waves and billows roll
Over Him, there left to languish
On the cross, to save my soul.
Matchless love! how vast, how free,
Jesus gave Himself for me.

5. Hark again! His cries are waking
Echoes on dark Calvary's hill;
God, my God, art Thou forsaking
Him who always did Thy will?
Ah, my soul! it was for thee,
Yes! He gave Himself for me.

6. Lord, we joy, Thy toils are ended,
Glad Thy suffering time is o'er;
To Thy Father's throne ascended,
There Thou liv'st, to die no more.
Yes, my soul, He lives for thee,
He who gave Himself for me.

7. Lord, we worship and adore Thee
For Thy rich, Thy matchless grace;
Perfect soon in joy before Thee,
We shall see Thee face to face.
Yet e'en now our song shall be,
Jesus gave Himself for me.