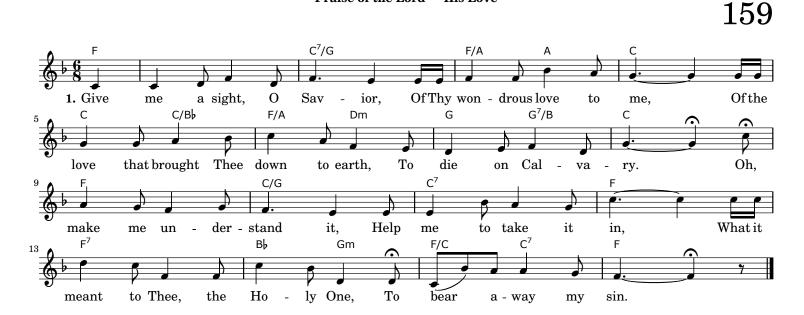
Give me a sight, O Savior

Praise of the Lord — His Love



- 2. Was it the nails, O Savior,
 That bound Thee to the tree?
 Nay, 'twas Thine everlasting love,
 Thy love for me, for me.
- Oh, wonder of all wonders,
 That through Thy death for me,
 My open sins, my secret sins,
 Can all forgiven be.
- 4. Then melt my heart, O Savior, Bend me, yea, break me down, Until I own Thee Conqueror, And Lord and Sov'reign crown.

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