

I prostrate, Lord, before Thee

Praise of the Lord — His Love

8128

(Guitar: Capo 3)

Musical score for guitar with capo 3. The score consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: D, A, D, G, F#m, Bm, Em, A7. The second staff begins with a bass clef and continues the melody. Chords are indicated below the staff: D, A7, D, G, D, A, Bm, D, Em, A7, D, G, D. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. I prostrate, Lord, be - fore Thee, Mar - vel at boundless grace That I, though chief of sin - ners, Am saved, brought to Thy
face. World - loving as a sin - ner, I never thought of Thee; En - compassing with mer - cy, Thou sought and came to me.

2. Tangled and troubled daily
By sins that filled my heart,
I never sought Thy freedom,
All seeking's on Thy part.
Though I did hear Thee calling,
I never cared for Thee;
I even fought Thy working,
Became an enemy.

3. For reasons I can't fathom,
Thou lovest one in sin;
The price in blood brought pardon,
Thy peace and rest came in.
A sinner midst the sinful,
In flesh I spent my days;
Why lovest Thee this sinner
With vile and crafty ways?

4. Crude manger was Thy cradle,
Of fastings didst partake;
A painful path Thou takest
And suffered for my sake.
For me Thou didst consider?
No bitterness forego?
Thus I was spared such fury,
And taste God's blessings so?

5. Midst men, then, am I better?
More noble, then, was I
That Thou should'st so be willing
To suffer, bleed, and die?
When I myself consider,
There's nothing to be praised;
I wonder at such ransom,
And by such love amazed.

6. I find no cause nor reason
That Thou, my God, should'st gain
By loving this vile rebel;
Such grace I can't explain.
No, not because I'm worthy
Nor that I've merit high,
But that Thou dost love sinners,
That, that alone is why.

7. Much was the grace imparted,
Much may I earnest be,
Both loving and obeying
And not ashamed of Thee.
More mercy show unto me,
For still this heart is cold;
Though mighty grace I've sighted,
Still more I need to hold.

8. Thy heav'nly throne Thou leavest,
For me to Calv'ry trod,
Yet I am still half-hearted,
With apathy toward God.
The world holds my allegiance,
Thy path too narrow felt,
My little self too precious,
And yet I am indwelt.

9. When I my case consider,
My heart does feel some loss;
Hating my nature rotten,
My vicious living's dross.
Thou Lord, didst know already
My heart would be like this.
Since Thou foreknew my coolness,
Why didst Thou impart grace?

10. To bear with pain and mockings
From heaven to depart?
Accepting earth's mistreatings
To woo this hard, cold heart?
E'en though Thou knew my nature,
To shed dear blood for me?
E'en though Thou knew I'm evil,
To suffer painfully?

11. Yes, Thou didst know my coolness,
My fickle mood and heart;
Yet Thou wouldst pay most dearly,
Die for me, life impart.
When I such love consider,
I weep without restraint;
My Savior is all-giving,
My thanks compared is faint.

12. O Lord, Thy love in vastness
I cannot understand;
Not seemly I would worship,
Nor can I comprehend.
Though glory's joy I've tasted,
My heart is much too small;
I'll sing Thy praises ever,
Before Thy throne I'll fall.

13. While in that brightness glor'ous,
I'll never cease to praise,
For grace and love that sought me,
Worship through endless days.
I long in Thy bright city
My praise might be complete,
Thy love and grace to fathom,
My thanks to Thee replete.