

Robert Murray McCheyne

John Francis Wade

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not my  
 2. When free grace a - woke me by light from on high, Then le - gal fears  
 3. My ter - rors all van - ished be - fore the sweet name; My guilt - y fears  
 4. "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu!" my treas - ure and boast; "Je - ho - vah Tsid -

dan - ger, I felt not my load; Though friends spoke in rap - ture of  
 shook me, I trem - bled to die; No ref - uge, no safe - ty, in  
 ban - ished, with bold - ness I came To drink at the foun - tain, life -  
 ke - nu!" I ne'er can be lost; In Thee I shall con - quer by

Christ on the tree, "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" was noth - ing to  
 self could I see; "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" my Sav - iour must  
 giv - ing and free, "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" is all things to  
 flood and by field, My ca - ble, my an - chor, my breastplate and

me, "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" was noth - ing to me.  
 be, "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" my Sav - iour must be.  
 me, "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" is all things to me.  
 shield, My ca - ble, my an - chor, my breast-plate and shield!