

(Adeste Fideles. 11. 11. 11. 11.)

R. M. McCheyne

18th Century Melody

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; Tho' 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.