

(Even Me. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.)

J. J. Hopkins

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. Lord, Thy love has sought and found us Wan-d'ring in this des-ert wide,
 2. Hark! what sounds of bit-ter weep-ing, From yon lone-some gar-den sweep?
 3. He is speak-ing to His Fa-ther, Tast-ing deep that bit-ter cup,

Thou hast thrown Thine arms a-round us, For us suf-fered, bled, and died:
 'Tis the Lord His vig-il keep-ing, Whilst His fol-l'wers sink in sleep.
 Yet He takes it, will-ing rath-er For our sakes to drink it up.

Sing, my soul, He lov-ed thee, Je-sus gave Him-self for me.
 Ah, my soul, He lov-ed thee, Yes, He gave Him-self for me.
 O, what love! He lov-ed me! Gave Him-self, 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.