

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

J. J. Hopkins

W. 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.
 Oh 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.