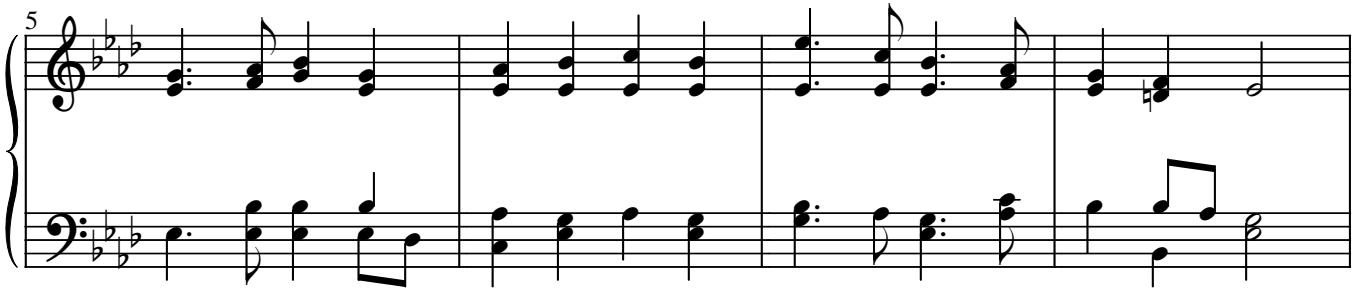
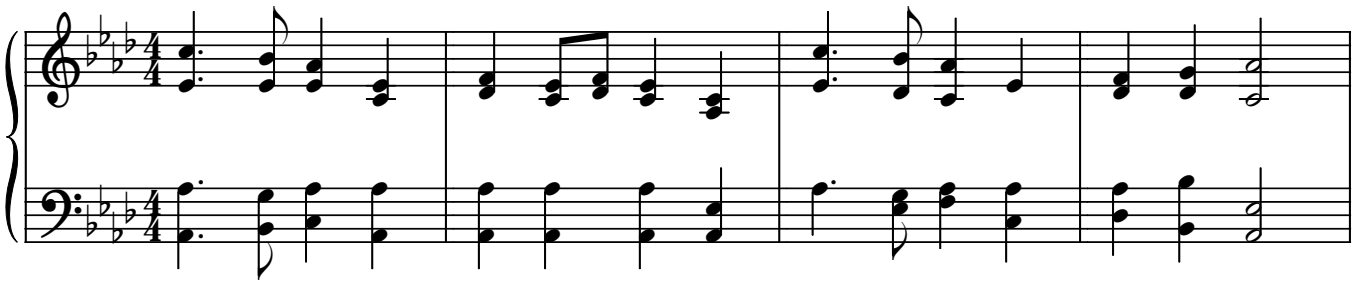


# Lord, Thy love has sought and found us

Anonymous



Lord, Thy love has sought and found us  
Wand'ring in this desert wide;  
Thou hast thrown Thine arms around us,  
For us suffered, bled, and died.  
Sing, my soul! He loved thee,  
Jesus gave Himself for me.

Hark! what sounds of bitter weeping  
From yon lonesome garden sweep;  
'Tis the Lord His vigil keeping,  
While His followers sink in sleep.  
Ah, my soul, He loved thee,  
Yes, He gave Himself for me.

He is speaking to His Father,  
Tasting deep that bitter cup,  
Yet He takes it, willing rather  
For our sakes to drink it up.  
Oh, what love! He loved me!  
Gave Himself, my soul, for thee.

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.

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.

Lord, we joy, Thy toils are ended,  
Glad Thy suff'ring 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.

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.

J. J. Hopkins