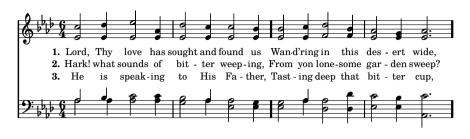
## 237 Lord, Thy Love Has Sought and Found Us

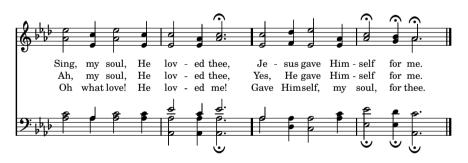
(Even Me. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.)

J. J. Hopkins

William B. Bradbury







- 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.