

Chief of Sinners Though I Be

Gethsemane

Text: William McComb, 1793-1973

Tune: Richard Redhead, 1820-1901

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♩ = 120

Vocal

1 Chief of sin - ners though I be, Je - sus shed his blood for me,
 2 Oh, the height of Je - sus' love, High - er than the heav'n's a - bove,
 3 On - ly Je - sus can im - part Balm to heal the wound - ed heart,
 4 Chief of sin - ners though I be, Christ is all in all to me;
 5 O my Sav - ior, help af - ford By your Spir - it and your Word!

Died that I might live on high, Lives that I might nev - er die.
 Deep - er than the depths of sea, Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty!
 Peace that flows from sin for - giv'n, Joy that lifts the soul to heav'n,
 All my wants to Him are known, All my sor - rows are His own.
 When my way - ward heart would stray, Keep me in the nar - row way;

As the branch is to the vine, I am his, and he is
 Love that found me— won - drous thought— Found me when I sought him
 Faith and hope to walk with God In the way that E - noch
 He sus - tains the hid - den life Safe with Him from earth - ly
 Grace in time of need sup - ply While I live and when I

mine.
 not.
 trod.
 strife.
 die.