

Charles H. Gabriel

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1. In lov - ing - kind - ness Je - sus came My
 2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be -
 3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His
 4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And

soul in mer - cy to re - claim, And
 fore my sin - ful heart was stirred, But
 hands by cru - el nails were torn, When
 with my soul I know 'tis well; Yet

from the depths of sin and shame Thro'
 when I took Him at His word, For -
 from my guilt and grief, for - lorn, In
 how or why I can - not tell He

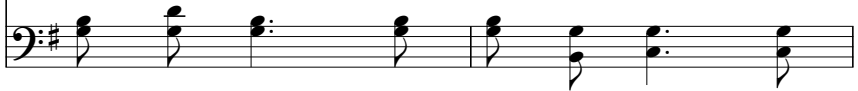
Refrain
 grace He lift - ed me.
 giv'n, He lift - ed me. From sink - ing sand He
 love He lift - ed me.
 should have lift - ed me.



lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me, From



shades of night to plains of light, O



praise His Name, He lift - ed me!

