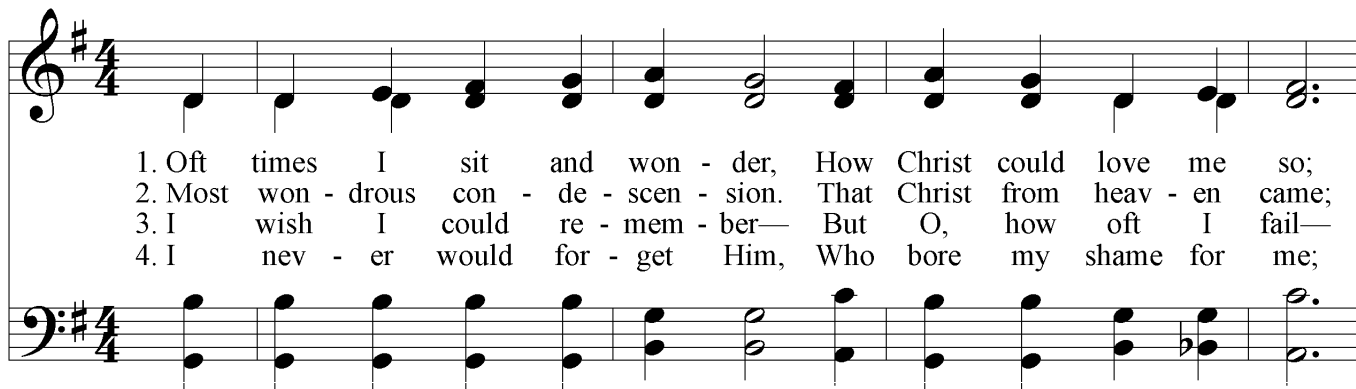
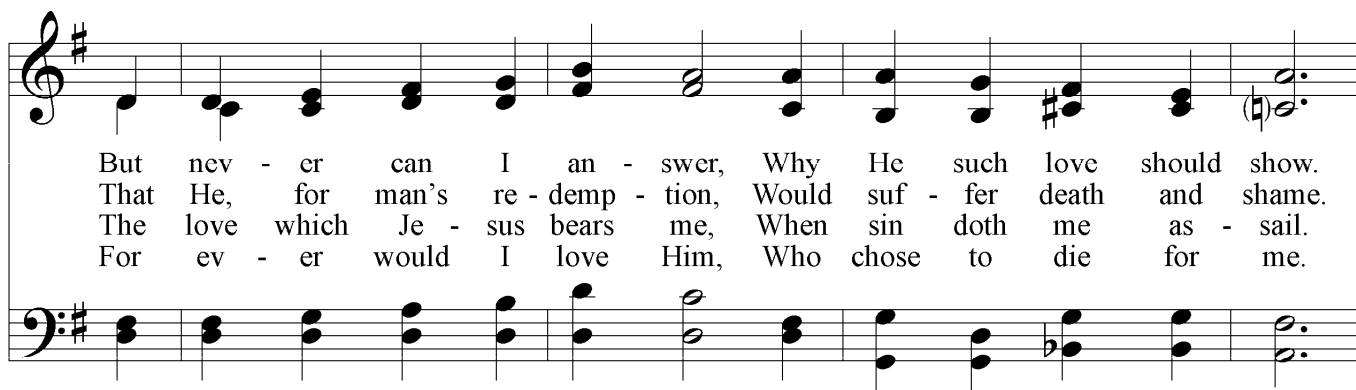


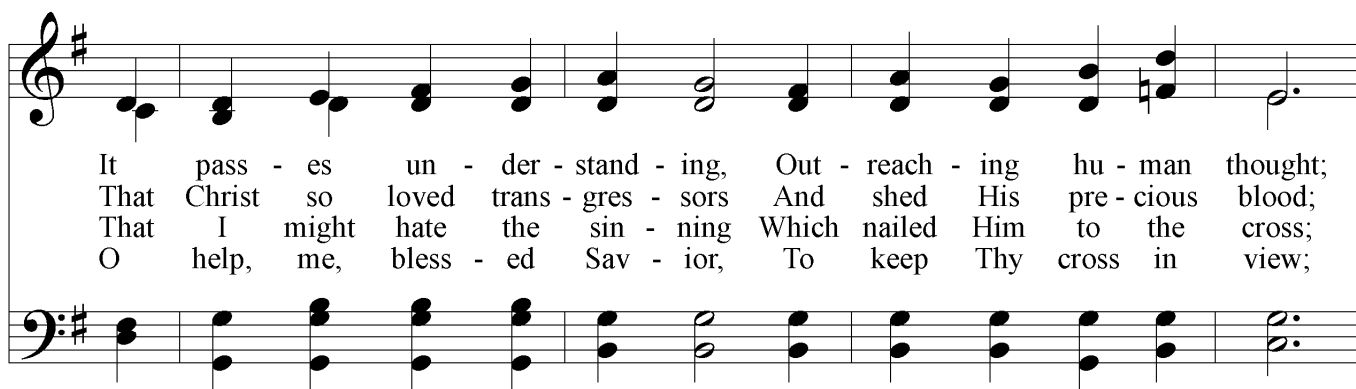
Oft Times I Sit And Wonder



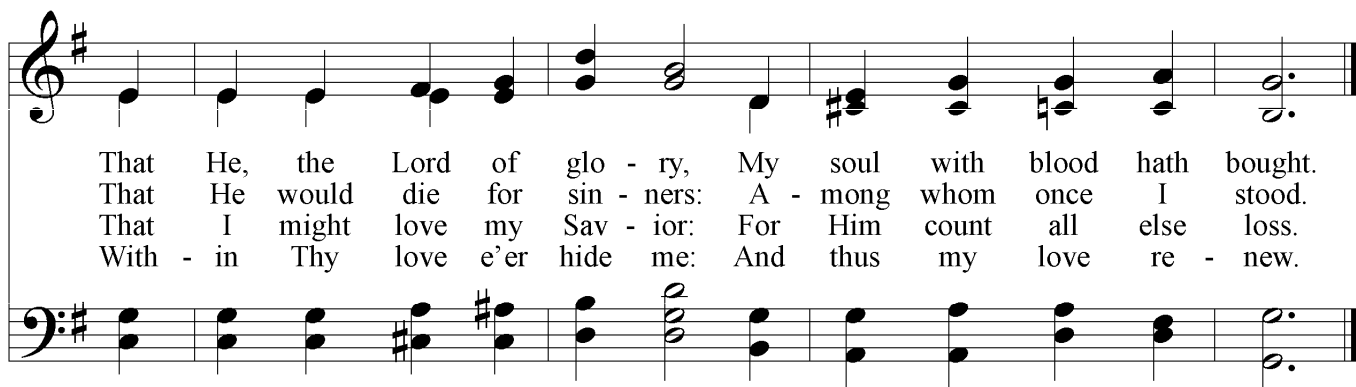
1. Oft times I sit and won - der, How Christ could love me so;
 2. Most won - drous con - de - scen - sion. That Christ from heav - en came;
 3. I wish I could re - mem - ber— But O, how oft I fail—
 4. I nev - er would for - get Him, Who bore my shame for me;



But nev - er can I an - swer, Why He such love should show.
 That He, for man's re - demp - tion, Would suf - fer death and shame.
 The love which Je - sus bears me, When sin doth me as - sail.
 For ev - er would I love Him, Who chose to die for me.



It pass - es un - der - stand - ing, Out - reach - ing hu - man thought;
 That Christ so loved trans - gres - sors And shed His pre - cious blood;
 That I might hate the sin - ning Which nailed Him to the cross;
 O help, me, bless - ed Sav - ior, To keep Thy cross in view;



That He, the Lord of glo - ry, My soul with blood hath bought.
 That He would die for sin - ners: A - mong whom once I stood.
 That I might love my Sav - ior: For Him count all else loss.
 With - in Thy love e'er hide me: And thus my love re - new.