

TO CHRIST THE LORD

Words by Samuel Stennett
and Laura Taylor
Music by Laura Taylor

E B A B

1. To Christ the Lord let ev - ery tongue, Its nob - lest tri - bute bring when
2. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned, Up - on His aw - ful brow His
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, He fled to my re - lief For
4. To Him I owe my life and breath And all the joys I have He
5. Since from His boun - ty I re - ceive Suchproofs of love di - vine, Had

6 E B A B

He's the sub - ject of the song, Who can re - fuse to sing? — Sur -
head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow; — No
me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief; — His
makes me tri - umph o - ver death And saves me from the grave; — To
I a thou - sand hearts to give, Lord, they would all be Thine; — A

10 C#m B A E C#m B A

vey the beau - ties of His face, And on His glor - ies dwell, — think
mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of me, — And
hand a thou - sand blessings pours, Up - on my guilt - y head, — His
Heaven the place of His a - bode, He brings my wea - ry feet, — Shows
Thou - sand men could not com - pose A wor - thy song to bring, — Yet

14 A B A B E 1-4 B

of the won - der of His grace, And all his tri - umphs — tell.
fair - er He than all the fair, That fills the Heaven - ly — train.
pre - sence gilds my darkest hours, And guards my sleep - ing — bed.
me the glor - ies of my God And makes my joy com - plete.
Your love is a mel - o - dy Our hearts can't help but —

19 A B E 5 C#m B A E C#m B

sing! A thou - sand men could not com - pose A wor - thy song to

25 A A B A B E

bring, — Yet Your love is a mel - o - dy Our hearts can't help but — sing!