



Lord Jesus I Remember Well

Lord Jesus, I remember well
The years I trod the way to hell;
And now but for Thy wondrous grace
I ne'er in heaven had found a place.

But with what joy I show today
The death that took my sins away;
The death that Thou did'st die for me,
That death my only hope and plea.

I gaze into each radiant face,
And see lost sinners saved by grace;
My heart leaps up and bounds to greet
The One whom "in the midst" we meet.

I look upon the bread and see
The body that was bruised for me;
And in the cup I see the sign
Of blood that flowed for sins of mine.

. . . *Unknown*

When such a time of worship in the presence of the Lord is experienced, the heart which is truly devoted to Him can have no taste for what is so mixed with human arrangement, and in which is lacking the spirit of real adoration.