

037--Lord, 'Tis Not that I did Choose Thee  
by Josiah Conder, 1789-1855

1. Lord, 'tis not that I did choose Thee;  
That, I know, could never be;  
For this heart would still refuse Thee  
Had Thy grace not chosen me.  
Thou hast from the sin that stained me  
Washed and cleansed and set me free  
And unto this end ordained me,  
That I ever live to Thee.

2. 'Twas Thy grace in Christ that called me,  
Taught my darkened heart and mind;  
Else the world had yet enthralled me,  
To Thy heavenly glories blind.  
Now my heart owns none above Thee;  
For Thy grace alone I thirst,  
Knowing well that, if I love Thee,  
Thou, O Lord, didst love me first.

3. Praise the God of all creation;  
Praise the Father's boundless love.  
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,  
Priest and King enthroned above.  
Praise the Spirit of salvation,  
Him by whom our spirits live.  
Undivided adoration  
To the great Jehovah give.

Text: John 15:16

Author: Josiah Conder, 1843, alt.

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