

To Christ The Lord

Words by Samuel Stennett
and Laura Taylor
Music by Laura Taylor
Arranged by Joel Littlepage

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 Such proofs of love di - vine, Had

6 He's the sub - ject of the song, Who can re - fuse to sing? — Sur -
 head with ra - dian 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 - uph 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 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 bless - ings pours, Up - on my guil - ty 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 1-4
E

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 dark - est 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 —

18 B A B 5
E C#m B

sing! A thou - sand men could

23 A E C#m B A A B A

not com - pose A wor - thy song to bring, — Yet Your love is a mel - o - dy Our

28 B E

hearts can't help but — sing!