Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came







Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came, Laid in a manger to sorrow and shame; O it was wonderful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me; Seeking for me, for me; O it was wonderful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.

Jesus, my Savior, on Calvary's tree
Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;
O it was wonderful—how could it be?
Dying for me, for me!
Dying for me, for me,
O it was wonderful—how could it be?
Dying for me, for me!

Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring in darkness and cold, Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me! Calling for me, for me; Calling for me, for me; Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me!

Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high. Sweet is the promise as weary years fly:
O I shall see Him descend from the sky,
Coming for me, for me!
Coming for me, for me;
O I shall see Him descend from the sky,
Coming for me, for me!

Anon.