

My Jesus, Fair

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1. My Je - sus, fair, was pierced by thorns, By thorns grown from the fall.
2. My Je - sus, meek, was scorned by men, By men in blas - phe - my.
3. My Je - sus, kind, was torn by nails, By nails of cru - el men.
4. My Je - sus, pure, was crushed by God, By God, in judg - ment just.
5. My Je - sus, strong, shall come to reign, To reign in ma - je - sty—

4

Thus He who gave the curse was torn To end that curse for all.
"Fa - ther, for - give their sense - less sin!" He prayed, for them, for me.
And to His cross, as grace pre - vailed, God pinned my wretch - ed sin.
The Fa - ther grieved, yet turned His rod On Christ, made sin for us.
The Lamb a - rose, and death is slain. Lord, come in vic - to - ry!

8 *Chorus*

O love di - vine, O match - less grace— That God should die for men! With joy - ful

13

grief I lift my praise, Ab - hor - ring all my sin, a - dor - ing on - ly Him.