

Hymn Lyrics

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Chief of sinners though I be

Chief of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
died that I might live on high,
died that I might never die;
as the branch is to the vine,
I am his, and he is mine.

O the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the Heaven above;
deeper than the deepest sea,
lasting as eternity;
love that found me—wondrous thought!
found me when I sought him not!

Jesus only can impart
balm to heal the smitten heart;
peace that flows from sin forgiven,
joy that lifts the soul to heaven;
faith and hope to walk with God
in the way that Enoch trod.

Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
all my wants to him are known,
all my sorrows are his own;
safe with him from earthly strife,
he sustains the hidden life.

O my Savior, help afford
by thy Spirit and thy word!
When my wayward heart would stray,
keep me in the narrow way;
grace in time of need supply
while I live and when I die.

William McComb (1793-1870), 1864