

My Lord, I Did Not Choose You  
Josiah Conder, 1836.  
Greek melody.

My Lord, I did not choose You,  
For that could never be;  
My heart would still refuse You,  
Had You not chosen me.  
You took the sin that stained me,  
You cleansed me, made me new;  
Of old You have ordained me,  
That I should live in You.

Unless Your grace had called me  
And taught my op'ning mind,  
The world would have enthralled me,  
To heav'nly glories blind.  
My heart knows none above You;  
For Your rich grace I thirst;  
I know that if I love You,  
You must have loved me first.