

- I WILL sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ Who died for me;
How He left His home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.
I was lost: but Jesus found me—
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.
- 2 I was bruised; but Jesus healed me—
Faint was I from many a fall;
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me:
But He freed me from them all.
Days of darkness still come o'er me;
Sorrow's paths I often tread:
But the Saviour still is with me,
By His hand I'm safely led.
- 3 He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet:
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ Who died for me;
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

Francis Harold Rawley, 1854-1952