Oft Times I Sit And Wonder

Words by Rev. Ernest G. W. Wesley
Music by Ira D. Sankey

1. Oft times I sit and wonder, How Christ could love me so;
   But never can I answer, Why He such love should show.
   It passes understanding, Out-reaching human thought;
   That He, the Lord of glory, My soul with blood hath bought.

2. Most wondrous de-scension. That Christ from heaven came;
   That Christ so loved transgressors And shed His precious blood;
   That He would die for sinners: Among whom once I stood.
   That I might love my Savior: For Him count all else loss.

3. I wish I could re-mem-ber— But O, how oft I fail—
   The love which Jesus bears me, When sin doth me assail.
   That I might hate the sinning Which nailed Him to the cross;
   That I might love my Savior: For Him count all else loss.

4. I never would for-get Him, Who bore my shame for me;
   For ever would I love Him, Who chose to die for me.
   O help, me, blessed Savior, To keep Thy cross in view;
   Within Thy love e'er hide me: And thus my love re-new.

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