

To Christ the Ransom Sinners Run

Am C
To Christ the ransom sinners run
G Am
Their burdens cast aside
Am C
In grief the crowned and only son
G Am
With glory shed, would die
Dm Am
What blessed death, unique and pure
G Am
To drain the powers of hell
Am C
The spotless Lamb, the perfect cure
G Am
For satan's flickering spell

Great sins I had and shackled pride
Unmovable by man
Fought by works and sacrifice
The laws imperfect plan
Though dark the stain upon the soul
And countless are its crimes
To Christ the challenge is but small
He gives His blood divine

Temptation may yet have a way
Upon this narrow path
Old Adam's hand may still have sway
And haunt the sinners past
But Christ our brother had no sin
Though tempted more than we
The guilty freed forever
By His guiltless majesty

Heaven is our sinless sphere
Eternal source of light
Judgement sits upon the throne
Where none escape his sight
Though impossible to enter in
The hands of labor try
The grace of Christ must pull them through

The needles narrow eye

His righteousness is not removed
By earth or hell or law
Its fixed upon the cross and proved
To stand without one flaw
In life the cross will be our guide
In death our victory
Where else can sinners come to die
To live eternally?