



## 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,  
Lived that I might never die,  
As the branch is to the vine,  
I am His, and He is mine.

Oh, the height of Jesus' love!  
Higher than the heavens above,  
Deeper than the depths of 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 sinner 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*

**“But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while  
we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.  
(Romans 5:8)**