

## Unworthy

Unworthy was I,  
His love I denied.  
Yet "Father forgive,"  
Were the words that He cried,  
As He hung in my place;  
And bore all the pain;  
For my sins He suffered,  
For me He was slain.

Unworthy was I,  
Yet he stooped so low;  
Yes, for me He came  
To this world below,  
From the throne of a King  
At the Father's right hand  
To the Cross of a felon,  
His life in demand.

His brow cruelly beaten,  
A spear pierced His side,  
In love he extended His arms  
When He died.

And in that embrace  
My comfort shall be,  
For God looked at Him  
And then pardoned me!

Still unworthy am I  
As I live day by day,  
Unconcerned by His claims,  
Of His will for my way.  
But although I am weak,  
And my faith is oft dim,  
Unworthy through self,  
I'm found worthy through Him.

. . . . *Beth Pepler*

