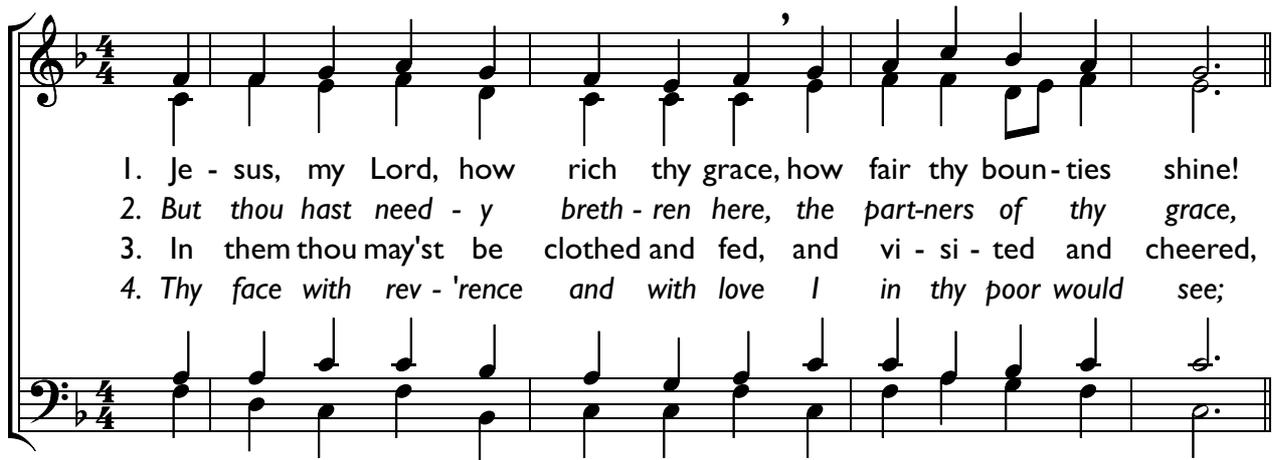


AMNS 381 Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace

Philip Doddridge
(1702-1751)

Melody: St. Etheldreda

Thomas Turton
(1780-1864)



1. Je - sus, my Lord, how rich thy grace, how fair thy boun-ties shine!
2. *But thou hast need - y breth - ren here, the part-ners of thy grace,*
3. In them thou may'st be clothed and fed, and vi - si - ted and cheered,
4. *Thy face with rev - 'rence and with love I in thy poor would see;*



what can my po - ver - ty be - stow, when all the worlds are thine?
and wilt con - fess their hum - ble names be - fore thy Fa - ther's face.
and in their ac - cents of dis - tress the Sa - viour's voice is heard.
O let me ra - ther beg my bread, than hold it back from thee.