

My Jesus, Fair

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D A7 D G/D D A7 D G/B A

1. My Je - sus, fair, was pierced by thorns, By thorns grown from the fall.
 2. My Je - sus, meek, was scorned by men, By men in blas - phe - my.
 3. My Je - sus, kind, was torn by nails, By nails of cru - el men.
 4. My Je - sus, pure, was crushed by God, By God, in judg - ment just.
 5. My Je - sus, strong, shall come to reign, To reign in ma - je - sty—

4 D G A B min Bm7/A G A7 D

Thus He who gave the curse was torn To end that curse for all.
 "Fa - ther, for - give their sense-less sin!" He prayed, for them, for me.
 And to His cross, as grace pre - vailed, God pinned my wretch - ed sin.
 The Fa - ther grieved, yet turned His rod, On Christ, made sin for us.
 The Lamb a - rose, and death is slain. Lord, come in vic - to - ry!

8 Chorus D/F# G A D D/F# G B min A D D/F#

O love di - vine, O match - less grace— That God should die for men! With joy - ful

13 G F#/A# B min G D/A A B min G D/A A7 D

grief I lift my praise, Ab - hor - ring all my sin, a - dor - ing on - ly Him.