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## 'TIS SUCH A MYSTERY, FATHER

even as he chose us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy... (Ephesians 1:4 ESV)

1. 'Tis such a mys t'ry, Fa ther, why I was loved of Thee.  
 2. Un search a ble and won drous are Thy ways Sov 'reign Lord,  
 3. My heart was then Thy con quest; Thy Spi rit sought and won  
 4. A ma zing thoughts to pon der when I con sid er Thee,

A sin ner, hell de serv ing, with out ex cuse or plea;  
 That Thou shouldst die to pur chase what I could ne'er af ford.  
 And placed fore my the own world's cre a tion on Thy own con pre ci ous Son.  
 Be fore the world's cre a tion on Thy own con pre si der me.

My soul was whol ly brok en by Thy truth's hea vy load,  
 Thy blood has bought me ful ly to live on ly help for Thee.  
 Thy truth did pierce my dark ness, ex posed my in help to less plight;  
 E lect ed in Christ Je sus and called in His to less His love;

For I was found un a ble to pay the price I owed.  
 Thy cross is set be fore me that ho ly I might be.  
 But Thou found my sal va tion to be Thy heart's de light.  
 His blood has bought my par don, 'Tis mer cy from a bove.

WORDS: Kenneth A. Puls, December 8, 1985

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