

My Ransom

1 4 1 4 5 1
What fear can overtake my vision? What doubt can overcome my faith?
4 1 4 5 1
What strife can silence all my singing? Lord, Your wounds have paid my ransom.

Chorus

4 1 5 4 6m 5
And what unspeakable mercy has emptied heaven's reserve?
1 4 6m 1 5^{sus} 5
And what Redeemer so worthy has covered sin with such love?
4 1 5 4 6m 5
And what unsearchable riches, far beyond human words?
1 5 1
Lord, Your wounds have paid my ransom.

Verse 2

What thief can steal my heart's possession? What pow'r can overwhelm my soul?
What shame can silence my confession? Lord, Your wounds have paid my ransom.

Chorus

Verse 3

What lie can sever what is certain? What storm can wash away my hope?
What threat of death can take my freedom? Lord, Your wounds have paid my ransom.

Chorus