

Fourth Sunday after Pentecost



1. As the Lord was walk - ing, came a sol - dier in dis - tress.
2. Je - sus said, "I'll come to you and cure him; have no fear."
3. Quite a - mazed, the Mas - ter told him: "Go off home in peace;
4. Freed from sin and slave to jus - tice, striv - ing with each breath;



"Sir," he said, "my serv - ant's dy - ing. Cure him, make him blest."
"Lord," the sol - dier said, "it's not fit; or - der it from here."
Through your faith, this is ac - com - plished; he shall have re - lease."
God's own gift is life in Je - sus; sin's sole wage is death!

Refrain



Lord, I am not wor - thy, that you should come to me;



Speak the word of heal - ing, Je - sus; set my spir - it free!



In your love re - born, for - giv - en, ev - er let us be!

Text: J. Michael Thompson, based on Matthew 8: 5-13 (vv. 1-3), Romans 6: 18-23 (v. 4)

Melody: *Christijane, Proslavl'ajme* / *All the faithful come before you* (traditional)