

# Rich Mullins, Oh My Lord

"When I think that the world would rise to condemn You  
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
Well it makes me cry  
You know it makes me tremble  
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
Oh my Jesus ~ sweet lamb of God

You emptied yourself and became just like us  
Then You set aside Your glory  
And You took up that cross  
Through the crowd, through the cursing soldiers  
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
You fell to the ground with the cross upon your shoulders

Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
Oh my Jesus ~ oh Man of sorrows  
When You saw Your mother standing there upon that road  
Did You feel the pain of the sword that would soon pierce her soul  
Oh my Lord ~ yeah, oh my Lord  
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)  
Oh my Lord ~ yeah, oh my Lord  
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)  
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)

Well a man was made to help carry that weight  
And a woman was moved to wipe the blood from Your face  
And then you fell again  
And You're taking more than a man could take

You said "Sisters sisters Don't you weep for me"  
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
And then once again fell down to Your knees  
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
Oh my Jesus ~ God's only one

Well they stripped off Your clothes  
Then they cast their lots  
Oooh they stretched out Your arms  
And nailed Your hands to that cross

See a broken heart - it's what made You die  
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
And the blood and the water flowed out from Your side  
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
Oh my Jesus ~ Giver of Grace

You know gentle hands they took You down  
And laid You in that grave scene  
No one believed You'd be back in three short days

Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)  
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)  
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord  
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)  
Yeah"