

Who But Jesus

Laura Story

Who but Jesus, loves the sinner?
Who but Jesus, calls him friend?
Reaches out to touch the leper,
Bids the weary come to Him?
Who but Jesus, loves the lowly,
Those the world has cast outside?
And with such scandalous compassion
Makes a wretch his chosen bride?

Who but Jesus, dwells among us,
Called this broken world his home?
Took on flesh and pain and sorrow
Reaping what He did not sow?
With the lost He shared salvation,
With the thief He shared a cross,
All that we might share His riches,
Who but Christ would give it all?

Who but Jesus?
Who but Jesus?

Who but Jesus, loves the sinner
Enough to give His life?
Love too pure for men to merit,
Praise too glorious to deny.
Praise Him now with my joy in living,
As in death my comfort rests.
Who but Jesus, loves this sinner
He alone is my righteousness.

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