

He Did It All For Me

Connie Smith

Once a man whom we know as the son of God hung upon a cruel tree
He suffered pain as no mortal man he took my place he did it all for me
When I step just inside of those gates up there and the Master's face I see
I gladly kneel at his nail scarred feet oh praise the Lord he did it all for me
He did it all for me each drop of blood he shed for even me
When the Saviour cried God is in then he died
Oh praise the Lord he did it all for me he took my place he did it all for me