

My Savior

Music and Text
by Emilee Yates

When storms rage on to rob me of my faith, I feel weak, I sur-ren - der to the
When tri - als come and pain too deep to bear, I feel prone to sur-ren - der to this

4
dark with - in. How can it be I o - ver come such sin? Oh, I can - not but through Christ my
aw - ful guilt. For each tear shed a drop of blood was spilt to car - ry me through my dark - est

8
Lord. He knows my thoughts, and feels my shame, yet still he chose to take up - on him - self my
hour.

12
pain. To make me whole, to set me free! Through his a - ton - ing grace I now like him can

16
be. He is my Sav - ior. My lov - ing sav - ior.