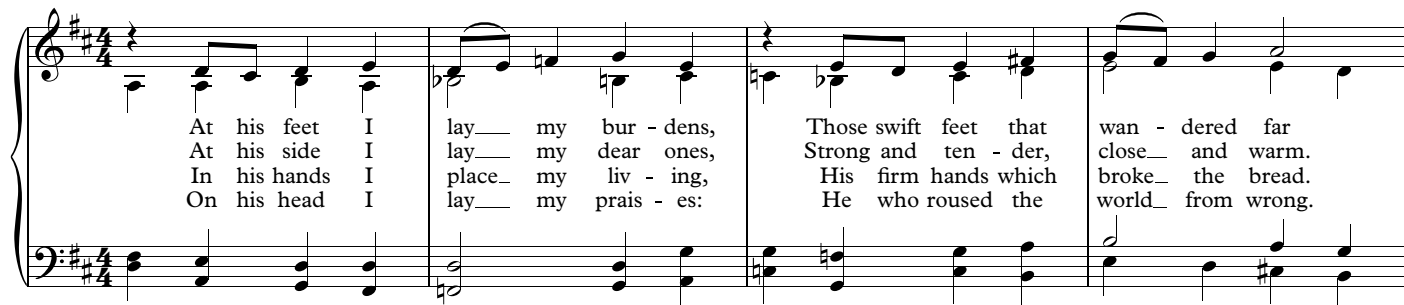


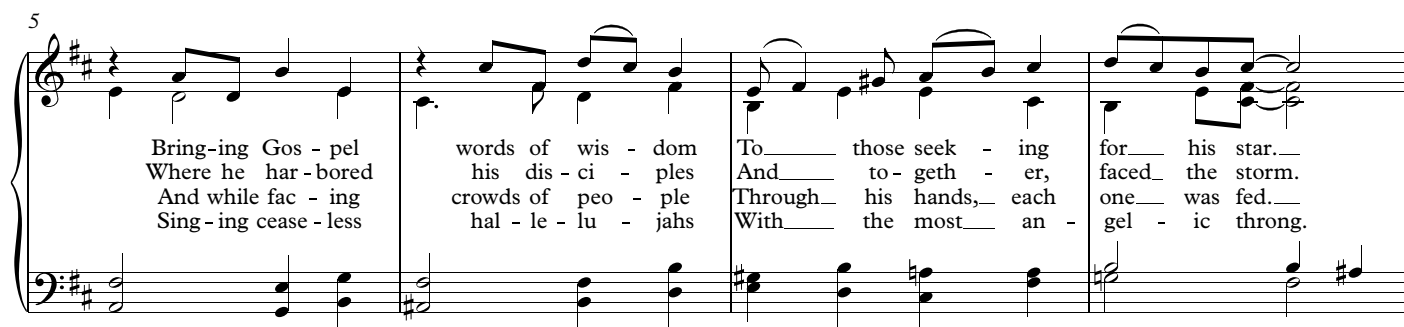
# At His Feet

♩ = 86



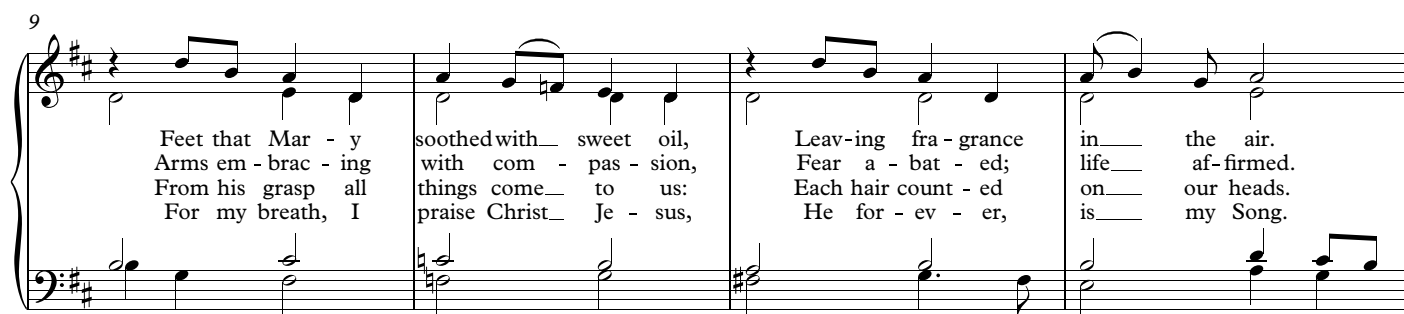
At his feet I lay my bur - dens, Those swift feet that wan - dered far  
At his side I lay my dear ones, Strong and ten - der, close and warm.  
In his hands I place my liv - ing, His firm hands which broke the bread.  
On his head I lay my prais - es: He who roused the world from wrong.

5



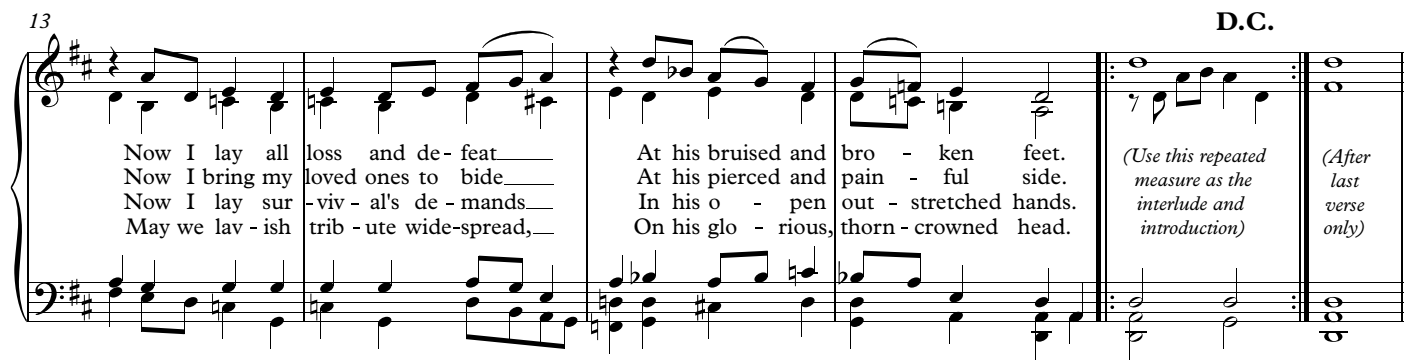
Bring - ing Gos - pel words of wis - dom To those seek - ing for his star.  
Where he har - bored his dis - ci - ples And to - geth - er, faced the storm.  
And while fac - ing crowds of peo - ple Through his hands, each one was fed.  
Sing - ing cease - less hal - le - lu - jahs With the most an - gel - ic throng.

9



Feet that Mar - y soothed with sweet oil, Leav - ing fra - grance in the air.  
Arms em - brac - ing with com - pas - sion, Fear a - bat - ed; life af - firmed.  
From his grasp all things come to us: Each hair count - ed on our heads.  
For my breath, I praise Christ Je - sus, He for - ev - er, is my Song.

13



Now I lay all loss and de - feat. At his bruised and bro - ken feet.  
Now I bring my loved ones to bide. At his pierced and pain - ful side.  
Now I lay sur - viv - al's de - mands. In his o - pen out - stretched hands.  
May we lav - ish trib - ute wide - spread, On his glo - rious, thorn - crowned head.

**D.C.**

*(Use this repeated measure as the interlude and introduction)* *(After last verse only)*

Text: Barbara Sanderman

Music: Wayne Dietterick

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AT HIS FEET

87 87 87 87