

# Connie Smith, He Did It All For Me

(Oh praise the Lord he did it all for me)

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 scared 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