

Jesus, Your Blood #233

Jesus, Your blood and righteousness my beauty are, my glories dress; before Your throne, in these arrayed, joyful shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in that great day; freed from a debt I could not pay. Fully absolved from these I am: from sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Lord, I believe Your precious blood, which, at the mercy seat of God, forever does for sinners plead, for my unworthy soul was shed.

Lord, I believe were sinners more than sands upon the ocean shore, You have for us a ransom paid, for us a full atonement made.

Not What My Hands Have Done #244

Not what my hands have done can save my guilty soul; not what my toiling flesh has borne can make my spirit whole. Not what I feel or do can give me peace with God; not all my prayers and sighs and tears can bear my awful load.

Your voice alone, O Lord, can speak to me of grace; Your power alone, O Son of God, can all my sin erase. No other work but Yours, no other blood will do; no strength but that which is divine can bear me safely through.

I praise the Lamb of God; I rest on love divine; and with unwavering heart and soul I call this Savior mine. My Lord has bought my life and freely pardon gives; I love because He loved me first; I live because He lives.

His Robes for Mine #196

His robes for mine: O wonderful exchange! Clothed in my sin, Christ suffered 'neath God's rage. Draped in His righteousness, I'm justified. In Christ I live, for in my place He died.

Refrain:

I cling to Christ and marvel at the cost: Jesus forsaken, God estranged from God. Bought by such love, my life is not my own. My praise, my all shall be for Christ alone.

His robes for mine: what cause have I for dread? God's daunting law Christ mastered in my stead. Faultless I stand with righteous works not mine, saved by my Lord's vicarious death and life.

His robes for mine: God's justice is appeased. Jesus is crushed, and thus the Father's pleased. Christ drank God's wrath on sin, then cried, "Tis done!" Sin's wage is paid; propitiation won.

His robes for mine: such anguish none can know; Christ, God's beloved, condemned as though His foe. He, as though I, accursed and left alone; I, as though He, embraced and welcomed home!