

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.

O God, My Joy #48

O God, my joy, You reign above in radiant splendor and beauty. Your Word has drawn my heart to love the awesome sight of Your glory. Your blazing light and gospel grace shine brightly from my Savior's face. No other wonder would I see than Christ enthroned in His glory!

Sustained by joy in trial and pain, I trust Your wisdom and mercy. Through suffering that Your love ordains, more like Your Son You will make me. For Christ embraced the cross of shame, beholding glorious joys to come. O give me faith like His to see that suffering lifts me to glory!

Compelled by joy, I fight the sin that turns my gaze from Your glory. Your holy Spirit dwells within; His presence arms me for vict'ry. Let death and hell against me rise; through death I'll gain eternal joys. All pow'rs of hell will bend the knee before my great King of glory!

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!