

In Christ Alone

In Christ alone my hope is found;
He is my light, my strength, my song;
This cornerstone, this solid ground,
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My comforter, my all in all—
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, Who took on flesh,
Fullness of God in helpless babe!
This gift of love and righteousness,
Scorned by the ones He came to save.
Till on that cross as Jesus died,
The wrath of God was satisfied;
For ev'ry sin on Him was laid—
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,
Light of the world by darkness slain;
Then bursting forth in glorious day,
Up from the grave He rose again!
And as He stands in victory,
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me;
For I am His and He is mine—
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death—
This is the pow'r of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from His hand;
Till He returns or calls me home—
Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.

Yet Not I But Through Christ in Me

What gift of grace is Jesus my redeemer
There is no more for heaven now to give
He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom
My steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus
For my life is wholly bound to his
Oh how strange and divine, I can sing: all is mine!
Yet not I, but through Christ in me

The night is dark but I am not forsaken
For by my side, the Saviour He will stay
I labour on in weakness and rejoicing
For in my need, His power is displayed

To this I hold, my Shepherd will defend me
Through the deepest valley He will lead
Oh the night has been won, and I shall overcome!
Yet not I, but through Christ in me

No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven
The future sure, the price it has been paid
For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon
And He was raised to overthrow the grave

To this I hold, my sin has been defeated
Jesus now and ever is my plea
Oh the chains are released, I can sing: I am free!
Yet not I, but through Christ in me

With every breath I long to follow Jesus
For He has said that He will bring me home
And day by day I know He will renew me
Until I stand with joy before the throne

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus
All the glory evermore to Him
When the race is complete, still my lips shall
repeat:
Yet not I, but through Christ in me!

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See The Destined Day Arise

See the destined day arise!
See a willing sacrifice!
Jesus, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful cross;
Jesus, who but You could bear
Wrath so great and justice fair?
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Your life of woe?

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Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Lamb of God for sinners slain!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Jesus Christ, we praise Your name!

Who but Christ had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain
And with tender body bear
Thorns and nails and piercing spear?
Slain for us, the water flowed,
Mingled from Your side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.
Grant us grace to sing Your praise
'Round Your throne through endless days,
Ever with the sons of light:
"Blessing, honor, glory, might!"

His Robes For Mine

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.

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.

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: 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.

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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: 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!

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Jesus forsaken, God estranged from God.
Bought by such love, my life is not my own.
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