


**Christ for us.**

N merit not my own I stand ;  
On doings which I have not done,  
Merit beyond what I can claim,  
Doings more perfect than my own.

Upon a life I have not lived,  
Upon a death I did not die,  
Another's life, another's death,  
I stake my whole eternity.

Not on the tears which I have shed ;  
Not on the sorrows I have known,  
Another's tears, another's griefs,  
On them I rest, on them alone.

Jesus, O Son of God, I build  
On what Thy cross has done for me ;  
There both my death and life I read,  
My guilt, my pardon there I see.

Lord, I believe ; oh deal with me  
As one who has Thy word believed ;  
I take the gift, Lord look on me  
As one who has Thy gift received.

I taste the love the gift contains,  
I clasp the pardon which it brings,  
And pass up to the living source  
Above, whence all this fulness springs.

Here at Thy feast, I grasp the pledge  
Which life eternal to me seals,  
Here in the bread and wine I read  
The grace and peace thy death reveals.

O fulness of the eternal grace,  
O wonders past all wondering !  
Here in the hall of love and song,  
We sing the praises of our King.

