

A righteous God abhors
the very thought of sin.
We had no strength to keep his laws,
no hope his love to win.

We had no righteousness
with which to approach his throne.
The stench of sin, our guiltiness,
the fault is all our own.

We had no grace to boast,
yet in eternity
the Father, Son and Holy Ghost
conspired to set us free.

Our Christ came from above;
he saw our plight and woe.
To mortal man he pledged his love;
he conquered sin, our foe.

He did it in his life.
He did it in his death.
He was the perfect sacrifice
and we go free, God saith. (says)

He drank the bitter cup;
on him our sin was laid.
His life he willingly gave up;
the penalty is paid.

The work complete, he died.
This righteousness we wear.
With garments for us thus supplied,
what need have we to fear?

The righteous wrath of God
our Christ has fully met.
Our risen, ascended, holy Lord
at his right hand is set.

He for us intercedes;
he is our great High Priest.
He knows our fears and meets our needs,
the greatest and the least.

Plunged in this blood of Christ,
washed spotless, purged and cleansed,
he has done all. It does suffice,
and us to heaven he sends.

This precious, precious blood,
through countless ages told,
is ever there, a crimson flood,
it's blessings manifold.