

Thou Redeemest Me

1 Jn. 1:9; Jude 1:24-25

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Jesus holy, purest King,
can I any praises bring
 when I am wholly vile?
Perfect Savior, blessed One,
dost Thou not in goodness shun
 the mouth that speaketh guile?
But Thou dost, in Thy mercy, share
with such as me Thy countenance fair!
O precious gift beyond compare,
 that Thou redeemest me!

Jesus, died Thou, beaten, bruised,
that Thy grace should be diffused
 to men of every race:
Finishing Thy bitter gall,
silencing th'Accuser's call,
 that they should see Thy face!
And now, on high, gaze Thou in might,
the world within Thy sacred sight;
the nations clamor, rage and fight,
 still Thou redeemest me!

Lord, 'tis by Thy skillful art
from their havens in the heart
 embedded evils fly.
Though Thy saints yet feel their sin -
rancor tarries long within -
 receivest Thou our cry!
For I have only to confess
and not deny this tarnished dress -
Thou cleanseest all unrighteousness,
 for Thou redeemest me!

Faultless, Lord, before the crown,
clothed no more in spotted gown
 Thou makest us that day -
Trophies of Thy love and power,
kept in grace until that hour,
 yea, kept upon the way.
Dominion, majesty, and praise
to Thee Lord Christ, for Thou shalt raise
thy Church to meet thy blessed gaze,
 and Thou redeemest me! *Amen.*