

Jesus Thy blood and righteousness My beauty are

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
Fully absolved through these I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim,  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruined nature sinks in years;  
No age can change its glorious hue.  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,  
Who from the Father's bosom came,  
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,  
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,  
Which, at the mercy seat of God,  
Forever doth for sinners plead,  
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

Lord, I believe were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full atonement made.

When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
Ev'n then this shall be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

Jesus, the endless praise to Thee,  
Whose boundless mercy hath for me  
For me a full atonement made,  
An everlasting ransom paid.

Thou God of power, Thou God of love,  
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove!  
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail;  
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

O let the dead now hear Thy voice;  
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

Meter: 8 8 8 8 (L.M.)

Author: John Wesley

1703 - 1791

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Author: William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies

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