

If Thy Beloved Son, O God
Johann Heerman, 1630.
Martin Luther, 1523.

If Thy beloved Son, O God,
Had not to earth descended,
And in our mortal flesh and blood
Had not sin's power ended,
Then this poor, wretched soul of mine
In hell eternally would pine
Because of its transgression.

But now I find sweet peace and rest,
Despair no more reigns o'er me;
No more am I by sin oppressed,
For Christ has borne sin for me.
Upon the cross for me He died
That, reconciled, I might abide
With Thee, my God, forever.

I trust in Him with all my heart;
Now all my sorrow ceases;
His words abiding peace impart,
His blood from guilt releases.
Free grace through Him I now obtain;
He washes me from every stain,
And pure I stand before Him.

All righteousness by works is vain,
The Law brings condemnation;
True righteousness by faith I gain,
Christ's work is my salvation.
His death, that perfect sacrifice,
Has paid the all-sufficient price;
In Him my hope is anchored.

My guilt, O Father, Thou hast laid
On Christ, Thy Son, my Savior.
Lord Jesus, Thou my debt hast paid
And gained for me God's favor.
O Holy Ghost, Thou Fount of grace,
The good in me to Thee I trace;
In faith do Thou preserve me.