## I Am His, and He Is Mine

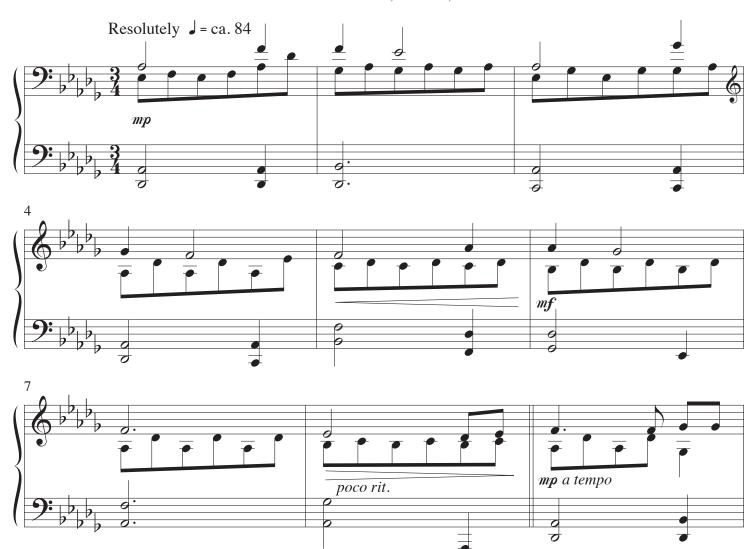
JAMES MOUNTAIN Arr. by Molly Ijames

#### By George W. Robinson

Loved with everlasting love, led by grace that love to know; Spirit, breathing from above, Thou hast taught me it is so! O this full and perfect peace, O this transport all divine, In a love which cannot cease, I am His, and He is mine.

Heav'n above is softer blue, earth around is sweeter green! Something lives in every hue Christless eyes have never seen: Birds with gladder songs o'erflow, flowers with deeper beauties shine, Since I know, as now I know, I am His, and He is mine.

His forever, only His—who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heav'n and earth may fade and flee, firstborn light in gloom decline;
But while God and I shall be, I am His, and He is mine.



© 2013 Lorenz Publishing Co., a division of The Lorenz Corporation. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. UNAUTHORIZED REPRODUCTION OF THIS PUBLICATION IS A CRIMINAL OFFENSE SUBJECT TO PROSECUTION www.lorenz.com









### His Robes for Mine

GREG HABEGGER Arr. by Molly Ijames

### By Chris Anderson

His robes for mine: O wonderful exchange! Clothed in my sin, Christ suffered 'neath God's rage.

Draped in His righteousness, I'm justified. In Christ I live, for in my place He died.

I cling to Christ, and marvel at the cost: Jesus forsaken, God estranged from God.

Bought by such love, my life is not my own: My praise, my all, shall be for Christ alone.

His robes for mine: What cause have I for dread? God's daunting law Christ mastered in my stead. Faultless I stand, with righteous works not mine, saved by my Lord's vicarious death and life.

I cling to Christ, and marvel at the cost: Jesus forsaken, God estranged from God.

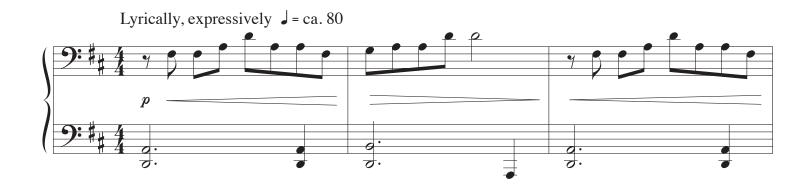
Bought by such love, my life is not my own: My praise, my all, shall be for Christ alone.

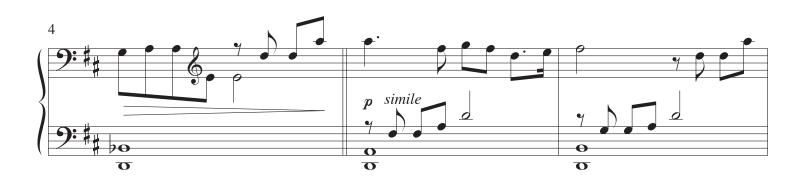
His robes for mine: God's justice is appeased. Jesus is crushed, and thus the Father's pleased. Christ drank God's wrath on sin, then cried, "'Tis done!" Sin's wage is paid; propitiation won. I cling to Christ, and marvel at the cost: Jesus forsaken, God estranged from God. Bought by such love, my life is not my own: My praise, my all, shall be for Christ alone.

His robes for mine: Such anguish none can know. Christ, God's beloved, condemned as though His foe. He, as though I, accursed and left alone; I, as though He, embraced and welcomed home!

I cling to Christ, and marvel at the cost: Jesus forsaken, God estranged from God.

Bought by such love, my life is not my own: My praise, my all, shall be for Christ alone.





© 2008 churchworksmedia.com., this arrangement © 2013 Lorenz Publishing Company, a division of The Lorenz Corporation. Used by permission. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. UNAUTHORIZED REPRODUCTION OF THIS PUBLICATION IS A CRIMINAL OFFENSE SUBJECT TO PROSECUTION www.lorenz.com







# Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS Arr. by Molly Ijames

By Emily E. S. Elliott

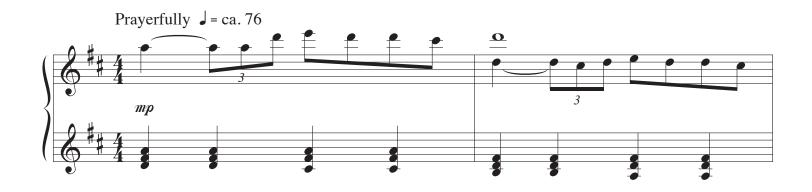
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown when Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room for Thy holy nativity.

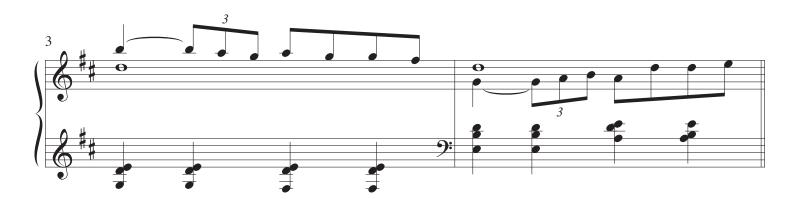
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang, proclaiming Thy royal degree; But in lowly birth Thou didst come to earth, and in great humility. O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word that should set Thy people free; But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn, they bore Thee to Calvary. O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for Thee.

When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing, at Thy coming to victory, Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room, there is room at my side for thee." My heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus, when Thou comest and callest for me!





© 2013 Lorenz Publishing Co., a division of The Lorenz Corporation. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. UNAUTHORIZED REPRODUCTION OF THIS PUBLICATION IS A CRIMINAL OFFENSE SUBJECT TO PROSECUTION www.lorenz.com





