

Oh, perfect life of love!
All, all is finished now,
All that he left his throne above
To do for us below.

No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, his sorrows, one by one,
The Scriptures have fulfilled.

No pain that we can share
But he has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

And on his thorn-crowned head
And on his sinless soul
Our sins in all their guilt were laid
That he might make us whole.

In perfect love he dies;
For me he dies, for me!
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
You died to make me free!

In ev'ry time of need,
Before the judgment throne,
Your works, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Your merits, not my own.