

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.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While through Thy blood absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 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.

4 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
'Jesus has lived, and died, for me.'

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

6 O, let the earth now hear Thy voice,
Bid, Lord, Thy waiting saints rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness!

*Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1700-60,
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*