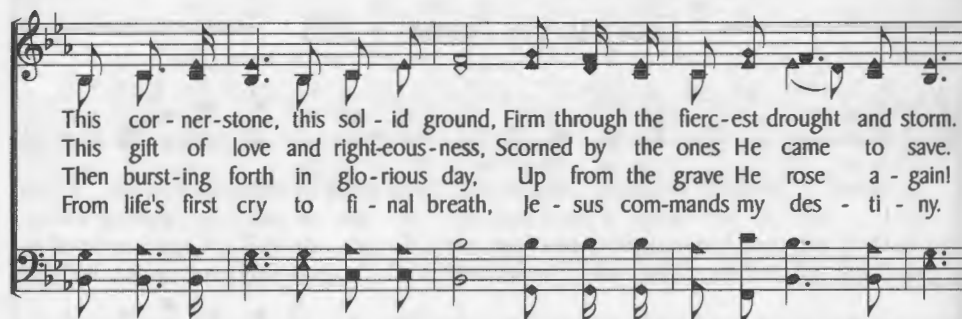
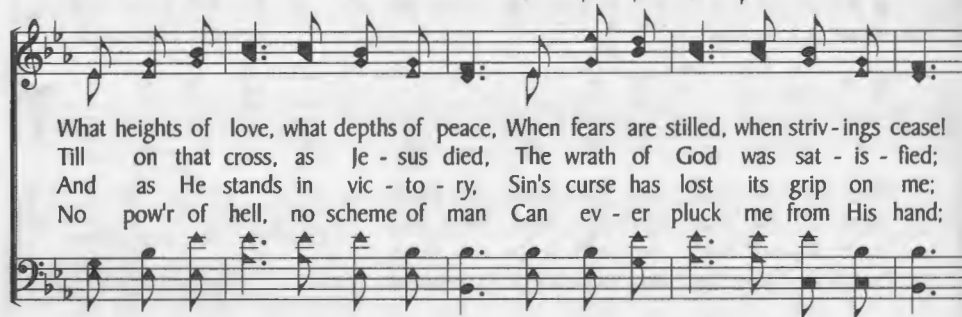


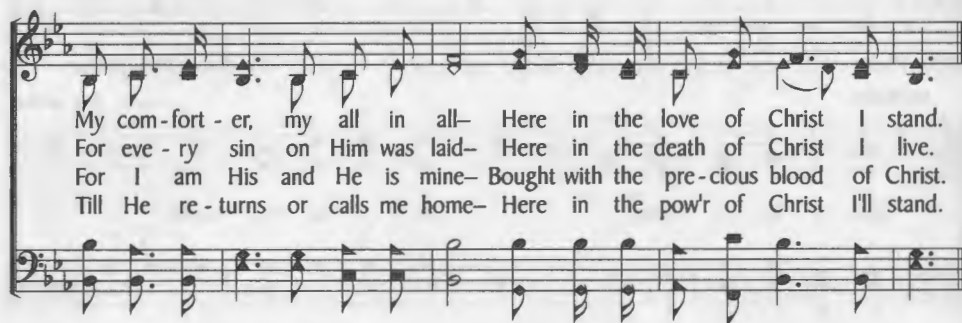
1. In Christ a-lone my hope is found; He is my light, my strength, my song;
 2. In Christ a-lone, who took on flesh, Full-ness of God in help-less babel;
 3. There in the ground His bod-y lay, Light of the world by dark-ness slain;
 4. No guilt in life, no fear in death—This is the pow'r of Christ in me;



This cor-ner-stone, this sol-id ground, Firm through the fierc-est drought and storm.
 This gift of love and right-eous-ness, Scorned by the ones He came to save.
 Then burst-ing forth in glo-rious day, Up from the grave He rose a-gain!
 From life's first cry to fi-nal breath, Je-sus com-mands my des-ti-ny.



What heights of love, what depths of peace, When fears are stilled, when striv-ings cease!
 Till on that cross, as Je-sus died, The wrath of God was sat-is-fied;
 And as He stands in vic-to-ry, Sin's curse has lost its grip on me;
 No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man Can ev-er pluck me from His hand;



My com-fort-er, my all in all— Here in the love of Christ I stand.
 For eve-ry sin on Him was laid— Here in the death of Christ I live.
 For I am His and He is mine— Bought with the pre-cious blood of Christ.
 Till He re-turms or calls me home— Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.