

1. On mer-it not my own I stand, On do-ings which I have not done,
2. Up - on a life I have not lived, Up - on a death I did not die—
3. Not on the tears which I have shed; Not on the sor-rows I have known,
4. Je - sus, O Son of God, I build On what Your cross has done for me;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a quarter note G#4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note A#4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The next measure contains a half note G#4 and a half note F#4. This is followed by a measure with a half note E4 and a half note D4. The melody then continues with a half note C4, a half note B3, and a half note A3. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Mer - it be - yond what I can claim, Do - ings more per - fect than my own.
An - oth - er's life, an - oth - er's death— I stake my whole e - ter - ni - ty.
An - oth - er's tears, an - oth - er's griefs, On them I rest— on them a - lone.
There both my death and life I read, My guilt, my par - don there I see.

The bass line of 'The Rose Tree' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of 12 measures. The notes are: G2 (quarter), A2 (quarter), B2 (quarter), C3 (quarter), D3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), F#3 (quarter), G3 (quarter), A2 (quarter), B2 (quarter), C3 (quarter), D3 (quarter). The melody is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It consists of 12 measures. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), D5 (quarter), E5 (quarter), F#5 (quarter), G5 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), D5 (quarter). The melody and bass line are played in unison.

On Merit Not My Own

Cont'd



5. Lord, I be-lieve; O deal with me As one who has Your Word be - lieved;
 6. I taste the love the gift con - tains; I clasp the par-don which it brings
 7. Here at Your feast I grasp the pledge Which life e - ter - nal to me seals,
 8. Oh, full-ness of e - ter - nal grace! Oh, won-ders past all won-der - ing!



I take the gift, Lord; look on me As one who has Your gift re - ceived.
 And pass up to the liv - ing source A - bove, whence all this full-ness springs.
 Here in the bread and wine I read The grace and peace Your death re - veals.
 Here in the hall of love and song We sing the prais - es of our King.

