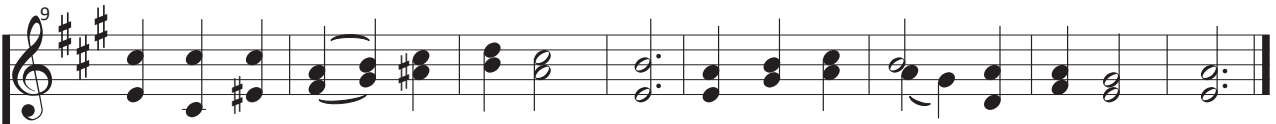
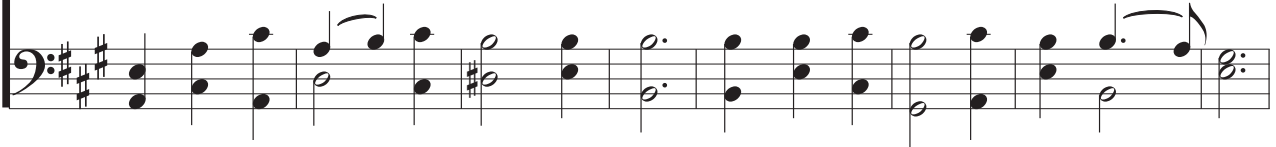


On Merit Not My Own

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.



Music: *Lochamer Gesangbuch*, 1450?; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1724
 Text: Horatius Bonar, 1881

HERR JESUS CHRIST, MEIN'S LEBENS
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