

*Optional last stanza ending*

lone. 4. His robes for mine: such ang-uish none can

know. Christ, God's be-loved, con-demned as though His foe. He, as though I, ac-cursed and left a-

*Chorus*

lone; I, as though He, em-braced and wel-comed home! I cling to Christ, and mar-vel at the

cost: Je-sus for-sak-en, God e-stranged from God. Bought by such love, my life is not my

own: My praise— my all— shall be for Christ a-lone.