

Propitiation

O MEIN JESU, ICH MUSS STERBEN • 8.7.8.7.D.

Kevin T. Bauder

Geistliche Volkslieder, Paderborn, 1850

1. Like a traitor, scorn-ing just-ice, Head un-bowed be-fore God's Law,
 2. He, dis-pen-ing aw-ful just-ice Haled me up be-fore His throne,
 3. I, ex-posed by blind-ing jus-tice, Nak-ed in its right-eous glare,
 4. Then the shout-ing storm grew soft, the Shud-d'ring of the earth grew still,
 5. Mul-ti-tudes in gloom-ing si-lence, Wrath in-scribed on ev-r'y face—
 6. "Thou art My Be-lov-ed Son, Thou First-born from e-ter-ni-ty."
 7. Thirst-y whips and thud-ding ham-mers, Ir-on nails and an-gry thorns—

Giv-en glimps-es of the Ho-ly, Ty-ran-ny was all I saw.
 Bound on me the grave in-dict-ment Of com-mand-ments hewn in stone.
 Stripped of ev-'ry self-de-cep-tion, Stood with no-thing to de-clare.
 Blaz-ing glo-ry dark-ened, smold-ered, Wait-ing for the jud-ge's will.
 Heard each one a small voice ut-ter, "I will take this sin-ner's place."
 These words spake the Ho-ly One, then Turned His lov-ing gaze t'ward me.
 Dark-ness grows as guilt-less suf-fers; Stunned to black-ness, Heav-en mourns.

Soul in-fused with ser-pents' ve-nom, Pur-pos-ing un-ho-ly war,
 "Ans-wer now," the judge de-mand-ed, "Just-i-fy your-self to me.
 "Guil-ty!" ut-tered heav-en's ru-ler. "Guil-ty!" e-choed hosts on high.
 Crushed be-neath the grav-en stat-utes, Pro-strate in the judg-ment hall.
 Lay his guilt on my ac-count, and Let Thy right-eous will be done.
 "Strip this sin-ner of his guilt, and Grant My Son as He has prayed.
 Like a Lamb, of-fered to just-ice, Blood-ied, brok-en by God's Law,

Hands de-vis-ing cle-ver mis-chief, All of this was I, and more.
 Saints and an-gels wait your an-swer— En-ter your ju-di-cial plea."
 "Guil-ty!" charged my trem-bling con-science. Guil-ty, and con-demned to die.
 Cringed I from im-pend-ing judg-ment— Dread-ful fire a-bout to fall.
 May Thy Law be sat-is-fied!" Thus Pled for me the Jud-ge's Son.
 Lay on Him the Law's de-mand—now, **LET THE PRICE BE PAID.**"
 In His per-son, e-ver ho-ly, Guilt—my guilt—was all God saw.

Propitiation - Part 2

BEECHER • 8.7.8.7.D.

Kevin T. Bauder

John Zundel, 1815-1882

1. Stands the sac - ri - fice com - plete, for Jus - tice has been sat - is - fied.
2. My whole du - ty now to trust, for He a - lone can free the soul.

Ven - geance here is spent, ex - haust - ed, Once the Lamb of God has died.
Right - ly seeks He my sub - mis - sion Lo - ving - ly I yield, heart - whole.

Now a - gain the Might - y Sav - ior Lives en - throned as God the Son:
Here I kneel in a - dor - a - tion, Fear dis - placed by grate - ful trust

Good - ness, just - ice, judg - ment, mer - cy Re - con - cile in Him as one.
In the Cap - tain of Sal - va - tion— Just - if - i - er, yes! and just.

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"Now may the God of peace who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great shepherd of the sheep, by the blood of the eternal covenant, equip you with everything good that you may do his will, working in us that which is pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever Amen" (Heb 13:20-21, ESV).