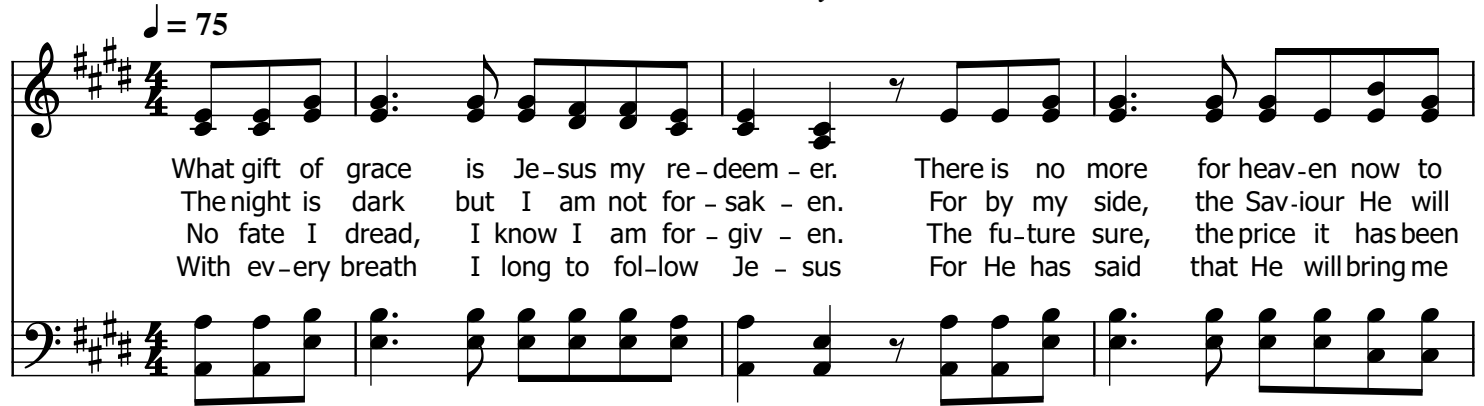


Yet Not I, But Through Christ in Me

Robinson, Thompson, Farren

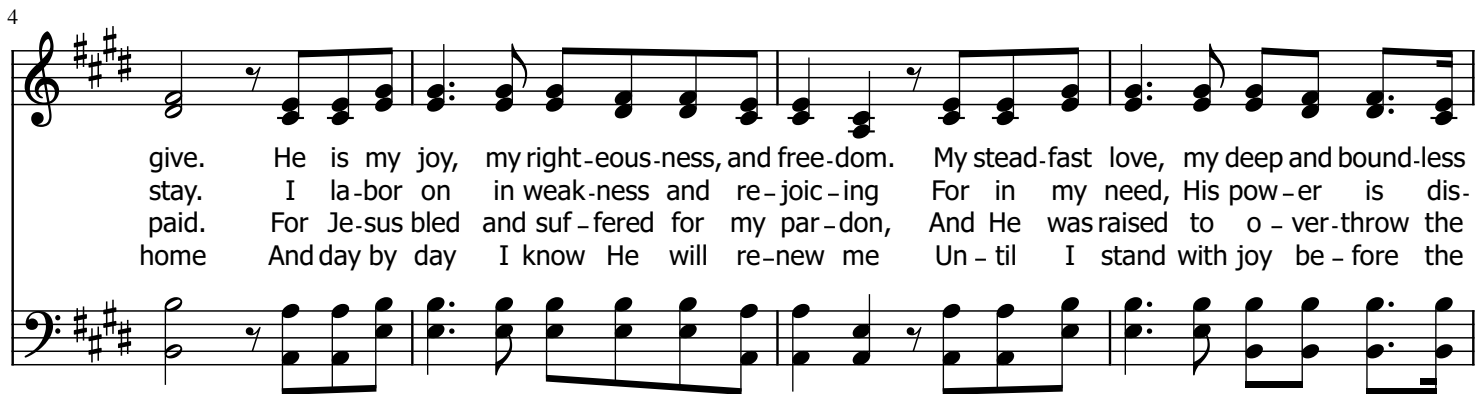
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$\text{♩} = 75$



What gift of grace is Je-sus my re-deem-er. There is no more for heav-en now to
The night is dark but I am not for-sak-en. For by my side, the Sav-iour He will
No fate I dread, I know I am for-giv-en. The fu-ture sure, the price it has been
With ev-ery breath I long to fol-low Je-sus For He has said that He will bring me

4



give. He is my joy, my right-eous-ness, and free-dom. My stead-fast love, my deep and bound-less
stay. I la-bor on in weak-ness and re-joic-ing For in my need, His pow-er is dis-
paid. For Je-sus bled and suf-fered for my par-don, And He was raised to o-ver-throw the
home And day by day I know He will re-new me Un-til I stand with joy be-fore the

8



peace. To this I hold, my hope is on-ly Je-sus, For my life is whol-ly bound to His. Oh how
-played, To this I hold, my Shep-herd will de-fend-me Through the deep-est val-ley He will lead. Oh the
grave. To this I hold, my sin has been de-feat-ed. Je-sus now and e-ver is my plea. Oh the
throne To this I hold, my hope is on-ly Je-sus All the glo-ry ev-er-more to Him When the

13



strange and di-vine, I can sing: all is mine! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
night has been won, and I shall o-ver-come! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
chains are re-leased, I can sing: I am free! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
race is com-plete, still my lips shall re-peat Yet not I, but through Christ in me!