

If asked whereon I rest my claim
To full salvation's joy,
If nothing more I need to name,
Or other words employ,
Besides our Savior's blood and wounds,
To me all-satisfying grounds;
I answer then, "My claim is good!
'Tis based on Jesus' blood."

This is my hope's foundation firm, Which ever shall endure; Yea, at the end of life's brief term, I'll rest thereon secure, And dreaded death shall lose its sting, As of my Savior's wounds I sing; His precious blood shall be the key That opens Heav'n for me.

Copenhagen

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