



- 2. Now what am I? I turn my eyes away from all the loathsomeness I feel within; upon thy head my hands by faith I lay, the spotless Victim that hath born my sin: oh, wondrous grace, that did the guiltless slay, that the poor sinner might through thee be clean!
- 3. Lord, what am I? A sinner justified, –
 the ransom of my soul thy precious blood;
 a vessel to thy Father sanctified;
 a king a priest a son an heir of God!
 In thee accepted, loved, and glorified –
 I stagger at the thought: ... it seems too good!
- 4. Lord, what am I? I look within the veil;
 I am in thee—"as thouart, so am I"—
 loved with a love that cannot tire or fail,
 fruit of thy travail and soul's agony:
 against thy counsels what can e'er prevail?
 My rest, my home, are with thee in the sky.

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