

Robert Murray M'Cheyne:

**"THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS"**  
(The watchword of the Reformers.)

I once was a stranger to grace and to God,  
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;  
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to sooth or engage,  
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page;  
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree  
Jehovah Tsidkenu seem'd nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,  
I wept when the waters went over His soul;  
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to the tree  
Jehovah Tsidkenu - 'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,  
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;  
No refuge, no safety in self could I see, -  
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;  
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came  
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free, -  
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;  
In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,  
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate and shield!

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,  
This "watchword" shall rally my faltering breath;  
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu, my death song shall be.

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