**In Christ Alone**

#306 PHSS

1

In Christ alone my hope is found

He is my light, my strength, my song

This cornerstone, this solid ground

Firm through the fiercest drought and storm

What heights of love, what depths of peace

When fears are stilled, when strivings cease

My comforter, my all in all

Here in the love of Christ I stand

2

In Christ alone who took on flesh

Fullness of God in helpless babe

This gift of love and righteousness

Scorned by the ones He came to save

Till on that cross as Jesus died

The wrath of God was satisfied

For every sin on Him was laid

Here in the death of Christ I live

3

There in the ground His body lay

Light of the world by darkness slain

Then bursting forth in glorious day

Up from the grave He rose again

And as He stands in victory

Sin's curse has lost its grip on me

For I am His and He is mine

Bought with the precious blood of Christ

4

No guilt in life, no fear in death

This is the power of Christ in me

From life's first cry to final breath

Jesus commands my destiny

No power of hell, no scheme of man

Can ever pluck me from His hand

Till He returns or calls me home

Here in the power of Christ I'll stand

**Mi esperanza es Jesús**

Original: 2, 3a, 4b

1 (no change)

Mi esperanza es Jesús.

Él es mi Fortaleza y Luz;

Un fundamento tengo en Él

Firme en toda tempestad.

¡Qué grande amor! ¡Profunda paz!

Me da toda tranquilidad.

Mi Salvador, Consolador.

Firme estoy en Su amor.

2

Sólo en Jesús, quién se encarnó –

Divinidad en un bebé.

Mas este don de compasión

Menospreciado\_y muerto fue.

Mas en la cruz, cuando\_Él murió,

Al pecador justificó;

Pues toda\_iniquidad llevó.

Vivo\_en la muerte de Jesús.

3 (3b no change)

El mundo vio su Luz morir,

Tragada por la\_oscuridad.

¡Mas Él la tumba conquistó,

Resucitó en majestad!

Ya victorioso, me libró

De la antigua maldición.

Pues suyo soy, y mío\_es Él;

Dios, con Su Sangre, me compró.

4 (4a no change)

Sin culpa vivo,\_y sin temor,

Cristo me guarda\_en su poder.

Desde\_el nacer hasta\_el morir

Mi vida manda el Señor.

De Satanás, del hombre vil

Me guardará su mano fiel;

Hasta que muera,\_o vuelva él,

Firme\_estaré en Su poder.