

**JEHOVAH TSIDKENU**  
**“THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS”**  
*(The watchword of the Reformers.)*

*I once was a stranger to grace and to God,  
I knew not my danger, nor felt not my load;  
Though friends spoke with rapture of Christ on the tree,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.*

*I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,  
Isaiah’s wild measure and John’s simple page;  
But e’en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed 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 sin had nailed to the tree,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu’twas nothing to me.*

*When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,  
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 breastplate and shield!*

*While 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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*Robert Murray McCheyne*