

Buried With Christ

Buried with Christ, my blessed Redeemer,
Dead to the old life of folly and sin;
Satan may call, the world may entreat me,
There is no voice that answers within.
Dead to the world, to voices that call me,
Living a new, obedient but free;
Dead to the joys that once did enthrall me,
Yet tis not I, Christ liveth in me.

Think it not strange that things I once cherished,
Cannot allure me or charm as before;
For in the flesh with Christ I have suffered,
Old things are passed, I love them no more.
Dead to the world, to voices that call me,
Living a new, obedient but free;
Dead to the joys that once did enthrall me,
Yet tis not I, Christ liveth in me.

Dead unto sin, alive through the Spirit,
Risen with Him from the gloom of the grave,
All things are new, and I am rejoicing,
In His great love, His power to save.
Dead to the world, to voices that call me,

Living a new, obedient but free;
Dead to the joys that once did enthrall me,
Yet tis not I, Christ liveth in me.

Sin hath no more its cruel dominion,
Walking in newness of life, I am free;
Glorious life of Christ, my Redeemer,
Which He so richly shareth with me.
Dead to the world, to voices that call me,
Living a new, obedient but free;
Dead to the joys that once did enthrall me,
Yet tis not I, Christ liveth in me.