

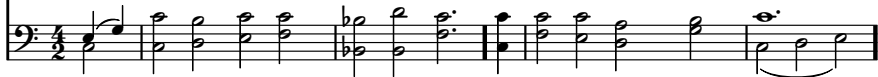
(St. Louis. C. M.)

Haweis

Southern Air



1. Be - hold the Lamb! 'tis He who bore My sins up - on the tree,
2. I'd look to Him till sight en - dear The Sav-iour to my heart;
3. I'd look un - til His precious love My ev - ery thought con - trol,
4. To Him I look, while still I run - My nev - er - fail - ing Friend!



And paid in death the dread - ful score - The guilt that lay on me.
 To Him I look who calms my fear, Nor from Him-self would part.
 Its vast con - straining in - fluence prove O'er bod - y, spir - it, soul.
 Fin - ish, He will, the work be - gun, And grace in glo - ry end.

