

1 Behold the Lamb whose precious blood,
 Drawn from His riven side,
Had power to make our peace with God,
 Nor lets one spot abide.

2 The dying thief beheld that Lamb
 Expiring by his side,
And proved the value of the name
 Of Jesus crucified.

3 His soul, by virtue of the blood,
 To paradise received;
Redemption's earliest trophy stood,
 From sin and death retrieved.

4 We too the cleansing power have known
 Of the atoning blood,
By grace have learned His name to own,
 Which brings us back to God.

5 To Him, then, let our songs ascend,
 Who stooped in grace so low:
To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's Friend,
 Let ceaseless praises flow.

May be sung to tune No. 61.