

**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 learnt 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.