

## Come to the Blood-Stained Tree

1 Come to the blood-stained tree;  
 The Victim bleeding lies;  
 God sets the sinner free,  
 Since Christ a ransom dies;  
 The Spirit will apply  
 His blood to cleanse each stain,  
 O burdened soul, draw nigh,  
 For none can come in vain—  
 Come, come, come.

May be sung to  
 tune No. 73.

3 Look not within for peace,  
 Within there's naught to cheer;  
 Look up and find release  
 From sin, and self, and fear;  
 If gloom thy soul enshroud,  
 If tears faith's eye bedim,  
 If doubts around thee crowd,  
 Come, tell them all to Him.  
 Come, come, come.

2 Dark though thy guilt appear,  
 And deep its crimson dye,  
 There's boundless mercy here,  
 Do not from mercy fly:  
 Oh, do not doubt His word,  
 There's pardon full and free,  
 For justice smote the Lord,  
 And sheathes her sword for thee—  
 Come, come, come.