

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.

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.

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.

May be sung to

tune No. 73.