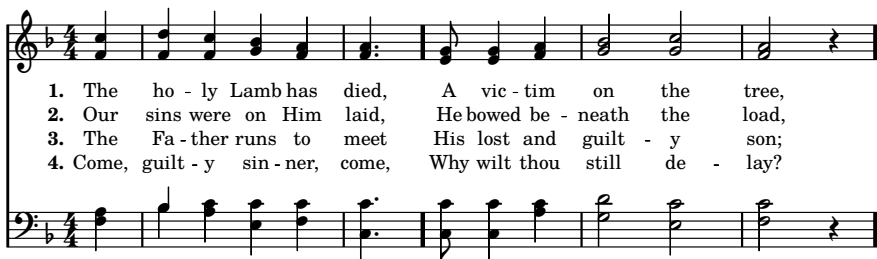


The Holy Lamb Has Died

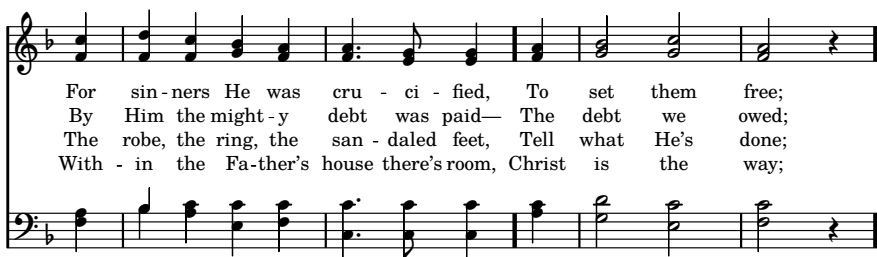
(So nimm denn meine Hände. 6. 6. 8. 4. D.)

George W. Frazer

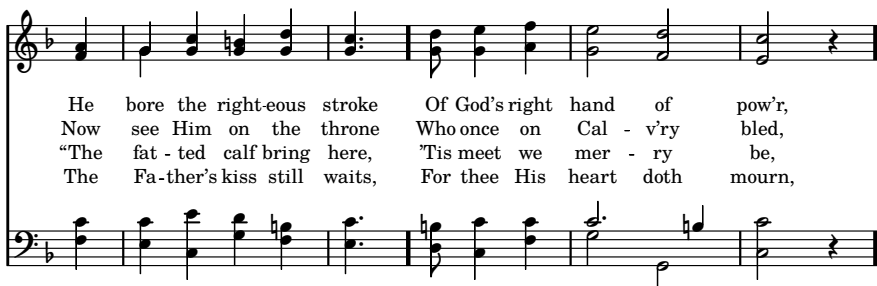
Friedrich Silcher



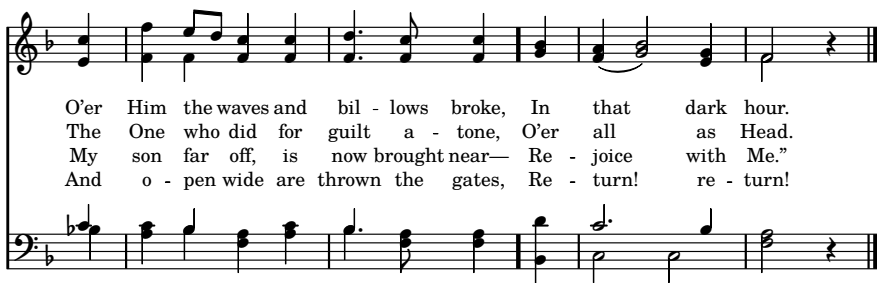
1. The ho - ly Lamb has died, A vic - tim on the tree,
 2. Our sins were on Him laid, He bowed be - neath the load,
 3. The Fa - ther runs to meet His lost and guilt - y son;
 4. Come, guilt - y sin - ner, come, Why wilt thou still de - lay?



For sin - ners He was cru - ci - fied, To set them free;
 By Him the might - y debt was paid— The debt we owed;
 The robe, the ring, the san - daled feet, Tell what He's done;
 With - in the Fa - ther's house there's room, Christ is the way;



He bore the right - eous stroke Of God's right hand of pow'r,
 Now see Him on the throne Who once on Cal - v'ry bled,
 "The fat - ted calf bring here, 'Tis meet we mer - ry be,
 The Fa - ther's kiss still waits, For thee His heart doth mourn,



O'er Him the waves and bil - lows broke, In that dark hour.
 The One who did for guilt a - tone, O'er all as Head.
 My son far off, is now brought near— Re - joice with Me."
 And o - pen wide are thrown the gates, Re - turn! re - turn!