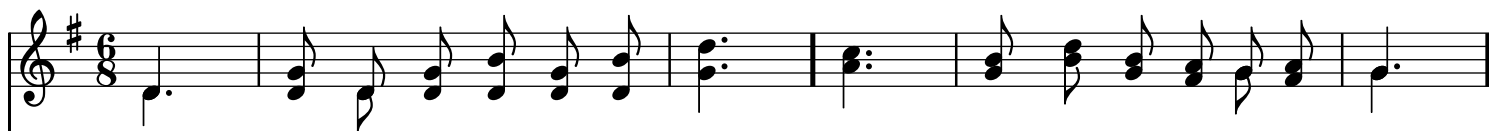


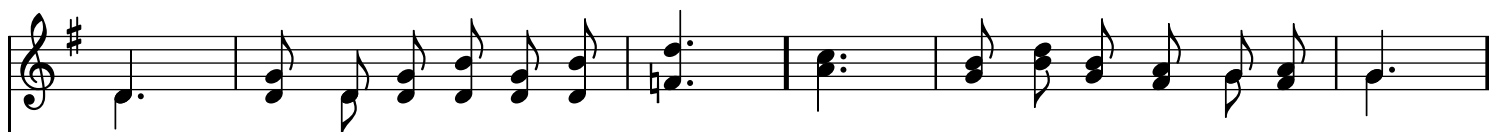
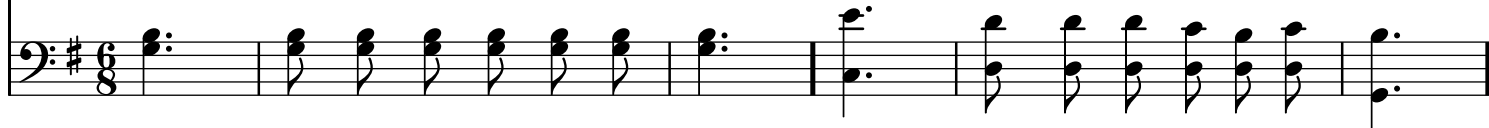
## How Precious and Pure Is the Truth

(De Fleury. 8. 8. 8. 8. D.)

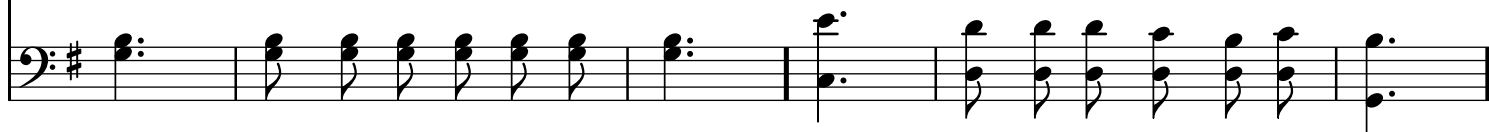
J. S. Bach, arr. by Lewis Edson



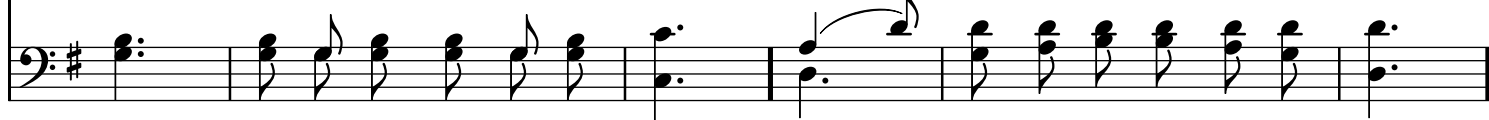
1. How pre-cious and pure is the truth! How sim - ple and love-ly its words!  
 2. The bird must be clean of its kind, Or else 'twere un - fit to be slain;  
 3. The blood of the bird that was slain The liv - ing one bore to the sky;



'Tis suit - ed for age and for youth, As shown in this type of the birds.  
 And none could in Je - sus e'er find A blem-ish, a spot or a stain.  
 So Je - sus, in ris-ing a - gain, The worth of His blood took on high.



A bird of the air was to die, In - stead of the lep - er un - clean;  
 The bird in a ves - sel of earth Must yield up its blood and its breath;  
 The lep - er, with blood sev - en times Was sprinkled to ren - der him clean;



And Je - sus, whose home was on high, De - scend - ed to suf - fer for sin.  
 And Je - sus, of heav - en - ly birth, In form as a man suffered death.  
 So sinners are cleansed from their crimes In blood which a-toned for their sin.

