

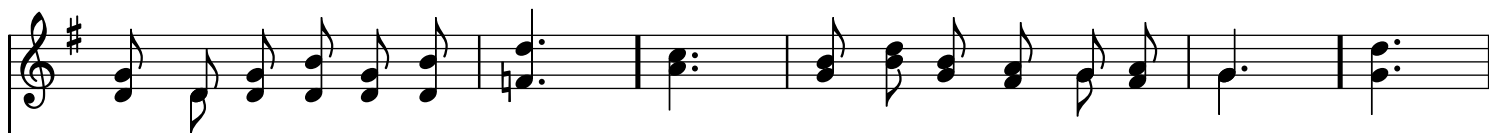
## How Precious and Pure Is the Truth

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

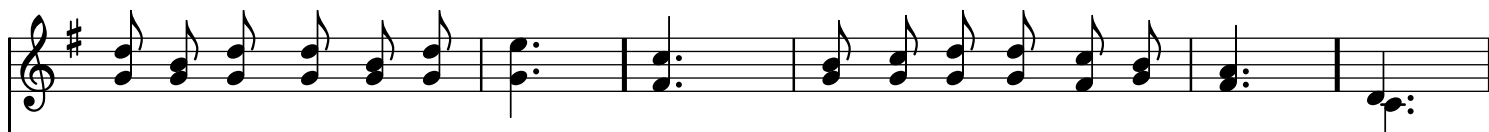
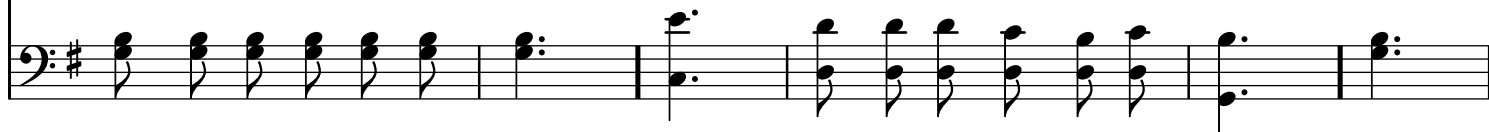
J. S. Bach, arr. by Lewis Edson



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



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



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



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

