



1. Be - hold the Lamb! 'tis He who bore My sins up - on the tree,
 2. I'd look to Him till sight en - dear The Sav - iour to my heart;
 3. I'd look un - til His pre - cious love My ev - ery thought con - trol,
 4. To Him I look, while still I run— My nev - er - fail - ing Friend!



And paid in death the dread - ful score— The guilt that lay on me.
 To Him I look who calms my fear, Nor from Him-self would part.
 Its vast con - strain - ing in - fluence prove O'er bod - y, spir - it, soul.
 Fin - ish, He will, the work be - gun, And grace in glo - ry end.

