

Behold the Lamb Whose Precious Blood

- 1 Behold the Lamb whose precious blood,
Drawn from His riven side,
Had power to make our peace with God,
Nor lets one spot abide.
- 2 The dying thief beheld that Lamb
Expiring by his side,
And proved the value of the name
Of Jesus crucified.
- 3 His soul, by virtue of the blood,
To paradise received;
Redemption's earliest trophy stood,
From sin and death retrieved.
- 4 We too the cleansing power have known
Of the atoning blood,
By grace have learned His name to own,
Which brings us back to God.
- 5 To Him, then, let our songs ascend,
Who stooped in grace so low:
To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's Friend,
Let ceaseless praises flow.

May be sung to tune No. 61.