

I Come, Thou Wounded Lamb Of God

GOSS L. M. D.

1. I come, Thou wound-ed Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleans-ing blood,
2. How blest are they who still a-bide Close shel-tered at Thy bleed-ing side!
3. How can it be, Thou heav'n-ly King, That Thou shouldst us to glo-ry bring?

To rest be-neath Thy cross; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
Who life and strength from Thee de-ri-ve, And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
Make slaves the part-ners of Thy throne, Decked with a nev-er-fad-ing crown?

Take my poor heart, and let it be For-ev-er closed to all but Thee!
What are our works but sin and death, Till Thou Thy quick-'ning Spir-it breathe?
First-born of man-y breth-ren Thou! To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;

Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for-ev-er there!
Thou giv'st the pow'r Thy grace to move; O won-drous grace! O bound-less love!
To Thee our hearts and hands we give: Thine may we die, Thine may we live!