

# I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb

B $\flat$

1. I thirst, Thou wound - ed Lamb of God, To wash me  
 2. Take my poor heart, and let it be For - ev - er  
 3. How blest are they who still a - bide, Close shel - tered  
 4. Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'er - flow, Our words are

in Thy cleans - ing blood; To dwell with - in Thy  
 closed to all but Thee; Seal Thou my breast, and  
 in Thy bleed - ing side! Who thence their life and  
 lost, nor will we know Nor will we think of

wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.  
 let me wear That pledge of love for - ev - er there.  
 strength de - rive, And by Thee move, and in Thee live.  
 aught be - side; "My Lord, my Love is cru - ci - fied."