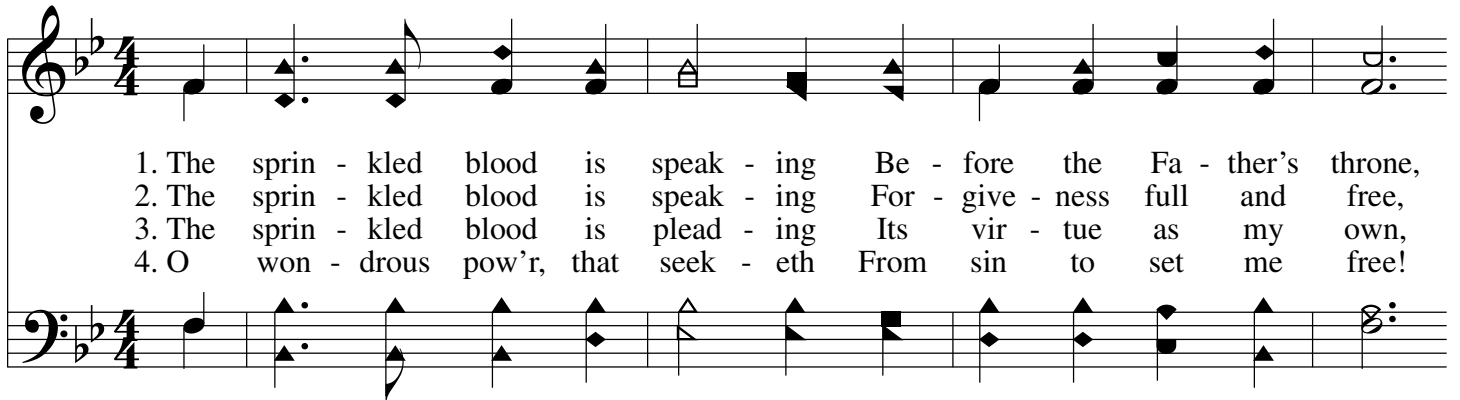


The Sprinkled Blood

B \flat /F - SOL




1. The sprin - kled blood is speak - ing Be - fore the Fa - ther's throne,
2. The sprin - kled blood is speak - ing For - give - ness full and free,
3. The sprin - kled blood is plead - ing Its vir - tue as my own,
4. O won - drous pow'r, that seek - eth From sin to set me free!



The Spir - it's pow'r is seek - ing To make its vir - tues known;
Its won - drous pow'r is break - ing Each bond of guilt for me;
And there my soul is read - ing Her ti - tle to Thy throne,
O pre - cious blood, that speak - eth! Should I not val - ue thee?



The sprin - kled blood is tell - ing Je - ho - vah's love to man,
The sprin - kled blood's re - veal - ing A Fa - ther's smil - ing face,
The sprin - kled blood is own - ing The weak one's feebl - est plea;
The sprin - kled blood is shed - ding Its fra - grance all a - round,



While heav'n - ly harps are swell - ing Sweet notes to mer - cy's plan.
The Sav - ior's love is seal - ing Each mon - u - ment of grace.
'Mid sighs, and tears, and groan - ing, It pleads, O Lord, with thee.
It gilds the path we're tread - ing, It makes our joys a - bound.