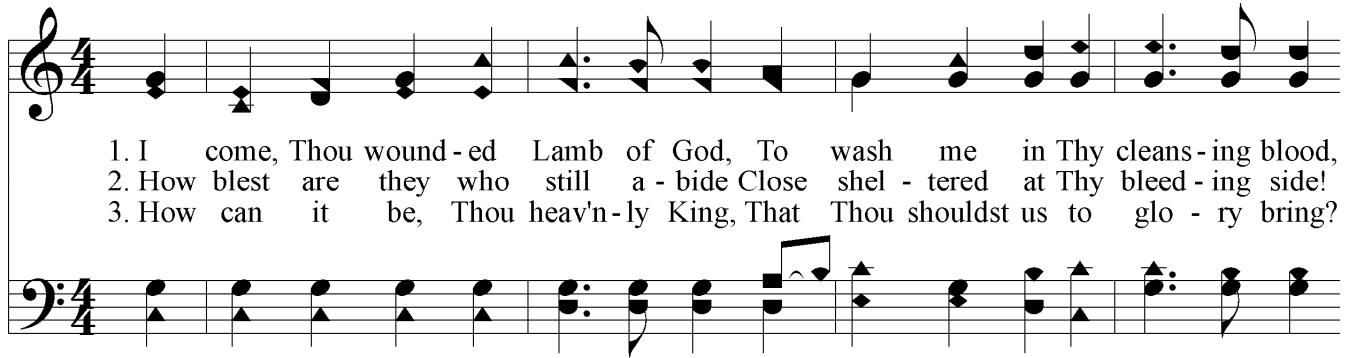
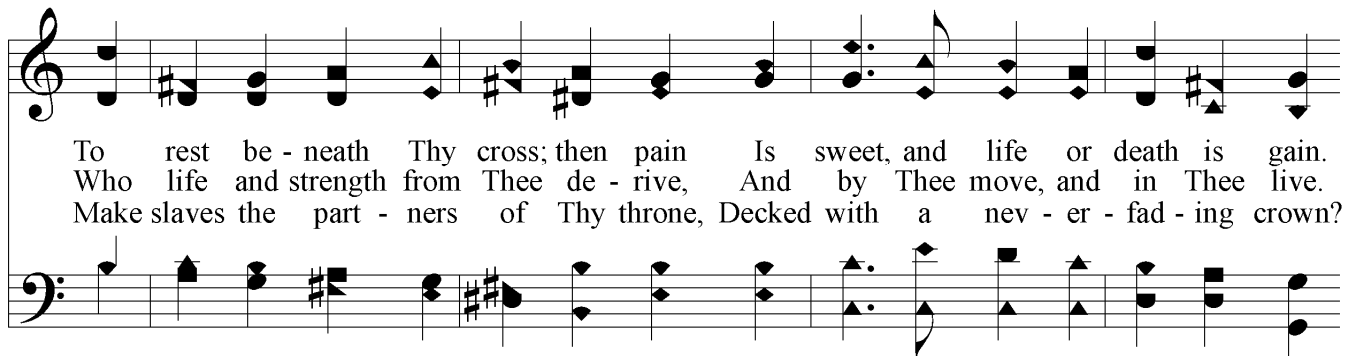


# I Come, Thou Wounded Lamb Of God

GOSS L. M. D.



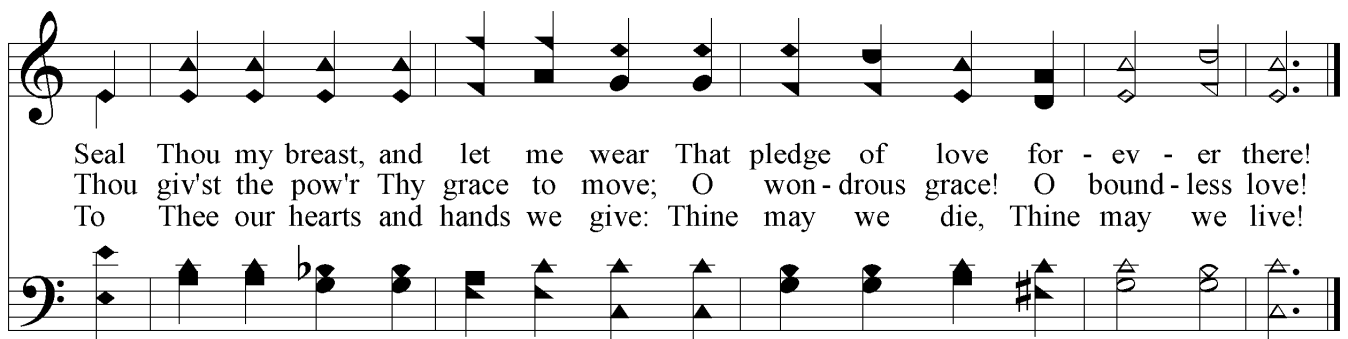
1. I come, Thou wound-ed Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleans-ing blood,  
2. How blest are they who still a-bide Close shel-tered at Thy bleed-ing side!  
3. How can it be, Thou heav'n-ly King, That Thou shouldst us to glo-ry bring?



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!