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,
   To rest be-neth Thy cross; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
   Take my poor heart, and let it be For-ev-er closed to all but Thee!
   Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for-ev-er there!

2. How blest are they who still a-bide Close shel-tered at Thy bleed-ing side!
   Who life and strength from Thee de-rive, And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
   What are our works but sin and death, Till Thou Thy quick-ning Spir-it breathe?
   Thou givest the pow’r Thy grace to move; O won-drous grace! O bound-less love!

3. How can it be, Thou heav’n-ly King, That Thou shouldst us to glo-ry bring?
   Make slaves the part-ners of Thy throne, Decked with a nev-er-fad-ing crown?
   First-born of man-y breth-ren Thou! To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
   To Thee our hearts and hands we give: Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

Words: Charles Wesley
Music: Sir John Goss