The Scarlet Line

Words by Flora Kirkland
Music by Winfield Scott Weeden

1. The pas-chal lambs in silence point-ed To Christ, the cru-ci-fied,
   The first one, long be-fore His birth-night, The last, be-fore He died.
   The blood was sprin-kled o'er the door-ways Above, on ei-ther side,
   The shad-ow of the cross on Cal-v'ry, Whence flowed the heal-ing tide.

2. The proph-et's thir-ty sil-ver piec-es Point on to that dark night
   When, as a slave, for thir-ty piec-es Was sold the Lord of light.
   The bush that burned and yet con-sumed not Fore-told the great "I Am."
   Tell e-ven of the part-ed gar-ments On Cal-v'ry's day of scorn.

3. The types are shin-ing out their mean-ing, They point us to the Lamb;
   The bush that burned and yet con-sumed not Fore-told the great "I Am."
   Words by Flora Kirkland
   Music by Winfield Scott Weeden
A scar - let line thru Scrip - ture run - neth, A won - drous scar - let line,

Con - nect - ing proph - e - cy with Je - sus; it proves the Book di - vine.