

## HIS PRECIOUS BLOOD

If we could shed a million tears  
In anguish for our sin  
It could not purge a single stain  
Nor make us pure within.

Tw'as Christ who died and bore our sins  
And Justice satisfied  
Who now in heaven intercedes  
At His dear Father's side.

No agent short of Jesus' blood  
Could pay the debt we owed  
Nor fit us for the realms of bliss  
The place of God's abode.

To His own blood and righteousness  
We owe each joy divine  
So may this be our daily song---  
The glory, Lord, is Thine.

Elder Ralph Harris