Precious Blood

1. The blood has always precious been, 'Tis precious now to me;
   Thru it alone my soul has rest, From fear and doubt set free.

2. I will remember now no more, God's faithful Word has said,
   The follies and the sins of him For whom my Son has bled.

3. Not all my well remembered sins Can stagger or dismay;
   The precious blood atones for all And bears my guilt away.

4. Perhaps this feeble frame of mine Will soon in sickness lie
   But resting on the precious blood How peacefully I'll die.

Chorus

Oh, wondrous is the crimson tide Which from my Savior flowed;
And still in heav'n my song shall be The precious, precious blood.

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