

How Precious and Pure Is the Truth

(De Fleury. 8. 8. 8. 8. D.)

J. S. Bach, arr. by Lewis Edson

1. How pre-cious and pure is the truth! How sim-ple and love-ly its words!
 2. The bird must be clean of its kind, Or else 'twere un-fit to be slain;
 3. The blood of the bird that was slain The liv-ing one bore to the sky;

'Tis suit-ed for age and for youth, As shown in this type of the birds.
 And none could in Je-sus e'er find A blem-ish, a spot or a stain.
 So Je-sus, in ris-ing a-gain, The worth of His blood took on high.

A bird of the air was to die, In-stead of the lep-er un-clean;
 The bird in a ves-sel of earth Must yield up its blood and its breath;
 The lep-er, with blood sev-en times Was sprinkled to ren-der him clean;

And Je-sus, whose home was on high, De-send-ed to suf-fer for sin.
 And Je-sus, of heav-en-ly birth, In form as a man suffered death.
 So sinners are cleansed from their crimes In blood which atoned for their sin.