

Come to the Blood-Stained Tree

1 Come to the blood-stained tree;
 The Victim bleeding lies;
 God sets the sinner free,
 Since Christ a ransom dies;
 The Spirit will apply
 His blood to cleanse each stain,
 O burdened soul, draw nigh,
 For none can come in vain—
 Come, come, come.

2 Dark though thy guilt appear,
 And deep its crimson dye,
 There's boundless mercy here,
 Do not from mercy fly:
 Oh, do not doubt His word,
 There's pardon full and free,
 For justice smote the Lord,
 And sheathes her sword for thee—
 Come, come, come.

May be sung to
 tune No. 73.

3 Look not within for peace,
 Within there's naught to cheer;
 Look up and find release
 From sin, and self, and fear;
 If gloom thy soul enshroud,
 If tears faith's eye bedim,
 If doubts around thee crowd,
 Come, tell them all to Him.
 Come, come, come.