

Our Savior

Hung and cursed upon a tree,
Gave his life to set men free.

All the wounds from where He bled,
Gave precious blood to raise the dead.

Many drops ran down his side,
Going forth to cleanse his bride.

As many as shall call His name,
His blood is there for them to claim.

To wash their robes all clean and white,
Jesus will come like a thief in the night.

Prepare yourself lest he finds you asleep,
Our shepherd comes to get his sheep.

Gal. 3:13, John 15:13, Isa. 53:5, 1 Thess. 4:15-16, John 19:34
Mt. 25:1-10, Rm. 10:9, Col. 1:13, Rev. 6:11, Mt. 24:42-47, John 10:27-29

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