

I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb

B \flat /F - SOL

1. I thirst, Thou wound - ed Lamb of God, To wash me
2. Take my poor heart, and let it be For - ev - er
3. How blest are they who still a - bide, Close shel - tered
4. Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'er - flow, Our words are

in Thy cleans - ing blood; To dwell with - in Thy
closed to all but Thee; Seal Thou my breast, and
in Thy bleed - ing side! Who thence their life and
lost, nor will we know Nor will we think of

wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
let me wear That pledge of love for - ev - er there.
strength de - rive, And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
aught be - side; "My Lord, my Love is cru - ci - fied."