

Come, saints, praise the Lamb, His mercies proclaim

1. Come, saints, praise the Lamb, His mercies
proclaim,
And lift up your heads, and sing of His name;
His love to the Church, which He purchased
with blood,
To make her His Bride and the Temple of
God.

2. When wand'ring far from the Father's abode,
The "heart full of pride, and hatred to God,
The children of darkness, of Satan the slaves,
'Tis Jesus redeem'd us—His merit that saves.

3. Our sins on the cross He on Calv'ry bore,
He blotted them out, and they are no more;
Now pardon'd and washed, we spotless ap
pear,
And cry "Abba F a ther!" unhinder'd by fear.

4. Despised by the world, we're strangers be
low,
But called to heav'n, we cheerfully g o;
The Lord is our Leader; and, strong in His might,
Tho' Satan opposes, we'll fight the good fight.

5. We look for the day when Jesus shall come,
And fetch all His blood-purchas'd brethren home;
When we shall behold all His glory and grace,
And a heav'n be found in the light of His face.