

WASHED WHITE AS SNOW

“Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool” (Isaiah 1:18).

Fanny J. Crosby

Jno. T. Sweney

1. Tho' my sins were once like crim - son red, To the heal - ing stream my feet were led;
 2. At the door of faith I en - tered in, And to Him con - fessed my guilt and sin;
 3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet He smiled and bade me look and live;
 4. I will sing His pow'r from death to save, I will sing His tri - umph o'er the grave,

In the pre - cious blood my Sav - iour shed He washed me white as snow.
 With His own dear hand He washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
 What a calm, sweet peace did I re - ceive!— He washed me white as snow.
 I will sing be - yond death's chill - ing wave, “He washed me white as snow.”

Chorus

O my joy - ful song hence - forth shall be, “’Tis the blood of Je - sus

cleans - eth me, Cleans - eth, cleans - eth, O, yes, it cleans - eth me.”