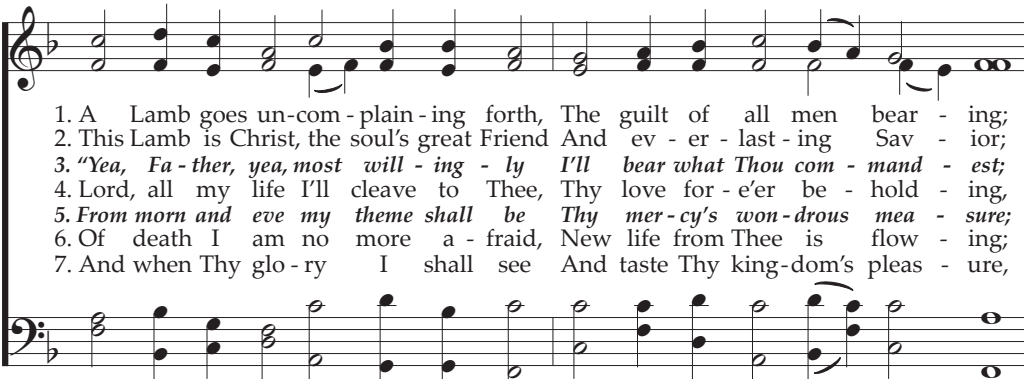
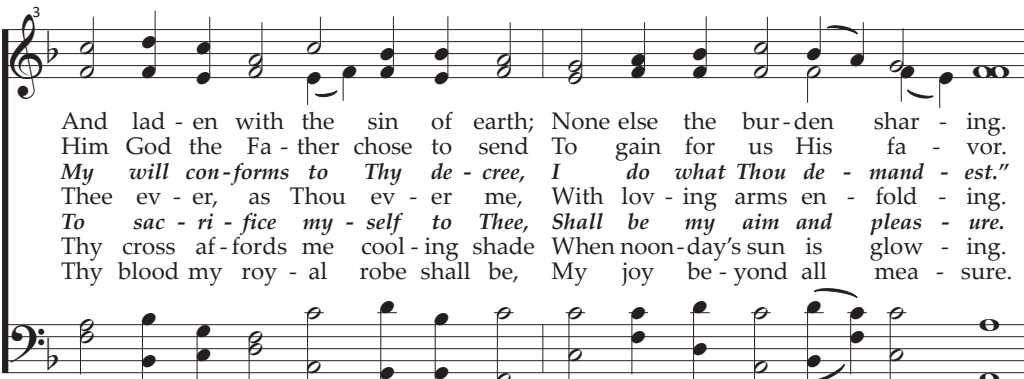


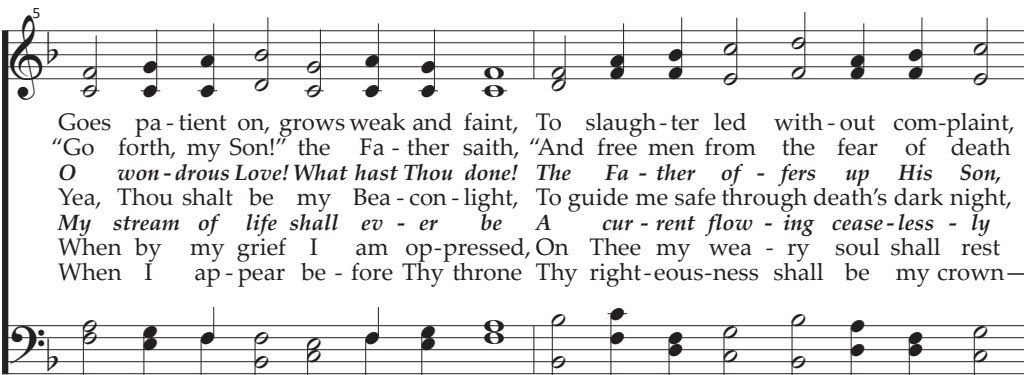
A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth



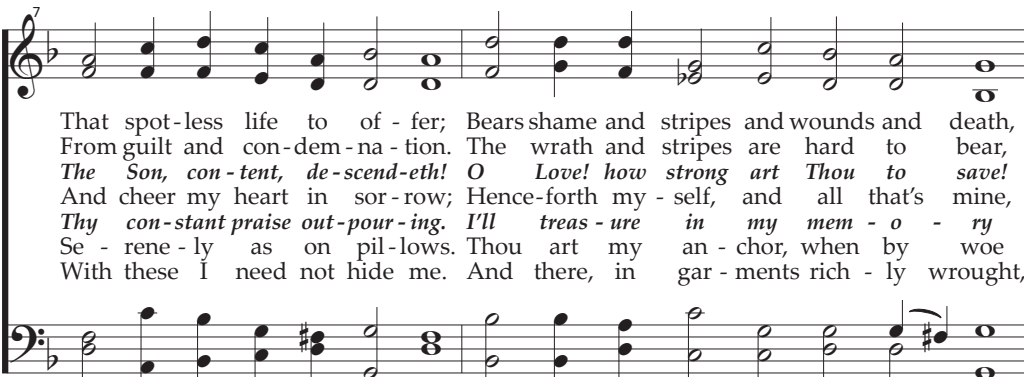
1. A Lamb goes un-com-plain-ing forth, The guilt of all men bear-ing;
 2. This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great Friend And ev-er-last-ing Sav-ior;
 3. "Yea, Fa-ther, yea, most will-ing-ly I'll bear what Thou com-mand-est;
 4. Lord, all my life I'll cleave to Thee, Thy love for-é-er be-hold-ing,
 5. From morn and eve my theme shall be Thy mer-cy's won-drous mea-sure;
 6. Of death I am no more a-fraid, New life from Thee is flow-ing;
 7. And when Thy glo-ry I shall see And taste Thy king-dom's pleas-ure,



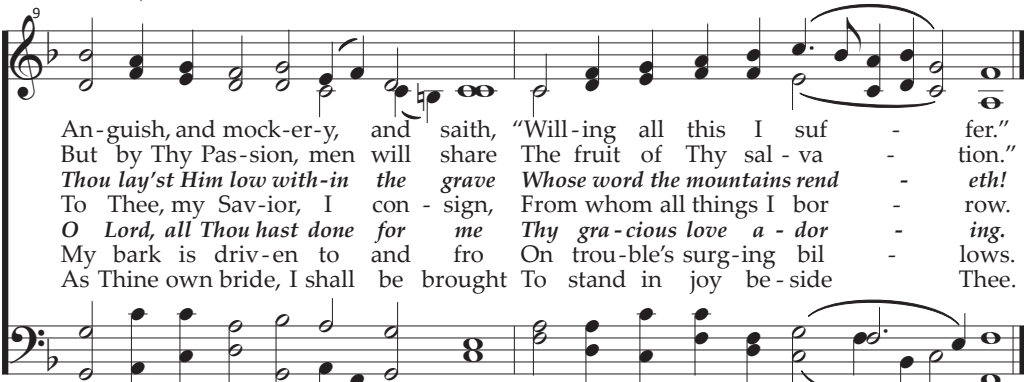
And lad-en with the sin of earth; None else the bur-den shar-ing.
 Him God the Fa-ther chose to send To gain for us His fa-vor.
 My will con-forms to Thy de-cree, I do what Thou de-fa-est."
 Thee ev-er, as Thou ev-er me, With lov-ing arms en-fold-ing.
 To sac-ri-fice my-self to Thee, Shall be my aim and pleas-ure.
 Thy cross af-fords me cool-ing shade When noon-day's sun is glow-ing.
 Thy blood my roy-al robe shall be, My joy be-yond all mea-sure.



Goes pa-tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh-ter led with-out com-plaint,
 "Go forth, my Son!" the Fa-ther saith, "And free men from the fear of death
 O won-drous Love! What hast Thou done! The Fa-ther of-fers up His Son,
 Yea, Thou shalt be my Bea-con-light, To guide me safe through death's dark night,
 My stream of life shall ev-er be A cur-rent flow-ing cease-less-ly
 When by my grief I am op-pressed, On Thee my wea-ry soul shall rest
 When I ap-pear be-fore Thy throne Thy right-eous-ness shall be my crown-



That spot-less life to of-fer; Bears shame and stripes and wounds and death,
 From guilt and con-dem-na-tion. The wrath and stripes are hard to bear,
 The Son, con-tent, de-scent-eth! O Love! how strong art Thou to save!
 And cheer my heart in sor-row; Hence-forth my-self, and all that's mine,
 Thy con-stant praise out-pour-ing. I'll treas-ure in my mem-o-ry
 Se-rene-ly as on pil-lows. Thou art my an-chor, when by woe
 With these I need not hide me. And there, in gar-ments rich-ly wrought,



An-guish, and mock-er-y, and saith, "Will-ing all this I suf-fer."
 But by Thy Pas-sion, men will share The fruit of Thy sal-va-tion."
 Thou lay'st Him low with-in the grave Whose word the mountains rend-eth!
 To Thee, my Sav-ior, I con-sign, From whom all things I bor-row.
 O Lord, all Thou hast done for me Thy gra-cious love a-dor-ing.
 My bark is driv-en to and fro On trou-ble's surg-ing bil-lows.
 As Thine own bride, I shall be brought To stand in joy be-side Thee.