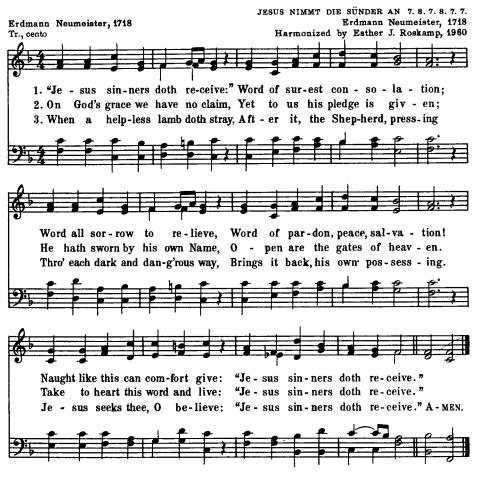
This man receiveth sinners . . . Luke 15:2



- 4. Oh, how blest it is to know: Were as scarlet my transgression, It shall be as white as snow By thy blood and bitter passion; For these words I now believe: "Jesus sinners doth receive."
- 5. Now my conscience is at peace, From the Law I stand acquitted; Christ hath purchased my release And my every sin remitted. Naught remains my soul to grieve— "Jesus sinners doth receive."