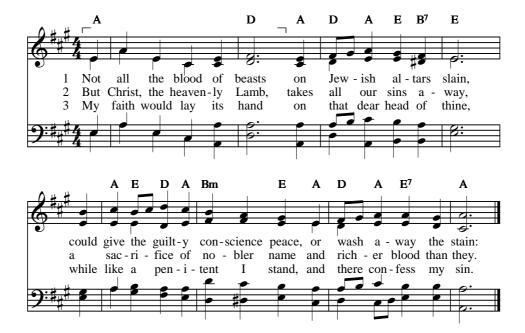
#

Not all the blood of beasts



- My soul looks back to see the burdens thou didst bear, when hanging on the cursed tree, and knows its guilt was there.
- Believing, we rejoice to see the curse remove; we bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, and sing redeeming love.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1709, alt. Tune: William H. Walter, 1894 FESTAL SONG

SM