

As the Lamb

A.R.

Andy Robison

1. As the lamb to slaughter paces, Though with cross on wounded frame.
2. Jus-tice hid-den from the liv-ing, Son of God hung on man's tree.

Lone-ly still, from hid-den fa-ces Marches He who bears our blame.
For hell's prey was heav-en smit-ten, Bruised and grieved, He set men free.

Not one com-rade near His tri-al, Not a word His cup to spare;
Bold-ly en-ter we His pre-sence, Vile, and yet, to Ho-ly face;

Still, He ut-ters no re-vile— In this court, the de-vil's lair.
Re-con-ciled, we of-fer in-cense-fruit of our lips: Our prayers, and praise.